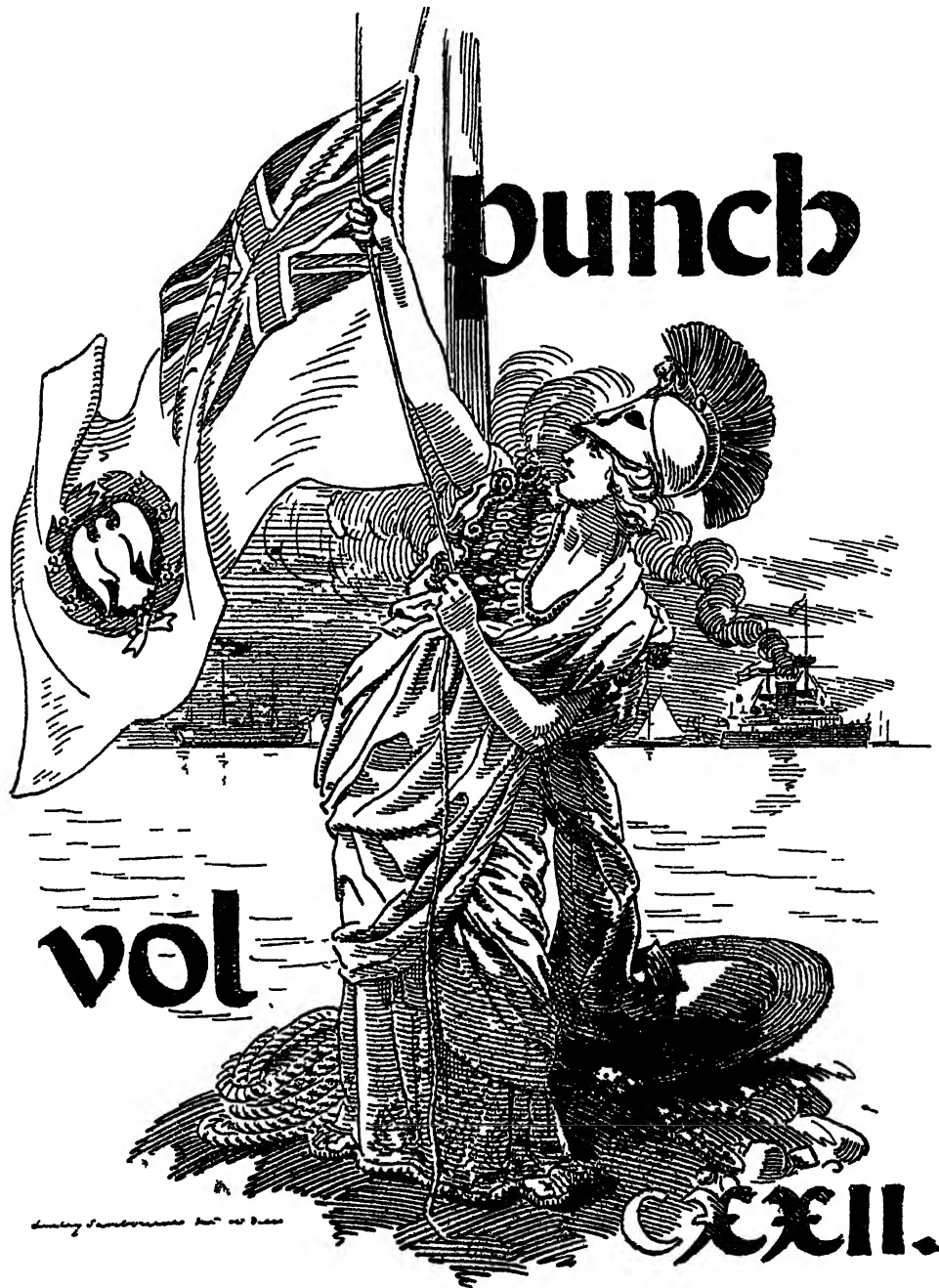

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PUNCH

Vol. CXXII.

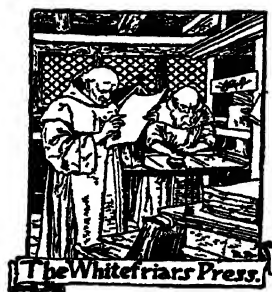
JANUARY—JUNE, 1902.



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.BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

Looking Ahead.

January.



CLASSICAL SKATING.

From an ancient Freeze.

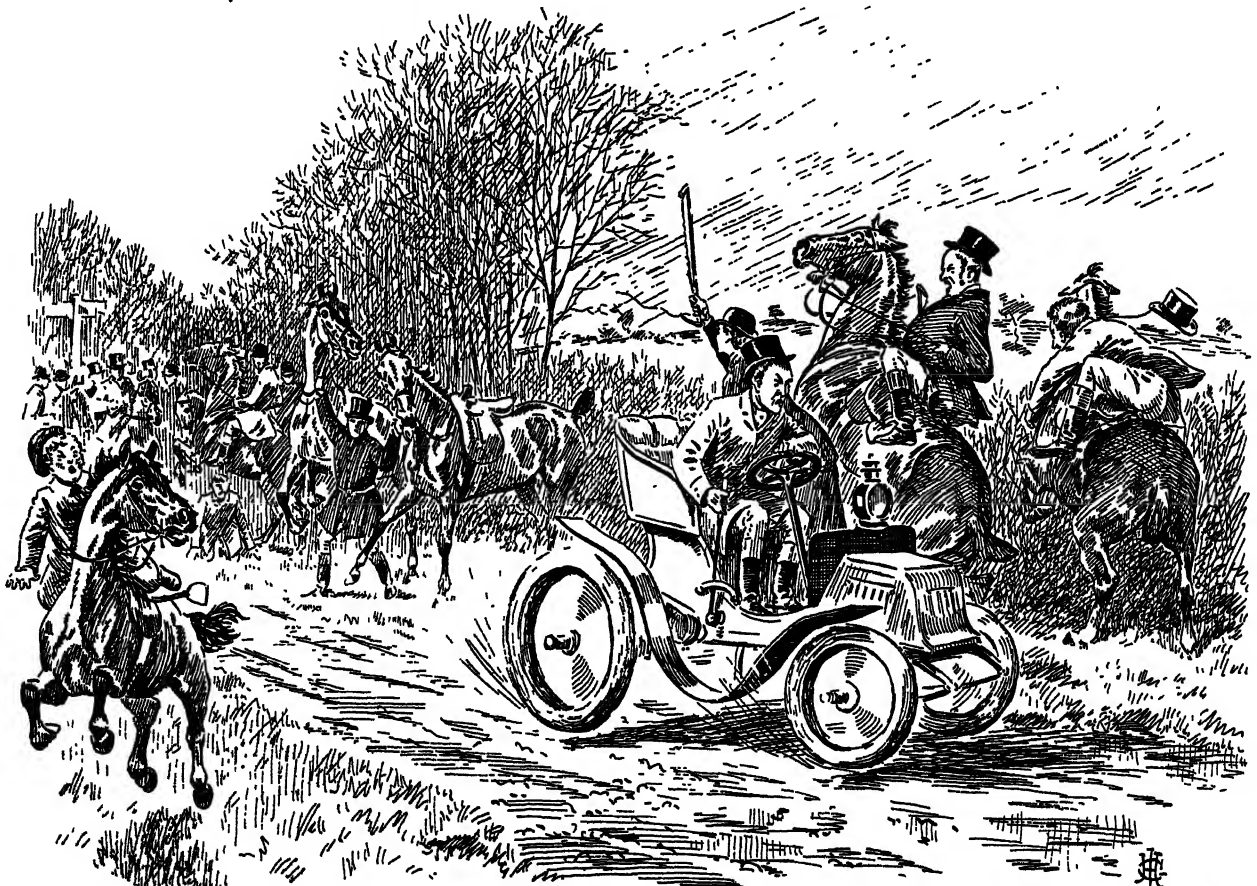
MR. NEMO'S JOURNEY TO NOWHERE.

MR. CHARLES NEMO was a most respectable citizen. He had but one failing, and that was a lack of memory with regard to names after the uncertain minutes of the night. In the early hours of the morning, when the coffee-stall keepers,

in the bleak, biting, wintry blast, were still supplying the supposed extract of Mocha coffee to the wayfarer, when the policeman on duty cast his eye on the ribald reeling home, Mr. Nemo might still be observed by the watchmen of the mansion flats of the West End padding the hoof. One day Mr. Nemo,

following the milkman, arrived at his unancestral residence, and was greeted by his wife, who was also his pursebearer, with the expression, "Charles, you are unwell, you need change of air."

"But," faltered Charlie, "what about the place, and where is the cash?" His spouse, tremulous with delight, and



IT WAS MOST UNFORTUNATE. THE FIRST TIME MR. AND MRS. SPOOL USED THEIR NEW MOTOR CAR TO DRIVE TO THE MEET, SOMETHING WENT WRONG, AND THE WRETCHED THING BOLTED FOR FIFTY OR SIXTY MILES BEFORE IT COULD BE PULLED UP.

in her position of financial directress imperative, kissed her husband, and softly placed two crisp five pound notes in his hand, mentioning a spot where they would be happy together for, at least, a fortnight.

Charlie went to sleep, and, when he woke in the morning, his fingers still grasped the Bank of England acknowledgments. But for the life of him he could not remember the ideal spot selected by his better-half. All he could recollect

was that it existed in the "B's," as placed in the A B C railway guide. He consulted his friends. One man suggested Bognor, another Brighton, a third Bournemouth, and a wretch who had no sense of human unhappiness, Bermondsey.

Charlie finally invaded the Charing Cross office of the Underground Railway, and asked if he could book for Billingsgate. The clerk in charge recommended the Tower. Charlie thanked him, fled from the office, and returned to the rose of his

home garden. He said, "Venetia, what do you think of the Tower Bridge?"

Venetia answered, "Here are twenty-five golden sovereigns for you. Let us go to Boulogne for the Glad New Year."

Then Mr. Nemo had a glimmer of the truth (Boulogne was in the "B's"), put the gold in his pocket, and, just to oblige Venetia, had no inkling of placing himself in receipt of a Coroner's jury. In fact he was saved from himself. This is a yarn without any hempen conclusion.



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

WHEN GOING OUT BEFORE DAYLIGHT AFTER DUCKS, WADERS ARE ADVISABLE ALSO, BETTER TELL YOUR WIFE SHE NEED NOT COME DOWN (JUST WHEN YOU EXPECT THE DUCKS) AND ASK IF YOU ARE SURE YOU ARE NOT GETTING YOUR FEET WET

AN OLD STORY.

THIS is the house that Jack took.

This is the rain
That came through the roof
And flooded the house that Jack took.

This is the drain
That blocked the rain
That came through the roof
And flooded the house that Jack took.

This is the builder, a local man,
Who came with five ladders, a horse and
van,
To clear the drain
That blocked the rain
That came through the roof
And flooded the house that Jack took.

These are the days—a dozen or so—
In which the water continued to flow
In spite of the builder, a local man,
Who came with five ladders, a horse and
van,
To clear the drain
That blocked the rain
That came through the roof
And flooded the house that Jack took.

This is the drawing-room ceiling white
That dripped with moisture day and night
Throughout the days—a dozen or so—
In which the water continued to flow
Unchecked by the builder, a local man,
Who came with five ladders, a horse and
van,
To clear the drain
That blocked the rain

That came through the roof
And flooded the house that Jack took.

And this is the bill which, I'm afraid,
Will some day or other have to be paid
For mending the drawing-room ceiling
white
Which fell to the ground one sorrowful
night

Because of the days—a dozen or so—
In which the water continued to flow
Unchecked by the builder, a local man,
Who came with five ladders, a horse and
van,
To clear the drain
That blocked the rain
That came through the roof
And flooded the house that Jack took.

ST. J. H.

February.

1



At the last hunt of the Wobshire hounds, Reynard mysteriously disappeared in the rear of Updown Manor
"Facilis descensus averno"

2



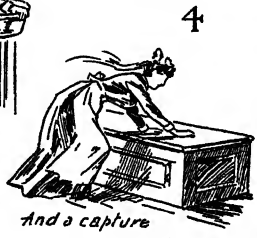
While the hounds are beating for a new scent, Betsy the parlourmaid of the Manor opens the old oak linen chest upstairs in the room with the ancient disused chimney but had forgotten to bring her basket, she runs down to fetch it

3



Upon returning with the article in question she makes a discovery,

4



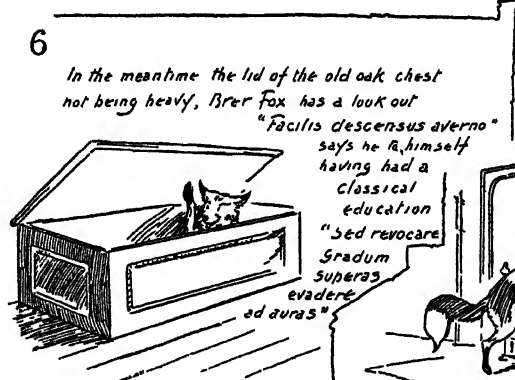
And a capture

5



A piercing yell from the window follows as she gives her idea of a 'View hallol' Then rushing down stairs startles the domestic circle with another

6



In the meantime the lid of the old oak chest not being heavy, Brer Fox has a look out
"Facilis descensus averno" says he to himself having had a Classical education
"sed revocare gradum superas evadere ad auras"

7



"Hic opus hic labor est" but "needs must" and he climbs up the chimney

8



One desperate leap into the poultry yard & away & away

9

Provisioning en route

(The old oak chest - Drawn blank)

10



FULEWIN

11



After an excellent supper with Mr. Fox, and all the little cubs, Brer Fox drinks to the health of the last day of the Season & goes to rest murmuring.

12



"Nonquam dormio"

THE LAST FOX OF THE SEASON.

THE CUNNING FOX WHO RAN AWAY
WILL LIVE TO RUN ANOTHER DAY.

March.

TROUBLES OF A NERVOUS ARTIST IN AUSTRALIA.



ALARMING APPEARANCE OF A HARMLESS GUANA JUST AS HE HAS FOUND A NICHE CORNER OF SYDNEY HARBOUR FOR A SKETCH



"WILL YOU 'URRY UP PAINTIN' THAT TREE, SIR? CAUSE I'M GOIN' TO CUT IT DOWN IN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR."

April.



OUR LOCAL POLO MATCH.

Excited Drummer. "VAT! HE ISS YOUR ONLY BALL? ACH, DONNER UND BLIIZEN! HE HAF PROKE INSIDES MY ONLY DRUM! YOU PAY ZE DRUM, YOU HAF ZE BALL!"

THE HARBOUR BAR.

REFLECTIONS OF A PATRIOT.

[Among the tests that differentiate true patriotism from its base counterfeit, the most crucial is that which awaits the home-coming Englishman on his arrival at the squalid Refreshment Bar at Dover Harbour. There, too, the foreign passenger, having avoided the fascinations of the Calais Buffet, has his first opportunity (while waiting an hour or so for the Ostend Mail) of checking a British *cousine*. The following lines are respectfully dedicated to the Dover Harbour Board.]

"BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,"

So lost to purely English graces,
Who does not, when he deigns to tread
Among the tracks of foreign races,
Thank Heaven nightly on his knees
That he is not as one of these?

Too great to count them food for mirth,
Mere stuff to whet his Attic wit on
(Since none may pre-arrange his birth,
Or be, by taking thought, a Briton),
Our patriot's heart, from pride exempt,
Feels pity rather than contempt.

When, lapped in ease (a corridor
And luncheon-wagon to enhance it),

He reaches Paris—*Gare du Nord*—
After a swift and punctual transit,
And sees his trunks in ordered rows
Deposited beneath his nose,

Ah! then his backward fancy leaps
To old-world wobblers on the Chatham,
The baggage piled in hopeless heaps,
The public's hoarse "Up, Guards, and
at 'em!"

Nothing but tact forbids him to
Refer aloud to Waterloo!

He meets with men of narrow aim,
Unversed in speaking or in reading
The only language worth the name,
And puts it down to want of breeding;
One must be well outside the pale
Who cannot grasp the *Daily Mail*.

Brought up on British beef and fog,
He shudders through his very vitals
At *fricassées* (presumed of frog)
And "made-up" plates with fancy titles;
"What hope," he asks, "for men who take
No true delight in chop or steak?"

He roams their galleries of Art,
Calls them so French, so free in morals,
Misses the themes that move the heart,
Kittens at Play, or Lovers' Quarrels,

The healthy air, well worth the fee,
That breathes from *our* Academy.

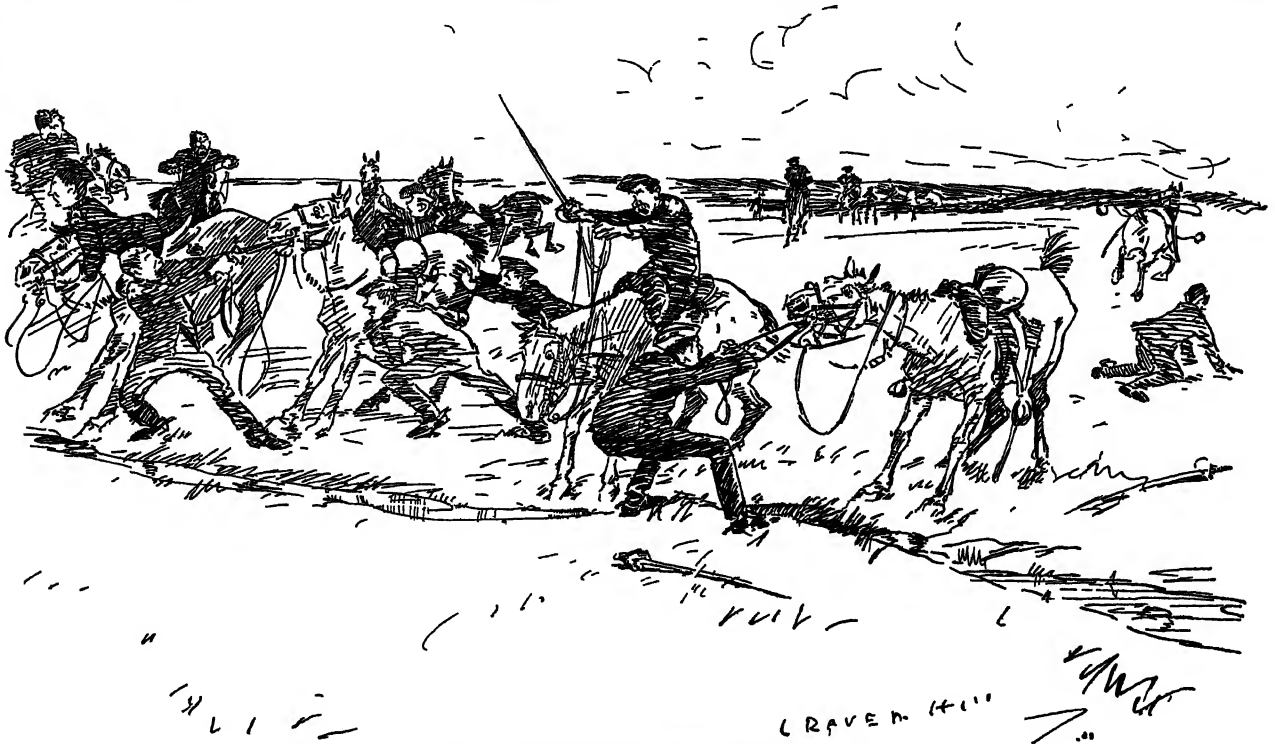
He samples literary plays,
And finds the English version vicious,
Rashly condemns the Rostand craze
And deems D'Annunzio meretricious,
He hankers for a homely scene
Bristling with "Soldiers of the Queen."

He sits, a stalled ox, and hears,
At positively vulgar prices,
The harmony of all the spheres,
The latest Wagner-school's devices,
And o'er his soul vain longings come
For British ballads, made to hum.

But most his heart within him burns
When at the last, a home-sick rover,
Back to his country he returns
And stands upon the pier at Dover,
Watching what vision first will stir
The envy of the foreigner!

With large proprietary airs
He sees the Frenchman, pale as flannel,
Who shunned the Calais-Buffet's snares,
And fasted all across the Channel,
Now swoon with joy—his haven won—
At sight of Dover's Tea and Bun!

O. S.



OUR YEOMANRY MANŒUVRES.

"WE WERE POSTED ON THE EXTREME RIGHT, AND HAD NOTHING TO DO UNTIL THE CRITICAL MOMENT OF THE ENGAGEMENT. WE THEN ATTACKED THE ENEMY IN FLANK. OUR CHARGE ACROSS THE LEVEL WAS GRAND, AND WOULD HAVE BEEN PERFECT BUT FOR A SLIGHT CHECK AT A DITCH."



Excited Young Lady. "FATHER, DIRECTLY THIS SET IS OVER GET INTRODUCED TO THE LITTLE MAN BY THE FIRE-PLACE, AND MAKE HIM COME TO OUR PARTY ON TUESDAY."

Her Father. "CERTAINLY, MY DEAR, IF YOU WISH IT. BUT—ER—HE'S RATHER A SCRUBBY LITTLE PERSON, ISN'T HE?"

E. Y. L. "FATHER, DO YOU KNOW WHO HE IS? THEY TELL ME HE IS THE AMATEUR CHAMPION OF PROKHAM! I DON'T SUPPOSE HE'LL PLAY, BUT IF YOU CAN GET HIM JUST TO LOOK IN, THAT WILL BE SOMETHING!"

THE CHAPERON CROSS-EXAMINED.

Question. I think there has been some change in your duties of late years?

Answer. So I have been told; but I confess I do not find them growing lighter.

Q. Were you not at one time understood to represent propriety?

A. Certainly; and my presence, even now, is accepted as a certificate of respectability.

Q. But do you really think it is required?

A. Well, perhaps not. One's daughters nowadays can look after themselves.

Q. To what do you attribute this change of custom?

A. Oh, of course, to the introduction of the American element. Now the Yankee girl has come to stay, "puppas" and "mummas" are superfluous.

Q. But can you not use your influence in floating the more rich than well-born?

A. Not worth the trouble. Besides, as it certainly would be a financial transaction, the more rich than well-born

THIS IS WHAT HARRY INTENDED HIS SON TO DRAW. "SEE MY PARTICULAR FRIEND WITH A FEATHER."

May. OUR FUTURE ROYAL ACADEMICIAN.



DRAWN BY HARRY'S SON

THIS IS WHAT HARRY'S SON DREW. "SEE MY PA TICKLE A FRIEND WITH A FEATHER."

Q. Then you think a millionaire's wealth will pass him anywhere?

A. Quite so; and not only pass him, but his wife, daughters, uncles and aunts, and even remoter connections.

Q. Then what is your vocation as a chaperon?

A. To enjoy myself instead of sanctioning the enjoyment of others.

Q. Explain yourself.

A. Why, I still accompany a junior to a ball, but I dance myself instead of sitting out as a wallflower.

Q. Does this work well?

A. Excellently, for us both, because my charge has all the advantage of old-fashioned respectability without its thralldom.

Q. And you find there is no drawback?

A. None, unless it be one of my own making. If I deliberately determine to cut out my charge, of course there may be ructions. If I take away, for instance, her favourite partners.

Q. But is this easy of attainment?

A. Depends, of course, on the appear-

A RECENT FIND IN GREEK "DERBY" WARE.



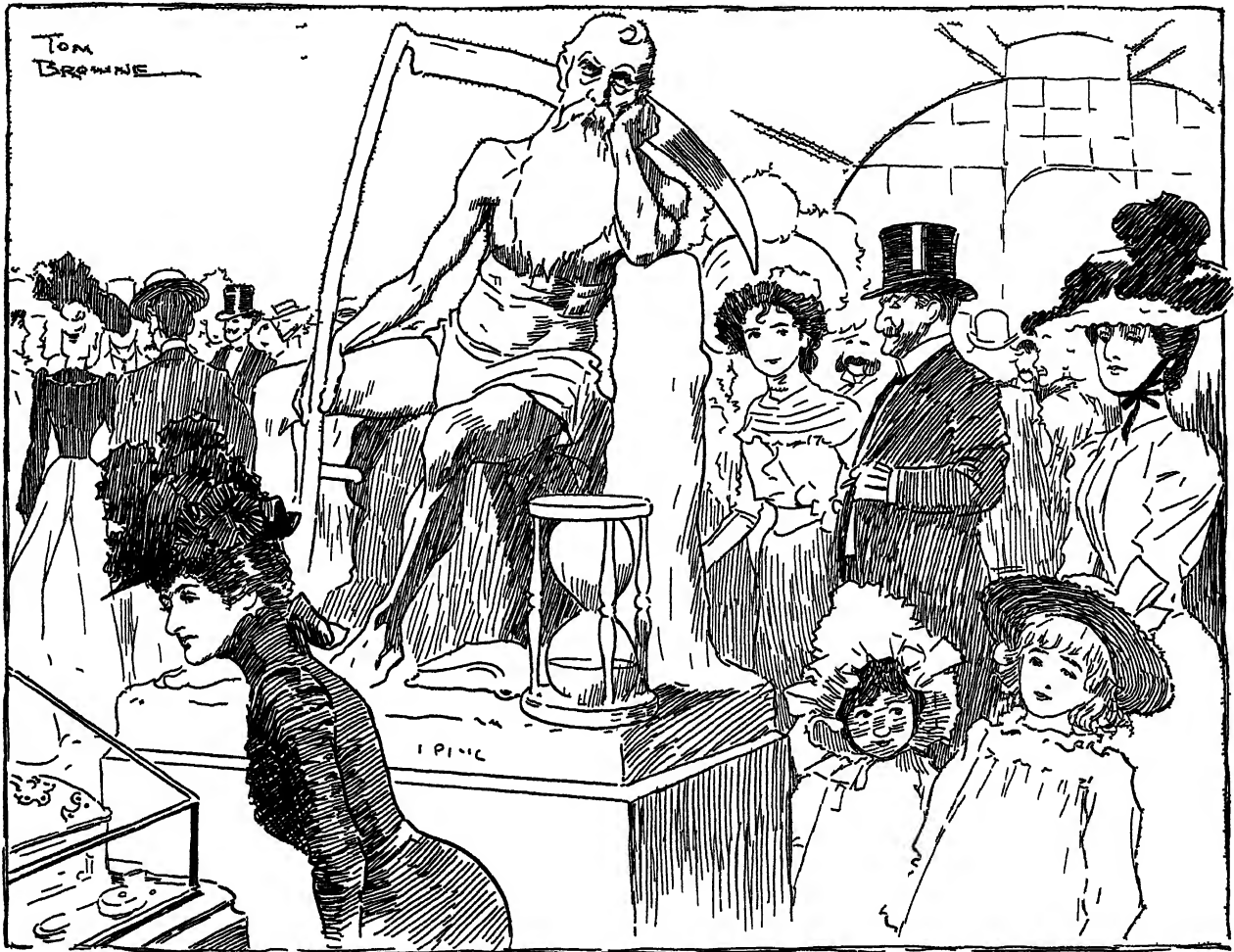
The Fortune-teller, or the Greek Epsom "Downy" young lady.



The three-card trick man, or just a little τετράβολον flutter.



Flight of the Ancient Greek "Welsher" from a rough δούλος.



IN THE SCULPTURE GALLERY AT THE SALON, PARIS.

Little Dolly "WHY IS THE HOUR GLASS MADE SMALL IN THE MIDDLE?"

Little Elsie "TO SHOW THE WAIST OF TIME, SILLY!"

ance of my charge. But, as a rule, dancing men prefer partners of forty to young girls. Especially nowadays, when the dancing men happen to have reached the age of forty themselves.

Q But do men dance after they reach the age of forty?

A They seldom dance before that period.

Q Then your experience is that the younger men prefer to sit out?

A Sometimes, in which cases they usually prefer the chaperon to her charge.

Q You say "usually." Why "usually"?

A Because, when there is a smoking-room attached to the ball-room cigars are nearly invariably preferred to chaperons.

Q Are there often distractions in which a chaperon can indulge beyond dances?

A Yes, many. You can go to a picnic or a theatre plus supper party, or dine at a restaurant. But this you do with the younger men, and then you can take your charge with you.

Q. From what you say it would seem that the situation is reversed. On the occasions to which you refer the charge plays propriety?

A Well, in some measure, I suppose she does, she keeps her chaperon in countenance.

Q But is not all this extra exertion—quite unknown to the old-fashioned chaperons—rather exhausting?



INDIAN RUBBER.

PLAYED BY MEMBERS OF THE SAVAGE CLUB

A Very, as years will tell, in spite of cosmetics.

Q Then is the game worth the candle?

A That is a question I decline to answer, and as I am rather fatigued with our conversation, please ask me no further conundrums.

MISNOMERS.

You start a Company to make it go,
It fails, and so you drop it,
It didn't go but yet has gone, and so
You wind it up to stop it.

Stocks in your garden you will surely find

By want of rain are slaughtered;
Yet many stocks have languished and declined

Because they have been watered.

Suppose a Company for brewing beer
Should come to a cessation—
That is "dry up"—'tis curious to hear
It's called "In liquidation."

TOASTS FOR TRAVELLERS.

(By Our Continental Cynic.)

AMENS—and may the Cathedral compensate for the break of the journey.

Boulogne—and may the bathing on the sands never land you in a hole.

Calais—and may the luncheon at the buffet wipe away the recollection of a dusty passage.

Dieppe—and may the comforts of an English hotel counterbalance the thralldom of foreign fashions.

Evian-les-Bains—and may the waters be worthy of their reputation.

Florence—and may the pictures soothe the irritation caused by an indifferent *table d'hôte*.

Genoa—and may the view wash away the recollection of Italian uncleanliness.

Heidelberg—and may the popular ruins survive the vulgarity of the personally conducted.

Interlaken—and may sunset on the mountain be not disappointing.

Jura—and may the pass satisfy general expectation.

Kissingen—and may it be worth the bother of getting to it.

Lucerne—and may its advertised "loveliness" not cause it to become impossible.

Mannheim—and may its distance from anywhere not be a drawback to its few additional attractions.

Nuremberg—and may its toys be worth the journey and the seeing.

Naples—and may it not become necessary, owing to epidemics, to die there immediately after its inspection.

Ouchy—and may it be a pleasant surprise after Lausanne.

Rome—and may its monuments be seen without contracting its fever.

St. Malo—and may it be reached

June.



Brown (enthusiastic angler, who has brought his friend and guest out for a "delightful day's fishing"). "CONFOUND IT! I'VE LEFT THEM—I SAY, OLD CHAP, GOT ANY FLIES WITH YOU?"

Jones (not enthusiastic, and a non-smoker, wearily). "FLIES!!!"

without running aground in the neighbourhood of the Channel Islands.

Turin—and may its departed glory revived reward the end of a tedious journey.

Venice—and may it be seen before it is spoilt by the modern improver.

Zurich—and may it be appreciated in spite of its inferiority to all neighbouring Continental attractions.

IN PRAISE OF STREET NOISES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that the London County Council, that omnipotent body of concentrated genius, intends to enforce its regulations with regard to the cry of the street hawker. Will you allow me, as a consistent invalid, to protest against this tyranny? I lie in bed sleepless, waiting for the dawn, even as Mariana waited in the Moated Grange, and I am

only happy in my little bed when the milkmen begin to ply their trade.

The fishmonger is generally the next arrival. He would make the fortune of a modern musical comedy, so piercing are his tones and so precise his refrain, "Fresh fish, fine soles, macker-el, and live eels." A song on this subject would entrance modern playgoers as much as does the chant of the peripatetic piscine merchant the dweller in the upper circles. The seeker after "Ole clo" is a diplomatist—he knows that to hunt and run the quarry to earth is to run early with his brother Houndsditch pack; but his piteous appeal is frequently drowned by the cry of the onion, carrot and apple merchant.

Noise is my joy, despite the L.C.C. But let us harmonise the measure.

Your obedient servant,
TIMOTHY TYPOTHESE.

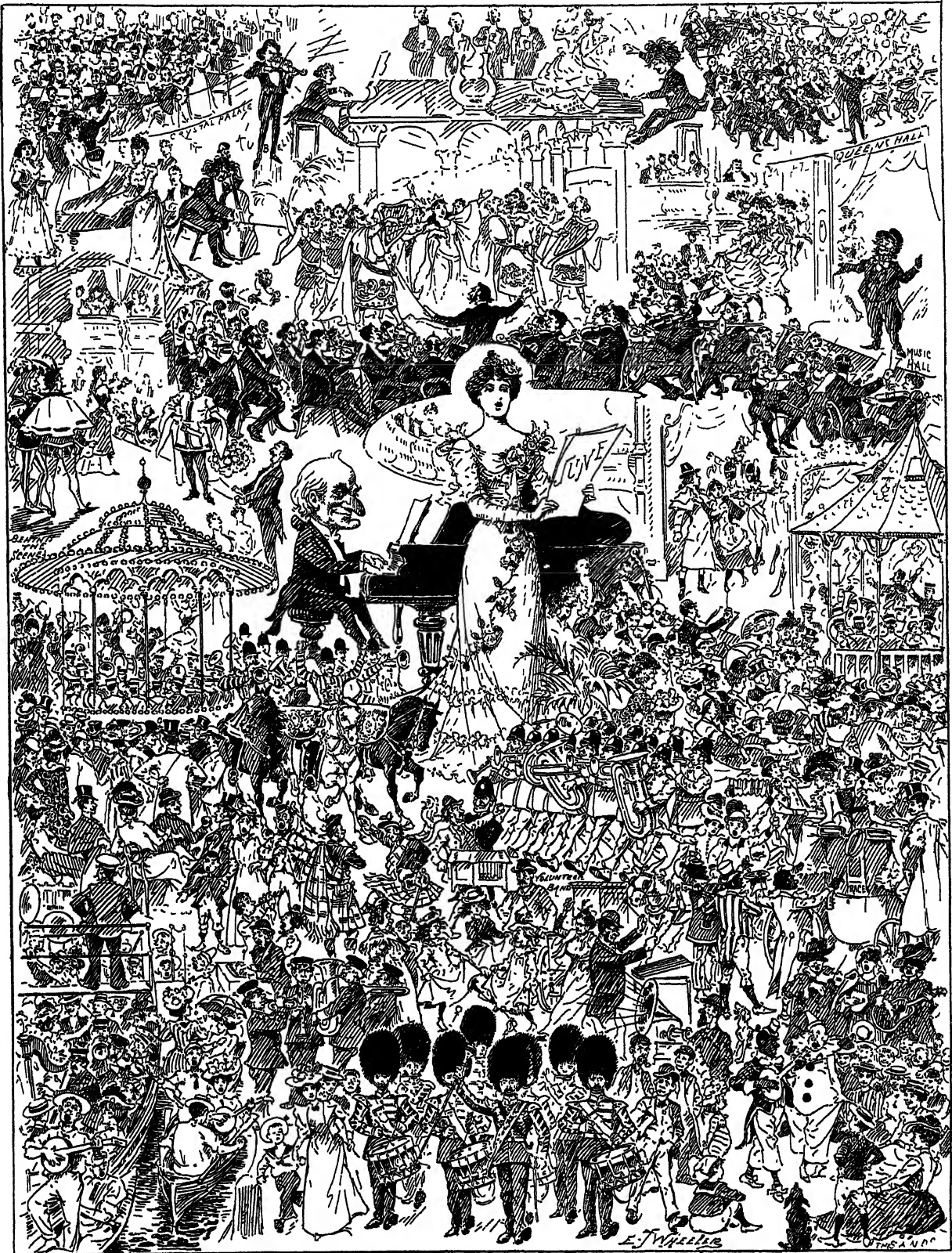
THE MEETING OF THE AGES.

SHAKSPEARIAN QUOTATION.



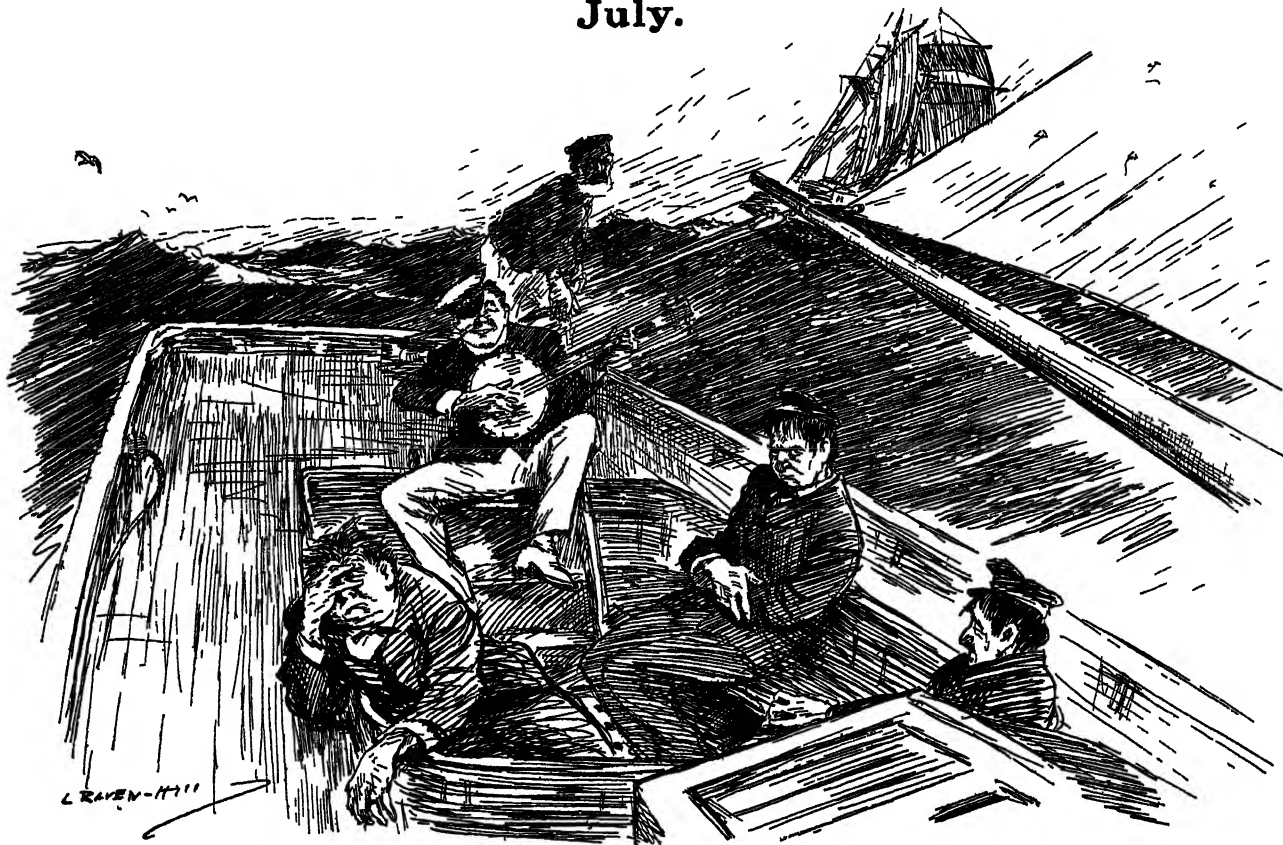
"... WE BRING FORTH WEEDS
WHEN OUR QUICK MINDS LIE STILL."

Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Sc. 2.



BEFORE AND BEHIND THE SCENES.—ITALIAN OPERA SEASON.

July.



Misguided "Comic" Man. "I WILL NOW SING MY CELEBRATED SONG, ENTITLED 'A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE!'"

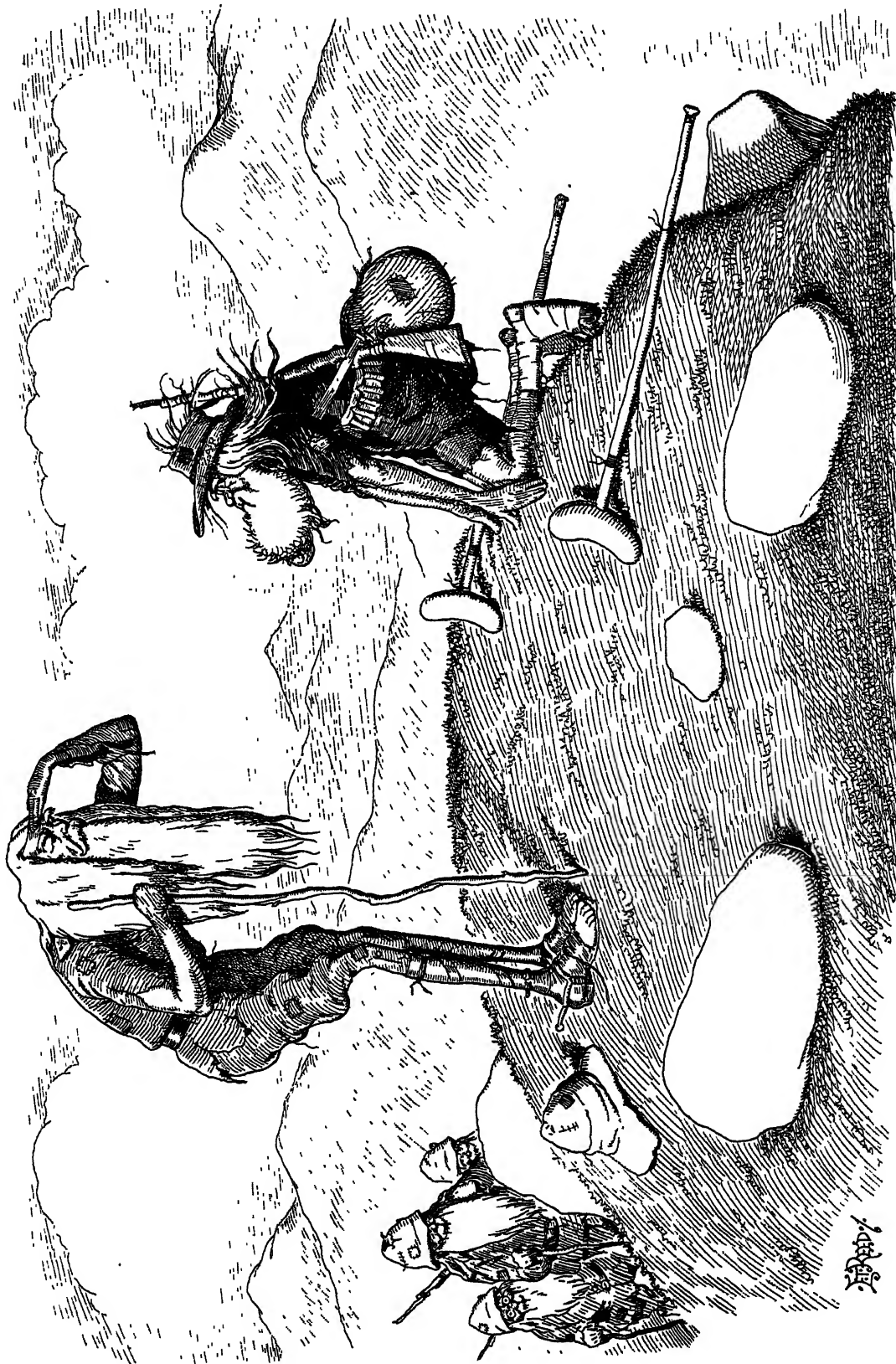
JULY—TOO HOT

For attempting to work.
For striving to walk.
For trying to cycle.
For playing at lawn tennis.
For watching cricket.
For eating with a fork.
For drinking from a glass.
For perusing a menu.
For reading a book.
For looking at anything.
For slumbering on air cushions.
For dreaming a nightmare.
For keeping awake.
For going to sleep.
For speaking to anyone.
For listening to anybody.



HINTS TO GOLFERS.
MR. PUNCH'S PATENT CADDIE CAR.

For driving in a carriage.
For getting into a motor.
For riding on a horse.
For swinging in a hammock.
For lying on a deck.
For ascending in a balloon.
For descending in a diving-bell.
For climbing a mountain.
For sampling a valley.
For engaging in a quarrel.
For seeking a reconciliation.
For keeping a birthday.
For attending a marriage.
For seeing someone off.
For welcoming someone home.
For writing any more sense.
For thinking any more nonsense.



UNRECORDED HISTORY.—THE TOP OF A KOPJE, A.D. 1950.

The aged Rip Van Kitchener (aside to his venerable Tommies). "AHA! THE ONLY SURVIVOR 'COMING IN' AT LAST!"
The Last of the Boers. "VAID A MOMEND! VOD DEEMS YOU GIF ME; MEIN GOMBELED INTERENDENCE!—ODDERVISE I BLEIB ALWAYS ON GOMMANDO."

OUR WAITER AT MULLIGAN'S.

EXTRACT FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY
OF TOBY, M.P.

WON'T mention where Mulligan's is to be found. This sheet is not connected with the advertisement department. But I'll tell you about the waiter.

We were driving through a remote district in the West of Ireland. The horses broke down at a point an hour distant from our destination. Mulligan's stood by the wayside. It was not an attractive hostelry. But it was *aut Mulligan's aut nullus*. So we engaged beds for seven at Mulligan's.

When we came upon our waiter he was spreading the table for luncheon. The meal was confectioned of some tasty odds and ends of salt bacon, tempered by thin cuts of tinned tongue. But the magnificent manner with which the covers were laid, the air with which the banquet was served!

Some sixty winters had sprinkled snow on our waiter's massive head. Calling in Art to redress the balance with Nature, "restoratives" had evidently been applied. In places the dye had caught on; in others the effort was not wholly successful. The general result was a little patchy. However, we were too hungry to be critical.

Our waiter was arrayed in a dress suit which probably belonged to *Malachi*, when he wore the collar of gold he won from the proud invader. The trousers were shiny about the knees, and a little short over the ankles, displaying to fuller advantage the patent leather (cracked) shoes. The waistcoat had an obstreperous habit of rising above the collar of the

coat at the back of the neck, apparently trying to overtake the black tie which overlapped the shirt collar. The dress coat was curiously embroidered with relics of mustard, deposits of pepper, and rich sauces.

These are trifles. It was the bearing of our waiter, his voice, his gestures, the bend of his head and the wave of his hand when he spoke, that impressed the casual wayfarer. In repose—as when, with noiseless footfall, he glided around the table frowning at importunate flies—he recalled *Mr. Turveydrop*. Aroused—as when the Member for Sark asked if anything was going to follow the odds and ends of bacon—he, for a terrible moment, realised one's impressions of John Kemble. When he had occasion to leave the room he didn't walk out like an ordinary waiter. He made an exit.

"Got any potatoes?" asked the Commodore.

Mr. Turveydrop-Kemble regarded him for a moment with reflective gaze, as if wondering why anyone could have made him a Baronet. Then, flinging open the door with his left hand, he pointed to the indeterminate distance with his right, and as he passed off the stage, said in a deep voice, "I go to enquire." After due interval he returned, carefully closed the door, and, striding up to the Commodore, stood for a moment mastering his emotion.

"I thought," he declaimed, in tone of deep resignation, "that potatoes were going. I find they are not."

"In fact, they're gone," said the Commodore, flippantly.

"We don't want much for dinner," he continued, affably. "Soup, fish and a joint, you know."

Mr. Kemble-Turveydrop, standing by his chair in the attitude of chief mourner, eyed him sidewise with compassionate glance.

"We can't promise you fish," he said, with a tear in his voice. "We have it on the premises, it is true. But I can't recommend it—at least, not to *you*."

This with a gracious wave of the hand comprehending the company. Apparently, to meet local taste, they keep fish at Mulligan's till it becomes odorous.

"You shall have ox-tail soup," he added, appropriately changing from the Kemble to the *Turveydrop* manner.

"Ah," said the Commodore, feebly smacking his lips. "And what joint?"

"Duck," Mr. Turveydrop-Kemble decisively answered. "And" (here he almost ogled one of the ladies) "for a third course, apple tart."

He was better than his word. When we sat down to the banquet we found that roast beef had been added to the menu. It was thrilling to hear him, relapsing into the Kemble character, breathe into the ears of the guests the hollow whisper, "Roast duck or beef?"

When all were served he resumed the place of chief mourner by the Commodore's chair. With hands clasped before him, head slightly bent, he watched, and evidently listened.

It was interesting company. But, taking into account the size of the bedrooms and some other matters, the Commodore at breakfast asked for his bill. Our waiter had begun a fresh morning in sprightliest *Turveydrop* manner. He plumped down to the infinite gloomiest depths of Kemble.

"Excuse me asking," he murmured. "I hope nothing has arisen with'n these premises to inoculate this abrupt decision. There has, I trust, been no incivility nor any assault?"

Evidently assault from some unknown quarter was one of the ordinary conditions of life at Mulligan's.

The Commodore assured him that we had never been better treated in our lives. Also, he tipped him on a scale that momentarily took away his breath. But nothing could rouse him from the pit of depression into which he had fallen. As we drove away I noticed that, with his quick appreciation of a situation, he had, as it were, gone into mourning. Ordinary people in such cases use black-edged writing paper. As Mr. Kemble-Turveydrop sadly waved farewell with his hand I observed that it was black-edged at the finger-nails.

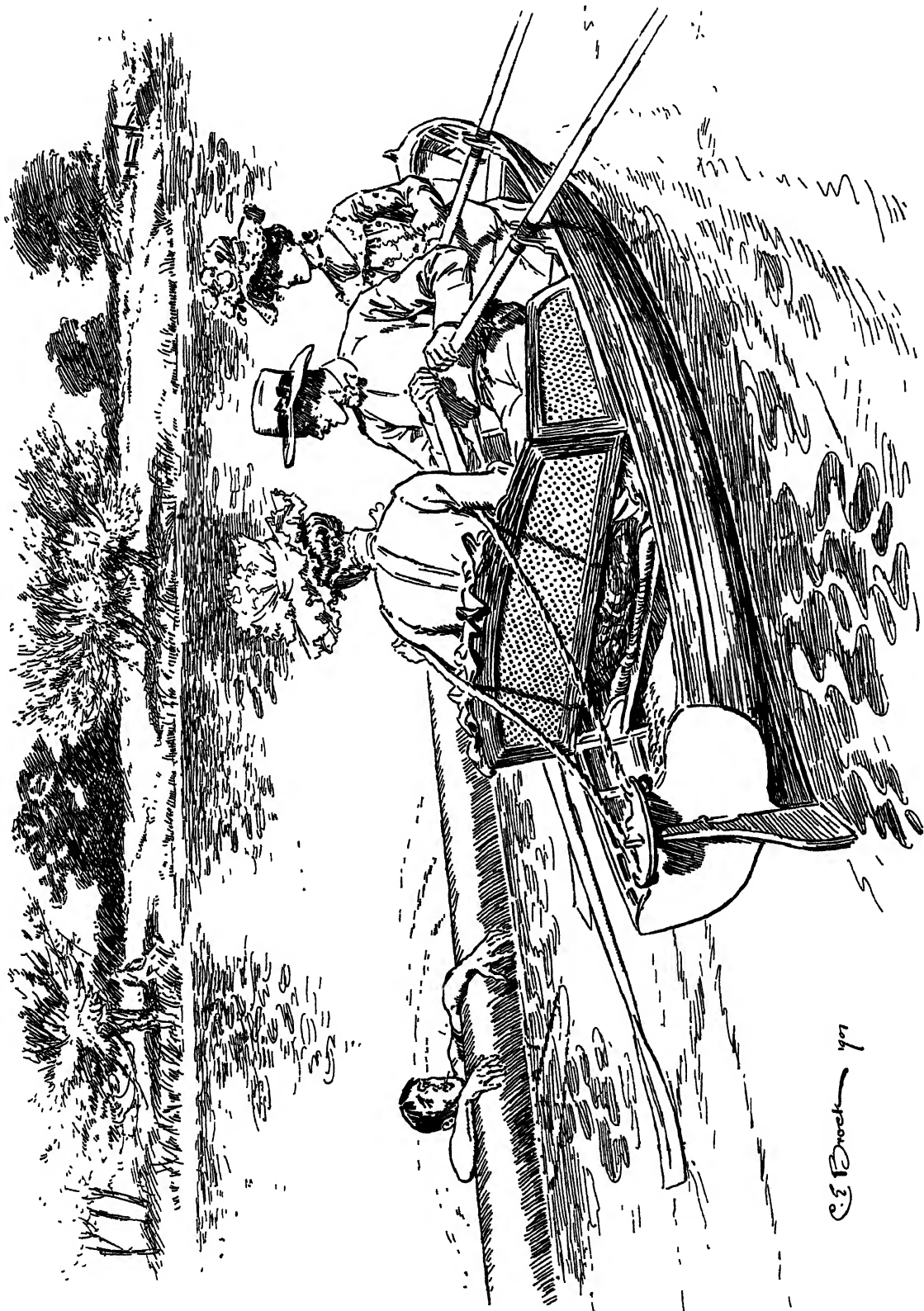


"I MADE UGLY FACES AT YOUR STUCK-UP SISTER THE OTHER DAY, BUT I S'POSE SHE DIDN'T SEE ME!"
"OH, YUS, SHE DID. BUT SHE THOUGHT THEY WAS NATURAL."

Mr. Kemble-Turveydrop (tragedy now predominant) mutely bowed his head. He had spoken his part at a particular cue. There was nothing more in "the book," and, like all leading actors, he abhorred gag—by others.

"Now what can you give us for dinner?" said the Commodore, leaning back in his chair and folding up somebody else's serviette. (We all had someone else's napkin. By taking thought, one or two of the party managed to find a comparatively clean inch on the one dealt out to them.)

Some bits of cheese, apparently broken up by a hammer earlier used in the coal-cellar, followed the odds and ends of bacon. The Commodore, kindest-hearted of men, anxious not to hurt anyone's feelings, assumed the satisfied air of one who had lunched off a plate of turtle soup, half-a-dozen oysters, and a young grouse.



C. E. Brock 701

The Man in the Boat. "I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT IT WAS YOUR OWN FAULT. WHY DIDN'T YOU GET OUT INTO MID-STREAM?"
The Victim. "WHY, THAT'S JUST WHAT I'VE DONE!"

LESSONS OF EXPERIENCE



HE was a dream of innocence, like other little boys ;
He played, between repose and meals, among his childish toys ;
One was a glass wherein he watched the fleeting sands of Time,
And one a strange amorphous beast, some rabbit of the prime.

Judged by the average bulk to which the mass of infants run,
He looks precocious for a babe whose total age is one ;
Perhaps the exigence of Art, which sees with larger eyes,
Is partially responsible for his abnormal size.

Behold him, then, his placid brain, beneath the curly hair,
At present unaffected by a solitary care ;
Until the fateful hour arrives when he must undergo
A course of lectures on the truths an infant ought to know.

It is the dame EXPERIENCE from whom he has to learn ;
The epithets applied to her are " bitter," " rude," and " stern " ;
But in the picture she 's a dear, and wears a Greekish dress,
And seems in all respects a most attractive governess.

The room to which our little friend reluctantly was brought
Was rather like the lecture-hall where Princess Ida taught ;
The furniture embraced a globe, an owl, an astrolabe,
And much that might have petrified an ordinary babe.

Two pair of damsels stood beneath the late Minerva's bust—
SCIENCE and ART and likely types of what is True and Just ;
With mirror, scales, and microscope, and harp of ancient pitch,
And also private labels on to show you which was which.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1902.

I cannot say if they were there as Members of the Staff
Who had to turn the audience out in case it chose to laugh ;
Perhaps for private motives they decided to assist
At the discourse of which I now propose to give the gist.

"Come, put your hands behind your back, and listen like a man "
(These, roughly, were the terms in which EXPERIENCE began);
"While I proceed to talk of Life, its dangers, snares and shams,
As illustrated by a set of speaking diagrams."

At this she called attention to her *répertoire* of prints,
Driving the object-lesson home with exegetic hints;
But nothing fixed his mobile eye or caused his flesh to creep
Until he struck a work of art called *Look before you leap!*

The scene portrayed a careless frog that would a-swimming go
Without enquiring if the pond was occupied or no ;
Already launched in middle air and impotent to stop,
He notes a duck about to take and eat him on the hop.

The boy, however, overlooked (his judgment being crude)
The truth imbedded in the frog's insensate hardihood ;
His mind, impervious to what the picture-tale implied,
Was wondering how the duck would bear the awful strain inside.

"Learn from the frog's appalling fate," his gentle teacher said,
"How full is life of yawning pits, how well to glance ahead ;
I do not say that ducks abound in everybody's bath,
But other perils, quite as great, are sure to strew your path.

"I've noticed older men than you repeatedly collapse
All through the fatal habit of ignoring booby-traps ;
But you, if you should go to war and have the faintest doubt
As to the enemy's designs, *don't hesitate to scout!*"

So for an hour the lady sought to swell the infant's brain,
He being still intrigued about the duck's internal pain ;
Till with a touch of cloud upon his former reckless joy,
He left the place, a sadder and no whit a wiser boy. O. S.



August.



"THE HAT TRICK."

BOWLES'S LAST DRIVE TO THE BOUNDARY WON THE MATCH, COMPLETED HIS CENTURY, AND RUINED HIS WIFE'S NEW HAT!



Diana. "I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU CALL THIS OTTER-HUNTING, MAJOR. HERE I'VE BEEN OUT FOUR TIMES, AND NEVER SEEN AN OTTER." M. O. H. (an enthusiast). "Ah, THERE YOU ARE, YOU SEE! THAT'S JUST WHERE THE HUNTING COMES IN!"



ARRY & ARRIET
start for a days trip to Boulogne
and back.



on the Boat

ARRY "Buck up
Arriet be a
man we'll
soon be there."



Arrival at
Boulogne

ARRY "I wonder if there's
any dooly on bacca"-
ARRIET or feathers!



'Painting it Red' at Boulogne.

Wot price this
Arriet!



The Homeward voyage
ARRIET: Buck up Arrey, see
what a lovely pike Grebrough jor.



TIME AGAIN
"Never no more!"

P. M. M.

September.



MR. MUGGS ON PARTRIDGE DRIVING.

"WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE MODERN SYSTEM OF DRIVING IS THE NICE REST YOU CAN HAVE BETWEEN THE BEATS."



YOUNG LINKS HAS NOT PLAYED CROQUET FOR A LONG TIME. HIS FIRST APPEARANCE THIS SEASON CAUSED QUITE A SENSATION.

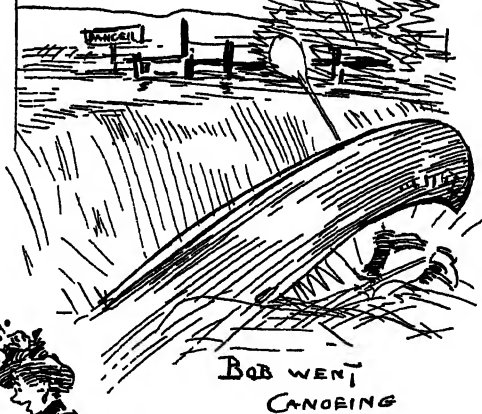


MAUD
AND ETHEL
STARTED ON A
BIKING TOUR

PATER PREFERRED 'COOK'S'
"MY DEAR SIR I TELL YOU THERE IS NOT A
CITY IN THE WHOLE OF EUROPE THAT IS A
PATCH UPON FLORENCE WHY I FOUND THE
FINEST ENGLISH CHEMIST'S THERE THAT I
HAVE COME ACROSS IN ALL MY TRAVELS"



PATER HAD
A QUIET TIME IN
DEVONSHIRE



WHILE
MARY ANN
SAYS
"GIVE ME
GOOD OLE MARGIE!"



THE BROWN FAMILY RESOLVE TO SPEND THEIR VACATION EACH AFTER HIS OWN FASHION,
INSTEAD OF EN FAMILLE.

LEAVES FROM A FATHER'S DIARY.

MABEL makes up her mind to go to town for the day. Shopping, or something of that sort. She says, "I've told Nurse to bring the child in to you at eleven o'clock. You said you wanted her to get to know you better, so this will be a good opportunity." Delightful, of course. I rather wanted to finish article on "A Japanese System of Ethics," but suppose it must wait. Study *The Parent's Guide*. Full of extraordinarily useful information. "A father," it says, "must remember that he is necessarily something of a stranger in the nursery. But with patience he will succeed in gaining the affection and confidence of his child. If the child shows a certain amount of shyness he must encourage it to treat him as a friend, and happy relations are sure in the end to be established." Yes, but how to proceed? There's the rub.

Eleven o'clock. Nurse brings little Alice into library: "Allie going to stay with Daddie," she says, "Allie must be good girl." Nurse departs. Howls from little Allie. Try to coax her. Repulsed. Consult *Parent's Guide*. Allie lying on floor and howling piteously. Difficult to find anything applicable to present situation. "Young girls should not be allowed to loiter for hours in the mother's easy-chair." That won't help. "A sense of proportion is lacking in children." Too true. "Much harm may come of excessive severity on the part of parents. Gentle methods should always be tried, for it must be remembered that children are easily swayed by their affections." Will try gentle methods. "Come, Allie, be good. See Daddy's beautiful watch. Oh, such lovely tick-ticks." Repulsed with ignominy. "Boo-hoo! want Nana." Pick her up from floor and put her on my knee. Child makes herself stiff as a ramrod and slides off heavily. More howls. Pick her up again. Same operation repeated. Pick her up and shake her. She smacks—yes, smacks!—my face. Put her down. Meditate. Happy thought! A chocolate. Take her into dining-room. Butler in the room. Seems surprised, and evidently pities me. Explain to him apologetically reason for my entrance. Allie howling and struggling violently to

escape. Am conscious of lack of dignity. Binns produces chocolates from sideboard. Give one to Allie. Effect magical. She smiles all over. Consult *Parent's Guide*. Find the following: "It is extremely unwise to bribe very young children to be 'good' with sweets. A child soon ceases to believe in the justice of its parents if it finds that by crying or mis-

prompt reply. I give. Temporary peace. Have placed Allie on floor. Will try to converse with her:—"Does Allie love Daddy?" I ask tentatively. Immediate answer very decisively, "No, no!" Poser. "Does Allie love Mamma?" "Yes—and Nana." "But Allie must love Daddy." "No, no!" Hopeless. Give it up. Will try reading to her: "Allie fetch book for

Daddy to read." She fetches supplement of *Times* from table. Good little girl. Wonderful how that child's intelligence is advancing by leaps and bounds. So different from all other children I've ever met. She's only two years old, and when I told her to fetch a book she—well, she fetched the supplement of the *Times*. That's not a book, of course; but it shows how the child exercises her reasoning powers. She says, "Daddy, read." Bless her heart. Read through all the births, marriages and deaths. "More, more!" says the child. Read "In memoriam" notices. One ends with couplet: "Afflictions sore long time he bore; He is not lost but gone before." Allie delighted. "More, more, gone fore," she shouts. Have to read that couplet twelve times. Try change by reading money article. Received with high disapproval. Read couplet ten times more. At last refuse to go on. Simply can't bring myself to go on. Child furious. Throws herself on floor, having previously seized cheque-book from table. "Allie must give Daddy his book." Silence. "Give Daddy book." Silence. Try to seize it. Foiled. Consult *Parent's Guide*. Find luminous passage:—"Violent coercion is usually a mistake with very young children. If a child does not yield immediate obedience, a parent should seek to divert its attention to some other matter. Afterwards it will be found that the child, having

had its mind diverted from the idea of resistance, will readily comply." Good! will act upon suggestion. "See, Allie, Daddy's beautiful match-box." Child eyes me suspiciously. "Daddy give Allie match-box," I add. She takes it. Retires to corner, clutching match-box and cheque-book. "Now, Allie, give Daddy book." Silence. She opens cheque-book. Tears two cheques. This is too much. I seize cheque-book. Howls. Enter Nurse, and removes child. Thank heaven!



GENUINE PRO-BOERS.

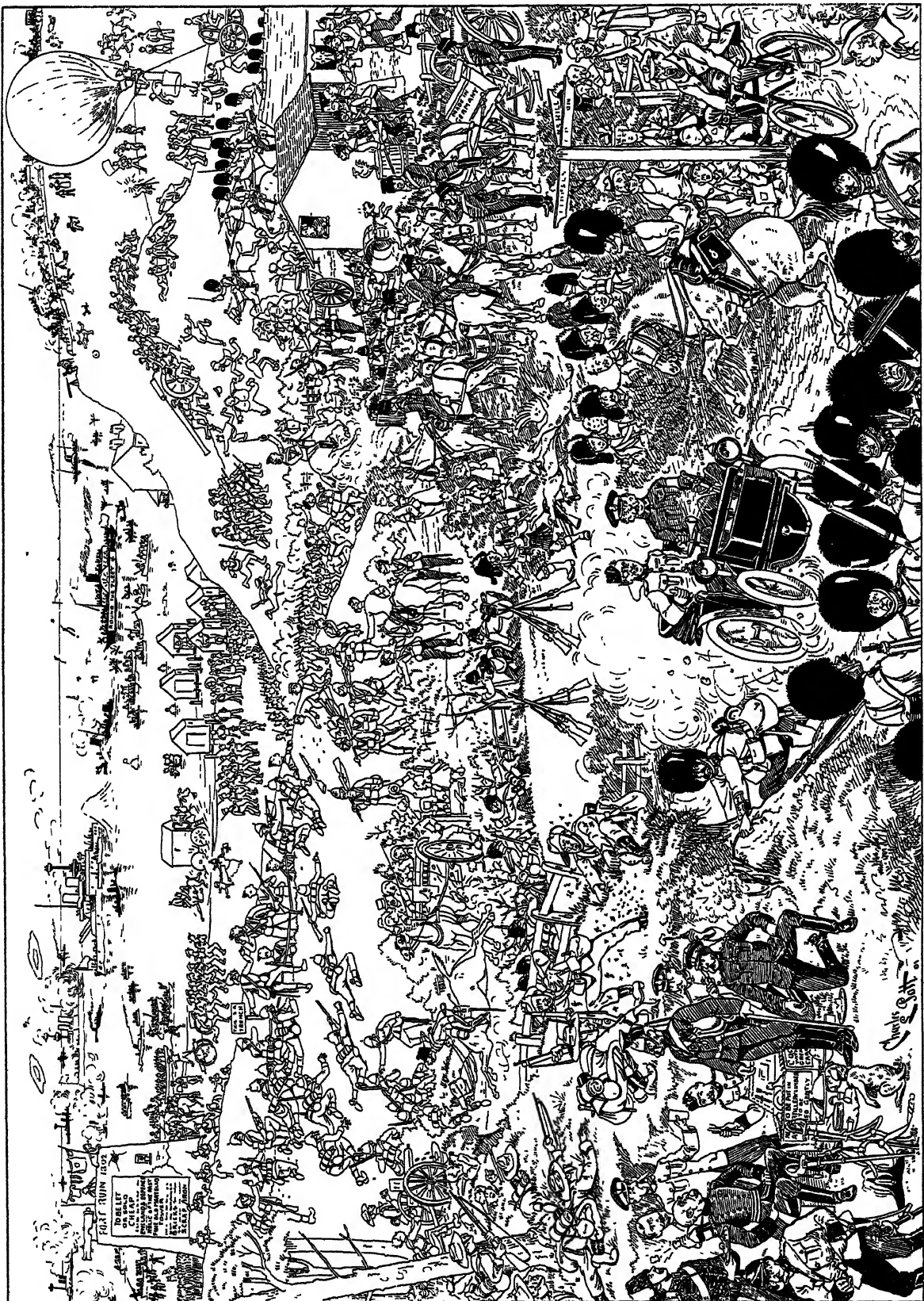
First Sly Reynard. "THEY TELL ME AS THERE AREN'T ANY HORSES FOR HUNTING THIS YEAR. ALL GONE OFF TO THE WAR."

Brer Brush. "AND THEY DO SAY THAT THERE ISN'T ANY MONEY TO KEEP UP THE HOUNDS."

Sly Reynard. "WHAT'S DEATH TO THEM—EH?"

Brer Brush. "IS SPORT TO US. TO OUR NEXT MERRY MEETING!"

behaving it can secure a bribe in the form of a chocolate, or something similar." Wish I had read this before. Too late now; chocolate gone, save for a few fragments plastered on cheeks and chin. Take Allie back into library. She says, interrogatively, "More choc?" *Parent's Guide* says: "A father should never deceive his child." I say, "No, no more choc." Allie drops her lip: all outward signs of another howling fit. Say hastily, "Yes, yes; more choc, if Allie good girl." "Allie good. Give choc," comes the



A. NAVAL AND MILITARY REVIEW.

October.



POOR MAN!

"YOU DON'T PLAY, DO YOU, MR. SOFTLEIGH?"

"NO. THERE'S SUCH A LOT OF RUNNIN' ABOUT, AND WHEN, YOU KNOW, ONE GETS THROWN DOWN AND COVER'D WITH MUD, AND I HATE LOOKING A FOOL!"



Mayor Bunker (who has been persuaded to join in a game of Hockey for the first time absent mindedly preparing to drive). "FORE!"



INSULT TO INJURY.

Fitz-Noodle's Harriers, after a capital run, have killed—a Fox!

Incensed local M. F. H. "CONFOUND IT, SIR, YOU HAVE KILLED ONE OF MY FOXES!"
F. N. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, OLD CHAP! YOU MAY KILL ONE OF MY HARES!"



AN IRISH INTRO-DUC-TION.

Village Dame (addressing a brood of young ducks which she has just thrown into the pond for a first swim). "THEY' NOW YOU BE LANDED!"

November.

SOMETHING LIKE A CHRISTMAS BILL.

It's just come in, with the compliments of Messrs. Tiddler, Tompkinson, Turtle, and Trumms. (Solicitors' firms usually run to many names; suspect arrangement is made with intent to remember each in the bill.) For some time have had case before Privy Council. This little account is the bill of costs; amount of money at issue under £20; but Principle

allowed charge of 10s. for "attending printer with revised proof, instructing him to strike off seventy-five copies."

What a picture this way of putting it presents to the awed mind! One of the Firm, possibly the whole alphabet, proceeded in state to "attend on the printer," a varlet carrying the revised proof. On arrival, trumpet sounds, printer tremblingly approaches.

but look how it swells out in my bill of costs. "Copy summons for counsel, 2s. 6d.; attending him therewith, 10s.; attending marking counsel's brief to hear judgment, 10s.; paid his fee and clerk, £5 15s. 6d., attending paying fees, 10s."

Observe: here is one transaction, one morning call at chambers over the way. But the Firm cut up the ten minutes involved with nice distinction. The junior



PROSPECTIVE COMFORT.

Old Jollybog. "AH! JUS' TO THINK O' THAT NICE LITTLE DROP O' SOMETHIN' HOT WHEN I GET HOME!"



AWKWARD!

(Incident in frosty weather.)

involved; not going to be ridden roughshod over by a wealthy gas company, even if they thrive in Canada, where I have a small property. Fought them in Colonial Courts; lost. Brought case over to Privy Council. Won appeal, and here's my bill of costs: total £153 19s. 2d. But stay, a word more.

Would have been £2 more only for vigilance of Taxing Master. Having passed charge of 10s. for "attending printer and instructing him to strike off proof," the many T's sat down quickly and charged a guinea for "revising proof."

Taxing Master knocked off half; but he

"Strike off," says the Firm in voice of thunder — (the printer is sure it's his head; quite relieved when the Firm continues) — "seventy-five copies."

What really happened was that the office-boy was sent over with the proof. All the same I pay 10s.

Through all the stages of their work the Firm move with monotonously ordered steps. But it is more than *le premier pas* that costs. Each one is ticketed with sums varying from 10s. upward. A summons to hear judgment being issued by Privy Council, a copy of the document is sent over by the junior clerk to the counsel. That an ordinary procedure;

clerk engaged undergoes quick change in fashion excelling Dan Leno or Arthur Roberts. Having "attended" counsel with copy of summons, he wipes the perspiration from his brow and pockets half a sovereign. Next, presents himself as somebody else "attending marking counsel's brief." Bang goes another ten bob. Thirdly, he "pays counsel and clerk's fees," and gravely credits himself with a third 10s.

These only a few items from prodigious bill. Same farce repeated for every trivial action. Sounds like a joke, but it isn't. Items are copied textually from my little Christmas Bill.

THE WHISTFUL MOOD.

(An Autumnal Episode.)

"It's a blessing to feel that the summer is over and done with," remarked the King of Diamonds, with a yawn. "I can't tell you how pleased I was to hear the crackling of the fire."

"Well, it's not for want of trying," said the Queen, snappishly. "You must have an excellent imagination. I've been trying to catch sight of the blaze through the chink of the drawer all day."

"You're too impatient," purred the Queen of Hearts. "Depend upon it, we shall all of us see the fire to-night. You

heard one of the young ladies say that grandpapa was talking about a game of whist this evening, didn't you, dear?" added the Queen of Hearts, looking towards her husband.

"Distinctly," said the King, sleepily, "and as we shall be wanted to-night, I think I shall take forty winks now. The first rubber is sure to exhaust us a good deal."

* * * * *

"Here's a pack of cards, mamma," said GLADYS.

"Oh, those are too dirty, child! We must have a clean pack this winter."

"Gratitude!" growled several of the Court cards.

"Throw them away!" called out papa—and the pack went stiff with horror.

"Oh, papa," cried GLADYS, "can't I have them to play 'Draw the well dry' with, and to make card-castles?"

"The degradation of it!" murmured the Queens in chorus.

"Better death than disgrace," said the Ace of Clubs, who was a Stoic philosopher.

"Wouldn't go so far as that," muttered the Epicurean Ace of Hearts under his breath.

"It may not be so bad after all," said the Knave of Hearts generously. But he was young and susceptible, and GLADYS was an undeniably pretty little girl. At least, he thought so.



Loader (Reservist). "RABBIT ADVANCING FROM THE RIGHT FRONT AT THE DOUBLE, SIR. BEG PARDON—BEGGAR'S 'ALTED!'"

MORE ARMY REFORMS.

OUR own military specialist sends us information as to several projected changes of an important character in the Home Army.

With regard to the vexed question of uniform, it is intended in future that the area of pipeclay shall be considerably increased. As the pay will be correspondingly diminished, this will almost certainly tend to encourage recruiting.

With regard to the head-gear of our soldiers, it has been noticed with dismay by the authorities that certain helmets now in use afford their wearers some slight protection from the sun. As this

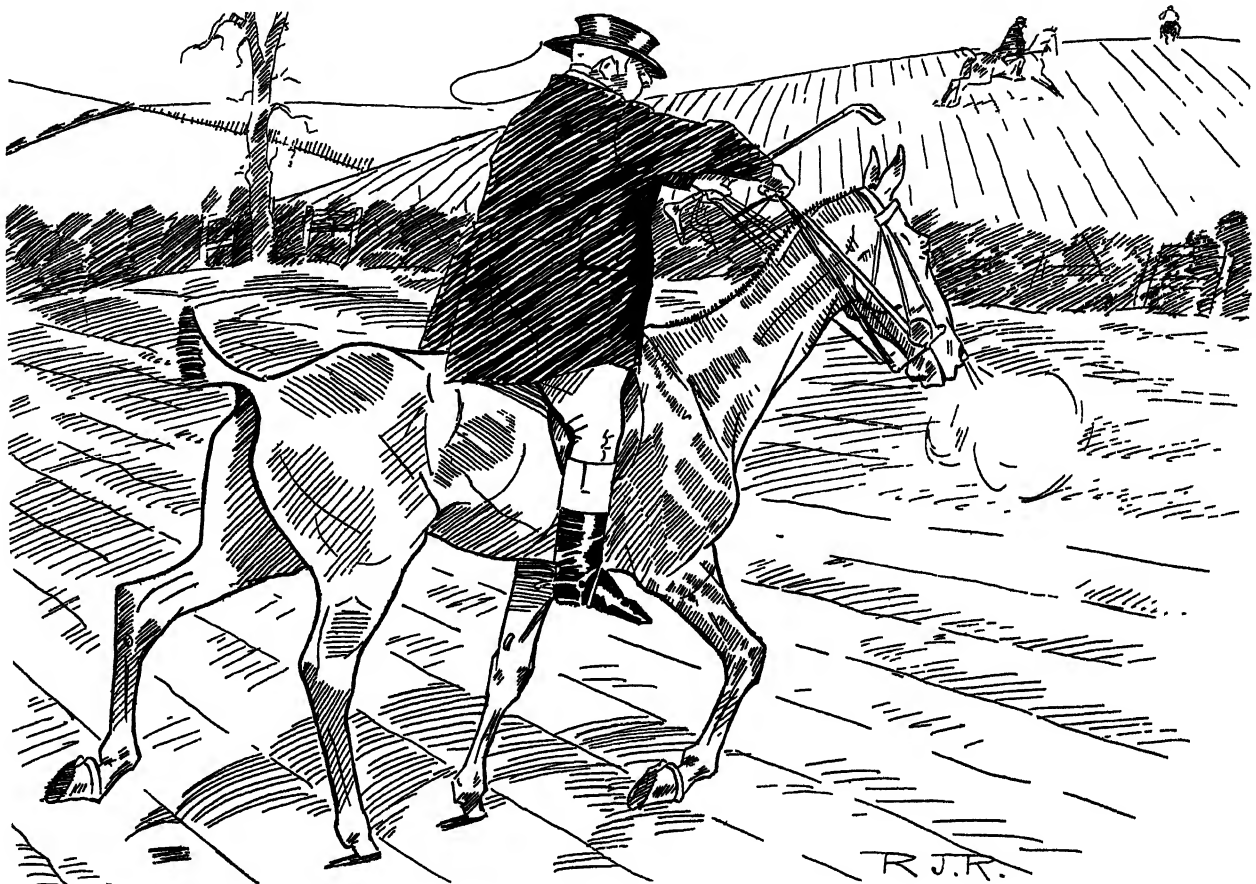
is manifestly not the purpose of military head-gear, which is primarily intended to look "smart"—whatever that may mean—a new helmet is being designed which shall not have this objection. According to present ideas the new helmet will be worn (like a forage cap) over one ear, to add to the comfort and dignity of the British soldier.

It having come to the knowledge of the War Office that some uniforms are at present made almost loose enough to eat and even walk in, this defect is to be remedied at once. In future no private or officer will be able to do anything whatever in his uniform (dress or undress) without splitting it.

Officers in His Majesty's Forces will be reminded shortly in an Army Order that hunting and polo, and not the higher tactics, are what should be assiduously studied by the modern subaltern. The Art of War, so-called, is a bookish affair which may safely be left to spectacled Germans.

An effort will at once be made to check the regrettable tendency said to be manifested in certain regiments to reduce the expenses of the Officers' mess. As it is felt that if this continues the Army will cease to attract the younger sons of aristocratic families, Commanding Officers are requested to use their influence to combat the movement without delay.

December.



"LAST, BUT NOT LEAST."

TO CHRISTINE.

[An Offering from her Bachelor Uncle, who, in default of the power to immortalize her through the intrinsic merits of his verse, consoles himself by enshrining her in the deathless pages of Mr. Punch's Almanack.]

CHILD of the silk-soft golden hair,
The sweet grave face, the hazel
eyes,
Mother of dolls, a constant care
That makes you prematurely wise;

(Although your brother, younger yet,
Adopts an independent tone,
And begs you will not always set
Your wisdom up against his own)—

I take delight to touch with you
On divers themes, and well I may;
It is your charming habit to
Believe exactly what I say.

When you enquire with thoughtful brow
What any given object is,
Why it was made, and when, and
how,
And other cognate mysteries;

When by your manner you imply
That nothing known to mortal men,
Or even angels up the sky,
Eludes my penetrating ken;

Forgotten hopes renew their bloom;
I feel I have not wholly failed;
"There still is one," I say, "from whom
My awful ignorance is veiled.

"As yet no disillusion saps
A faith pathetically stout;
And several seasons must elapse
Before she gets to find me out."

So from our converse I abstract
A sentiment akin to joy,
Fleeting, I own, and, as a fact,
Not unencumbered with alloy.

For memory probes an ancient sore
Connected with my distant youth;
I, too, should like to be once more
A quiet searcher after truth;

Once more to learn in various schools
The things rejected by-and-by
When I discovered certain rules
Which the exceptions stultify;

Found Nature with herself at strife
(To take a single case) and woke

To the depressing view that life
Must be regarded as a joke.

A blight possessed my eager soul;
My fancies took a fatal twist;
And I assumed the chronic rôle
Of what is called a humorist.

For you such fears are far away;
Your faith and your digestion thrive;
But then I'm forty, if a day,
And you, of course, are only five.

Still, here 's the best I can in rhyme;
And when (how rare the angels' calls!)
You come again at Christmas-time
To greet the dear familiar walls,

You'll take my verse for what it 's worth,
And, though you find it barely sane,
You'll raise a decent show of mirth
To spare the author needless pain;

And lift your tiny silver mug,
Graven with mine, the giver's, name,
And toast my health, and bid me hug
The patient hope of coming fame;

And I shall answer, "Dear, you see,
My future lies behind my back;
But here 's your immortality
In Mr. Punch's Almanack!" O. S.



"THE SMILE CURE"—FOR NERVOUS MELANCHOLY AND DEPRESSION.

[It must not be hastily inferred from their expression that the above gentlemen have just received news of any great military or diplomatic success in any quarter of the world; they are simply trying the prescription of a doctor in Minneapolis for those suffering from chronic depression of spirits—"Smile, keep on smiling, don't stop smiling." "It sounds ridiculous, but just try turning up the corners of your mouth, and see how it makes you feel." He advises a patient to "remain in his office and smile."—See *Westminster Gazette*, September 18.]

E. J. M.



Ballet-Master Time directing the Pas de Quatre Saisons.



Between the Whiffs.

(In the Smoke-room of the A. & C. Club.)

"Most people are not so bad as they are painted," observed the art critic somewhat maliciously.

"But 'most people' aren't painted, confound 'em!" quoth PETER PINKSIT, who hasn't been favoured by a sitter for some time.

THE BEST SEAT FOR THE CORONATION.—The Throne!

APROPOS OF THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY. — "Now, Sir," writes a correspondent, "I have at last a chance of making myself famous. No notice has ever been taken of me up to now. Hitherto my letters have been ignored by the leading journals. But now I have a lot to say, and shall attract considerable attention, although I am only

"A MERE CIPHER.

"P.S.—Did you see the article in the *Times* of Boxing-Day on this subject? Was not the Dickensian-Pickwickian story of 'BILLST UMPHS HIS MARK' brought to your memory?"

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

(C.-B. makes a Communication.)

If you're restless, do not call me, do not call me, honest JOHN,

I have had a trying Christmas, and the pain is going on ;
Do not therefore call me early with a rousing Liberal cheer,
As I'm not so very anxious to salute the glad New Year.

Last night I had a dream, MORLEY, I often have them now ;
I fancied I was sitting with a garland on my brow ;
And far across St. James's you could hear the Party smile
As its rival sections hailed me where I sat upon the stile.

Oh, merry was our meeting that blessed afternoon !
Our pledges shook the pillars, our waistcoats beat in tune ;
It was early in July, JOHN, and our feelings were so warm
As we parted on the threshold of the dear, dear old Reform.

Little guessed the brutal Tories that our tastes would thus
combine ;
They had pictured many a black, black eye, and none so
black as mine ;
Yet although on certain trifles we arranged to disagree,
There was only one opinion when it came to crowning me.

Six little, little months ago ! It seems so short a time !
What have I done that I should see my roses dashed with
rime ?

I didn't ask for greatness—I never knew the trick—
The thing was thrust upon me, so I tried to make it stick.

There was ASQUITH, there was FOWLER, there was earnest
EDWARD GREY—

All the talents beaming on me in a most engaging way ;
But, excepting you and VERNON (who vaguely keeps apart),
There's scarce a man among them but has rearranged his
heart.

No, no, I've not forgotten him ; there's little GEORGE, of
course,
LLOYD-GEORGE, who wears a helmet like a member of the
Force,
That genial band that guards the peace from local breach or
schism
By civil methods so distinct from those of barbarism.

Ah ! there's the luckless phrase again I used the other day :
I will never, never stoop, JOHN, to explain the words away ;
They were obviously uttered in the interests of Peace,
And I think the Correspondence on the subject ought to
cease.

You have doubtless seen, my MORLEY, how our enemies assign
Most unwarrantable meanings to a harmless wheeze of mine ;
Would I libel Mr. ATKINS, whom my very soul adores ?
Why, he stands in my affections only just below the Boers !

I'm so misunderstood, JOHN, though I do the best I can
With the aim of being everything to every sort of man ;
But I fear that I shall finish up, before my time is done,
By being absolutely *nil* to any given one.

It's different with you, JOHN ; your principles are high ;
They call you simply MORLEY, and you wear a single eye ;
As for me, I have by nature's gift a double-barrelled name,
And circumstances make me wear a face to match the same.

But shifting this and that way on a fence or party-wall
Is a kind of calisthenic which begins in time to pall ;
O the wicked broken bottles, O the wiry barbs of steel
That have dealt me horrid punctures very difficult to heal !

They thought that I would perish shortly after Chesterfield !
But, though sorely lacerated, I am not prepared to yield ;
Some months ago I undertook, if pressed, to pass away ;
That offer was declined, JOHN, and now I mean to stay !

Nor is it my intention to make a loud ado,
Though ROSEBERRY hoists his pennon above his jingo crew ;
I care not if he courts the deep, or merely hugs the shore,
A private Primrose on the brink—just that, and nothing
more.

Still, as a fact, and strictly between us, gentle JOHN,
I could wish a softer surface than the one I sit upon ;
And that is why I deprecate a rousing Party cheer
In connection with the advent of the so-called glad New
Year. O. S.

LETTERED EASE.

THE study walls are ceiling high with well-filled shelves of
oak,

And sweet the mingled atmosphere of culture and of smoke ;
A marble PLATO ponders here, an ARISTOTLE there,
And admirably padded is the professorial chair.

Ah, well may wistful envy eye this home of lettered ease,
Where one may lunch with CICERO and dine with SOPHOCLES ;
Well may the Grub Street scribbler sigh, whom Fortune
favours not,

To hear the genial scholar tell his comfortable lot :

"In winter one would lecture. No—one scarcely would
prepare—

One would have written lectures when one first obtained
one's chair ;

Six months or so, in summer, one would probably be free
To visit Egypt, Athens, Rome—whate'er one wished to
see,

And—what? That shelf? Why, yes, they make a very
decent show,

But editing a classic is a simple task, you know.

How would one set about it—say, a volume such as these ?

One might be editing the *Frogs* of ARISTOPHANES ;

One will want an introduction. Well, when one was young,
one wrote

For some Encyclopædia an essay or a note ;

This one would read, and be impressed to find what stores
of knowledge

One must have been the owner of when one was fresh from
college ;

And when one had re-read it, one would just *réchauffée* that,
Connect it somehow with the play, and there's one's preface
pat.

Then, notes. One would require some notes, not altogether
bad :

Well, one has one's assistant—an extremely clever lad ;

One gets him to supply some notes, and will, of course,
acknowledge

One's debt to Mr. So-and-So of Corpus Christi College.

Then there's the text. Well, Teubner. Teubner may not
be complete,

But, on the whole, a Teubner text is very hard to beat ;

So some off evening, having dined, one settles by oneself,

Beside one's study fire, and takes one's Teubner from the
shelf ;

One would, of course, have bracketed each questionable bit

Which, ladies being present, one would probably omit ;

All passages indelicate and liable to doubt

One would with one's indelible blue pencil then score out,

And, having in this leisure hour completed one's MS.,

One's excellent assistant would despatch it to the press."



Bernard Partridge.

OPHELIA.

Distracted Party (with a cold, pulling a Primrose to pieces). "THERE'S ROSEBERRY—THAT'S FOR REEBERRADOE!"
Hamlet, Act IV., Sc. 5.



Whip. "HERE, HERE! HOLD HARD! COME BACK!"

Tommy (home for the holidays). "NO JOLLY FEAR! YOU WANT TO GET FIRST START!"

MR. PUNCH'S CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

BLUE BEARD.

By Our Own M. Maeterlinck.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN has just published an English translation of a new play by M. MAETERLINCK entitled *Ardiane et Barbe Bleue*. This drama, as the name implies, deals with the story of our old friend *Blue Beard*. By a curious coincidence *Blue Beard* has been selected by the authorities at Drury Lane as the subject of this year's Pantomime. Had they gone to M. MAETERLINCK for the "book," it is probable that, when the curtain rose on Boxing night, the story would have been treated more or less as follows:—

SCENE—*The Great Hall of Blue Beard's castle, one of those depressing buildings with which readers of M. MAETERLINCK's dramas are only too familiar. Doors studded with iron nails L. and R. At back of stage a long gallery reached by a flight of stone stairs. Above it a window through which is admitted the very small amount of light that is ever allowed to illumine a Maeterlinckian scene. After the curtain has risen, and the eyes of*

the audience have grown accustomed to the gloom, two figures in sombre garments will be dimly discerned descending the stairs. They are BLUE BEARD and ANNE, FATIMA's sister. They advance slowly to the front of the stage.

Blue Beard. Are you sure she has left the castle, Sister ANNE?

Anne. I am quite sure she has left the castle.

B. B. Did she say why she was leaving it?

Anne. She said that all her life she had been living with a strange man. It was a quotation from IBSSEN. I did not understand what she said.

B. B. (annoyed). This is very unfortunate.

Anne. She also said something about a secret chamber and the Police. I quite failed to understand what she said.

B. B. Are you sure she mentioned the Police, Sister ANNE?

Anne. I am quite certain she mentioned the Police.

B. B. (fussily). This is really most unfortunate. I find it hard to express—in suitable language—how very unfortunate it is.

Anne. What did she mean when she spoke of a secret chamber?

B. B. (evasively). I suppose she meant that the chamber was secret, Sister ANNE.

Anne. You are hiding something from me.

B. B. Well, yes, I am certainly hiding something from you, Sister ANNE. I have a secretive nature. My nature is extraordinarily secretive.

Anne. What are you hiding from me? What is in the secret chamber?

B. B. It's a . . . a sort of collection I've made. A kind of museum in fact.

Anne. What did you collect?

B. B. (grimly). Wives, Sister ANNE.

Anne. That seems a curious kind of museum, don't you think?

B. B. Do you think it curious? Yes. Perhaps it is curious. It's a hobby of mine. My temperament is essentially polygamous. Many people's temperaments are polygamous.

Anne (jealously). How many wives have you in your collection?

B. B. I have six wives in my collection. They all hang on pegs in a secret chamber. They are neatly labelled and classified, and each hangs on a separate peg, Sister ANNE.

Anne. That seems exceedingly curious.

B. B. FATIMA is my seventh wife. I

had hoped to add her to my collection in due time. But now she will never return, or rather she will return with the Police. So she will never figure in my collection. How long has she been gone?

Anne. Nearly half an hour.

B. B. Then I must pack at once. There is no time to be lost. I must pack without a moment's delay.

Anne. Why must you pack so quickly? Why must you pack at all?

B. B. Because I must go away, Sister ANNE.

Anne (*bursting into tears*). Oh! Oh! I am not happy.

B. B. There! There! Do not weep, Sister ANNE. It is absolutely necessary that I should go away. The Police will expect it of me. Dry your eyes, Sister ANNE.

Anne (*rebelliously*). Why should I dry my eyes?

B. B. In order that you may see if anybody is coming, Sister ANNE. Go up into the long gallery and look out of window, and let me know at once if anybody is coming.

[Sister ANNE goes slowly up the stairs snuffing dismally. BLUE BEARD watches her in an agony of impatience. As soon as she has reached the gallery he pulls out a Gladstone bag and begins to pack hurriedly]

ANNE (*opening casement and looking out*). Oh, the sun! the sun!

B. B. (*testily*). Never mind about the sun. Sister ANNE, Sister ANNE, do you see anybody coming?

Anne. I see no one coming.

B. B. That is distinctly fortunate. Arrivals are very disturbing when one is packing. They are excessively disturbing.

Anne. The sun is going down behind a cloud. The sun is setting over the valley. A mist rises over the valley as the sun sets.

B. B. (*irritably*). Oblige me by ignoring these atmospheric effects, Sister ANNE. I have no time for them just now.

Anne (*apologetically*). The sun is setting very beautifully.

B. B. Sister ANNE, Sister ANNE, don't be absurd. Do you see anybody coming, or do you not?

Anne. I see no one coming. I see only a cloud of dust far down the road.

B. B. (*thrusting miscellaneous articles of apparel into bag*). Have the goodness to ignore all these natural phenomena. Natural phenomena do not interest me in the least at this moment.

Anne (*beginning to weep again*). Oh! Oh! You are not kind to me. I am not happy here.

B. B. Don't cry, Sister ANNE. What possible use is there in crying? If you

cry you can't possibly see *anything*! Do please tell me, like a good creature, do you see anybody coming?

Anne (*gulping*). No—no. Yes! Yes! I see someone coming. He is coming exceedingly rapidly.

B. B. (*packing feverishly*). What sort of a person is coming, Sister ANNE?

Anne. He wears a blue helmet and white gloves. He is evidently an official of some kind, or he would not wear a helmet.

B. B. (*closing bag with a snap*). I must start at once. I must start without an instant's delay.

Anne (*running downstairs and flinging herself into his arms*). Oh! Oh! You are going away! You are going away!

B. B. (*disengaging himself roughly*). Of course I am going away. Where on earth did you suppose I was going to?

Anne. Take me with you! Take me with you!

B. B. (*irritated*). That is absurd. What you suggest is absurd. I can't possibly take you with me. My wife is still alive.

Anne. But she may die. Your wives often die.

B. B. I don't see how that would help us. I could not marry you. You are my deceased wife's sister. It is illegal to marry one's deceased wife's sister. What you suggest is quite absurd.

Anne. Are you sure you cannot take me with you?

B. B. (*firmly*). I am perfectly sure. The policeman will be here in two minutes. And your things are not packed. I could not wait while you packed your things.

Anne (*bursting into tears again and clinging to him*). Oh! Oh! Oh! I am not happy here.

B. B. (*brutally*). No more am I. That is why I am going somewhere else. That is precisely why I am going somewhere else. (*A knock is heard R.*) Someone is knocking on the door. (*Another knock.*) It is the policeman. I must certainly go somewhere else.

[BLUE BEARD picks up hat, coat and bag and exits. Sister ANNE looks sadly after him. The knocking at door R. grows louder and louder.]

(*Curtain.*)

St. J. H.

AN EASY NEW YEAR'S PUZZLE.

FIND the respective Resolvers of the following Resolutions:—

To teach a somewhat perverse and scatter-brained Old Party how to wipe a slate clean (of "Tory Liberalism," Pro-Boerism, Home-Rule, Anti-Imperial-

ism, Parish - Pumpism and General Faddism).

To prove that by "methods of barbarism" I only meant "methods of barbed-wire"; and that "loathsome hypocrisy" was, of course, merely a sympathetic way of referring to the "lonesome hypochondria" of the brave occupants of the blockhouses—in fact, I really must have used the latter phrases, and been abominably misreported.

To carry a complete policeman's outfit with me when next I purpose "spending an enjoyable evening" in parts of the country where anti-English views are not appreciated.

To avoid travelling in Germany until the Teutons have learnt the meaning of the proverb about "glass houses"; and, in my political speeches, to treat the foreign recipients of Boer gold with silent contempt as long as they are wilfully blind to the facts of the case.

To refuse to discuss any terms of peace which do not concede independence to my brave Boers, as I am perfectly comfortable where I am, and pass for a hero as long as the war lasts.

To endeavour to get the Parliamentary machine into decent working order during my leadership next Session, and to decline to let it be "run" or clogged by the Nationalist element.

To protest before Heaven, on the platform and in print, that, because I am an Englishman, I wish to see my country beaten to her knees if she refuses to listen to my jeremiads.

To find those three Army Corps I talked about, and to cease tinkering with the Guards' headgear.

To signal something more convincing than S's next time across the Atlantic.

To take "No. 7" over (and above) the same stretch of ocean.

To "lift" and bring it back by the same route.

To set to work at once and get the grammar, rhymes, metre, similes, metaphors, natural history details, references to King ALFRED, and ideas in general correct for my official Coronation Ode, for the construction of which I have now barely six months' time.

A. A. S.

1901 to 1902.

WHEN I was New, a year ago,

They hailed me, as they now hail you:
Happy New Year! I had no foe

When I was New.

Ah! soon I lost my rosy hue;

I had few blessings to bestow,
And withered hopes my pathway strew.

So, as men greet you with a glow

Of hope—how soon to prove untrue—
I smile to think they hailed me so

When I was New.

AN UNREAL CONVERSATION.

Recorded by Archie Williams.

SCENE.—*The War Office. Discovered, Mr. BRODRICK, examining a boot. To him enter A. W.*

Mr. B. I can give you five minutes. At twelve o'clock there's a most important meeting of an Advisory Board.

A. W. I wouldn't detain you for worlds, Mr. BRODRICK. I needn't say how glad I am to find that you are making our Army strong and efficient.

Mr. B. Thank you. I do my best. We all work hard at it. We got the crown right first.

A. W. I beg your pardon?

Mr. B. The crown on buttons, and things. It's the Tudor crown now. That's a great step forward.

A. W. Perhaps. But what else have you done?

Mr. B. Lots. There's the cap.

A. W. That ridiculous imitation of the German head-dress?

Mr. B. Of course it's German. The German Army is the most efficient in the world. The German Army wears this cap. Therefore the cap is the cause of the efficiency.

A. W. How very interesting! But, as far as I remember, the Germans in China were not so very remarkable. They were far behind the Japanese, anyhow.

Mr. B. Exactly. They wore hats there. That proves it conclusively. Then there's the alteration in the exact shade of khaki. There's a reform for you! My eyes ached for days after looking at all those patterns almost the same colour.

A. W. Awfully good of you, I'm sure.

Mr. B. Then we've altered the officers' frock-coat.

A. W. Really?

Mr. B. We have. Magnificent, isn't it? And the sash too.

A. W. What's a sash? I thought only little girls wore sashes. Anything else?

Mr. B. Oh yes! The officers' trousers are to be made like the pantaloons.

A. W. The pantaloons, in the pantomime? That sounds seasonable. Quite like Christmas. But you don't mean to say these alterations are the only things you have been able to attend to?

Mr. B. Of course not. There are the jackets, and the belts, and the slings, and the spurs.

A. W. (*dejectedly*). And what about the men, and the guns, and the horses, and so on.

M. B. Well, you see, we haven't had much time to think about them so far. But we shall get to them after a while. Anything more you want to ask? The Board will be waiting for me. We're going to settle the boots.



CRITICAL.

Boatman (spelling). "P-S-Y-C-H-E. WELL, THAT'S THE RUMMEST WAY I EVER SEE O' SPELLIN' FISH!"

A. W. (*cheerfully*). Ah, now you seem to be getting on! Of course, the first requisite is that they should be strong and comfortable. No brown paper soles. No shoddy upper leathers. They mustn't fall to pieces on the first march, or get as hard as iron after the first wetting.

Mr. B. (*meditatively*). There's something in what you say. But we haven't gone into technical details. We're considering the new toe-cap.

A. W. What?

Mr. B. The new toe cap. It'll make the Army superb. (*With enthusiasm.*) It'll be a splendid thing for the men. Encourage *esprit de corps*, and smartness, and all that sort of thing. I've got such a strong Advisory Board. The Commander-in-Chief, the Director of Military Intelligence, the Adjutant-General, the Quartermaster-General, the Inspector-General of Fortifications, the Chaplain-General,—

A. W. The Chaplain-General?

Mr. B. Yes, of course. For the moral influence of the smarter boot on the men's character. Also the Judge-Advocate-General for the same reason. Then, from outside the War Office, we have the assistance of the LORD CHANCELLOR.

A. W. What for?

Mr. B. He's the greatest legal authority on different kinds of warfare. Then we have the Duke of DEVONSHIRE.

A. W. What on earth can he do?

Mr. B. Well, perhaps he doesn't do much, but he represents the Privy Council and the Committee of Defence.

A. W. I should have thought a book-maker—I mean, a bootmaker—could have given more practical advice. Have you an army surgeon to consult on the anatomy of the foot?

Mr. B. Oh dear, no! We can't trouble about anatomy. Smartness is what we want. Perhaps the most useful man on the Board is the third one from outside. He advises us on the artistic aspect of the toe-cap.

A. W. The President of the Royal Academy?

Mr. B. Certainly not. That's the man who wanted to leave the Green Park as it is. But I really must go.

A. W. I'll be off at once. But who's your artistic genius?

Mr. B. Why, the man who knows more about art than any of us: AKERS-DOUGLAS, of course.

A. W. The very man you want! [*Exit.*

H. D. B.

TO RUFUS, A SPANIEL.

Rufus, a bright New Year! A savoury stew,
Bones, broth and biscuits, is prepared for you.
See how it steams in your enamelled dish,
Mixed in each part according to your wish.
Hide in your straw the bones you cannot crunch—
They'll come in handy for to-morrow's lunch;
Abstract with care each tasty scrap of meat,
Remove each biscuit to a fresh retreat
(A dog, I judge, would deem himself disgraced
Who ate a biscuit where he found it placed);
Then nuzzle round and make your final sweep,
And sleep, replete, your after-dinner sleep.
High in our hall we've piled the fire with logs
For you, the *doyen* of our corps of dogs.
There, when the stroll that health demands is done,
Your right to ease by due exertion won,
There shall you come, and on your long-haired mat,
Thrice turning round, shall tread the jungle flat,
And, rhythmically snoring, dream away
The peaceful evening of your New Year's day.

Rufus! there are who hesitate to own
Merits, they say, your master sees alone.
They judge you stupid, for you show no bent
To any poodle-dog accomplishment.
Your stubborn nature never stooped to learn
Tricks by which mumming dogs their biscuits earn.
Men mostly find you, if they change their seat,
Couchant obnoxious to their blundering feet;
Then, when a door is closed, you steadily
Misjudge the side on which you ought to be;
Yelping outside when all your friends are in,
You raise the echoes with your ceaseless din,
Or, always wrong, but turn and turn about,
Howling inside when all the world is out.
They scorn your gestures and interpret ill
Your humble signs of friendship and good will;
Laugh at your gambols, and pursue with jeers
The ringlets clustered on your spreading ears;
See without sympathy your sore distress
When *Ray* obtains the coveted caress,
And you, a jealous lump of growl and glare,
Hide from the world your head beneath a chair.
They say your legs are bandy—so they are:
Nature so formed them that they might go far,
They cannot brook your music; they assail
The joyful quiverings of your stumpy tail—
In short, in one anathema confound
Shape, mind and heart and all, my little hound.
Well, let them rail. If, since your life began,
Beyond the customary lot of man
Staunchness was yours; if of your faithful heart
Malice and scorn could never claim a part;
If in your master, loving while you live,
You own no fault or own it to forgive;
If, as you lay your head upon his knee,
Your deep-drawn sighs proclaim your sympathy;
If faith and friendship, growing with your age,
Speak through your eyes and all his love engage;
If by that master's wish your life you rule—
If this be folly, *Rufus*, you're a fool.

Old dog, content you; *Rufus*, have no fear:
While life is yours and mine your place is here.
And when the day shall come, as come it must,
When *Rufus* goes to mingle with the dust
(If Fate ordains that you shall pass before
To the abhorred and sunless Stygian shore),

I think old Charon, punting through the dark,
Will hear a sudden friendly little bark;
And on the shore he'll mark without a frown
A flap-eared doggie, bandy-legged and brown.
He'll take you in: since watermen are kind,
He'd scorn to leave my little dog behind.
He'll ask no obol, but instal you there
On Styx's further bank without a fare.
There shall you sniff his cargoes as they come,
And droop your head, and turn, and still be dumb—
Till one fine day, half joyful, half in fear,
You run and prick a recognising ear,
And last, oh, rapture! leaping to his hand,
Salute your master as he steps to land.

R. C. L.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Is there such a word as Caterwaining? My Baronite thinks not, the nearest approach being Caterwauling, which is quite another story. "To caterwain" is to draw cats with the skill, the humour and the variety possible to the pencil of Mr. LOUIS WAIN. The *Annual* (ANTHONY TREHERNE & Co.) bearing his name is just now on the bookstalls, and will be promptly taken off by all lovers of cats—of course observing the preliminary of handing over a shilling. Mr. WAIN has the rare gift, lavishly used, of investing the harmless, necessary cat with humorous expression, often with startling effect. Among contributors to the abundant and excellent letterpress are Lady BANCROFT, Mr. JUSTIN MAC-CARTHY, Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR and Mr. MACWHIRTER, who gives a modest account of his travels.

Joe Wilson and His Mates (BLACKWOOD) opens a new world to the observation of the tired story-reader. Mr. HENRY LAWSON not only knows intimately the life of the Australian bushman, but is able to convey vivid impressions of it to others. My Baronite gathers that it is, in the main, a sordid, slaving life, relieved on the part of the men by an occasional bout of hard drinking. For the women there is no surcease of work or deliverance from their squalid surroundings. There is profound tragedy in the life of Mrs. Spicer, whose scarecrow family are sole neighbours, at Lahery's Creek, of *Joe Wilson*, his young wife, and infant child. The book is written in the minor key, but it is varied by many touches of genuine humour and pathos.

Richard Halpin (SMITH, ELDER) is a rattling good story of the sea. Mr. MORGAN ROBERTSON has achieved the triumph of making ironclads and torpedo boats as interesting as MARRYAT and CLARK RUSSELL have been accustomed to paint life on board the old sailing ship. Among many moving scenes is that of the fight at Santiago, when, in the late war, the Spanish Fleet attempted to break through the guard of the United States Navy. Mr. ROBERTSON is not quite so complete a master of female craft as he is of ironclads. But all good sea stories must have their black- (or blue-) eyed SUSAN, and the two American girls, *Mabel* and *Bessie*, are good enough in their way. Mr. ROBERTSON writes with knowledge, but my Baronite cannot believe there is foundation for the terrible story he tells of life on board what is accurately described as "the Hell ship," bound for Shanghai, with its impressed crew. America is a go-ahead nation. But surely in the present times—and *Richard Halpin* is right up to date—it is not possible for an officer and a seaman of the American Navy to be drugged and carried off to slavery on board a merchant vessel.

For those who never waste a minute of their valuable time, who read while they run, and love to have a pocket companion of real worth always at hand, permit the Baron to recommend the Oxford Miniature edition of the early poems of ALFRED, Lord TENNYSON (London: HENRY FROWDE).



Mistress. "Now, COOK, YOU REALLY OUGHT TO BE QUITE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF! HOW COULD YOU SEND THOSE PHEASANTS UP YESTERDAY IN SUCH A STATE? WHY, THEY MUST HAVE BEEN IN THE LARDER AT LEAST A MONTH!"

Cook. "WELL, MA'AM, I REALLY AM VERY SORRY, MA'AM, BUT I ALWAYS UNDERSTOOD MASTER ONLY CARED FOR HIGH BIRDS."
[She has heard from the gamekeeper that Master is a "nailer at 'rocketers'."]

With this in your pocket, available at a second's notice, you may be late for a train, or a train late for you, or some one who has given you a rendezvous may be unpunctual, it matters not, you have your TENNYSON at hand, and will be refreshing your memory and improving your mind.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE YULE-TIDE GHOSTS.

(A Legend for the Twentieth Century.)

THE Modern Man waited patiently for midnight—the hour fixed for the apparitions.

"I hope they will appear severally and not together," he thought, as he heard the wind whistling through the trees. "One at a time will be so much better. A crowd would be embarrassing. Ah, the Lady WOLFHILDA!"

He was not surprised at the sudden entrance (through the oak) of a spectral female. She looked at the Modern Man, and then pointed to an old cabinet.

"Yes," he observed, "I know what you mean. You wish me to open the door?"

The spectre bowed her head in acquiescence.

"I suppose that there is a forgotten will three centuries old in a secret drawer on the lowest shelf?"

Again the shade notified that the Modern Man was not wrong in his assumption.

"But, my dear lady," urged the Modern Man, "what awful rot it is to want me to find a document of so little importance. I happen to be a member of the Bar, and can assure you that every one of the provisions of the testament would be barred by the Statute of Limitations."

The shadowy female expressed both surprise and annoyance, and vanished.

"Next, please," cried the Modern Man.

A Knight in Armour grew out of the gloom and approached the scientific watcher.

"Yes, I have heard of you too," said the Modern Man. "Your line is to discover old bones hidden under a stone in front of the mantelpiece?"

The Man in Armour bowed sadly, to show the watcher that he had guessed his mission.

"But, my dear chap," urged the Modern Man, "pray be reasonable. Supposing I were to find the remains, what would be the good of my discovery?"

From the date of your armour, I presume that you lived five hundred years ago?"

The Knight bowed his head.

"Just so. I know something of steel goods, and can time you to within half a century. Well, I suppose you committed a murder in common form?"

The Knight again assented.

"Of course. Well, let us follow it through. We should have to have a coroner's inquest. Consider the nuisance! And then there would be an open verdict. But, perhaps, you want your victim to be properly interred?"

The Knight assented for the third time.

"Could really not be done," exclaimed the Modern Man. "There would be all sorts of difficulties in the way. We know nothing about your friend—or, rather, I should say, your enemy—and there would be a trouble about the proper place of burial. Much better leave things as they are."

The Knight in Armour pondered for a moment and then vanished.

After he had gone the Modern Man awoke from his slumbers.

"Of course," he murmured, "I had pork chops for supper."

And then he went to sleep again.



THRIFT!

Mabel (who has just concluded a bargain for a fowl). "THEN I'LL TELL MOTHER YOU'LL KILL IT AND SEND IT UP TO-NIGHT."

Mrs. Macfarlane. "NA, NA, I'LL NO KILL IT TILL THE MORN. I'M THINKIN' IT'S GOIN' TO LAY AN EGG THIS EVENIN'!"

HYDE PARK AND THE FAIRY.

IV.—WHAT THE SPARROW SAW ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

(Continued.)

"It's no easy thing, I can tell you," said the sparrow with a little nod, "finding a fairy on Christmas Eve. They have so much to do making children of every kind happy. But, at last, I found one on a window-sill in the Walworth Road. She had been weaving happy dreams for a cripple boy, and was quite tired out."

"Never knew that fairies got tired," I murmured in surprise.

"Probably not," said the sparrow, with a vicious peck at an imaginary crumb. "Human beings usually claim a monopoly of the virtues. Everything outside themselves they put down to instinct. No; don't explain, I must get on with my story, for I've a lot to do."

"What restless, mettlesome little gipsies sparrows are," I thought, but wisely held my tongue.

"Of course," continued the sparrow, "the fairy was quite willing—she be-

longed to the silver-cloud elves, perhaps the most hard-worked of all the fairies—and flew along at my side back to the toy shop. There, a few doors away, crouched the child, tumbled all in a heap. I perched on the railings, for a hungry-looking tabby was prowling around, and, after all, one must take care of oneself.

"This is a bad case," said the fairy, looking up at me. "We must attract attention." She kissed the child's closed eyes, and a faint, wan smile hovered over the face.

"Then she ran up to the cat and whispered something in her ear. 'Miau,' wailed puss, 'miau.' I fear my nerves were rather shaken, because the sound so startled me that I almost flew out of sight. But I returned to a safe distance. 'Chuck that row,' called out a passer-by. 'Poor thing, perhaps it's hungry,' said a fat woman. 'Why, Lor, preserve us if that isn't a child! Stop, HARRY! . . . Poor little kid! . . . Here, I'll carry it!'"

The sparrow stopped. "You can guess the rest," he remarked, stretching a wing. "After all, even a cat may be of some use under fairy suggestion."

"No one saw the fairy, I suppose?"

"No one ever does except by fairy permission. So you can thank your lucky star," chirped the sparrow.

"But the child?" I said. "What happened to her? It wasn't too late?"

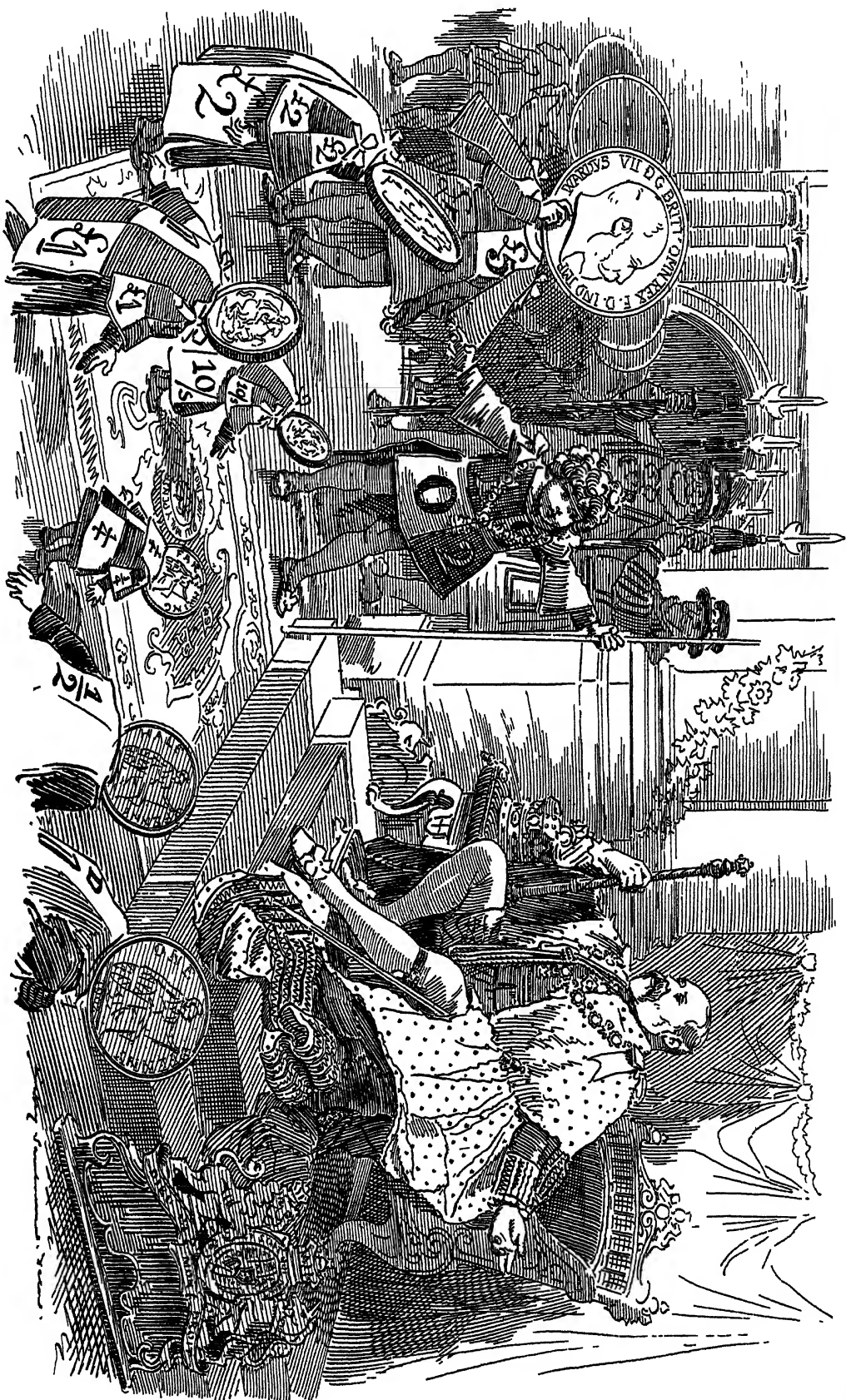
"No—the frost goblin hadn't come, so it was all right. If the frost goblin had come and put his cold finger upon her lips, well, then—but heigh ho! don't let's talk of gloomy things." And he fluttered away among the trees of the Park.

BUSINESS PROVERB.—"It is difficult to handle Kent Coal and come out with clean hands." Coincidence that the Chairman of the Consolidated Kent Collieries should be "Slack."

DALHAM Hall Estate, near Newmarket, is the most remarkably situated of any in England, as it can now boast of RHODES coming straight to it all the way from South Africa.

MR. PUNCH heartily thanks "M.H.R." for £5 received, and sent on to Mr. CLUER, Worship Street, for the Montagu-Williams Blanket and Clothing Fund.

BY OUR CHRISTMAS FESTIVITY MORALIST (the day after).—If most of us had our desserts, how few would have Christmas dinners.



THE KING OF ALL THE BRITAINS.

MASTER (1902) OF THE CEREMONIES. "OYEZ, OYEZ! YOUR MAJESTY'S NEW COINAGE."
HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH. "LE ROI LE VEUT! CIRCOULEZ, MESSIEURS, CIRCOULEZ!"



KINDRED SOULS.

IT WAS A HAPPY THOUGHT OF THE BROWNBUYS, FOR ONE OF THEIR LITTLE DINNER PARTIES, TO GET ALL THE BORES OVER AT ONCE. A PLEASANT EVENING SEEMS IN PROSPECT.

THE DAWN OF DANGER.

["Those who like to lie in bed late in the morning will read with mixed feelings, says *Health*, the result of an investigation made by a medical man in Paris into the hours of the day at which bacteria are most plentiful in the atmosphere. It is found that the number is largest between six and nine o'clock in the morning"—*Globe*.]

It has ever been my custom with the nimble lark to rise
(Wonderful is his achievement when a fellow really tries)

Naught it mattered whether winter's gloomy looks frowned
on the morn,

I arose at seven precisely as if to the manner born

Frequently the task was painful Oft I longed to snatch by
stealth

Forty extra winks, but early rising I thought good for health

Little dreamed I of the danger I incontinently ran
In persisting in this habit founded on old-fashioned plan

Little dreamed that I was plunging into such an atmosphere
As would make the boldest microbe clasp his germly hands
with fear

For, the Faculty inform us, in the early morning there
Is no doubt Bacteria like to, as one has it, take the air

Oh, ye early risers, listen with credulity to what
An investigator tells you who has studied on the spot.

Boast no more, in face of the alarming statement made by
Health,
That the early bird inherits wisdom, happiness and wealth

He is healthiest who lies longest, if 'tis truth that *Health*
affirms,
'Tis the foolish early-rising bird that catches all the germs.

HOME, SWEET HOME

WHAT words of a poet can fitly pronounce

The charm of possessing a home of one's own?
Of knowing what celery costs by the ounce,

How soup may be gently distilled from a bone?
So EDWIN reiterates every day

To all who will swallow his prophecy that
ANGELINA and he'll be as happy and gay

As doves in a cage in their dear little flat

The door of their "Mansions" is sported at ten
And the lights are put out (by the terms of their lease),

They resemble young chickens, the landlord a hen,

Or they the delinquents and he the police
The piano above them is thumping all night,

And mice, in the open, career pit-a-pat,
The chimneys are wrong and the drains are not right,—
But how cosy they'll be in their dear little flat!

The workmen arrive to attend to the grate,

And proceed to demolish the dining-room wall,
The joints are served up in a primitive state,

The "treasure" knows nothing of cooking at all,
ANGELINA, by now, is reduced to a wraith,

And EDWIN is pale as a Panama hat,
But nothing can daunt his indelible faith

In the ultimate scheme of their dear little flat!

THE GHOSTS WHO WALK THE STRAND.

WHEN the fitful daylight's over,
And the many lamps give tryst
To the shadows of the darkness

In the pale, uncertain mist;
When the rolling of the traffic
Never flags on either hand,
Then come, uneasy, fitful,

The ghosts who walk the Strand.

There, hesitating, anxious,
With furtive, frightened stare,
Steals a woman, meanly 'tired,
Yet once-fairest of the fair—
Once a princess of the peerless,
'Mid the highest of the land,
Now a wraith of bygone beauty,
And a ghost who walks the Strand.

See that shabby, cafe-worn fellow,
Halting 'neath the street lamp's shade
To gaze with longing eyes upon
Those revellers, yet afraid
To show himself,—not long ago
A leader in that band;
But now forgotten, crushed and lost—
A ghost who walks the Strand.

Before yon theatre's portal lurks
A lorn of tattered mien.
How well he knew the playhouse door!
How oft he graced the scene!
And now he hangs about at night
To crave, with shaking hand,
Some dole to satisfy his craze—
A ghost who walks the Strand.

With head erect (no cringer he),
There comes with noiseless stride,
The man of letters who in print
Was hailed as chief and guide.
Nor right nor left he looks, but still
He bears the fatal brand,
He knows it, too, for all his pride,
That ghost who walks the Strand.

'Tis ours to fight for breath and light,
Nor falter in the fray;
The shattered hopes, the fallen crest
Were those of yesterday.
Be ours to show the broken blade
Can yet the foe withstand,
We're Living Souls, come weal, come woe,
Not ghosts to walk the Strand!

A DOG'S LIFE!

(From *Fidette* of *Berkeley Square* to *Tawdles* of *Seven Dials*.)

MY DEAR TAWDLES,—I am not yet entirely recovered from the shock of seeing you, lamentably stricken with rheumatism (the old story of damp straw!), limping round the corner of Tottenham Court Road, about as dishevelled, mud-bespattered and miserable a morsel of terrierhood as one could imagine. Must I confess that as soon as I caught sight of you piteously snuffing the air, I crept

deeper into the carriage rug, hoping in my coward feminine heart the carriage would roll by and so avoid an encounter! Forgive me. My design was thwarted. The traffic became congested, and we were hemmed in amid 'buses and other plebeian vehicles. Timidly I reared my head out of the warm furs and looked around. There you stood, your lean flanks trembling beneath the keen gusts of wind. Something in your condition kept my eyes spell-bound. In a second you looked up. I gave two or three passionate little barks. You cried out, your whole frame quivering. I would have flown to you, but She took me incontinently by the ribs and smothered me in sable and fox. When I was released we were far away.

What anguish have I not suffered since! What memories have not tormented me! It is in order to relieve my overcharged heart that I write this to you, to fasten down a Jack-in-the-box conscience, and to revive in my memory—a weakness unconquerable in the tender sex—an old, old affection, civilised out of all knowledge, but with still a few hanging shreds of primitive feeling. What need to recall the past, when you had but one year of life to your name, and my weight was reckoned in ounces, and when a disreputable fish hamper, pitched amid the squalor of Seven Dials, was all the world to both of us? But a keen-eyed dealer came along and saw in me a future champion. I was filched away or bartered for, what matter which? My "strain" was identified as being one of the most noted of Yorkshire breeds. My pedigree was gradually evolved, and my reputation presently firmly established in "doggie" circles.

I whimpered for three days after leaving you, so far as I could gather, in the back parlour of a Streatham tobacconist's. Then I changed hands at a handsome profit to everyone but myself, was tonsured and combed, and in no long time conveyed in a stuffy basket to Berkeley Square. How many years ago that was I dare not think. Since then I have lived an aristocratic dog's life. What's that? I can but briefly sketch it. I rise late, breakfast lightly, after a five minutes' airing with THOMAS, the second footman, am washed and brushed, and take (weather permitting) carriage exercise with Her. Generally She shops while I—who care very little for human frivolities of this sort—sleep, nestled in my travelling blanket of mink-lined cloth, on which are emblazoned my initials. In the afternoon we pay and receive calls. These are rather irksome. Being the winner, as a reference to any Stock paper will assure you, of over fifty championships and Firsts, I am naturally

the object of a great deal of pretended admiration. But I wish people wouldn't be so fond of handling me. It is bad enough to be subjected to daily ignorance from all kinds of people on the qualities of one's own breed, but to be clumsily caressed, and talked to in an idiotic conglomeration of no syllabled words, is at times almost insufferable.

My dinner, which, by-the-bye, has been wretchedly served of late, consists usually of the liver wing of a chicken with, perhaps, a little milk pudding and a few chocolates. A simple dietary you see, but slightly modified before shows. Being so constantly shown in different parts of England becomes a little wearisome, and I should rebel against it except that it seems to be a necessary part of modern existence to keep one's name well in the public mind. My travelling basket is lined with EAU-DE-NIL silk, and THOMAS, as a rule, travels with me. You may be surprised to hear that for nearly two years my feet have not touched the pavement. In my early morning airing I wear india-rubber bottines and a little fur coat, which everybody agrees fits me excellently and harmonizes exactly with my complexion. This little coat is a source of great envy to a toy bulldog.

Yesterday was a great day. She took me out to buy me a birthday present; a little set of blue satin bedclothes. They were sent over from Paris. I suppose I am to be formally presented with them on my birthday, the second of next month. Rather silly, because She did nothing but chatter to me about them till we got to the shop, and then took me in to see them. We were both greatly excited over the pillow of fine lawn, trimmed with real lace. It will be a great improvement on my present shake-down, which, though of silk, is badly stuffed or something, and much too lumpy for a lady's delicate limbs. In my eager appreciation I am afraid I chewed up the bill—a trifle of three pounds odd. My morning collar is a dainty circle of emeralds, which gives THOMAS great pleasure to point out to children who stop and stare at me. What would they say if they could see my best one, a handsome gold affair with diamond studs and a pearl clasp?

But forgive me, *Tawdles*, for running on so about myself and my feminine vanities. Such is my life, yet, with all its fine appurtenances and panoply and silk and softness, it is a dog's life still. Oh, that I could fill that old ill-smelling hamper with the silver cups my beauty has won! But such is the world; to one silver cups, to another rheumatism, and we poor dogs, bark we never so loud, must abide by it. See how melancholy you have made me.

Never forget your loving FIDETTE.



DANCING THE OLD YEAR OUT IN PRIMEVAL TIMES.

A MARRIED UNCLE'S DIARY.

IN my agitation have headed this wrongly; not yet married, but just about to slip off safe shore of Bachelordom into troubled sea of Matrimony. Words cannot picture sufferings of last few weeks. To natural perturbation and mental disturbance of man whose "fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love" has been added much holding of interviews with terrifying people, such as prospective papa-in-law on one hand; and my excellent but formidable housekeeper, Mrs. BOUNCEBY, on other. How I ever contrived to propose to dear MOLLIE herself will ever remain mystery to me. Cannot help thinking dear MOLLIE must have assisted me out most materially. Asked her if this were so. Dear MOLLIE awfully offended. Wonder why?

Interview with her father, Sir JAMES, not so shattering to nerves as I had expected. He merely growled that if I liked to be such a fool as to take responsibility of MOLLIE off his hands, so much the worse for me. Discouraging, but not prohibitive. Lady FANSHAW, on other hand, said that she could *never* spare dear MOLLIE. In depths of despair on hearing this, but revived again when she added, almost in same breath, that she hoped wedding-day would be fixed soon, as she disliked long engagements. Seemed trifle mixed, this. Then she said playfully, that I was "a naughty boy" and might "run along" now, as MOLLIE would be dying to see me. Dislike expression "naughty boy" when applied to man of over forty. Also object to "run along." Never run along. Explain this. Lady F. laughs giddily. "Oh, you'll be *made* to run and play when you're married; MOLLIE is a terrible Tom-boy!" Could hardly repress shudder. Dislike Tom-boys. Must explain this to dear MOLLIE.

Drove home slowly, revolving scheme of attack upon my housekeeper. Must announce coming marriage somehow. But how? Was prepared for trouble. And I got it.

Sent phaeton away and walked into study with firm step. Banged door. Strode up and down several times. After all, was I about to do anything criminal, in marrying? Had I not known other men who had married and yet retained the respect which was formerly theirs? Was a man bound to celibacy merely for sake of his housekeeper? Perish the thought! and—and take just a very small liqueur of old brandy to steady nerves.

Rang to summon Mrs. B. to my den. Must own to awaiting her advent with somewhat quaking heart. Mrs. B. been here so many years—seems to have ac-

quired what lawyers call the "fee simple" in me. As creaking shoes announced her approach, felt that I really must delay awful moment by meekly saying I wished to speak to her about luncheon. Then banishing unworthy impulse with mighty effort, I began:

"Good-day—what a nice afternoon, isn't it, Mrs. BOUNCEBY?" (It was raining hard, as I subsequently discovered.) "I sent for you—" pause. "I sent for you—" another pause—"to say—or rather to ask if—at least, you may have heard—or at all events noticed—you are a very observant woman, Mrs. BOUNCEBY—you may have noticed that when a man—not every man, of course, but some men—arrive at the age of forty—er—that they sometimes—mind you, I only say sometimes—er—marry."

Last word brought out with gasp, and cost me painful effort.

Mrs. B. stood at door like waxwork figure in Chamber of Horrors. She did not help me at all. On the contrary, she looked suspiciously over her gold-rimmed spectacles and merely ejaculated:

"Yes, Sir. Well?"

At that moment I realised what WELLINGTON's feelings were at Waterloo, when he "longed for BLÜCHER or night to come." I

longed for *anything*—from a barrel organ to an earthquake—that would relieve awful tension of that moment.

Swallowed something in my throat—it felt like piece of coal—and with desperate effort said:

"Well"—here I assumed jaunty air, rocking backwards and forwards on heels and toes alternately. "I was thinking—ha, ha! I'm afraid—I mean, I believe—that is—I *am*—going to be married myself!"

This time she took her spectacles right off, folded her hands across her black silk apron, and with baleful glance fixed upon me, observed:

"Hoh!"

"Hoh!" most disconcerting word. Wish people would not jerk things like

this at one. Horrible pause ensued, and then:

"I 'ope the young lady's pleasant?" Hastened to assure Mrs. B. that I found her distinctly so. Otherwise should hardly have contemplated marriage. Was about to round off sentence with second "Ha! ha!" but thought better of it, and desisted. Began to quite wish Mrs. B. would go. She sniffs rather haughtily, and observes that she does not like being "put out." Re-assure her on this point: say that we shall still retain her as Housekeeper. Mrs. B. glares at me in mystified manner. After-



Willie (who has not forgotten the recent reproaches of his Mother upon his eating too much Christmas pudding, soliloquising as Fat Boy approaches). "HE MUST HAVE HAD A KIND MOTHER."

wards discover that she did not mean "put out" to be taken literally, but metaphorically, and I collapse. She mercifully leaves me, after this trying experience, and butler brings in letters. One from that delightful nephew of mine, MAX, couched in the following brutal terms:

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE,—One of the littl fellers here came up, after school to-day, and sed heed herd from his mater that you were in love and going to be marrid, so I jolly well smakd his hed for sutch cheek, just as if you were one of those sort of fellers that fall in love, what rot! I sed look here my uncle issent that sort of fool hees a Master of Hounds and thinks orl femails rotters, and so do I (exsept fellers maters and arnts who do

give a feller tips sumtimes) so do rite back at wunce and say you arnt going to be marrid, why fancy ! if you were marrid me and TOMMY woodent bee abel to stay with you, probly your wife would obgect.

Your affeckshunt nephew,
MAX.

Very embarrassing. Shall have to answer this unfeeling boy's effusion with yet another humiliating confession of the truth. Really, almost wish I were not "going to be marrid." Feel that MAX means well, but evidently not sympathetic on subject of matrimony. Had no idea it was so hard to tread thorny path to altar of Hymen.

Tuesday.—Wedding over at last. Awful ordeal, though was spared certain amount of trouble being merely bridegroom, and therefore most unimportant person present. Horrible crowd at reception afterwards. My new maternal relative, Lady FANSHAW, aggressively playful. Hate playful people. Calls me "naughty brigand," to steal her darling away from her. Protest nothing of the sort. Offer to leave dear MOLLIE in her charge for next week or two if she desires it. Lady F. ceases playfulness, and glares contemptuously. Wonder why?

Women all crowd round dear MOLLIE and gush. Dear MOLLIE really seems to rather like it. So weird. Buttonholed by octogenarian bore, who had known bride's father, and grandfather, and his father, and *his* father—, but here my brain reeled and I heard no more. Butler brought me note mercifully cutting short these genealogical ramifications. Note from MAX. So thoughtful of him.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE,—So your reelly going to be marrid after all, of coarse we (me and TOMMY) send our best wishes that youle be happy, but Ime jolly well shure you wont. Please tell your wive that we're orfly sorry—glad I meen—but its rather a smak in the eye for us, I spose it cant be helped now, its too late to retrack on your weding morn. Ime feeling rather sad (we had a beasely breakfast) and shall try to rite an ode to marridge while the feeling larsts, as arfter a jenrus dite (sossidges &c.) one does not throw off potry so well. One of the fellers sed to me when I told him of your weding, youle have 2 cakes then : I sed what do you meen you young ass, he sed why first youle get the weding cake and then youle have a stumick cake. I dunno what he meens.

Weel send you a pressent—wen we get sum more tips—of coarse Ime not hinting you shood give us any tips but if you *happend* to why your pressent wood come orl the sooner. With love from TOMMY,

Your affek. nephew, MAX.

Horrid boys. Made my way to dear MOLLIE to remind her of time. She disappeared to change dress, and at last we escaped. Several enterprising idiots flung rice as we drove away. Terrified lest horses should bolt. Once alone with dear MOLLIE felt embarrassed. Talked about weather. Marriage ceremony most absurd affair. Dear MOLLIE called me a dear stupid old thing—dislike expression "stupid old thing"—explain this to dear MOLLIE, who only laughs.

We drove direct to "Lord SEAFORD's place, kindly lent for the occasion" as the ladies' newspapers put it. Very kind of him, of course, but rather wish dear SEAFORD had *not* lent it, all the same. Would much rather have gone abroad. Had pictured sunny villa at Cannes, when SEAFORD said "Cannes! nonsense, my dear CHARLES. You must have the Towers. What! let you and that sweet girl" (wished he would not allude to MOLLIE in these terms) "go to a dirty little foreign sea side" (N.B., SEAFORD has never been out of England in his life), "when the Towers is standing empty! No, CHARLES; I'll take no denial! To the Towers you'll go!" and bounced out of house. So hearty. Just a little depressed at thought of exchanging sunny shores of Mediterranean for sloppy lanes of Mudburyshire. Explain this to dear MOLLIE, whose disposition is quite Mark Tapleyan. She says, "Never mind, we'll go abroad afterwards." Rather awkward, again, for me, as I shall want to resume Mastership of Hounds. Great nuisance. Hate muddy lanes when not hunting. However, SEAFORD one of those impossible men with whom argument always fruitless—and we had to accept.

Thursday.—Seaford Towers. Raining since daybreak. Dear MOLLIE says impossible to remain in all day, and that we must go for walk. Shiver at prospect. Wet feet always terrifying these influenzaish times. Explain this to dear MOLLIE, who laughs and calls me "an old Tibby." Object to this expression, and then dear MOLLIE boisterously pushes me backwards to armchair. Miss armchair and sit, with fearful violence, on floor. Very discouraging. Dear MOLLIE has such charming flow of spirits. Rise painfully, and settle down to yesterday's *Times*. Rain plashes steadily on, and dear MOLLIE sits impatiently at window looking out at dripping shrubs. Suddenly she gives delighted little cry, "Oh, CHARLIE! here are two boys simply *tearing* up the Drive! They are wet through, and *smothered* in mud. Who can they be?"

I know. The *Times* flutters downwards from my nerveless fingers. We are lost, or rather, we are found. Intuition tells me that our visitors are my

graceless nephews (whose school is ten miles off). And when MAX and TOMMY enter by the door, peace and quiet fly shrieking through the window.

Door burst open and my nephews stream into room, knocking over priceless Satsuma vase. "Stream," good word here, as mud and rain-water flowing freely from all parts of them on to SEAFORD's velvet pile carpet. Tremble for result. Try (unsuccessfully) to smile a welcome. Feel that I must do something, so say feebly to dear MOLLIE, "These are my nephews, MAX and STIN—TOMMY." TOMMY notices my slip, and guffaws loudly. Frown at him. MAX—so sympathetic—sees frown, and cries, "Hullo, Uncle CHARLIE, got a pain in your—" Check him hurriedly.

Dear MOLLIE laughs, and says, "What jolly boys." Fail to see it. Never feel jolly. (Word I hate—so vulgar. Must explain this to dear MOLLIE later.) When they are present always nervous. MAX explains that hearing honeymoon was to be passed within ten miles of them, they had "cut school" that day and "footed it" over to see us. So thoughtful. Hustle them upstairs to change into (my) dry clothing. Butler looks reproachfully at me as they nearly capsize him in wild flight along landing. Why me? Conduct them to dressing-room and indicate certain of my garments they may use, whilst valet takes their own to dry. Valet also looks at me in mild protest. Again, why at me?

Return to apologise to dear MOLLIE for this rude intrusion on our privacy. Dear MOLLIE replies, "Nonsense, CHARLIE! Why I'm *delighted* they've come. So hearty"—still, rather hurtful to one's vanity. "It will be great fun," she adds; "they must stay the day, and you must send them back in the brougham." Venture to point out that it is SEAFORD's brougham. "Oh, he wouldn't mind," says dear MOLLIE. Not so sure of this. Rather nervous of asking coachman to bring out horses in pouring rain. Dear MOLLIE, however, says I must, and asks am I afraid. So hurtful. Get goloshes, waterproof and umbrella. Whir-r-r! Boys burst into room again. Literally gasped as I saw their attire. MAX in my best blue serge trousers, ends rolled round and round. Will never be fit to wear again. "Nature abhors a vacuum." So apparently does MAX, as he has filled up slack parts, fore and aft, with pillows, sofa-cushions, &c. Dear MOLLIE convulsed with laughter. MAX revels in situation. "Couldn't keep the beastly things up, till I shoved these in," he cries. My best frockcoat buttoned round him, and reaching to the ground, completes his attire. TOMMY is simply—not to say indelicately—arrayed in my pyjamas. This is all very humiliating for me,



HOCKIE ON YE ICE IN YE TIME OF YE ROMANS.

(From a rare old Frieze, long since thawed, in ye British Museum.)

before dear MOLLIE, especially. Encouraged by her laughter, of course these objectionable little bea—boys launch out into further extravagances. My wife says, "You tell the coachman, CHARLIE, about brougham, and the boys and I will have a good romp!" Hate romping. Begin to explain this to dear MOLLIE, but she laughingly pushes me out of room. *Towser*, SEAFORD's beastly fox-terrier, under impression that we are fighting, joins in, and seizes me by calf of leg. Kick *Towser* downstairs indignantly. Felt rather agitated. Think of all the cases of hydrophobia I ever read of, until close examination reveals fact that skin unbroken. Much relieved, and go on to face SEAFORD's coachman, and order carriage. Can see he doesn't like it. "Long journey, Sir,—is Lordship don't like 'aving 'is 'orse out in the rain." Fall into deep gloom. "Matter o' twenty mile out an' 'ome, Sir." Sigh, and slip half-sovereign into his hand. "Well, now I come to think of it, I dessay it ain't so much—say eighteen." Would "say eighteen," or anything else, to ensure getting rid of boys quickly.

Return to morning room. Adjourn to luncheon, where both boys make bea—eat very heartily, and TOMMY shies his roll at MAX, misses him, but hits butler, who glances appealingly at me. Again I ask, why should everybody injured by another's fault persistently glare at me?

After luncheon boys wish to play billiards, and at MAX's third stroke he

cuts cloth badly. Will cost me five pounds to mend. Hope I can have it done before SEAFORD finds out. Why will these little bru—boys always get me into hot water? So wearing. Valet announces their clothes dry. They retire to change, and an hour later, brougham comes round, and, full of tea, buns and beatitude, they get in and, yelling and waving handkerchiefs, are driven away.

Expect carriage back by 8 p.m. Servant, in answer to my enquiry at 10.30, says not yet returned. Filled with apprehension—put on goloshes and paddle down to stables. No sign. Feel clammy all over, reflecting carriage and horses not mine. Waited half-hour; caught cold I am sure, and just as I sent off to tell police, flashing of lamps shows missing carriage driving into yard. Horses evidently been shamefully overdriven. Coachman, drunk, says, "Oh, beg par'n, Sir, didn' see you stannin' there (hic). Letter for you." Very awkward situation, this. If *my* man, should discharge him at once. As it is, dare not even mention circumstance to SEAFORD. Saw horses properly dressed, fed, and bedded down, then crawled miserably into house, clutching wet letter.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE,—We have had a rag by Gum! Ass soon ass we startid young TOMMY began rotting about and neerly broke a winder. Well, then I smakd his hed and he hit at my noce and maid a muff shot and cot the other winder sutch a smak his fist went

clean throo it, hees cut his nuckels orfly, serve him rite, sily young ass. He sends his love, and ajolopizes for breaking it, he ses he sposes it dussent matter as the broom is not yours, but another fellers. Well, after that we kept quite for a bit, and then I cocked a snook at some orfle cads that were parsing, and wun of them shied a stone, he didn't hit me, but cort the pannles an orfle wak! Dident the old coachy sware! We larfed all the rest of the way.

We tride to sneek in by the bak way, but old STOGGINS our Headmaster saw us and sed how dared we cut school (at least he didnt say cut school but sum rot or other like that) without his leaf? and then he sed, with a Bassylix eye ficksd on us, Both of you will come to my Studdy arfter brekfust tomorrer morning. This is an interfew I wood gladly avoide, the prospeck is gluemy.

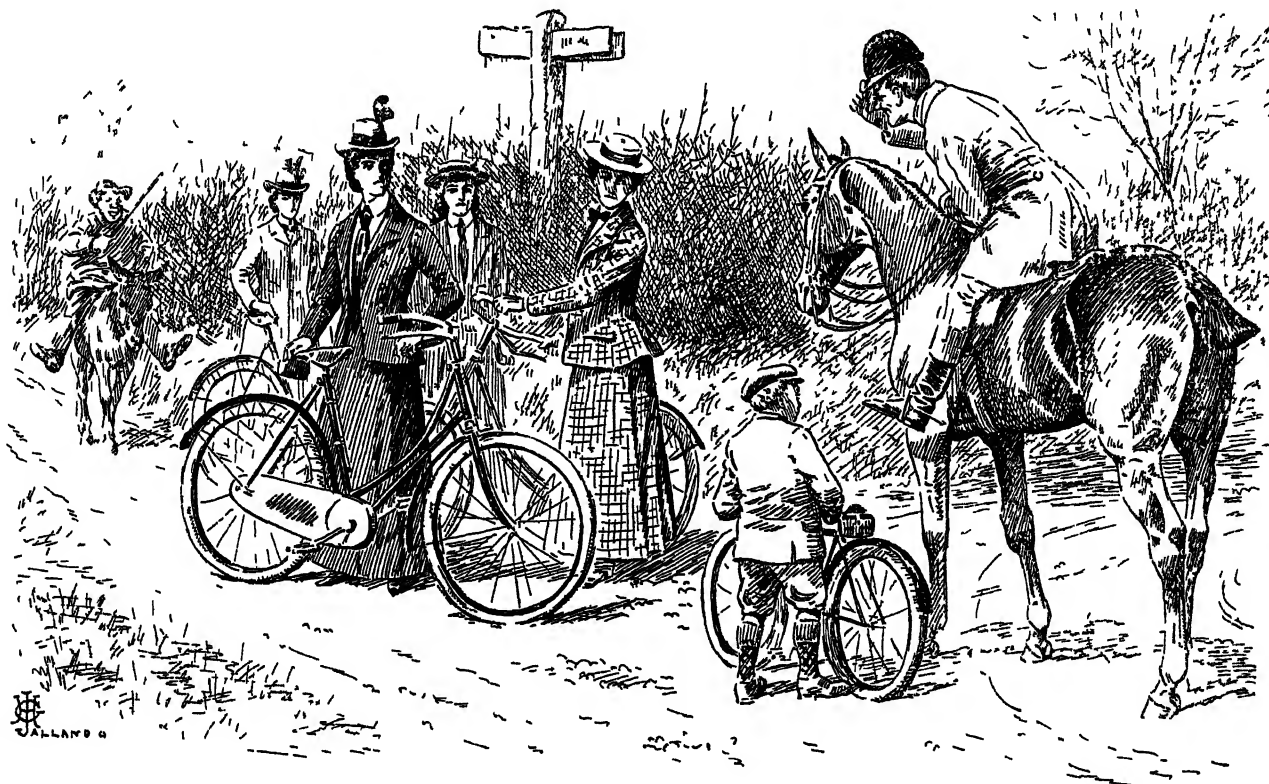
For your weding present we think of giving you a cricket bat and stumse, ther rarter usefool things becos if you got tired of them at enny time you mite hand them over to us.

Thanking you for your genrus tip and TOMMY does too,

Your affekshunt

MAX.

P.S.—I forgot I left a mouse's skin, it was a fresh wun, in your trousers pocket, please post it to me pretty quick ass it hassent yet bin dride and smelse rather.



DIES NON.

SCENE—Hunting fixture. Sharp frost over night. Whip sent on to say hounds will not hunt.

Chorus of Cyclists. "OH, WHAT A SHAME! JUST WHEN THE GOING IS SO BEAUTIFUL TOO!"

TWELFTH NIGHT IN DOWNING STREET.

(A Cabinet Fancy.)

"I LIKE the game," said BOBBY PEEL, "although it has disappeared since our day."

"I am obliged to you for the suggestion," assented JOHNNY RUSSELL.

"Well, my lords and gentlemen, let us begin. I share the character of JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. His career suggests my own."

"Bravo, Dizzy," cried PAM, slapping his colleague on the shoulder. "But what is there for me?"

"I'm afraid, O most judicious of bottle-holders, that ROSEBERRY has scarcely sufficient tenacity of purpose, and that amongst the rest there is no one plucky enough to suit you."

"It will be a perfect *tour de force* if I keep up the character of HALSBURY," said LYNDEHURST, looking at the picture card of the Lord Chancellor.

"But is there anything for me?" asked MELBOURNE.

"Or me?" put in COBDEN.

"Or me?" questioned BRIGHT.

"Well, really," replied Mr. G., who was presiding, "that was my great

difficulty when the game was proposed. I felt that the cards would not go round—at least, not properly. Our successors are lacking in the characteristics for which we were distinguished. It seems to me that we have three courses open to us. First, we can—"

But at this moment a Babel of voices drowned the words of the ex-Premier. Evidently the formula was more familiar than popular.

The noise lasted until daybreak. Then came the crowing of a cock, and silence reigned once more in Downing Street.

WHAT IS A BLIZZARD?

["It is doubtful what is meant by a blizzard." *Daily Paper.*]

I WANT to know what is a blizzard; It rhymes well, I know, with a wizard, Also with a Surrey fowl's gizzard, But still, what on earth is a blizzard? It's synchronic, too, with a lizard, And a Spanish chamois called an izard. May my locks be abundantly scissored If I know what's meant by a blizzard. Some say 'tis a storm that can fizz hard, And people with livers has friz hard.

If it means that I get

Both frozen and wet,

Then back to the States go, O blizzard!

BACON AND SHAKSPEARE.

SIR, — BACON was indeed a preternatural genius. He wrote many things, before his birth, apparently, which have since become immortal, and did no end of literary work after his lamented decease. This genius wrote most of the works attributed to FIELDING, not a few of SMOLLETT's, and many of SWIFT's, including *Gulliver's Travels*. It can be proved, beyond the possibility of doubt, that he suggested, even if he did not write, the story of *Vanity Fair* attributed to THACKERAY; while those who are thoroughly conversant with the mysteries of "the cipher" have no hesitation in asserting that *Pickwick* from beginning to end is due to his pen, and does he not hint at "the cipher" in a celebrated passage where Mr. *Pickwick* pursues antiquarian studies? The name of "*Pickwick*" is only a humorous way of writing "Bacon"; "Pick" being evidently "Pig," and "Pigwiggy" the affectionate diminutive. The name, cipherically, would be "Pigwig." Who but BACON could have thought of this? But BACON, living or dead, was an 'umble person, and never put too much "side" on. Faithfully yours, CRYPTOLOGUS MIN.

Sty House, Ham Common.

THE IDEOCRAT AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

V.—ON THE NEW YEAR'S MARKET BOOM.

THANK you. The same to you, and many of them,
And each a shade more rosy than the last,
As this, the latest comer, well may be.
Indeed, the pregnant symptoms are to note
Of change to somewhat healthier, though the war
Drags out its lingering length, with here and there
Some incident provocative of regrets
For whoso fails to read the reckless hopes
Of desperate men, last flare o' th' flame that dies.
A well-plucked residue, I grant you that,
And slim enough at cover and countermove,
But in the higher sphere of business craft
Light-brained as conies; never seem to know
Just when to cut their losses on the slump,
But stand to lose their all with holding on.
Where, pray, should we be now, we millionaires,
Had we not used betimes the native tact
That bids evacuate a rotting hulk?

Yet, 'tis a type not wholly unredeemed
By shrewd exceptions worthy our regard.
Take KRUGER, now—a very different paste!
Why, there's a veteran knows his ropes too well
To fling away good shekels after bad;
Laid fist on what of cash was left at call
Out of the common ruin his hand had wrought,
Placed it at solid interest overseas,
Himself its escort, and survives at large
Couching on furniture of Louis Quinze
There in his villa styled *Oranjestad*,
Close under Utrecht where the tulips sprout.
That's what I call recuperative power
After my own heart, who have nose enough
To scent distinction even in a foe,
Whence who has wit will not despise to learn.

But to resume our talk of happier times
Presaged by tokens not to be mistook.
How traced, you ask? I th' casualty lists?
My friend, I go by subtler signs than these;
I have my finger on the nation's pulse,
Counting the heart-beats which betray its health.
In plainer terms, I study day by day
The Market's movements; scan my bulletin
Of change i' th' current rate of blood through veins,
And so discern its vitals how they fare.
And when I feel, as now, the quickened life
Beat louder at her core (the Stock Exchange),
Why then I know my England's heart is right,
And I may dine more freely—dine, I mean,
Not on a nobler scale, which scarce could be,
But with a sense of savour undisturbed,
That draws a rarer rapture from the *bisque*,
That knows a subtler nuance in the snipe.

So you and I, we look to touch at last
What meed we merit who have sacrificed
If not our actual persons, yet at least
Much ease of heart. Johannesburg, I hear,
Is safe as Piccadilly; plies her trades;
Is firm in land "securities" (mark the word!);
Flutters in mines; and is no more commoved
By mere guerrillas raiding down the Vaal
Or Yeomen units ambushed Lindley way,
Than we of Lombard Street would bate our breath
At news of costers camped i' th' Old Kent Road
Or Radical meetings rushed at Peckham Rye.

Courage, my friend, we yet shall prove the war
Not such a bad investment after all,
Being rightly viewed. And 'tis no common joy
To have the hope that nerves our country's breast
So closely fused with what inflates our own
That, as with me i' th' case of Kaffir shares,
A man may be pro-Bull with twin intent.

O. S.

THE DRURY LANE SISTER ANNE-UAL.

If by this time Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, Managing Director of Drury Lane, does not know how to produce a Pantomime, and what sort of Pantomime should be produced in order to achieve success, neither he nor anyone else ever will. Of course the Pantomime of *Blue Beard*, written by Messrs. WOOD and COLLINS and produced by the aforesaid ARTHUR COLLINS, with music by J. M. GLOVER, Composer, Selector, and Arranger ("Three single gentlemen rolled into one"), is, as a fairy spectacle, a perfect festival of harmonies in colour. Artistic taste, originality, and ingenuity are here combined with delightful effect. The eye is never wearied during these brilliant scenes, and thus has considerable advantage over the ear; for, with the exception of DAN LENO as *Sister Anne*, Messrs. QUEEN and LE BRUN (whose "elephant," a masterpiece of trunk and hose, is a dumb animal, by the way), Mr. ARTHUR CONQUEST as "The Monster Head" (following, so to speak, in his father's footsteps), *Blue Beard's* six saucy old wives, and, occasionally, Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL as *Blue Beard* himself, there is not much, spoken or sung, that is particularly amusing; though in Miss RAVENSBURG as *Selim* (not to be pronounced *Slim*), Miss JULIA FRANKS, singing charmingly as *Fatima*, Miss MADGE GIRDLESTONE as *Abdullah* (bearing a curious but striking facial resemblance to Miss IRENE VANBRUGH), and Madame GRIGOLATI with her Flying Fays, there is a great deal to be admired and listened to with pleasure.

Still, after all, DAN LENO is the pantomime, and, from first to last, whatever absurd disguises he may assume, whatever utterly idiotic "business" he may be doing, we depend for the "laughs" solely and only on him. Comic elephant would have small chance without comic element provided by DAN LENO.

Mr. LAURENCE CAIRD, who may be remembered as the clever impersonator of the Foreign President in last year's pantomime, can do very little with his ear trumpet as the deaf *Hassarae*, a part that is as long and as thin as himself. There are no songs, comic or sentimental, that "catch on," except, perhaps, a sort of "coon song" (wherein the over-worked coon may be making its final effort), and DAN LENO's burlesque imitation of this style of ditty with a chorus of *Blue Beard's* wives. As *Sister Anne* playing a fantasia on the harp, DAN LENO has had a most happy inspiration. Of course it is all a success, an annual success, and should well repay the vast outlay of time, trouble, and money for the public delectation.

Our old friend Mr. HAND-AND-GLOVER, in the orchestra, works as hard as ever, while that special curl of raven-black hair o'er the forehead, waving, with the excitement of the moment, in time and tune, reminds some musicians present of another LOCKE not unassociated with "Flying by Night."

Success to the Drury Lane Annual; and if Manager A. COLLINS could but see his way to playing his pantomime from 7.30 to 11, giving from 10.15 to a first-rate Harlequinade, it would, there's no doubt about it, be a move in a popular and profitable direction. Why, in a real "Transformation Scene," should not Mr. CAIRD become *Harlequin*, one of the GRIGOLATIS be the *Columbine*, Mr. FRED EMNEY come out as *Pantaloon*, HERBERT CAMPBELL as *Shop-keeper* or *Policeman*, and DAN LENO as *Clown*? Then let us have "All the fun of the fair" in the "comic scenes."



Bernard Partridge.

SHAKON AND BAKESPEARE.

Homer "LOOK HERE, WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHICH OF YOU CHAPS WROTE THE OTHER FELLOW'S BOOKS? GOODNESS ONLY KNOWS HOW MANY WROTE MINE [Nods, as usual, and exits.]

THE MEETING

SCENE—*Koffiehuys en Restauratie "De Goede Vrienden," Utrecht* TIME—*A January afternoon Dusk* A waiter dozing in a corner Enter suddenly a Rotund Traveller, wearing a long ulster, a soft hat pulled over his eyes, and a large neckerchief, leaving only his nose visible

Rotund One (*aside*) Here at last! And quite forgot to ask the District Council for leave of absence What weather! Now for those words of Dutch. (*Aloud to waiter*) Een glas van schiedam Een nieuwspapier

Waiter (*jumping up*) Yes, Sir He is it is, Sir

R (*aside*) How the deuce could he tell I was an Englishman? And he actually brought me the *Daily News* 'Attitude of Lord ROSEBERRY' They all think I'm taking it easy at home They'd never suppose I'd started for Utrecht Can't read this paper, any how Who comes here?

[Enter Lean Traveller, enveloped in a long cloak and wearing wide brimmed hat, leaving only his nose visible]

Lean One Een glas bier, en een dagblad

Waiter Ja, mijnheer Hier is de *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*

R (*aside*) He is a Dutchman I must dissemble

[Holds up the newspaper before his face]

L (*aside*) De *Daily News* Een verdomde rooinek Ha!

[Hides behind his newspaper]

R (*aside*) I wonder what they'd say to this "attitude" I wonder if he speaks French I believe most Dutchmen do Must try to start a conversation (*Aloud*) Pardon, monsieur, auriez-vous une allumette?

L Certainement, monsieur. En voilà une

R Mille remerciements, monsieur!

L Enchanté, monsieur!

R Vous avez le journal d'aujourd'hui, n'est-ce pas, monsieur? Ya-t-il, par hasard, une dépêche de l'Afrique du sud?

L De la République Sud-africaine, monsieur?

R. De la colonie du Transvaal, monsieur

L You're an Englishman?

R (*boldly*) I am

L Then let's speak English. Are you a pro-Boer?

R Not I! But I think it just possible that the two sides might come to some understanding in some way—

L Never, without complete independence

R You are a Boer, perhaps?

L (*hesitating*). Why do you ask?



MISTLETOE MEM.

Maudie (*much exercised on perceiving a very delicate pencil line of down*) "WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU HAD A MOUSTACHE ON YOUR LIP?"

Clare (*entirely occupied with her own reflections*) "WELL, IF HE WERE NOT, I SHOULD KEEP VERY QUIET!"

Perhaps I am For the sake of argument, let us say I am What then?

R (*aside*) A Boer! If it were he! (*Aloud*) Do you know Dr LEYDS?

L He is my dearest friend

R Well now, if I could have met your friend LEYDS, quite casually of course, it seems to me not incredible that he might perhaps have been able to make some proposals, to offer some suggestions, in fact to plant a few simple Dutch bulbs that would grow up and flower as the lilies of peace—I am fond of horticultural similes—which, without being in any way official, I, though in no sense of the word a plenipotentiary, could have at least heard and possibly conveyed to others less indirectly concerned—

L Why, you talk like ROSEBERRY. Do you know him?

R Pretty well

L If you were only ROSEBERRY himself—

R And if you were LEYDS—
Together I am!

[Each throws off his wraps and stands revealed]

Leyds So that's your idea, Lord ROSEBERRY?

Roseberry Precisely What's yours?

L It's a fine opportunity to tell you. You're a man of the world You're not a maudlin fool or a howling idiot like most of those precious pro-Boers in your own country You'll understand me 'Look here' KRUGER doesn't count in this He's past everything STEYN doesn't count He wanted to give up long ago, but DE WET has hauled him about for months, with a rope round his neck more or less SCHALK BURGER doesn't count

R. (eagerly). Dear me, this is very interesting! Then who does count?

L. Not FISCHER, or WESSELS, or WOLMARANS. There's only one man—

R. (more eagerly). Yes, yes! And he is—?

L. (calmly). Myself.

R. What a fortunate chance that I should have met you! But, mind you, though I'm delighted to listen to anything, I have no right, and no wish, even to seem to appear to offer any terms to you—to offer anything whatever, except a patient hearing. Did I understand you to say that you would accept nothing but complete independence—how could it be done?

L. My dear Lord ROSEBERRY, the easiest thing in the world. This war costs your country considerably over a million a week, doesn't it?

R. Unhappily it does. Not that any expenditure daunts us. We are inflexible. But that complete independence—how could you possibly manage it?

L. Nothing easier. Let me see. A villa at Nice, a comfortable flat on the Champs Élysées—I think I prefer the Champs Élysées, though the Avenue du Bois is very charming—a little summer place, a cottage by the sea, at Trouville for instance—pleasant, bracing place Trouville, and the bathing is better than at Dieppe—horses, and automobiles, and servants, with plenty of friends staying with one, and an occasional trip to Vienna, or Berlin, or Naples—good Heavens! how deadly dull these beastly Dutch towns are!—I really think that is all, and I am quite sure I could do it on forty or forty-five thousand a year—

R. (who has been listening open-eyed, with growing amazement). What?

L. I'm sure I could. Don't you think so? You ought to know. So just ask your Government to give me one week's cost of the war, and then the only man who counts will be your nation's friend for life.

R. (indignantly). Preposterous! Do you dare to suggest a bribe? Will you understand—

L. The waiter will, if you talk so loudly.

R. (with increasing anger). I don't care who understands. I've come all this distance, to this confounded neutral inn, just to hear such a proposal as that.

L. Well, you said you'd listen to anything.

R. (putting on his hat, and stalking out). You began about complete independence.

L. And finished with it, too. Forty thousand a year, or thereabouts, may not seem much to you, but it would be complete independence for me. So sorry we didn't arrange it. Good-bye.

[*Exeunt by opposite doors.*]

THE FANCY-DRESS DINNER.

(To G. D. R.)

DEAR GEORGE, we saw the New Year in,
A fancy-costumed party.
We made a fairly cheerful din,
And all were very hearty.
Our number totalled up to ten:
Five couples paired and flirted;
For half (by day) were trousered men,
And half of us were skirted.

Columbia, with her red stripes on,
Renewed our ancient quarrel
With hints at tea and Lexington,
And Bunker's deathless laurel.
No threats of ours availed to still
That spangled lady's rattle:
She mentioned how she kept the hill,
Although we won the battle.

She tossed aloft her starry head,
And all her jeers enlisted
To show how eagles should be spread,
And lions' tails be twisted.
All round she stinted us of praise,
And, when the stars were paling,
Her stars and stripes still full ablaze,
We left *Columbia* hailing.

The *Prince* came in a four-wheeled fly—
His *Cinderella* brought him.
Judged by the homage of her eye,
A perfect *Prince* she thought him.
To each—so deep they were in love—
The other seemed a ripper:
It was a case of hand and glove
As well as foot and slipper.

Archie became a turbaned Sheikh
While *Claude* put on a laced coat:
His wig was white, and pink his cheek,
And pink his satin waistcoat.
At Versailles in the old régime
His curls he might have nodded:
He was, in fact, a Dresden dream
Delightfully embodied.

Di Vernon brought a hunting crop,
And, oh, she looked entrancing;
A County Sheriff took the hop
When couples took to dancing.
Miss D. went off—I cursed my stars
To find the girl refuse me—
And tripped it with a son of Mars,
Herself a pretty *mousmé*.

Our feet had scarce a moment's ease;
We couldn't keep our hands still,
Until *Miss D.*, the Japanese,
Ping-ponged us to a standstill.
Then *Sheila* traced our palms, and so
Fulfilled her rôle as gipsy;
And all of us were cheerful, though
The cake alone was tipsy.

And thus we saw the Old Year fade—
I wish you had been here, GEORGE:
A year begun without your aid
Seems only half a year, GEORGE.
P'raps, when the months have had their
A doubled lot may guide you [spin,

To come and see a New Year in—
With Mrs. GEORGE beside you?

R. C. L.

"SOLDIERS OF THE KING! DRESS UP!"

MR. PUNCH, Sir,—As the recognised organ of the United Service, will you permit me to address you? I take your consent for granted, Sir, and thank you in advance.

My good friend—you see, Sir, that I am prepared to adopt a peaceable attitude—I belong to the Reserve of officers. Many years ago when the last century had arrived, let us say, at full maturity, I was on the active list in the Army. Then I was put on half-pay, and only recalled to the colours when the war in South Africa was in its infancy. My worthy acquaintance, at a moment's notice I had to pack up, leave my happy home, and, with what remained of my kit, hurry to headquarters. Yes, *Mr. Punch*, Sir, I did this at the first note of the bugle that sounded the alarm.

And the reference to what remained of my kit brings me to the object of my letter. *Mr. Punch*, Sir, have you seen that we are to have new uniforms? Yes, it is really true, "Oh, deary, deary me!" as a very amusing young actor says in a pleasing play now running at one of the Metropolitan theatres.

New uniforms! Think of the expense to which we poor reservists will be put! We are to have no more gold lace, which always looked smart and could be worn until it was threadbare. Why? They have taken away—or rather intend to—our caps. Again I ask, why?

All this chopping and changing simply means grist to the mill of the tailors. The regulations may sound retrenchful—is there such a word?—but in reality they will be the cause of heavy expenditure.

But, good old *Punch*, my very dear Sir, we have one gleam of comfort. According to rumour we are to be allowed two years to wear out our old uniforms.

Two years! A great deal can be done in two years! "What ho!" again to quote the amusing comedian to whom I have already referred.

During the two years set apart for the wearing out of old uniforms, I propose the using, for all they're worth, of a beaver shako, an infantry undress frock-coat (time of the Crimean war), a pair of rather stylish epaulets, and several other sartorial items of the remote past! I will teach them to order me to provide myself with a new kit!

Yours, more in laughter than in sorrow,

(Signed) A Dugout, Captain.

THE CRUISE OF THE PING-PONG.

(With apologies to Messrs. W. W. Jacobs and Cutcliffe Hyne.)

WITH her boom close-hauled, and the davits eased off a point or two before the wind, the schooner *Ping-Pong* luffed with the tide and picked her way down Channel. The comic cook was playing nap with the mate on the foc'sle, the boy was turning somersaults on the main-top, and the rest of the hands were below, concocting humorous remarks for future issues of a popular magazine. Suddenly a tremendous shout was heard. With a single bound Captain KITTLE sprang up the aft companion and summoned his crew in a voice of thunder.

"By James!" he cried, covering the astonished seamen with two revolvers—one in each hand—"by James, and likewise by Gum! This is a pretty business! Here am I, Captain OWEN KITTLE, master mariner and the idol of a million readers, set to command a darned little cargo-boat manned by lunatics! You lubberly skunks, stand by to mend waistcoat-buttons!"

The revolvers cracked; and the second button from every waistcoat jingled upon the deck. KITTLE, as I often have had occasion to remark, is a very fair shot. "And now," he resumed, as he carefully reloaded his weapons, "I've two requests to make. First, I'm composing a little poem, and if any of you gentlemen can supply me with a rhyme to 'engine-house' I shall be grateful. Second, who in thunder are you, what's this cruise for, and why do you giggle all day like a set of crazy school-girls?"

"Please, Sir," said the mate with a sheepish grin, "please, Sir, we're Mr. JACOBS' little lot."

"Never met the brand," rejoined KITTLE. "Can't say I hanker after it, either. Where are we bound for, anyway?"

"Nowhere in particular," said the mate. "We takes a v'y'ge once a month, you see, for the sake o' humour, and somethin' funny 's sartin to turn up afore the end of it. P'raps the bos'un gets a coat o' whitewash, or the boy loses his clothes, or the cook makes mustard-pudding!"

"H'm!" said KITTLE. "That's your programme, is it? Well, now you'll listen to mine. First, you see that Russian battleship in the offing? We're going to board her and capture her with all hands inside half-an-hour."

"Crikey!" said the boy. KITTLE fired a shot which neatly removed the youth's forelock, and resumed:

"Then we shall cram on full steam and make for Yokohama. It's a pretty locality, I'm told, and I always had an



PHIL MA
1902.

Old Lady (describing a cycling accident). "'E 'ELPED ME HUP, AN' BRUSHED THE DUST OFF ON ME, AN' PUT FIVE SHILLIN' IN MY 'AND, AN' SO I SAYS, 'WELL, SIR, I'M SURE YOU'RE HAOTIN' LIKE A GENTLEMAN,' I SAYS, 'THOUGH I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU ARE ONE,' I SAYS."

eye for the picturesque. Likely enough I'll find material for a sonnet or two there. Then, when we've annexed Japan, we'll step across to China, and do a trifle in the fighting line there. And then our yarn will be long enough for one month's instalment, I reckon."

"But," protested the mate tearfully, "where do we come in? We want to land at a seaport town, where there'll be a pretty girl with a surly father, and a dog, likely enough. Then the cook and the boy and two or three of the hands will all be that mixed up that afore we gets back to Wapping there'll be twenty

pages of humour. We're simple seamen, Sir, and Mr. JACOBS never meant us to go a-buccaneering!"

"My name," replied the captain, as he lighted a big cigar, "is KITTLE. My fighting-weight—as you can learn from Mr. CUTCLIFFE HYNE—is seventy-four men and a boy; and when I'm crossed, I'm a fair terror. Come, rouse yourselves, you skulking lubbers! Starboard the bowsprit! Reef the helm! And clear for action!"

Five minutes later the strength of the Russian navy had been reduced by one first-class battleship.



Lady. "WELL, BUT JUDGING BY YOUR FACE, I SHOULD HARDLY SAY YOU WERE A PERSON I SHOULD CARE TO GIVE ALMS TO."

Beggar. "EXCUSE ME, LADY, YOU'RE LABOURIN' HUNDER A DELUSION. WHAT YOU'RE TAKIN' NOTICE OF IS DUE TO THESE 'ERE CHEAP SOAPS WE POOR PEOPLE IS OBLIGED TO USE."

A NEW YEAR'S NIGHTMARE.

[The following touching poem is a sort of running commentary on Mr. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON's Idyll of Aylwin Hall, entitled "The Christmas Dream," which occupied several columns of the *Saturday Review* a couple of weeks ago. It follows Mr. WATTS-DUNTON in the use of explanatory footnotes.]

BENEATH a moon that hangs
Silvering valley and slope
Re-enter Mr. AYLWIN, "stung by fangs
Of Fear at war with Hope."

Where had our AYLWIN been?
To Egypt—lucky man!—
To winter with the wily Bedouin
All in a caravan.
But one day as he lead
His camel out to water
Someone informed him that his wife was dead,
Also his infant daughter.
Imagine his distress
At these heart-rending tales;
He felt he couldn't very well do less
Than hurry home to Wales.

Meantime his tender wife,
Who loved her lord with passion,
Had heard, poor soul, that he had lost his life
In some unpleasant fashion.
So far you think the plot
Is dull and rather gory?
It is. But fortunately I am not
The author of the story.†

*AYLWIN, a tearful novel which appeared two or three years ago. The name of the heroine was *Whimsey Whimsey*.

† Nor am I responsible for the metre.

Anyhow, AYLWIN got
Home long before the dawn;
And when the poem starts the servants spot
Him prowling round the lawn.
He thought his house bereaved,
His wife and infant dead,
That story he implicitly believed,
And this was what he said —

"Cairo, your tales were true!—
Save from the servants' hall
The lightless windows tell of funeral rue
Or worse than funeral.

"Another fateful sign!—
Our good Welsh servants leave
The doors ajar for one whose soul may pine
For home on Christmas Eve.

"Are they the self-same waits—
Is that the self-same lay—
She heard last year when through the home-park gates
They trod the cedarn way?"

No wonder that it pained
Poor AYLWIN more than all
To find the same old waits being entertained
Down in the servants' hall!
And then the self-same lay,
Under the winter moon,
Quavering lugubrious down the "cedarn way,"
As usual, out of tune!

I skip a page or so and turn to where
Our AYLWIN drops that metre in despair.
For the short line he substitutes a longer,
And here the humorous element grows stronger.
I like the part about "the slopes of Latmos,"
Which rhyme—too obviously perhaps?—with "Patmos."
(I wonder why he never thought of "*that moss*"?)
And those delicious lines about the Nile,
And poor "Old Christmas sitting on a stile"
(Sitting, I hope and think, on AYLWIN's style)
Who told the child, "Your father's just come home,
It's me, old Father Christmas, made him come,
It's me that saved him from the crocodile
That comes in dreams: you know his frightful smile!"
(The smiling crocodile, it here appears,
Is quite as horrid as the one in tears.)
And how I'd like to see a fairy lattice
Across a picture which it "seems to brattice,"
—But only Mr. SKEAT can tell what *that* is!
And Egypt's sun which "cracks the horny warts
Of camels sinking in the pitiless blaze!"
The *warts* of camels! What a splendid phrase!
Persons who haunt Egyptian health-resorts
Should shun a camel suffering from warts!
Is this the sun, he cries, "whose heat would crack
My lips and glue them to the teeth's enamel
And dry each waterskin upon the pack
And melt the lump from every thirsty camel?"
I must confess I think the teeth's enamel
Makes a most creditable rhyme to camel.
In fact the great and glorious conclusion
That I have drawn from this sublime effusion
Is—that it's written in the Book of Fate
That AYLWIN must be our next Laureate!

H.

* Query, hump?—*Printer's reader.*

Not the toast to propose in the company of guests with
short memories:—"Absent friends!"



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

A Warning to those who hunt from Town.

Cabby (gazing after sportsman in park). "AIN'T 'E A TOFF? GOT 'ISSELF UP LIKE A BLOOMIN' OLEOGRAPH, 'E 'AS."

THE UP-TO-DATE COOK-GENERAL.

I AM the very pattern of an up-to-date cook-general,
I've information vegetable, animal and mineral;
I've passed the seventh standard, and I vary the monotony
Of flirting with the butcher's boy by writing books on botany;
I know the chemistry of zinc, tin, potash and ammonium;
I practise on the fiddle, flute, piano and harmonium,
I understand minutely the formation of an icicle,
And in the season round the Park I like to ride my bicycle.
I've studied HERBERT SPENCER and I've views on sociology,
And as a mere *parergon* I have taken up conchology—
In short, in matters vegetable, animal and mineral,
I am the very model of an up-to-date cook-general.

In fact, when I have learnt to tell a turnip from an artichoke,
Or grill a steak that will not make my mistress' dinner-
party choke,

When I can cook a mutton chop or any plain comestible
In such a way that it becomes not wholly indigestible;
When I can wash a cup without inevitably breaking it,
Or make a bed where folk can sleep at ease without re-
making it;

In short, when I've an inkling of economy domestical,
You'll say, "Of all cook-generals this girl the very best
I call."

For my culinary ignorance and all-round imbecility
Is only to be equalled by my housewifely futility—
But still, in learning vegetable, animal and mineral,
I am the very pattern of an up-to-date cook-general.

RABBI BUNSBY.

At the end of a sympathetic article on the Jewish Encyclopædia the *Saturday Review* observed, "There are depths of significance in the saying of Rabbi HILLEL ('Aboth' i. 14) - 'If I do not care for myself, who will care for me? And, if I care only for myself, what am I? And if not now, when?'" Surely either Rabbi HILLEL must have been directly an ancestor of JACK BUNSBY, Commander of the *Cautious Clara*, in which case his descendant, Commander JACK BUNSBY, must have deeply studied the style and mannerisms of Rabbi HILLEL, or, if Rabbi HILLEL is a modern writer, as, for aught we know, in our ignorance of judaistic literature, he may be, then the Rabbi has chosen for his literary model the peculiarities that characterised the style of the aforesaid Commander BUNSBY, who, on a memorable occasion, oracularly delivered himself of his weighty opinions to those earnestly seeking his advice, thus:—

"Whereby, why not? If so, what odds? Can any man say otherwise? No. Awast then!"

A "Rabbi BUNSBY" might offer the solution of many of the greatest problems in Jewish history to admiring students in such cryptic utterances as these, and command considerable attention.

THE GHOST OF HAMLET SENIOR (*on the East Cliff, Ramsgate, which, in a truly generous and Christmasy spirit, has recently "come down heavily"*).—"Oh, HAMLET, what a falling-off was there!"



Hostess. "I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO PLAY 'BRIDGE'!"

Host. "SO WE ARE, BUT THEY ARE PLAYING 'PING-PONG' IN THE DINING-ROOM, AND 'FIRES' IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM, JACK'S TRYING TO IMITATE DAN LENO IN THE DRAWING-ROOM, AND DIK'S GOT THAT INFERNAL GRAMOPHONE OF HIS GOING IN THE HALL, AND THEY ARE LAYING SUPPER IN THE SMOKING-ROOM, SO WE'RE GOING TO THE NURSERY!"

ANY WRITER TO ANY READER.

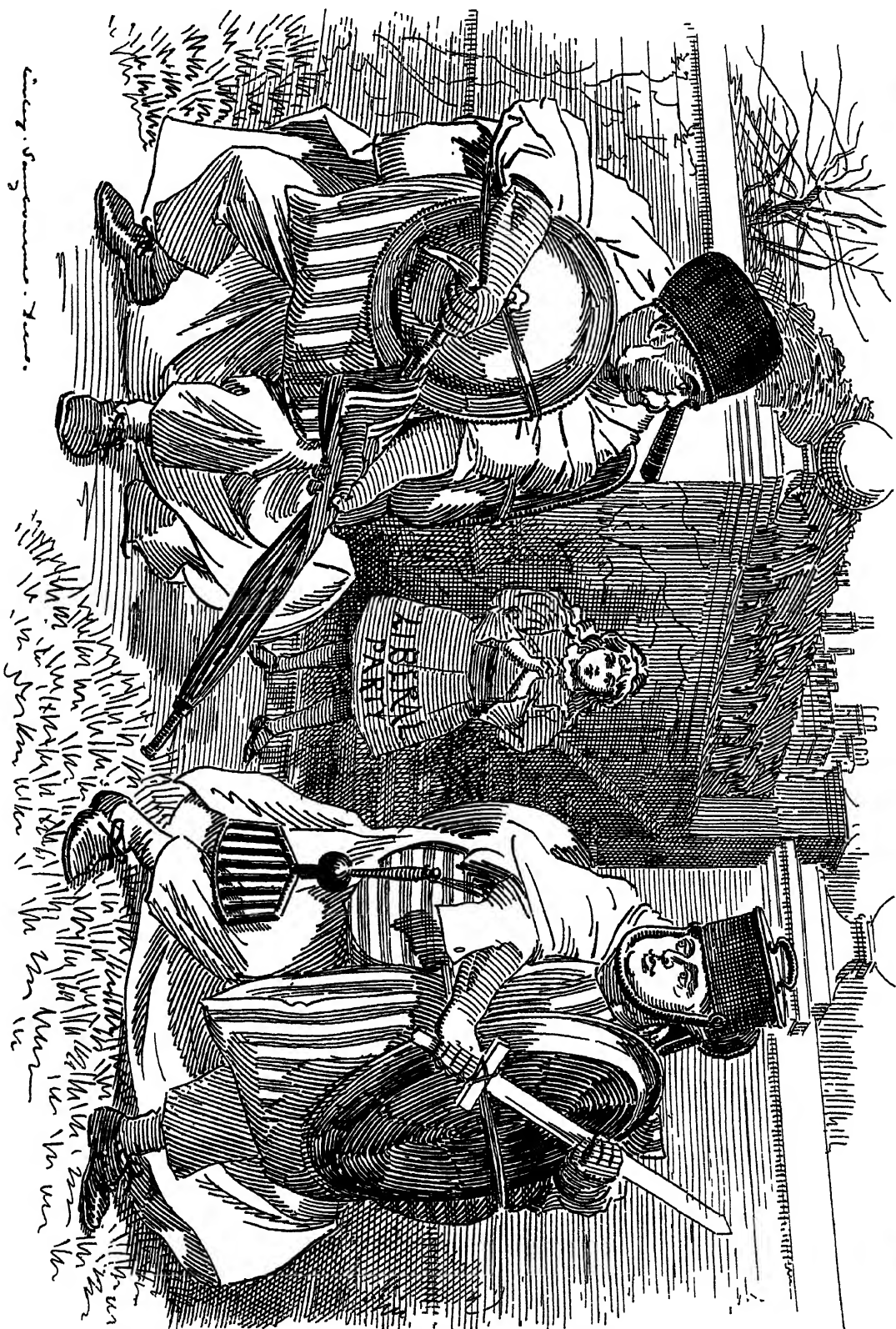
Look! there she goes, that woman over there
With flashing arms and strands of sun-red hair.
Her figure finely moulded, see, is shown
To great advantage in her gorgeous gown.
Her movements, as you say, most graceful, but
I trace therein a tendency to strut,
A conscious springing on superior toe.
That woman walks the best that seems to flow.
Her beauty strikes you on the instant's gaze,
Yet ere you can exhaust your stock of praise
Its grandeur fades; you see a high held chin
And looks lit by no radiance from within.
A dignity by too much art sustained,
A pride by care and industry maintained.
And though the glory of her every part
Enchains the eye, it does not touch the heart.

Yet there was once a time when even I bent
Adoring knees and thought the time well spent.
But she was less *imposing* then. I mean
Her loveliness was rather felt than seen.
A child of nature, breathing rural joys,
Unspoiled by town, unsullied by its toys.
And how exclusive! Now who cares may get
At once admitted to her little set.
Listen! she speaks, a rich melodious tone.
But ah! that liquid murmuring note is gone,
While in the place of her once gentle smile
That breathed of Heaven to coldest bibliophile

She laughs in an accommodating way,
But whether *at* or *with* you, who shall say?
Time was, too, when this many-virtued fair
Disdained her wondrous beauties to compare
With others less endowed. Now she prefers
A syndicate of friendly trumpeters
Who shrill: "She's virtuous, good, to be desired
And, understood or not, to be admired!"
When first I wooed this lady from afar
She had not learned to ride a motor car
Or deck with priceless gems her sumptuous gown
And live but in a well lime-lighted zone.
Since she keeps open house and entertains
Each dainty fleshling with quick-sprouting brains,
Only to whisper promises and laugh
To think how she will never keep e'en half,
I merely nod, 'tis nothing to my taste
To be in public drawing-rooms thus embraced.
You seem to know her face! I'll tell you why,
Her portrait you can any day espy
In magazines, newspapers, and, no doubt,
A longish column on her "coming out."
Oh! I've got over that. What is her name?
Forgive a smile—men call the creature Fame!

Teacher. Well, Mrs. HUGGINS, how's TOMMY to-day?

Mother. He's very ill, Miss. Doctor says, "Eh, ye mun get him to bed at onct; he's dangerous; *his diameter's* a hundred and three!"



THE IRRECONCILABLES.

TWEEDDLEE (Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman), "WE MUST HAVE A BIT OF A BATTLE."
TWEEDLEDM (Lord Rosebery), "LEFT'S FIGHT TILL HALF-PAST ONE, AND THEN HAVE LUNCH."

"The simple facts connected with a recent interview . . . are" that Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, "passing through town," called on Lord Rosebery. His Lordship being out at the time, on his return sent Sir H. C.-B. an invitation to lunch which was accepted. As two other guests were present there was no conversation of political significance, "and immediately after lunch heon
Daily Telegraph, January 4.

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.

FOURTEENTH FRAGMENT.

1. And in the last days of the first year of the reign
 2. of Im (who succeeded to Er),
 3. lord of Takht-phūl-Bonommi,—
 4. king of all the Bhrítanz,—as it
 5. says on the Koinaj,
 6. those beyond the blue waters, and even
 7. of those who were half the seas over,
 8. —*abit-phestiv* for Krísmaz,
 9. did the lord of Dhalmeni, the Lítul-Minístah, with
 10. the prominent eyeballs of inscrutable
 11. sapphire,
 12. with the fathomless gaze of some
 13. fearsome leviathan dweller

26. affectionate colleagues . . . just to see
 27. if by any *mirák-yulus* juggling
 28. any man born of woman could give them a show of *kohezyan*,
 29. could—just for one evening, a *kuppul-av-ovaz*—
 30. make them look like a party.
 31. . . . (A "squash" is not quite the same thing as a "party.")
 32.
 33. Since the days of Nohrzák,
 34. when emotional lambs and unscrupulous lions,
 35. hysterical rabbits, and jingo constrictors
 36. were cabin-companions,

51. and they cheered to the echo,
 52. and rivalled each other in
 53. thumping the platform over views
 54. which had previously made them
 55. throw *brikk-bhâtz*,
 56. (—they seemed to have left many cherished convictions
 57. outside in the cloak-room.)
 58. And the eye of Kamm-el-Banra-man freely did he wipe;
 59. while as for Bhil-Arkort, philanthropikh-al-Morlih,
 60. their shutters were up the whole evening.
 61. And even unto Shuv-menébar, the Secretary of State



14. in furrows
 15. in the bed of the ocean,
 16. emerge into *déhlaît*
 17. and the Libbur-al-pâti that lived in the district
 18. around in profoundest excitement did gather.
 19. From all sides did they flock,
 20. and herded in droves to the *phinnel-laik-shed* near the *Chestaf-ild-stéshun*
 21. (which was kindly provided
 22. by the Midland *dhréktaz*),
 23. both wings of the party (return tickets from Lhundun) had come down on purpose,
 24. —for the moment they even desisted from tearing
 25. out handfuls of hair from the heads of

37. no such motley re-union had been
 38. ever attempted.
 39. Out into the *laîm-laît* came the
 40. Lítul-Minístah, with his prominent pupils,
 41. his elders aforetime sat pale and expectant,
 42. Tamaz-Whamund the fowler,
 43. and Askwith - thafridjid, and Thamembaphar-Beriksha.
 44. He with *jesturem-fatikh*
 45. with upraised and crook'd finger
 46. pointed out to the people
 47. —like the *Chestaf-ild-stépül*—
 48. a new and a somewhat circuitous method
 49. of getting to heaven—politically speaking.
 50. He held them all spellbound

62. for his *phwrin-phopüz*, *blînz* did he render in plenty.
 63. At breakfast next morning the *jenral-impreshan*
 64. was there wasn't much left now of Libralz or Tóriz,
 65. that, elders or no, *kongregéshunz* apart, he had
 66. got a new sect up his sleeve,
 67. and would just take a stroll while the
 68. *Mansiz-erekhtid*
 69. and think out his sermons,—making *marjin-el-nhôtz*
 70. of appropriate *jestchaz*,
 71. looking in on them sometimes to liven their "spade-work,"
 72. make 'em work, too, *thabeggaz*, no shirking.

E. T. R.

"OLD K. COAL!"

"SOMEBODY," whose name (he being Nobody to speak of) we cannot divulge, writes to us, saying that, in a recent issue, *Mr. Punch* was unkind to Kent Coal in applying the old proverbial saying as to "not touching pitch" to the K. C. Coalition. It is "difficult"—that's all that was said—to touch coal, whether of Kent or of any other locality, and yet to come out of the coal-hole, or coal-pit, with clean hands. "Difficult," *c'était le mot*, not "unprofitable,"—which is quite another pair of tongs. "There's corn in Egypt," cried *Major Monsoon* when, after all the provisions had given out, he suddenly found hampers of champagne and dainty eatables. And "There's coal in Kent!" may Chairman SLACKE be able to exclaim at no great distance of time. At all events, if, just now, things are, like the chairman, rather "slack," at least there is a good omen and not at all a black look-out in the fact that the consulting engineer is "Mr. Coals-on!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



In the *Letters of John Richard Green* (MACMILLAN) Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN is, in the main, content to permit the writer to tell the story of his life. The wandering course of the correspondence is connected by a brief but satisfying sketch of his career at Oxford and after. In one of his Letters to Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD,

GREEN condenses in a couple of sentences the tragedy of his life. "Isn't it very odd to conceive of life without the hope of wife or child, or the stress of public effort or ambition, or any real faith in a hereafter? That is my life." Another note in the same key appears in a letter of the same year (1871) addressed to FREEMAN: "I am going to High Mass to-morrow, inasmuch as Catholicism has an organ and Protestantism only a harmonium, and the difference of truth between them don't seem to me to make up for the difference of instruments." This is, to my Baronite, rather startling from the pen of a man on whose head holy hands were laid in the Ordination Service, and who served for some years in a curacy at the East End. But if "JOHNNY" GREEN was weak in faith he was strong in works. Whilst he ministered at Stepney, he threw his frail body and his indomitable spirit into the service of the poor who crowded his parish. He fed them, clothed them, took the mothers and children on little excursions. When the cholera raged in Stepney he was fearlessly in the thick of it. Finding a man dangerously ill in an upper room he asked some passing draymen to help him to carry him downstairs. They refusing, he, by taking thought, managed to mount the cholera patient on his slight frame, and, staggering to the top of the staircase, fell down to the bottom in company with his burden. His completion of the *Short History of the English People*, that masterpiece of life-like summary, was, in its way, equally heroic. How it was written, amid careful dodging of the English winter, is told in the Letters with unconscious pathos.

Sir EDWARD RUSSELL, sometime Member of the House of Commons, long time Editor of one of the most prosperous and enlightened provincial dailies, appears in a new rôle. Temporarily quitting the editorial room he ascends the pulpit, and delivers *An Editor's Sermons* (FISHER UNWIN). The subjects dealt with are the Days of the Church Year and cognate topics, including the Reform of Convocation. The Bishop of HEREFORD, who contributes some fore-words to the book, describes its contents in a sentence my Baronite gladly adopts. "They are the utterances, addresses, exhortations, reflections, criticisms, allocutions, the words, and, what is vastly more important, the thoughts, of a cultivated religious-minded layman who is also a faithful and stout

churchman." Sir EDWARD, in the main, avowedly preaches to the pulpit rather than to the pew. In the Book of Common Prayer there is a well-known petition for the bestowal of grace upon "Our Bishops and Curates," the potential accomplishment of which is admittedly counted amongst "Great Marvels." That Sir EDWARD RUSSELL's efforts in this direction may be blessed is a prayer that will be voiced by all the congregations.

In *Luke Dalmage* (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.) the Rev. P. A. SHEEHAN has given us, in delightful style, a deeply interesting study of Irish life and character. The simple unexciting story is most instructive to the thoughtful English reader, if, that is, he be unprejudiced on Irish matters, especially should his notions with regard to them have been previously derived from CHARLES LEVER's novels, or from CARLETON's tales. The book is replete with such pathetic episodes as could only be found in sympathetic narratives of "the most distressful country"; and it shows us, in a vivid description of *All Souls' Eve*, a type, among many others, and, as the BARON believes, one most true to Hibernian nature, of a soldier widely different from the *Mulvaney* that Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING would have us accept as representative of the ordinary private in an Irish regiment. The meagre story is unnecessarily spun out, and much of it may be caviare to the average English reader, though in magazine form it has, the Baron believes, already achieved a considerable transatlantic success. That with the public at large it can ever attain the popularity of the same author's *My New Curate* is the expression of a doubt ventured upon by the judicious

BARON DE B.-W



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

MR. PUNCH has received some hundreds (more or less) of letters pointing out to him that his contributor signing "M. D. V." did, in the number for December 18 last year, attribute "Music hath charms" &c. to SHAKESPEARE, whereas the familiar quotation is to be found in the opening lines of CONGREVE's *Mourning Bride*. True: but if BACON wrote all that has been attributed to SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, CHAUCER, and many others, why not give poor WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE an off-chance and credit him, any evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, with the authorship of CONGREVE's plays? At all events, let SHAKESPEARE have one sort of play allowed him, and that is "Fair Play."

IMPROVEMENTS AT THE G.P.O.

(Said to be under consideration at St. Martin's le Grand.)

A NEWSPAPER posted at 8 A.M. one morning to be delivered within a radius of eight miles by 10 P.M. on the following evening.

Notes ordered by their should-be recipients to be re-directed from one town to another at ten miles distance not to be detained longer than a week on transit.

Telegraph clerks—especially those of the female gender—to be ordered officially to abandon domestic small talk in favour of stricter attention to the requirements of the would-be message-sending public.

Stamps to be supplied at the first instead of the fifth asking.

All the departments to be so beneficially reformed that "Worse than the Circumlocution Office" shall become a misnomer in the G.P.O.

THE OIFHER, "BY THE TOUCHSTONE TRIED."

Touchstone. This is the very false GALLUP of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?—*As You Like It*, iii. 2.



SORRY HE SPOKE.

He (who has failed to catch his companion's name, and wishes to find it out indirectly). "By the way, how do you spell your name?"

She, "JONES."

*C. S. Drake
1902*

A MARRIED UNCLE'S DIARY.

PART II.

LETTER from my sister CONSTANCE, dated from Riviera.

MY DEAR CHARLIE,—*Would* you mind doing us a *great* favour? (Dear CONSTANCE always italicises freely.) We heard that you and MOLLIE were coming to Cannes, and thought it a *splendid* opportunity to have our boys out—they can leave school for a *month*. Will you and MOLLIE bring them out to us?

Cold perspiration slowly comes on my brow. Why should I submit to this fresh outrage? Most inconsiderate of dear CONSTANCE, especially as we are on honeymoon.

Why should I, who love peace, quiet, retirement, be constantly dragged forward to act as buffer between these horrid children and the world? They have already embroiled me with police, hotel keepers, cabmen, elderly military persons, gamekeepers and hunting men. Where will it all end, I wonder?

Bright idea strikes me. Will find excuse. Say we are not going out yet, or that we started last night, or that we—but at this juncture dear MOLLIE enters and seizes the ill-spelled scrawl. "What fun!" she cries. "I *shall* enjoy it!" I see no fun at all—on contrary, nothing but sorrow possesses me at thought of what looms darkly in near future. I have suffered. MOLLIE has not. Explain this, and say I shall write and decline responsibility. Dear M. laughs gaily and says she shall thoroughly enjoy it. Inevitable conclusion that dear MOLLIE getting bored with honeymoon. So sad. She says boys will "make it lively for us." Can thoroughly believe this. Pats my cheek and calls me an old goose. Dislike expression "old goose." Proceed to explain this. Dear M. simply swings her skirts round gaily and rushes off, knocking over box of my favourite cigars as she leaves room. Bright, breezy creature, dear MOLLIE.

Next day's post brings further letter from my dear sister. Full of admonitions. "Be sure that the boys are properly wrapped up on the boat, and don't let them eat too much, and pray see that they don't lean out of the carriage windows and—" but I read no more. Go sadly upstairs and commence packing. Will write to MAX, saying I shall be pleased (ye gods!—*pleased!*) to accept charge and directing him to meet us Charing Cross Station 10.45 a.m. Thursday.

Thursday.—Rose at grey dawn. Disbursed small fortune in tips to SEAFORD'S servants. Find our fortnight's stay here has cost about twice as much as living at hotel. Still, so kind of dear

SEAFORD to lend me his place. In fever of apprehension we shall miss Continental train. However, arrive in good time. Trust nephews will not be late. Proceed to register baggage. Dear MOLLIE seems to have unconscionable quantity. Walk down platform to secure places, when violent blow on back—so hearty—from MAX interrupts me. "Hullo, Uncle CHARLIE, here we are! I say, we've had a row with the cabby and he's waiting at the barrier for another bob, so I said you'd go and have it out with him." How pleasant! I am, then, to start this nerve-trying journey by a row with cabman! So wearing. Give MAX shilling, and tell him to take it to the man, thus avoiding wordy conflict. Get dear MOLLIE into carriage. TOMMY leaps wildly in after her, landing on old lady's toes. Old lady glares at me. Why me? I anxiously await MAX's return. "Jump in, Sir, if you're goin' on!" cries guard. Agony! MAX will be left behind. Fumble for half-crown to bribe guard to delay train, when MAX appears, running and breathless. He scrambles in just as train starts, guard slamming door and just missing my fingers in process. MAX, it appears, has been delayed through haggling with cabman as to whether he should give him sixpence, or toss him for the shilling. Frown disapproval, and relapse into *Times*. Boys' spirits exuberant, mine depressed. Feel there is trouble ahead for me.

Dover and the boat at last. Sea looks rough. So upsetting. MAX and TOMMY quite certain they will not be ill. Not so sure of this myself. Ask sailor person to bring camp-stools. Says "Yes, Sir," and disappears. No sign of our portmanteaux. Grow very anxious. Dear MOLLIE only laughs. Boys grin. So unfeeling. Ask another sailor person for camp-stools. He says, "Yes, Sir," and disappears. Ha! the trunks are at last slid down on to vessel. Dear MOLLIE still standing, waiting for seat, so ask third sailor person for camp-stools. MAX, in moment of inspiration, sees way of procuring dear MOLLIE a seat. Old gentleman fussily rises from camp-stool to give directions for bringing his rugs, and before he can resume his seat, MAX removes it, leaving old gentleman to sit with fearful violence on the deck. MAX and TOMMY explode with brutal laughter, whilst general rush made to pick old gentleman up. O. G. immediately turns vials of his wrath on to me. Why me? Begin to explain no fault of mine, but O. G. refuses to listen. Splutters furiously about this "outrage." I did not commit "outrage." Why bully me? People so absurdly irrational. Turn to insist upon MAX apologising, but find he has prudently

disappeared. "Done a guy, Uncle CHARLIE!" grins TOMMY. Horrid little wretch! Tender my own apologies, which are received with stony glare. So distressing. These boys really too wearing for sensitive constitution like mine.

Wind howling as we leave harbour and take first disconcerting plunge into open sea. Shout to passing steward to bring camp-stools. Steward nods reply, and staggers down below. Almost instantly re-appears without camp-stools, but brandishing three basins, which he sets down with a clatter, and rushes off. Dear MOLLIE convulsed with laughter. Feel very annoyed myself. People all round giggle ill-naturedly. Console myself with reflection that ere long they may want what we already possess—"They laugh best who laugh last." Camp-stools arrive. Wrap dear MOLLIE in my fur-lined coat, and seat her, out of wind, behind funnel. Make TOMMY wrap up in accordance with dear CONSTANCE'S written instructions. Then start in search of MAX. Enquire of sailor person, who shakes head stupidly. Enquire of Captain, who tells me, gruffly, he has other things to do than run after boys. So unsympathetic. Ask man at wheel, and am rebuked for transgressing rules of company. Finally, and in despair, ask steward, bawling in his ear to make myself heard above howling of wind and waves. Steward immediately rushes away and re-appears with yet another basin. These men's ideas so limited. The life evidently narrows their minds and tends to make them "groovey." Beginning to feel anxious about MAX's fate now. Accost further sailor person, and offer half-crown for discovery of truant. Visions of a mother's grief, a father's blank despair, a—

"Hullo, Uncle CHARLIE! you're making a jolly fuss just because I hooked it when I saw things were getting warm!"

Wretched child has attired himself in tarpaulin, lent by nautical person, who now comes up, touching hat, and hoping "the young gent's a-keepin' hisself dry"—"feels rather dry" himself, he adds suggestively. Give him shilling, and lead MAX back to where I left dear MOLLIE. Dear M. gone below, feeling ill. TOMMY also ill, on lee side of deck. MAX jeers at him. So unfeeling. Am not particularly well myself. "Why, Uncle CHARLIE, you look the colour of boiled pork!" This settles the matter for me at once. I rush to side and join TOMMY. Within half-hour of Calais Harbour, MAX the brutal grows strangely silent—his flow of vulgar remarks ceases incontinently. MAX joins us.

Land at Calais more dead than alive,

and stagger to buffet for cup of coffee. Intercepted by truculent official, and dragged off to *douane*. Declare I have but one box Partagas. "Oh, Uncle CHARLIE, what an awful cram!" bursts out irrepressible TOMMY. "I saw you shove two boxes of cigarettes into your hat-case!" Had completely forgotten circumstance. MAX guffaws. Interpreter looks suspicious—speaks to searcher. Searcher immediately insists on all luggage being strictly gone through. D—ear TOMMY. MOLLIE, not knowing it contraband, has brought two pounds special China tea in dressing-bag—this pounced on and carried off. Severe person in uniform and *pince-nez* advances, glaring. Feel rather faint. TOMMY whispers audibly, "I say, Uncle, I expect this is the *tête-douane* cove; if he shoves you into prison, you'd better hand over your purse, or we shan't be able to get on any farther, and it'd be beastly to have to stop here all the time you're doing your sentence, wouldn't it?" So reassuring for man of nervous temperament. *Pince-nez* person voluble. Lectures me on enormity of my offence. Why me? Dear MOLLIE brought tea, not I. Explain this. *Pince-nez* still more voluble. Finally escape, on payment of fifty francs—whether duty or fine cannot quite grasp. Struggle out sadly and start again for buffet. "*En voiture, Messieurs!*" shrieks guard, and, dragging boys along, I make a frantic rush for train. Dear MOLLIE, always cool and collected, waiting at carriage door. Scramble in as train starts.

MAX produces contents of trouser-pockets—two keys, stick of toffee, large buckhorn-handled knife, half-used apple, fourpence in coppers, a piece of Indian ink, and two ginger-bread nuts. TOMMY, not to be outdone, brings out some almond-rock, the end of a wax-candle, three peppermint bulls'-eyes and a piece of string. Negotiations immediately commence for exchange of sundry of aforesaid delicacies and *bric-à-brac*. Still feeling weak, so doze off. Loud yell awakens me almost directly. Start up, to find MAX in forcible possession of TOMMY's almond-rock. Hastily interpose, but too late. Horrid boy crams almond-rock into his mouth to prevent its restoration to rightful owner. TOMMY implores me to make him disgorge. Feel, however, that psychological moment for doing this has passed. MAX guffaws at victory. Triumph short-lived, guffaw causing choking fit. For ten minutes MAX in imminent danger of his life. While he is still purple, TOMMY calmly looks on, and remarks, "Serve you right if you *do* choke, you greedy beast!" So heartless. MAX restored at last, and dear MOLLIE very angry with both the little bea—little boys. Rest of journey to Paris peaceful.



AFTER CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

Brown. "HULLO, WHAT ON EARTH HAVE YOU BEEN DOING TO YOURSELF?"

Jones. "FELL OUT OF A DOG-CART, GOING TO A MEET."

Brown. "H'M—GOING TO A MEET, EH? LOOKS TO ME MORE LIKE COMING FROM A DRINK!"

At P. L. and M. station, dear MOLLIE retires to *wagon lit*, but boys and I travel in ordinary carriage, together with fat Frenchman. F. F. snoring in an hour's time. We all settle down for night. F. F.'s snoring most distressing. Fall asleep at last. Boys moving about and fidgeting greatly. Whenever I speak they pretend to be asleep. Wonder why?

As soon as it is light next morning F. F. sits up and yawns. Great powers! would have sworn he was clean-shaven last night, but now has black moustache and—a black-tipped nose! What can it be? How could he—? And then suspicion ripens into certainty as I hear suppressed giggling from under boys' sleeping-rugs. These imps have been

ornamenting F. F.'s face with their Indian ink, during the night! Cold perspiration breaks out on forehead, as I think of consequences when F. F. makes inevitable discovery. No mirror in carriage, thank goodness. Ha! he produces from his pocket a—no, saved again!—not a mirror, but a comb. Brief respite, but what shall I do when storm bursts? Train slackens speed. Can it be possible? Frenchman actually going to alight! Dare I hope to escape consequences of acts of these criminal children? Train stops—yes, he alights! Sense of relief overpowering. Turn to reprove boys severely. Sudden commotion in station. Terrified to see F. F. violently gesticulating and advancing rapidly on our carriage, followed by



Mamma. "YOU MU-TN'T BOWL YOUR HOOP IN THE FRONT ON SUNDAY. YOU MUST GO INTO THE BACK GARDEN."

Tommy. "ISN'T IT SUNDAY IN THE BACK GARDEN, MAMMA?"

chef de gare. We are lost! French prison stares me in face. Train mercifully starts. F. F. rushes at next compartment by mistake, and hurls whole of French language at indignant and astonished occupant. Put up our own window hurriedly, and sink back, half fainting, while boys yell and crow with unhalloed glee.

Unspeakably relieved when train reaches Cannes. Combined effects of journey and nephews too much for nerves. Dear MOLLIE and I alight, whilst boys go on to Vintimille to be met by dear CONSTANCE and the General. How I pity those unhappy parents. Drive to hotel and retire to bed, worn out.

Anxiously wondering, all next day,

whether boys arrived safely, or are now in "durance vile" for some fresh offence. Trust, in any event, they will escape guillotine, but never sure of these things. Foreign laws so weird.

Following morning, letter from MAX arrives. Not guillotined anyhow. So relieved.

Sam Reemo.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE,—When you got out at Cann I and TOMMY thought we'd have the carriage to ourselves, "but it was not to be" ass the chap says in the play. Two young French fellers got in—wun had been eating garlig and his breth was so strong you might have leaned up against it. Well I thought we'd be quite and reed a bit, so I got out a book that I thought was Ned

Kelly the Bushranger, and then I found that young ass TOMMY had packed Bungyan's Pills-grim Progress insted—the covers being alike. I got so enoid I twisted his arm and he howled and wun of the young froggies—not the wun with the garlig breth but the other feller—tried to interfere, but I sed, "Vous jeune ane, vous fermez," and then TOMMY chipd in and sed, "Snay par un morceau de bong, vous attenday a votre affaires," witch was rather sporting of him, wassent it? And I sed, "Nous soms seulemong faient un pièce de linge ensamble," meaning "We are only having a rag together," and the other feller—the wun with the garlig breth—seemed quite puzzled—so I eggsplaned. I sed, "C'est samplemong un alouette," wich ment, of coarse, "It's simply a lark"; but he—the wun without the garlig breth—jest shrugged his shoulders and sed sum rot about "Says Onglay"—silly ass.

At Neese, a feller arsked for our tiggets, and I sed, "Droit vous êtes," but gave him the rong harls on porpoise, jest for the rag of the thing, you know. He jawed and jestickelated, so I sed, "Tenez votre cheveux, Cockie!" And then he kept arsking sumthing which I coodent quite grarsp, and at larst I gave him the rite harls and he yelled "Sarpristy!" and "O Mon Doo!" We both cocked a snook at him ass the train startid agane.

Well, at larst we got to Sam Reemo, and at the hotel we rang for the *chambre fait*—the chambermaid, you know—and had a tub, and I held TOMMY's hed under water for neerly harf a minnit. I wantid to see how long a feller cood be kept under water without drowning.

Ass the Guvnor had bin ordered a jenrus dite, TOMMY and I sed we'd have a jenrus dite too at our first meal, so we told the *tête garson* we wantid the finest tuck-in he cood give us. We sed the Guvnor wood make it orl rite; so we went into the resterson, and by Gum we did do ourselves well!

I must now shut up, so with love to Arnt MOLLIE—I say she is a stunner, by Gum, ain't she?

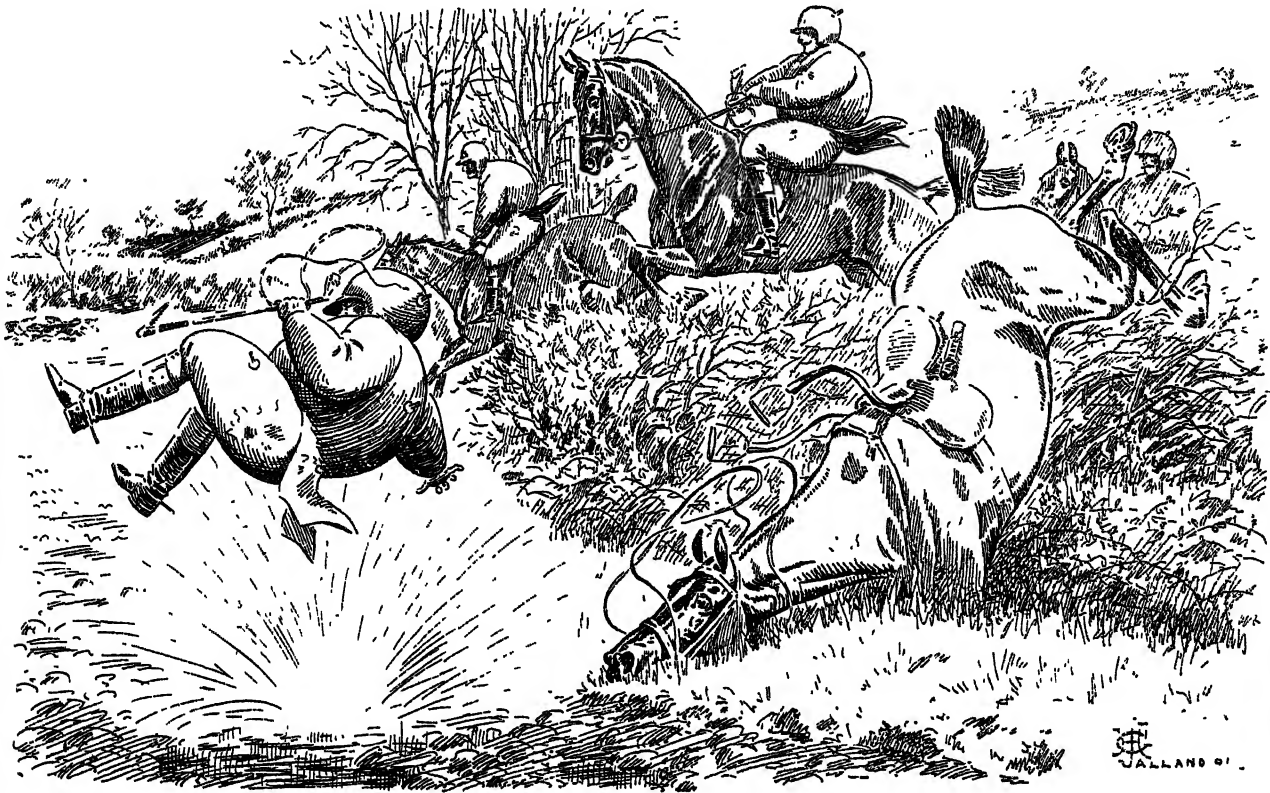
Your affeckshunt nephew,

MAX.

P.S.—We find this place is orfly expensive, and the Guvnor dussent elow us quite enuff poket money. If we got a tip now and then (espeshally now) from enny of our relatives, it wood be a grate help.

Feel such great weight off my mind now that nephews safe—more or less—with their parents, that I cheerfully send them hundred franc note as tip. This awful responsibility ended, shall sleep for twenty-four hours straight off.

Fox Russell.



THE PATENT PNEUMATIC TENNIS-BALL HUNTING COSTUME. FALLING A PLEASURE.

DOMESTIC DRAMA.

A Quid pro Quo.

OH, bother! VAL, there's someone at the door. I hate that knocker. VAL! Do answer. VAL! Why *can't* he ever listen? VALENTINE! At last! There's someone knocking at the door. I wish you'd go and find out what they—JANE? You know as well as I do JANE's in bed: Why, with her vaccinated arm, of course. Although—ELIZA? Dressing, I suppose: It's half-past—oh, that is so like a man! How could she? Yes, a pretty sight she'd look in nothing but her petticoat and stays. That would be—well, if you won't—no, I'll go. I'd *rather* go myself.

Oh, VAL, come here!

It's Uncle JIM. Yes, Uncle JIM, I said. You seem to think—of course I know he's dead. I'm not a perfect imbecile. Do come! His picture, look, from FRAME AND GILDERLEY'S. Oh, *do* be quick. You nearly drive me mad. Here, give it me. I'll cut it.

'M yes, not bad.

They've done it pretty well. Yes, black and gold; That's what I told them. No, indeed you didn't. I know you said at first you wanted oak, But—no, you never settled anything: I'm *sure* you didn't, and, besides, of course We couldn't possibly have had it oak; He always hated oak. Well, anyhow It's done.

Now *where* d'you think he ought to hang? I know what I should like—my sitting-room.

But still I'd rather—no, dear, *you* shall choose. It's all the same to—what? The smoking-room? Of course! I might have known. To please yourself! Do think of me, for once. Besides, just think—How *could* he go with all those photographs? So out of place—well, *prints*, then. Can't you see? Why, Uncle Jim's in *oil*.

What *do* you mean?

A sardine? Uncle Jim? What *shocking* taste! I didn't think that even . . . even you Would make bad jokes about my poor . . . my poor—I can't help crying. Yes, you did. You *did*! You *meant* to be unkind. You—really, VAL! Your language is too—well, what *did* you say? Oh, "*hang* the picture," was it? H'm! I thought—It sounded more like—oh! I see! But where, *Where* shall I hang it? What! My sitting-room? D'you really—no! I don't care where it goes: Not now. You've spoilt it all. Oh, well, I will, To please you. But another time I wish You'd try to—Listen! There's the post again. Yes, yes, do go, of course.

What's this? For *me*?

A present? *That's* not likely. Who's it from? But, VAL, why should you? Oh, our wedding-day! Why, so it is. My dear, how *nice* of you! I'd quite forgotten.

VAL, how beautiful!

The very stones I wanted! Oh, I wish—I *did* so want to give you something, dear. Why didn't you remind me? Yes, I know: I ought to have. I *am* so sorry, VAL. I wonder what you'd really like. A kiss? My dear, of course! As many as you like.

ON THE EVE OF THE SESSION.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

The Kennel, Barks, Tuesday Night, January 14.

PARLIAMENT meets on Thursday. Run down here to take look round before going up to town for session. On the way called in at No. 10, Downing Street, to pay respects to PRINCE ARTHUR. Found him looking very well, though, for "a child," his hair getting a little grey.

"Come in," he cried, cheerily. "Thought you were MORLEY's ghost, from the timid way you knocked at the door."

"Marley's ghost you mean," I said.

"Well, we won't quarrel about a vowel, though I'm rather up in ghosts. You heard about OLD MORALITY calling in on Christmas Eve?"



"WHEN PERSPIRATION DAMPS THE BROW,
A MINISTERING ANGEL THOU."

(Sir Walter Scott adapted to the circumstances.)

"Yes, and I was very glad to gather that you agreed with him about the futility of tinkering the Rules of Procedure. If you are going to make them workable, do it thoroughly. They were well enough as recently as PAM's day. *Autre temps, autres mœurs*; and if you really want to do business in the House of Commons, you must go about it in quite another way."

PRINCE ARTHUR yawned.

"I suppose," he said, "we shall have things livelier than they were last session. The mere comparative doesn't imply much. Seems almost impossible to get up a spurt in the present Parliament, young as its life is, counted by months. Only time anything really lively was done last session was when the police were called in to contribute to the effect. Sometimes, when I sit on Treasury Bench and think of all we as a Government with immense majority behind us have done and left undone, I find myself wishing

I was on t'other side. Think of where His Majesty's present Ministry would have been last session if GRANDOLPH had been alive, in opposition and in the flush of his young manhood, with WOLFFY before he became weighed down with State secrets, with JOHN O' GORST ere he squired GRAND CROSS or DEVONSHIRE, and myself—well, even as I am now. A session in such circumstance would be worth all my dignities and emoluments. Moreover, in a couple of sessions we should have landed the Opposition on these benches, routing out the present occupants, as in the Parliament of 1880 we broke up GLADSTONE's phalanx, almost equal in numerical strength, not nearly so vulnerable on points of policy or questions of administration."

PRINCE ARTHUR's eyes shone with the light of battle. He held himself down in his seat by sheer force, clutching with either hand the lapels of his coat.

"Well, well; no use talking. Do you think the Opposition are going to do anything this session? Has C.-B. been lunching with ROSEBERRY again? Odd affair that. Why did he get himself asked? Reminds me of sober country gentleman finally making up his mind to propose to a dashing widow. Calls upon her by appointment. Is kindly but cautiously welcomed; fiddles with his gloves; remarks on the mildness of the weather for Christmas-time; wonders whether we shall really have any snow this winter; looks at his watch; remembers his train; edges towards the door; says 'Well, good-bye; so glad to have seen you,' and bolts, leaving the widow in her still lonely furrow wondering what he came to lunch for."

"I fancy the Opposition will be very much as it was last year, only more so," I answered. "There may be Reconstruction; there can be no Reconciliation. It is an interesting but hapless Party. Just when it was beginning to get over the effects of the Great Disruption of 1886 there comes an earthquake from another, quite different, altogether unexpected, quarter, and they're all in the air again."

"No one regrets it more than I," said PRINCE ARTHUR, a tear slowly coursing down his cheek. "The best thing for the Leader of the House of Commons with an assured majority is an active, united, well-led Opposition. It serves to hold his men together, keeps the atmosphere bracing."

"Well, you have the Irish."

"Pah! it does not count, except for disorderly scenes and temporary delay of public business. Mr. REDMOND's game is too obvious. *Il faut vivre*, and, in order to obtain the means of doing so, he and his men, from safe quarters in a privileged assembly, must needs rant cheap defiance of constituted authority."

"Then, looking round 'befo' the wah,' you don't think it'll come to much?"

"Practically, no. We shall have alarms and excursions. A long fight over the new Procedure Rules. Much grumbling over the Budget when we meet the fresh account of the war that is not yet over. But there will be nothing serious. We are safe as a Government, for the best of all reasons: there is no other to take our place. Must you really? Well, good-bye. See you on Thursday."

"LINKED SWEETNESS LONG DRAWN OUT." — The first instalment of Mr. SETON MERRIMAN's new novel in the *Weekly Graphic* thus concludes: "Captain Cable grunted audibly. (*To be continued.*)" This obviously means that in the next number the Captain will pay out another cable-length of grunt.

R. K. (*adapting himself to his own case*).—What do they know of England who do not England know?



OUR PARLIAMENTARY INDIANS PREPARING FOR THE WAR-PATH.

"Little Menster" plainly means business, to the honor of the White feather on Ma Jubah Tribe

Br-n R-b r-t

C-B.

Ll-yd G-rge.

H-ro-rt

M-r-l-y

T-s'-r

R-s-b-ry.

Asq-th.

B-l-r

Ch-mb-rl-n.

S-l-ab-ry

THE CADET'S HANDBOOK;

Or, "The Boy's Own Treasury" (1868 edition) brought up to date.

["Let the childish games, 'I spy,' 'French and English,' and 'Prisoners' Base,' which are old war games of scouting, capture, and re-capture, be adapted to the necessities of modern warfare..."]
—Extract from a letter to the "Times," Jan. 8.]

"POUCH-BELT TOUCH."

ANY number of cadets can play at this popular game. One of the players volunteers to be "Touch," or else he is chosen to fill that office by counting out (see "Rhymes and Bugle Calls"). Touch then endeavours to hit with his belt and, if possible, render temporarily senseless one of his playmates as they run about in all directions trying to avoid him. When a player is thus touched, the company stretcher-bearers will go through such part of their drill as may be necessary, until the cadet in question has recovered, when he becomes Touch, and in turn strives to touch one of the others. When Touch succeeds in touching another, he cries "Feign double-touch!" which signifies that the player so touched must not retaliate on the cadet who stunned or attempted to stun him, until he has belted somebody else. A capital variation is made by touching with bayonets.

"HIGH BARBAREE!"

This is a very spirited game, and, like "Widdy," is peculiarly adapted for wintry weather. Sides are chosen from the cadets, and one company or "commando" takes cover while the other remains "at home" in a blockhouse surrounded by high barbed wire (whence the name). When the former are all ready one of them calls out "High Barbaree!" upon which the blockhouse squad sally forth to scout for them. If the scouts succeed in touching a certain number of the enemy before the latter can seize and occupy the blockhouse, they take their turn in hiding. The number to be caught must be agreed upon beforehand, and of course depends upon the number of players. It is usual to mention this number in the cry, thus, "High Barbaree! three caught he!"—"four caught he!" and so forth.

"I SPY, I!"

This game differs from the above only in the rule that the commando in concealment have to touch the reconnoitring party, instead of being touched by them. When the ambushade of the former is complete, one of them cries "Whoop!" or "Charlo!" and the scouts immediately start to look for them. On effecting a discovery, the finder shouts out "I spy, I!" and he and



Diminutive "Nipper." "ERE, THIS AIN'T ARF ALL RIGHT! NEX TIME I WANTS ARF A PINT, I SHALL 'AVE TO SEND FATHER!"

his comrades double back to headquarters to escape being touched. If the commando catch a certain number of the patrol before the latter return to camp, they hide again; if not, the scouts take their turn. The touch must be effected with a sjambok, mausers or revolvers being barred, except on field days.

"PRISONERS' LAAGER."

For this famous war game two laagers are entrenched side by side, and occupied by the contending forces. At a distance of 200 feet two prison camps with barbed wire entanglements are placed respectively opposite. On de-

claration of war a lance-corporal or field-cornet of the side issuing the ultimatum runs out towards the prisons. When he has got half-way he calls out "Chevy!" or "Voetzak!" (as the case may be) at the top of his voice, at which signal an opponent rushes from his laager and endeavours to catch him before he can return. This pursuit is continued alternately until the whole of one force or the other has been captured and put under parole in the prison camps. Each cadet when about to take a prisoner cries "Hands up!" Any abuse of the white flag, or firing on an ambulance party, is dealt with by drum-head court-martial.

IDYLLS OF THE CHIEF.

V.

THE JOUSTING AT THE BRIDGE.

So on a day Sir BELCHAMP PORTE-DRAPEAU
Drew with his faithful remnant, what there was,
To that weird battle down by Westminster.
And o'er his head, he going delicately,
The banner of the great C.-Bannermanship
Drooped; and athwart its folds the clan's device,
A sporran'd haggis fluttered, and, below,
The Campbell is a-coming ran the script.
But from his sinister arm was slung the shield
That bore for blazonry a barbed fence,
And therewithal the rede, *J'y suis, j'y reste.*
And by his side the sword *X-calibre*
(For so they styled it, since in point of proof
The blade was deemed an unknown quantity)
Swung like a pendulum; and on his flank,
As one that should beguile the Chieftain's gloom
With jest and ribald joyaunce, lightly rode
That loyal knight Sir LAB DE BOOM-LE-VRAI
In devious caracoles; and as he rode
Now hummed a jocular air—*Peers, idle peers,*
And now with aching midriff mused aloud
Of "forty millions, mostly flannelled fools";
So swift his fancy played.

But he, the Chief,
Heard, or heard not, and either way was deaf
To jest and ribald joyaunce. Yet he heard,
Or out of mist-like memory seemed to hear,
Far-off a voice that ever in his ears
Rang hollow from the trenches, crying "Spades!"
And on the word, low muttering to his heart:
"O me! for much has changed since bold Sir BRUM
Clave to the Table Round; and much again
Since I, with those four knights, Sir COP-LA-POULE,
Sir FIRE, Sir GRIS DU JEU-DE-PAUME, and him
Sir DURDANS, newly named of Chesterfield,
Rode out to break the heathen! Now I hear
How these, with others, loyal-seeming all,
Are leagued against me, while the heathen wait,
Watching the issue like a Ping-pong bye,
To rise and take the breathless victors on.
An evil chance it were for any chief
To move against his own elect and strike;
For so the pain he deals he deals himself
Two-fold or even more, which needs must be
Most painful."

Then Sir LAB, that overheard:
"What plaint is this, my Chief, of rival powers?
Light was my lord of Durdans at the best,
And under any name would be as light.
I count him but the foam that flecks the wave,
Dazzling a while, but shortly doomed to pass
Adown the wandering wind. But you, my liege,
I know you for the dark unfathomed deep
That may not easily pass."

Thereat the Chief:
"O ay, not easily pass, not easily pass,
If visions hold. Methought, a moon ago,
I jousted at the Bridge with certain churls,
And had, for mate, Sir DURDANS; and the score
(Two points to twenty-six and one game up)
Favoured the heathen slightly. Then I dealt,
And, dealing, drew a hand of five small hearts,
Topped by the ten, and all the residue
Damably dull, and gazed thereon, and passed.
But he, the dummy, found a voice and cried,

'Spades!' and those others doubled. So we twain,
Who looked on imminent ruin, said, 'Content!'
Meaning the opposite. Whereat the foe
Led straightly forth and made a mighty slam,
And filched the rubber, smiling. Then I swear,
Saying I never more would pass the choice
To dummies like Sir DURDANS. Nay, Sir Knight,
Henceforth I shall not easily pass, not I." O. S.

AS IT WERE NOT QUITE CRICKET.

[It was generally believed that Mr. R-DY-ED K-FL-NG had started for South Africa. This is a mistake. Mr. K-FL-NG has gone to Australia, as the following letter giving his impressions of the recent Test Match at Melbourne shows. Readers of the *Islanders*, in a recent number of the *Times*, will recognise the trenchant style.]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Just reached Melbourne. Raining hard. What a chance for manoeuvres for First Australian Mounted Infantry! Unhappily impossible. Rifles and lordliest life on earth must give place to preposterous cricket match.

Vast crowd of spectators. Possibly arid, but apparently not incurious. Very odd! Presently English captain appears pushing his men raw to the battle. In other words, our side in first. Around them stand a band of little people, few but apt in the field. Good fielding essential, I am told. I notice there are only eleven of them. It seems a small number! But, as events proved, quite able to dispose of our striplings, who, I am told, are street-bred.

Presently one of our flannelled fools goes to the wicket. Don't know his name, and don't care. Think games waste of time. Opposed to him stands a muddled oaf at the bowl. Silly fellow, he would be much better employed firing off spattered shrapnel for practice behind the pavilion! In the field, eleven little people above-mentioned standing about. More than one of them idle, openly idle, in the lee of the forespent line, in other words, in the slips and at long leg. Of course, we were beaten, though I don't know by how much. Didn't follow the game. Probably we fawned on the younger nations, as is our habit, and naturally the men who could shoot and drive got the best of it. Of course, it was only the balls which shot. After match exhorted our team to get Morris tubes and practise at the nets at a target. Suggestion not well received. Must refrain from witnessing further matches as am busy learning the mysteries of forming fours and advancing in open order. Yours, R. K.

FOR THE COAL SELLER.

["Speaking at West Hartlepool, Sir CHRISTOPHER FURNESS said he had reason to believe that the Chancellor of the Exchequer contemplated an increase of the Coal Tax. . . . He hoped the trade and commerce of the country would unite in making a strong protest against the dangerous impost."—*Daily Paper*.]

SIR CHRISTOPHER declares that things look black
In the coal trade, and, fired with indignation,
To use his best endeavours is not slack
To screen all coals from any fresh taxation.

When such an expert argues, we admit,
None can do less than follow his suggestion,
Since no one than a FURNESS is more fit
Rightly to deal with such a burning question.

"THE ISLANDERS."—Sir Anthony Absolute, Allan Aynesworth, Aunt Annie, Arry Arker, and Ananias Askew write to disclaim the authorship of the letter signed "A. A." that appeared in the *Times*, Tuesday, 9th inst.

THE PERFECT GUEST.

I.

THERE are only two practical arts in modern life, the art of getting money and the art of living comfortably on people who have already got it. There used to be a third, the art of living contentedly and independently without money, but that art is confessedly obsolete. By "money" I mean, of course, money enough to purchase the comforts which by our modern standard are considered necessary, such as broughams, champagne, cigars, stalls in the theatre and the society of the successful, and to procure (if desired) the respect of one's fellow countrymen. The great majority, therefore, are reduced to the second art, and must do their best to perfect themselves as guests. To them I venture to make a few suggestions for the fortunate practice of this art, inferior to the greatest, no doubt, in the consideration of the vulgar, but scarcely distinguishable, if pursued with real genius, in its results. The Perfect Guest, for example, lives in precisely the same manner as the successful money-maker, his host; often, indeed, more freely; for, whereas many men have an inborn dislike of wasting their money by the excessive assumption of good things, no man yet was so mean as to dislike wasting other people's. Moreover, if the host's wealth vanishes, which sometimes happens even out of novels, the Perfect Guest, unaffected, goes to ply his charming accomplishments elsewhere. Also, he is saved the fag of writing cheques.

My suggestions for perfection can begin only with those who are already guests. I cannot tell the uninvited man how to get invitations. Accident and a natural instinct—superior, surely, to the boasted instincts of the lower animals—for making up to people with places of their own can alone do that. But, assuming your invitation to be a fact, I will begin with first principles.

What is your main object? To obtain the utmost possible gratification of your tastes. Good. Your secondary object? So to conduct yourself that you will be asked again, or recommended to other hosts, thus extending your connection. Good again. Now, observe at the outset that these objects are correlated; a too exclusive devotion to the former may defeat the latter. A hearty man, for example, with a generous taste for wine, may complain that the butler does not take the champagne round often enough, or may check his host in rising from the table by the request for another bottle of port. It is natural and manly, but is it wise? No: the implied criticism, however kindly—for it promotes



G. L. STAMPA

The Rector's Daughter. "MY FATHER FEELS IT VERY MUCH, MRS. BARKER, THAT YOU SHOULD LEAVE THE CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY JUST BEFORE THE SERMON. DON'T YOU THINK YOU MIGHT TRY AND STAY, IN FUTURE?"

Mrs. Barker. "I DURS'N'T DO IT, MISS. I DO SNOORE THAT DREADFUL WHEN I'M ASLEEP!"

what should be the host's chief desire, the comfort of his guests—may be unacceptable to human vanity.

Again, a man fond of his ease may naturally seek the best armchair in the drawing-room after dinner and go to sleep in it. It is a beautiful, trusting action, but apt to be construed into a slight on the social talents of his society. Some men, again, dislike children, but, when a hostess suggests sending for them, to say "Curse the children" may offend maternal pride. Downright men, when asked if they would like to do this or that, are tempted simply to say

"no," but this devotion to truth may cause a house-party to hang fire. Even the appreciative actions of filling your case openly with your host's cigars, or telling a servant to pack certain of his books in your portmanteau, may prejudice you as having too acquisitive an air.

It is evident, therefore, that your secondary object imposes a certain caution or subtlety on the prosecution of your first, and here an experienced observation may be of service to you. Perpend carefully what follows in my next.

AN ÆGEAN "MONTE";

Or, A Fresh Pilgrimage for Childe Harold.

[According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a certain PYTHAGORE YEROS YETIOS (sic), acting for a Belgian Syndicate, has obtained a ninety-nine years concession from the Chamber of Samos for a great gambling establishment in the island, in return for which he promises all kinds of local improvements. The inhabitants of Samos are seemingly to be barred the rooms.]

I.

SELF-EXILED HAROLD wanders forth again
With more of hope this time and less of gloom,
And, though his previous pilgrimage was vain,
He fortune tempts once more this side the tomb;
Some private knowledge bade his soul resume
The endless quest, and naught of failure reck,
The bankrupt's exit and the gambler's doom.
Eastward he fares, ne on a galiot's deck,
But *per* a modern steamboat that no wind may check.

II.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea
(This handy and familiar verse applies
Here to th' Ægean, now 'tis fairly free
Of pirates) in an extra Canto flies
CHILDE HAROLD, eager for his certain prize;
'Twas sure, of course, for lately he had learned—
A lord light ROSSLYN taught him, wondrous wise—
How thousands in a minute might be earned,
And (somewhat previously) believed his luck had turned.

III.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
(Gad, how these lines *do* haunt one!), and the same
Holds good of isles—a statement I would pen
Especially of Samos, which could claim
A spring-tide and a world-resounding name
Five hundred years and more B.C., when rose
POLYCRATES of art-befriending fame,
And sage PYTHAGORAS, who could disclose
Each riddle of the Universe to whom he chose.

IV.

Concerning Samos in her time of pride
HERONOTUS, we find, is eloquent;
She had a harbour where with ease could ride
Ten thousand triremes, and, of like extent,
The fane of Hera, more magnificent
Than any shrine of Eld; but alien hands
And earth-upheavals have its splendours rent,
Till, where Colonna Cape the strait commands
Of Mycalé, but one lone headless column stands.

V.

There was a second tide (of neap degree)
In scanty Samian history, which flowed
A half-millennium later:—ANTONY
And CLEOPATRA took up their abode
Within these shores, a lurid episode
Which painted Samos red, e'en as its ware;
Dulness from then till now has been the mode,
A certain *sameness* (note this pun with care!)
Has governed matters 'neath its soft Ionian air.

VI.

Until—this point I should have reached before—
One morning fine last month the isle awoke
To find a second M. PYTHAGORE
(His surname seems a wild misprinter's joke)
Had got permission by some master-stroke
To raise—for ninety-nine years runs the lease—
A temple where the punter may invoke
The Goddess of Roulette and thus increase
The directorial revenue without surcease.

VII.

Did Karlovassi, now the premier town,
By name suggest a Monte Carlo new
For the three rogues of Levantine renown,
To wit, the Turk of Egripo, the Jew
Bred in Salonica—I'll not pursue
The proverb further, lest we should offend
Athenian friends, were this to meet their view.
Whate'er the reason, few can comprehend
Why Belgian syndicates on *this* isle should descend.

VIII.

Still, there are glorious times ahead, we hear,
For Samos—roads, a central hospital,
A steamship service straightway will appear;
PYTHAGORAS has promised, free to all,
These luxuries, soon as the drachmai fall
In his expectant coffers. "Make, then, haste,"
He cries, "responsive to the croupier's call,"
Though possibly his clients have small taste
For voyaging to islands so remotely placed.

IX.

The regulations, which seem rather rough
On Samian sportsmen, have been framed to bar
The local talent playing, and rebuff
The native hayduk, klepht or palikar,
Whose aboriginal ways might cause a jar!
As for CHILDE HAROLD, I've forgotten quite
Where on the road we left him and how far
He'd yet to travel—but 'twas e'er his plight
In th' earlier Cantos to endure such oversight!

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

Blackwood's Magazine has been singularly fortunate in its contribution to the inner history of the war in South Africa. *Words by an Eye Witness*, "LINESMAN," a series of vivid word-pictures of life on the battlefield by day and by night, first appeared in its pages. The papers, which the writer modestly describes as "written hastily from the seat of war in the intervals of the events they describe," are now issued in book form (BLACKWOOD). In the current number of the venerable but virile *Maga* there appears the first of a fresh series of papers from a new pen. *On the Heels of De Wet*, it is called, and describes the birth of the brigade. Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, go to bed after a good dinner, sleep soundly, and wake to find their bath and breakfast awaiting them, should not omit studying this brief record of a day's experience on the way to the front. Munching their muffin, toying with their toast, they testily turn over the morning paper and marvel why things have "gone wrong again." Here they will find, quietly told, how men who at any moment may be called upon to take sudden decision on momentous issues to fight for their lives in the midnight swoop of the enemy, pass the twenty-four hours. Half-starved, worn out with long marches, cut off from sleep and the minor comforts of the average costermonger, they daily, sometimes twice a day, lapse into battle. The anonymous author occupies only five pages. They bring the reality of the situation before the mind's eye more vividly than anything my Baronite has yet read in the long-drawn-out story of the war. Having *Blackwood* in hand, don't omit to read *Master Tartar*. Nothing so good in its way has been written since the far-off days when *Rab and His Friends* were introduced to a delighted world.

Mr. CONAN DOYLE's *History of the Great Boer War* has hitherto held the field against all comers. Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, in bringing out a new edition, the thirteenth, present, without advance in price, a much bulkier volume.

Mr. DOYLE thought he had finished his task when he laid down his pen in September, 1900. The main army of the Boers was then dispersed, and, as we all remember, the Government were so certain that the War was over they straightway rushed into a general election. My Baronite finds it quite pathetic to come upon the historian sitting down thirteen months later and cudgelling his brain to find a phrase that will not clash with the position he assumed in the autumn of 1900. He explains, something after the fashion of *Benedick*, that when in September of that year he said the War was over he did not think he would live to find the Boers still fighting in October, 1901. All he meant was that we had "come to the end of the regular operation." What has followed has been sadly irregular, but demands record. This Mr. DOYLE supplies up to date, in the same vivid, impartial, condensed, yet comprehensive manner that marked his earlier effort, securing for it at once a high position among books of English history.

In *Tales of Past Times* (J. M. DENT & Co.), told by Master CHARLES PERRAULT, the Baron welcomes his dear "old friends"—they're not all here, but they will arrive, probably, a little later, say this time next year—with "new faces" and "entirely new scenery, dresses and appointments," by CHARLES ROBINSON. "Charles," be it noted, not "Jack Robinson," of whom nowadays no one ever hears. The formula used to be, "So-and-so (whatever it was) shall be done before you can say 'Jack Robinson.'" It may be that Charles has deftly stepped in and done these drawings before the dilatory Jack could even be mentioned, and so "Jack, R.A." (i.e. Robinson, Artist) lost his chance. To all who, in this materialistic age, still love the ancient simple fairy tales that bring to the recollection of most of us the "box of paints," and the delightful pleasure of lavishly daubing *Blue Beard*, *Fatima*, the *Sleeping Beauty* and the wide-awake *Beast* with the very brightest colours at our disposal, let the Baron recommend this pocketable volume which provides a rich feast and well-filled plates.

A packet personally addressed to the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS! Inclosed is—*County Court Practice Made Easy*, or, *Debt Collection Simplified*, by a Solicitor (EFFINGHAM WILSON). What a rich treat! What evenings of endless amusement! Fancy! the practice of getting into the County Court made easy! Yes, but surely, wouldn't another volume have a far greater sale were it to show how the practice of getting out of the County Court were made not only easier than getting into it but absolutely remunerative? Bless thee, "Solicitor!" Doubt-



Emily. "WHY DOES THE CLOCK START AGAIN WHEN IT GETS TO TWELVE?"
Bobby. "BECAUSE THIRTEEN'S AN UNLUCKY NUMBER, OF COURSE!"

less thou art a legal member of some fine Old County Court Family! The County Court—

We haven't been there,
And still wouldn't go,
Much rather we'd square
Whatever we owe;

quothe the high-minded and straight-forward
BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

ON A RECENT EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENT.

Where Cavalier and Roundhead fought
of yore,
Worcester is once again a see of Gore!

Philately.

First Clubbite. What do you think of the new stamps?

Second Clubbite (an amiable person). I cannot speak very highly of the colours; the paper is a trifle too thin; and the portrait of the KING has been more readily recognised; but the GUM, my dear fellow, is the best I ever tasted.

MOTTO FOR THE NEW JAPANESE G.C.B.
—"Sic Ito ad Aquas!"



Bus Driver (to charioteer of broken-down motor-car). "I'VE BEEN TELLIN' YER ALL THE WEEK TO TAKE IT 'OME, AN' NOW YER WANTS TO, YER CAWN'T!"

AWAITING RE-DRESS.

My honourable and, allow me to add (as your great services to the land forces have earned for you the professional adjective), gallant friend, kindly permit me once more to address you. It may be within your recollection that quite recently we have had the advantage—at any rate on one side—of exchanging views on the subject of the proposed alterations in the King's uniform. The communication you were good enough to publish has caused me to be overwhelmed with correspondence, and I am now in a position (certainly as regards the Reserve Officer) to voice the wishes of the Army. Simplicity

should be the order of the day—and night. Well, now as to mess kit. Why not abolish the tawdry waistcoat and the absurd (I have thirty years' service to my credit) jacket? As a substitute, why not make a few appropriate additions to civilian evening dress? A swallow-tail coat might be made quite smart by fixing the badges of the regiment on the sides of the roll of the collar, and fixing a couple of straps bearing tokens of rank over the shoulders. Regimental buttons might be worn with the waistcoat, and red stripes tacked lightly on the trousers. The Gibus might have a badge on the crown. All these additions to be possible of removal at a moment's notice.

And, there you are—ready, aye ready—and the rest of it.

As to the uniform to be worn at the front, or even on the peaceful parade ground, there need be no trouble about that. Soldiers only want cotton and serge. The sister service can do with serge alone. So when it's "fall in," let it be in "shirt sleeves."

Yours patriotically,
A. DUGOUT, Captain.

ZUIDER-ZEELAND.

["Holland has made up its mind to dry up the Zuider Zee. The cost will be £5,000,000."—*Lancet* Hour.]

THE Zuider Zee is doomed to be

A terrain of the mainland,
The sea of DUNK, Mynheer who drunk,
Will simply be a drainland.

On south and west and east the crest
Of waves will turn to dry land,
The polder-dykes will live for bikes;
Mid cities of gone-by-land.

And railway tracks will span the cracks
Where sluices seek for outlet,
And corn will wave where once did lave
The ocean, there's no doubtlet.

On English fen the Holland men
Have left their mark unfearing,
Of work begun, of labour done,
Of noble engineering.

And shall we stand with half-held hand
To those who toil for freedom?
They call us foes! A thousand "noes!"
God speed their conquered Seadom!

LATEST FROM MONTE CARLO.

THE Earl of GOSLING left off last night with a loss of £4,500, but is still confident of success.

MR. CHICK O'LEARY BLOKE, of St. Louis, Mo., has an all-fired martingale. This evening he cabled to his native city for further supplies wherewith to carry on the warfare.

PRINCE BLITZENKOFF, the famous Russian gambler, has just arrived with a railway car full of roubles.

BARON STEINBROK, of Pomerania, tried his luck at the tables on an infallible system, and won 53 francs.

SIR GEOFFREY DUXANDRAX punted for several hours, and, after winning a handsome sum, found that the colours were against him to so great an extent that he had to borrow a few louis from his friend, the Duke of DOUBLETZRO, to enable him to leave the Principality.

THE Comtesse DE CROQUEMONTAIN, Princess GRABOLINSKA, Lady MATILDA MAINCHANCE, and the Hon. Mrs. POUCHALL, are among the most recent arrivals.

Strictly Unofficial Note by the Director of the Casino.—"If this sort of business goes on we shall have to enlarge our premises. *Mem.*: See the Prince on the subject in the morning."



HEROIC CALM.

ARTHUR. "WHAT, UNCLE, NOT STIRRING YET! I HAVE SUMMONED MY SPEARMEN. ALL IS READY FOR THE FRAY."

"RENOUNDED SALISBURY." "CAPITAL, DEAR BOY! I, TOO, HAVE SUGGESTED TO MY FELLOWS THAT THEY MIGHT TURN UP IF THEY'VE NOTHING BETTER TO DO."

The Marquis of Salisbury's communication to the members of his Party in the House of Lords.—"MY LORD,— . . . I trust that it may be consistent with your lordship's convenience to attend in your place in the House of Lords . . . in order to dispose of any business that may be brought before you . . ."

Mr. Balfour's letter to his supporters in the House.—"DEAR SIR,—Parliament . . . will be invited without delay to proceed to the consideration of public questions of the highest importance . . ."

A PING PONG PROTEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH—Much as I esteem any attempt to enliven the domestic circle, I must protest against the present plague of Ping-pong. If I remember rightly it was the Great VANCE, who some years ago chortled a ditty with a refrain:

"Ping-pong for breakfast, Ping-pong for lunch, Ping-pong for dinner and tea."

Little did that magnate of the music halls imagine that he was a prophet of future events. Let me give a fair sample of what occurred in my own household on this very day. I am a profound student of English history, and I am engaged on a work of exhaustive character, proving that we ought rightly to be in possession of France. My writing table is, or ought to be, covered with authoritative treatises on the subjects, together with my own manuscripts. This morning, on going into my study (I rise early), I found my eldest daughter, MATILDA LOUISA, engaged at this precious game with her cousin THEOBALD OCTAVIUS, on my writing table, my books and writings having been ignominiously consigned to the waste-paper basket. With ill-timed pleasantry they drove me from my sanctum, and I sought refuge in the dining-room. There I found my second and third girls, MALVINA and MARIANA, engaged on the same pastime, while my breakfast was reposing in the fender, the eggs hard-cooked, the bacon fitted for the soles of shooting boots, and the coffee wasted to the consistency of furniture polish. In the drawing-room the hideous burr of the ball was occasioned by an exciting match between my wife and her sister—ladies who, while not

acknowledging themselves to be over forty years of age, ought to know better than to be skipping about like chamois over the footstools and rugs.

Maddened, I repaired to the kitchen. There I found Mrs. GIBLET, our cook, engaged in a similar contest, but carried out with the aid of a couple of gravy spoons and a fish basket. Her opponent was the upper housemaid, GLADYS, and the score was kept by her underling, BOADICEA, while my own particular rascal, TIMOTHY, was vigorously applauding the strokes instead of brushing my overcoat and polishing my boots. They were so absorbed in their diversion that they did not perceive my entrance. Subsequently they complained to my wife (who took their part) of my intemperate language.

I fled from my domicile and spent the rest of the day at the Zoological Gar-

dens; but I was so thoroughly impregnated with the ideas of Ping-pong mania that I rushed out of the Monkey-house believing that the inmates were playing this abominable game with nuts and apples over the wire netting of their cages. I am thinking of starting for Nova Zembla, where I believe Ping-pong is unknown,

Yours
distractedly,
HORATIO QUIBBLE.

P.S.—A suggestion to the Chancellor of the Exchequer:—Couldn't Ping-pong be *heavily* taxed?

NASTURTIUM ARRIVES!

NASTURTIUM is a colt, and he has arrived. He is the property of Mr. C. WHITNEY, who is famous for having hired a horse from the Meux and won the Derby with it (so like an American!) The disembarkation of the colt was wit-

nessed by a vast crowd, "the chiefs of the railway and dock companies being in personal attendance."

A special train conveyed the specially-trained animal to Newmarket, and "Mr. HUGGINS's trusted representative, Mr. REYNOLDS, was in charge of the boxing of the son of *Watercress*." This means, of course, at least a Knighthood for Mr. REYNOLDS. Mr. WOOD, the Superintendent of the horse department of the Atlantic Transport Company, writes that *Nasturtium*, during his voyage in the *Minnehaha*, was under the charge of Mr. W. JARDINE, the horse-foreman of the ship. Coronation honours for Mr. JARDINE for a certainty! Inquirers at Newmarket have been informed that *Nasturtium* bore the voyage splendidly, and is in the best of health. Luckily *Nasturtium* is a horse, or he might have suffered terribly from *mal de mer*!



Master of Beagles. "GOOD GRACIOUS, YOU'VE SHOT THE HUNTED HARE, YOU FOOL!"
Old Stubbles. "FOOL! WHO BE THE FOOL, MAISTER? YOU BE CHASIN' 'ER ALL DAY WI' ALL THEM SPOTTED DOGS, AND AIN'T KILLED 'ER, AND I KILLS 'ER WI' ONE BARREL!"

OUR HOLMES.

"Hence! to your 'Holmes' be gone!"—*Coriolanus*, Act 1. Sc. 1.

As a somewhat *blasé* play-goer I may say it is very rare that the desire to see a piece twice is so strong within me as to be quenchable only by yielding to it, and by taking others to share my pleasure. Then there is a certain feeling of nervousness lest the great actor should be unequal and not up either to his own standard or to my report of him.

But such qualms as these need not trouble anyone who, having once seen WILLIAM GILLETTE as *Sherlock Holmes* in the capital melodrama of that name, now in the course of an immensely and deservedly successful run at the Lyceum, wishes to renew his acquaintance with the performance, freshen up his experience, and enjoy the genuine delight and excitement of his friends.

Mr. WILLIAM GILLETTE's impersonation of *Sherlock Holmes* is simply perfect: not a flaw can be detected in this highly-finished work. The scene in the "Stepney gas cellar" is as exciting as ever, and to those who argue that the three hired cut-throats would not have hesitated, but would have "rushed" *Sherlock* and settled him in less than five minutes, we would be inclined to quote the instances of the paid professional "murderers" in SHAKESPEARE's plays, among whom there is generally one with a tender conscience and, like *Macbeth* himself, "infirm of purpose," especially when confronted with a man whom each cut-throat personally regards with a kind of superstitious awe. Mr. W. L. ABINGDON's *Professor Moriarty* is a terribly haunting personality, and a better contrast to both Mr. GILLETTE's *Holmes* and Mr. ABINGDON's *Moriarty* than burly Mr. RALPH DELMORE's savage scoundrel, *James Larrabee*, it would be difficult to imagine. As *Sidney Prince*, HARRY PAULTON, Jun., does credit to his name. Miss CHARLOTTE GRANVILLE, as *Madge*, the handsome professional female partner in crime of *James Larrabee*, is another admirable performance; and Miss CLAIRE PAUNCEFORT, looking as though one powerful grasp from *James Larrabee*'s hand on her delicate throat would settle her for ever, still enlists everybody's sympathy, in spite of her harbouring a very unchristian spirit of revenge, which indeed is the chief cause of most of her suffering. That *Sherlock Holmes*, played as it is, should keep the boards for another year would be no matter to surprise us—only, when Sir HENRY returns from his present unprecedentedly successful tour, what is to become of the GILLETTE Co. that at present "holds the fort"?

A curious question. Why does Dr. A. CONAN DOYLE bestow Irish names on the murderous villains in this piece? First there is "*Professor Moriarty*," who is the very king of scoundrels. "*Larrabee*" sounds Irish, and Mr. RALPH DELMORE's pronunciation is surely Hibernian. The names of the three hired assassins "*Craigin*, *Leary* and *McTague*," are without doubt Irish, though the "Mc" smacks of Scotch. Of course, Dr. A. CONAN DOYLE is himself an Irishman, and there is the ancient proverb that "when an Irishman has to be roasted, another Irishman will always be found to turn the spit." The proof of the proverb is in this play; but let us hope it was a mere accident.

In these days, when burlesque is not regarded favourably, although not altogether considered as a lost art, a signal tribute to the exceptional success of *Sherlock Holmes* is the fairly successful attempt made at travesty in it at Terry's Theatre. One of its authors is Mr. WATSON, whom his collaborateur, Mr. LA SERRE, must often have asked, "Do you follow me, WATSON?" Miss LEE's caricature of the style and make-up of the Lyceum heroine is very good, and the same may be said of Mr. CLARENCE BLAKISTON who cleverly reproduces some of the mannerisms of Mr. GILLETTE as the great detective, but who fails in the facial make-up, which is just *à peu près*. Nothing could be better than the caricature of *Forman* by Mr. EGERTON HUBBARD; and Mr. J. WILLES,

representing the Lyceum *Professor Moriarty*, plays the part with such real burlesque humour as to atone for the dissimilarity in appearance between him and Mr. ABINGDON. The slamming of the doors, the banging on the floor, the rattling noises "heard without," the perpetual pistols of the original, are turned to good account, while very little is made out of the incident of "following the cigar." Indeed, several evident points have been lost by these burlesque-writers. With the aid of so clever a musical director as Mr. BUCCALOSSI the authors ought to have introduced some real good "numbers" and eccentric dances, without which, coming in as surprises, it is very difficult for any burlesque to achieve genuine success. What a hit might have been made by *Sherlock Holmes* revealing his knowledge of the principal villain's real character in a song commencing "*I'll sing thee songs of Larrabee!*" The burlesque is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough.

THE MEMBER'S LAMENT.

[“Mr. W. H. GREENFELL, M.P., bemoans the number of societies, clubs, regattas, associations and what not to which he is expected to subscribe. The last straw is that he has been unanimously elected President of a ping-pong club.”—*Westminster Gazette*.]

SING hey! for the cheque-book, and misery me!
And hey! well-a-day! for the ruined M.P.!

Cricket clubs, football clubs, tennis clubs, hockey clubs,
Running clubs, walking clubs, rowing clubs, jockey clubs,
Clubs by the hundred—all possible sorts
For all possible kinds of all possible sports,

Bee-keepers, cow-keepers,
Sheep-keepers, sow-keepers,
Dog-keepers, cat-keepers,
Mouse-keepers, rat-keepers

Institutes, halls, philanthropic societies,
Drunkards, abstainers, in endless varieties,

Look to me,
Their M.P.,

Who they fancy must be

A perennial source to supply L. S. D.

My secy., poor man, is becoming a wreck,
As he scribbles incessantly cheque after cheque;

Day and night,
Swift as light,
Little cheques he must write;
Night and day
Must I pay
Little fortunes away—

By every constituent reckoned fair prey.

But the worm, as one learns,
Eventually turns,

And even M.P.'s may at last

Be firm,
Like the worm,
And courageously squirm

When the limits of temper are past.

I've suffered it long,
This tyrannical wrong,

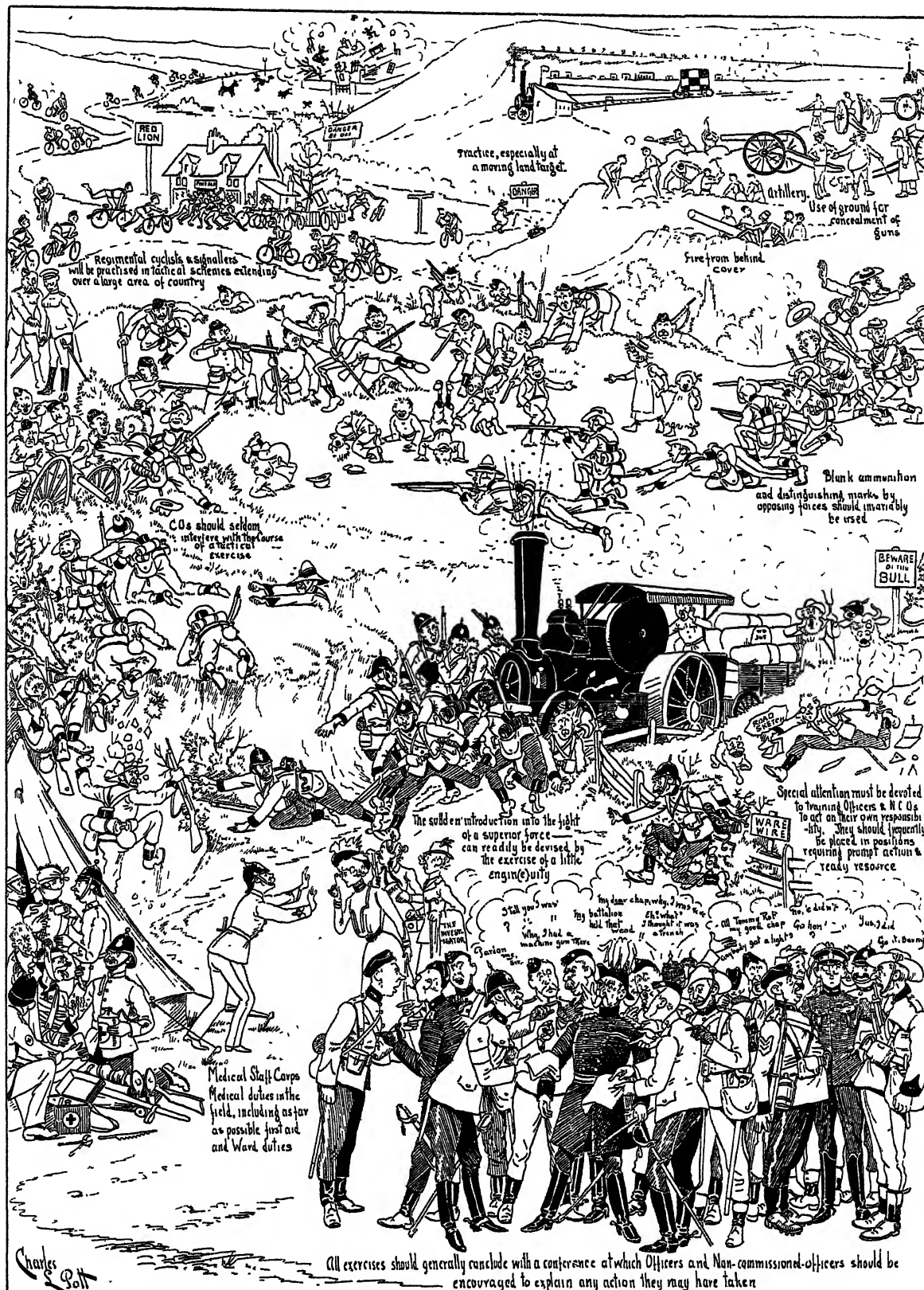
But when it comes down to confounded ping-pong

One is apt to use language too vivid and strong
For a member of Parliament's song.

DIFFICILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI.

PARTY with £200 Capital would like Assistance into Small Public-House.
Address, &c. [From "*The Scotsman*."]]

NOTICE IN THE WINDOW OF A SHREWSBURY PUBLICAN.—“On and after New Year's Day children under fourteen years of age can be supplied only in corked and sealed vessels.”



ARMY ORDERS.

SPECIAL—WAR OFFICE, NOVEMBER 27, 1901.

["VOLUNTEER REGULATIONS.—The Secretary of State has approved the following regulations respecting the condition of efficiency for Officers and Volunteers:—IX. Training and Camps."]

EMPTY AWAY.

[“A Polish nobleman recently lost a fortune of over fifty thousand pounds in less than an hour’s play at the Vienna Jockey Club. . . . A public appeal for charity on behalf of poor Viennese children resulted in the collection of a few pounds.”—*Daily Paper*.]

POVERTY stood on the pavement—

Poverty huddled in rags—

Wrung by the moan and the whimper of pain
Of the starveling that sought her dry bosom in vain;
Poverty, sodden with pitiless rain,
Froze on the flags.

Wealth through the window she saw by the blaze

Of a comforting fire;

And Poverty, hugging her perishing child,
Longed for the warmth of the faggots high piled,
Longed for the life-giving glow with a wild,
Hungry desire;

Longed that her shivering babe might be laid
In the warmth and the shelter—and Poverty prayed:

“Sister, my sister, give ear!

And listen with pity, O Wealth!

Unthinking thou flingest away in a trice
On a turn of the cards, on a cast of the dice,
On the vainest of meaningless chances the price
Of my little one’s health.

O sister, of thy superfluity give!
The power is thine—let my little one live!”

Then Wealth from her cushions of down

Uprose and looked out through the night

On the shivering wretch at the window that whined;
And Wealth, with a shudder, drew curtain and blind
To shut out the nauseous sight;

Turned with a shrug to her cards and her play,
And Poverty, weeping, slunk empty away.

“THE ISLANDERS.”

An Interview.

IN order to throw as much light as possible on Mr. KIPLING and his latest masterpiece, *Mr. Punch* sent a Special Commissioner to interview the poet’s Pegasus. The animal, a handsome well-winged specimen of his breed, was discovered in a comfortable stall close to Printing House Square. After a few preliminary snorts expressive of surprise and anger, he consented to give his opinions on the question which is agitating the public mind.

“So you’ve come about *The Islanders*?” said Pegasus. “To tell you the plain truth, I’m getting tired of *The Islanders*. The fact is, when KIPLING started on that flight he wanted to make your flesh creep. He meant to rub it into you that you’re all a wretched, imbecile, played-out set of nincompoops, and that if you didn’t take his advice you’d have to go to the knacker’s. That’s the long and short of it. But he didn’t expect all this fuss. When he’s advised you before, you’ve all been as meek as lambs, and called him ‘Poet of the British Race,’ or ‘Singer of Imperial Destinies,’ or ‘A Ringing Voice that bids Britain rouse herself from Lethargy,’ or something of that sort; and, of course, he hoped you’d say something of the same kind this time. But you haven’t. Curious thing. I can’t make it out. We took a lot of trouble about it too. When KIPLING mounted me for this turn he did it in correct military style—took a twist of the mane round his left thumb, got his left foot well home in the stirrup, right hand on cantle of saddle, got the word and sprang up erect, waited a moment and then—whiff!—over went the right leg and away we

soared. But I remember he had no end of trouble to get his right foot into the stirrup, and his rifle got mixed up with his spectacles, and, to tell you the truth, it wasn’t a very good start. We’ve done better, and,” he added in a burst of confidence, “we’ve done worse. *The Lesson* was our worst. Ha, ha!”—he laughed a horse laugh—“that was a cropper. Everybody lent a hand in dusting his coat afterwards, but it took a long time to get him tidy.”

“Do you like these military excursions?” asked Mr. *Punch*’s Man.

“Honestly, I can’t say I do. We get so entangled with ammunition carts and big guns and Yeomanry battalions that we don’t get time to think. The fact is, KIPLING wasn’t meant for this business at all. He hasn’t got a military seat, and he can’t manage a sword or a rifle. Consequence is, last time he tried the pursuing practice (he likes that because it’s all cuts and points and no guards) he took a chip out of my off ear.”

“But how do you explain that bit about ‘flannelled fools at the wicket and muddied oafs at the goal’?” said the *Punchian* representative.

“Oh, that bit,” snorted Pegasus. “That just came in, you know. He’d got stumped for a rhyme, and stumps brought up cricket, and then he filled in with football to make the line go. He wasn’t *thinking* much just then. It was inspiration that did it, and there’s nothing like inspiration for putting you in a hole. Nice cheery place England would be if we abolished cricket and football and all the other games, and did nothing all day but drill in barrack squares. KIPLING isn’t any great hand at drill himself, if it comes to that.”

“And that unfortunate line about our ‘fawning on younger nations.’ Was that inspiration?”

“Well, no. That was liver—nothing but liver. Breakfast and lunch both disagreed with him. You’ve got an idea, I suppose, that poets eat nothing but a syllabub of whipped fairy-tales. Nonsense, my dear Sir, nonsense! Why I’ve seen a poet make away at one meal with an amount of beef and Yorkshire pudding and potatoes that would have kept a navvy going for a week—ay, and plum-pudding, too, to top up with, to say nothing of beer and port-wine and Gorgonzola cheese. They’re very good doers, as a rule, but sometimes, you see, they take a bit too much, and then I get a bad time. I told him how it would be with that line about your ‘fawning’ on younger nations. ‘It’s not true, Kip,’ I said, ‘and it’s not nice, and they’ll all want to kick you for it, the younger nations just as much as the rest,’ but it was all no use. He would have it. He said he’d got to give somebody a knock, and he didn’t see why the English shouldn’t have it as well as anybody else. What can you do with a man like that? You’ve got to let him have his fling—though of course he’ll be sorry for it afterwards. And now look here. I’ve got a word or two to say to you—well, perhaps not to you so much as to some of the others. It’s their fault as much as anyone’s. They’ve all ladled out sloppy praise to KIPLING until he’s ready to burst. ‘Greatest organ voice since MILTON,’ ‘SHAKSPEARE might have been proud to welcome him at the “Mermaid.”’ ‘The embodiment of Britain’s majesty.’ ‘The authentic utterance of patriotism inspired by passion.’ That’s the sort of thing he’s been swallowing. You needn’t wonder at the poor chap getting a bit above himself—and when he’s like that I’ve got to carry him. But they never think of that, bless their souls. It’s a back-breaking job, and I don’t think I can stand it much longer. If you should happen to hear of some nice kind lady who likes writing quiet religious verse and wants a sound horse to carry her, I wish you’d recommend me. That sort of place would suit me down to the ground.” And with this *cri du cœur* Mr. KIPLING’S Pegasus declared our interview closed.

SHAKSPEARE'S ESSAYS.

[Now that Mrs. GALLUP, aided and abetted by Mr. W. H. MALLOCK, has restored to us the plays of BACON, Mr. Punch feels it to be his duty to give to the world SHAKSPEARE'S Essays. It will astonish no one who has studied Mrs. GALLUP'S conclusions to find that these essays, in parts, curiously resemble those of BACON. For if BACON wrote SHAKSPEARE'S plays, why in the name of all that is bilateral should not SHAKSPEARE have written BACON'S Essays?]

I—OF PLAYS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

He that hath composed dramas hath given hostages to fortune. For if the multitude praise him, the critical will commonly condemn. Nay, there have been that did conceal their plays, or were thought to have so done, under the style and cognizance of another, lest they be shamed. Yet was their concealment soon transpierced. Dissimulation is but a faint kind of policy or wisdom. It doth but beget in ladies from America a zeal for discovery. The which prompteth to so nice a study of texts and folios as truth (or a colourable imitation thereof) is in the end brought to light.

There be that do find the speculations of elderly ladies highly diverting. But to the author not so. An Aunt is a kind creature in itself, but it is a shrewd thing in a literary controversy. And when a lady doth set to prove that black is white it shall go hard with logical formulæ. The Grecians have a saying that SOCRATES made the worser argument appear the better. Even so doth she.

For the remedies there may be some general preservative whereof we will speak. As for the just cure, it shall be found only at Hanwell.

It may be said of such an one that he is a man unlettered, having little Latin, and of Greek no whit. How should he write plays? Whence hath he lore of law and medicine, of history and of science? But there be handbooks. And a man may learn by enquiry of another, giving to him the price of half-a-pint. So shall the dramatist acquire such matters as be necessary, as the names of battles and of Kings and an imperfect understanding of legal phrases. Moreover, where no copyright is, he may steal freely from others, appropriating their plots and embellishing them.

Yet shall the playwright, working on this fashion, fall into error so as he shall write of the sea-coast of Bohemia, Bohemia lying inland and having no sea-coast. But these things, as MACHIAVEL noteth well, ought not to be cavilled at.

Lastly, to conclude this part, as we said at the beginning, he that writeth dramas must endure with philosophy the investigations of talented ladies. Being of humble estate he



SCENE FROM THE POST OFFICE PERFORMANCE.

Abanazar (the Postmaster-General). "NEW STAMPS FOR OLD ONES!"
[The King's Head stamp introduced at the beginning of the year.]

must not murmur should his works be taken from him and given to a Lord Chancellor. Being himself sane he must bear with the lunatick fancies of others. And, though his words be twisted into crazy anagrams and his dramas be made a source of scandal about Queen ELIZABETH, he must not complain. Generally, let the wise man ignore the bee that buzzeth in another's bonnet.

II—OF CIPHERS.

A Cipher in Arithmetick is naught. Hence it is that when a theory is built up out of arrangements of italic and distinctions of type (which latter exist but in the imagination), it is called a cipher. For indeed it is nothing. As though a man from the poems of HOMERUS should by an anagram educe the dates of the Kings of England.

It hath been oftentimes debated whether it were better that a man be a worse fool than he look, or look a worse fool than he is. Certainly the choice lacks facility. So it is with ciphers. It may be doubted whether it is better they should be more idiotic than they appear or appear more idiotic than they are. For it is a ridiculous thing and fit for satire to persons of judgment to see what shifts these cipher-makers have, and what prospectives to make superficialities to seem body that hath depth and bulk.

These things are but toys, but the many will affect them. Thus the Mark of the Beast is the number 999. And it might be thought that few names would be found so as they would, when reckoned in the Grecian manner, amount to just this number. But this is not so. For ingenious reckoners, by juggling with the values of the letters, or perchance by the suppressing of a syllable, have found that JULIUS CÆSAR, General BONAPARTE, the Emperor NERO, and the late Madame BLAVATSKY do all coincide with and make up this number. And so do many others whose names need not be set down here.

Also experience sheweth that two are required to make a cipher. For if but one make it and he have no follower the world will not heed. This was made plain in a recent controversy wherein one MALLUP did very hotly defend a cipher from them that cavilled thereat. Whereupon arose one GALLOCK to support the maker of this cipher. So that the world was mightily moved by this agreement, wondering that there should be two persons under the vault of Heaven to favour such antick theorisings. Whereas the truth stands that there was but one, and his name was probably GAMALLUP.

Finally, all sane persons should eschew ciphering and such gauderies. For SENECA wisely sayeth that they in the end undermine the intellects of many commiserable persons.



"A BIT O' SHEFFIELD."

"WHER 'ST BIN, JOONIE?"

"AH BIN CONTIN ON ORS-BARCK!"

ROUND THE PRIVATE PANTOMIMES

ACCORDING to the *Liverpool Daily Post* the Marquis of ANGLESEY has been giving, in his little "Gaiety" theatre at Anglesey Castle, a Christmas pantomime, and himself took a leading part in the performance.

No doubt the example of his lordship will shortly be followed by other members of the peerage, and perhaps by well-known public men also. The female parts will possibly find, as in the days of SHAKESPEARE, male impersonators, and ere long we may be reading in our morning paper items of news on the lines of the following—

"At the Chatsworth Theatre last evening there was presented the pantomime of the *Sleeping Beauty*. The

name-part was taken by the Duke of D-I-N-SH-RE, who played as to the manner born. The Duke was in the course of the evening loudly applauded for his song "*What do I know about anyfink? Why, nufink!*"

The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe is being given during the week at the Hatfield Theatre. Needless to say the part of the *Old Woman* is taken by the Marquis of S-I-SB-RY, and concerned in the performance are also the Earl of S-LB-RNE, Lord CR NB RNE, the Brothers B-LF-R—whose graceful movements excited general admiration—and Lord H-GH C-C-L, who brought down the house with his song, "*The Higher it goes the Feuer*." The Marquis of S-I-SB-RY during the evening rendered "*Mary was a Housemaid*" in his most pleasing manner.

The Empire Theatre, Highbury, has recently been the scene of a pantomime revival of the highest artistic excellence. The story to which was given so beautiful a setting was that of *Jack the Giant Killer*. Mr J-S-PH CH-MB-RI-N's impersonation of *Jack* left nothing to be desired, he being especially good in the scene in which the giant (played by Mr P-W-LL W-LL-Ms and Mr A-ST N CH-MB-RI-N, the former standing upon the shoulders of the latter) is slain. The giant, it was noticed, wore a German uniform, this delightfully piquant idea no doubt being due to Mr CH-MB-RI-N, whose happy feeling for the appropriate is well known. Many hearts were lost to the *Fairy Queen* (played by Mr J-SSE C-LL-NGS), whose truly regal beauty enraptured everyone. Immediately upon the death of the giant, Mr CH-MB-RI-N, standing upon that unfortunate's body, sang with great expression the well-known song, "*Let 'em all come*," the whole house joining in the chorus. Mr LLOYD-GEORGE was not present.

Dick Whittington, at the Theatre Mentmore, has been drawing crowded audiences. Lord R-S-B RI, whose appearance as *Dick* was a great success, was well seconded by his Garry cat. Thunderous was the applause as *Dick*, attired as a simple rural person, is seen to turn again towards London. A new song, specially written for the Mentmore production and entitled "*The Primrose shall grow once again by the Thames*" was most kindly received.

DISTINCTION.

"HAIL! you whose honoured brow is gilt
With bays that conquerors wear!
Of what achievement or desert
The glory do you bear?"

"Has prowess in the hard-fought fight
Brought you a hero's fame?
Or have you won the strenuous right
An athlete's prize to claim?"

"Have you by intellect attained
A goal worth striving for?
Since noble triumphs may be gained
At peace, no less than war!"

"No warrior I, with martial breast
By lust of glory fired,
No student's meed did I contest
By scholar's craft acquired."

"No! but the action I have done
Earns laud of hand and lip,
Both near and far—for I have won
The Ping pong championship!"

QUERY—If "fine feathers make fine birds" (is the hypothesis admitted?), do "fine verses make fine poets," or do "fine poets make fine verses"? Solve me this problem if you can, and oblige,

A DISTICH VISITOR



His Majesty presses the button and the Parliamentary Marionettes do the rest.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday night, Jan. 16.—By simple but effective manœuvre PRINCE ARTHUR has finally forfeited the character of "a child in these matters," to which he fondly clings. House met to-day for what everyone anticipates will prove a lively Session. The Irish Members in more than usual state of ferment. Some of their brethren are (as SWIFT MACNEIL, chortling in his grief, put it) "immured in a dungeon at the behest of the CHIEF SECRETARY." One is lurking in Paris, whilst police are making healthful holiday at various southern watering places, waiting to arrest him if he crosses what the French perversely call *La Manche*.

"That," says Colonel LYNCH, "is *une autre paire de manches*."

The earliest business, after Address is voted, threatens deprivation of opportunity of combining the pleasure of degrading tone of House with the business of self-advertisement. Consequently every probability of a row on this the opening night of Session.

"What's to be done?" forlornly asked PRINCE ARTHUR's colleagues. "We can't call in the police again."

"No," said the PRINCE, firmly, "leave it to me. They must be overawed. I will call in the military."

Effect seen and felt from very opening of sitting. Irish Members looking

up beheld a gorgeous figure in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. It dazzled with scarlet, gleamed with gold; suggested the concentrated affluence and power of the British Army; was nearly as big as Army before recruited by Colonial contingents.

"What is it?" the Irish Members tremblingly asked each other.

It was the City Marshal!

PRINCE ARTHUR had caught sight of the figure during one of his ceremonial visits to the City, and with the instinct of genius perceived its uses. If the Irish Members had only known it the warrior was not armed. His brand was by his side as he strolled across the Lobby, with intent to scale the kopje overlooking the expected fray. But jealousy of the military on the part of the Commons, going back to STUART days, manifested itself. No one but Sergeant-at-Arms is permitted to cross the portals of the House bearing a lethal weapon. So, before he entered, the City Marshal was disarmed.

"Will it go off?" said the Door-keeper, vaguely, holding up the sword with look of apprehension.

"I sincerely hope not," said the City Marshal, quickly glancing round to see if there were any suspicious characters about.

PRINCE ARTHUR's strategy fully succeeded. At the onset there were indications of what might have happened in unguarded circumstances. EARL PERCY, temporarily borrowing JEMMY LOWTHER's corner seat, attempted to raise a question of Privilege case of "the gentleman who represents Galway." SWIFT MACNEILL, bubbling with surplussage of words compulsorily secreted during five months of recess, wanted to enlarge on condition of Member immured in dungeon as aforesaid. Irish Members tossed turbulently on the benches. The City Marshal coughed.

It sufficed. Turmoil, which, unrestricted, might have blazed into tumult, was stilled. What was regarded in advance as containing the possibilities of a boisterous sitting lapsed into calmness so profound that it was appropriately closed by an abstruse argument on the bearings of martial law, conducted across the Table by the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and his learned friend DON JOSÉ.

"All very well," said SWIFT MACNEILL, whose knowledge of constitutional history is extensive and peculiar; "but if we are to be overawed in this fashion we may as well have CROMWELL back."

Business done.—KING'S Speech read and Address moved.

Friday Night.—GEORGE WYNDHAM is also among the poets. Noting fidelity of a crow on the paternal demesne near Salisbury, he was moved almost to tears,

altogether to verse. Cherished through winter weather by the Chatelaine of Clouds House, when spring returned the greedy crows flew away to forage for themselves. All save one, who thus remarks:

Eat all their meal and fly away?
That well may never be.
Nay, now and on this very day
I'll build by their roof tree.

Which he does, and brings up a grateful family in close contiguity to the house of his benefactress.

The MEMBER FOR SARK suspects the CHIEF SECRETARY of harbouring an allegory. Is there in this handsome volume reference to the Third Administration of the noble MARKISS? Suspicion is strengthened by final verse of the masterpiece:

Our nest that mocks the roaring wind,
Swayed gently in its arms,
Shall comfort all his kith and kind
Against renewed alarms.
Until the storm-blast tear it down
To strew it at their door,
God send their House may win renown
And flourish evermore!

SARK insists that "the nest" is the Cabinet; that "their House" is the House of COMMONS; that the line "shall comfort all his kith and kind" (sung by the LORD CHANCELLOR), refers to family arrangements on which CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES has sharply commented. Following this clue, he recognises in the "renewed alarms" the excursions by C.-B. and LORD ROSEBERY, whilst "the storm-blast" is obviously the next general election.

This may be so. SARK sees further through a ladder than most men. I am content to say that the boldly dashed-in pictures by MRS. PERCY WYNDHAM are excellent.

Business done.—Debate on the Address. All over the shop.

"Vex not thou the Poet's mind."

I KNOW I must be wrong,
But I cannot love Ping-pong;
I cannot sing
In praise of ping;
I have no song
For pong.

MILITARY MEMS.

MY GOOD AND GALLANT SIR,—As you seem disposed to accept the opinions of a veteran who has rejoined the colours after a long spell of civilian inaction, I return to the charge. Coming back to my old work I now and again run across a comrade who was a subaltern with me thirty years ago. My friend, Captain CRUMPET (let us call him), of my old regiment the Lipton Slashers (let us call it), late 189th, met me the other day and lamented with me the disappearance of

old mess customs. For instance, after eleven it was our habit to ride into the ante-room mounted on chairs. CRUMPET tells me that the tradition is forgotten in the Slashers, and certainly when we tried to revive it on our own account we discovered that we had lost the knack. Poor CRUMPET suffers from rheumatism, and I myself find it a difficult task to jump a chair about. Thirty years ago I was barely ten stone—now I am double that weight. But if the 'regimental customs are dying out, no doubt the procedure is simpler than it was in my younger days. I remember when I was C. O. of a detachment that I once attempted to obtain a hat-brush. I found, looking through some old papers, a portion of the correspondence. Here is the fragment—

A.F. 8275.

*From Capt. A. Dugout, 189th Regt.
To P.M.O., Bannock Court.*

I consider that owing to the dust of this station it would be serviceable, to ensure a clean appearance of the company which I command, to serve out a hat brush per ten men.

*From P.M.O. to O.C.A.O.C.
re Correspondence A.F. 8275.*

Noted. But this department, although well supplied with racer brushes for 68-pounder R.M.L. guns, has nothing of the sort required in store. Will pass correspondence to D.A.A.G. North British District.

*From D.A.A.G., North British District,
to O.C.A.O.C.*

Noted for further consideration. But hat-brushes are not under the control of my department. Am sending correspondence to P.M.O.

*P.M.O., Bannock Court, to Principal
Chaplain, Bannock Court District.*

Can you do anything with this correspondence? Church parade—when the battalion should look particularly smart—is connected with your department.

*P.C. Bannock Court District to O.C.
Army Pay Department.*

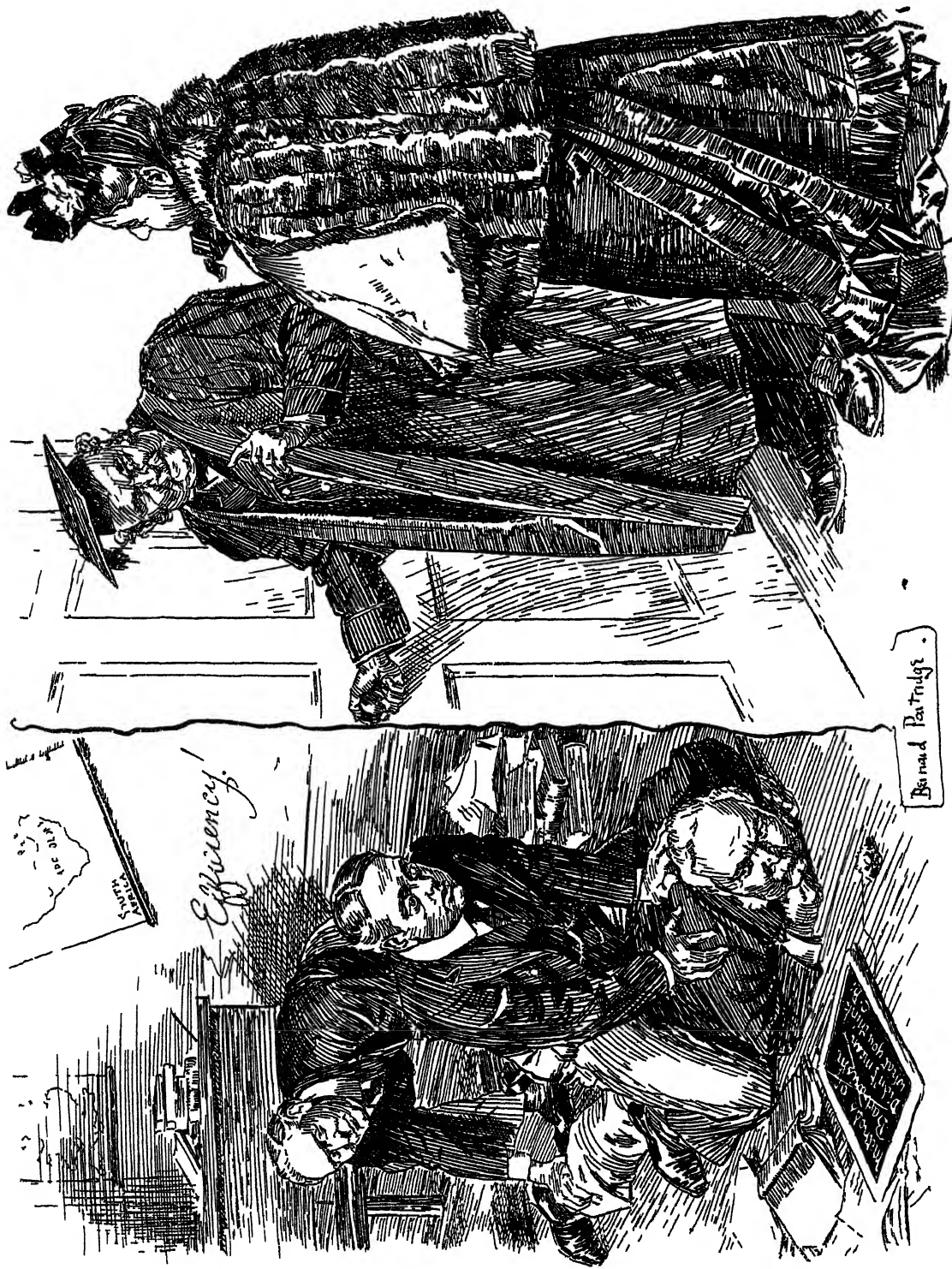
Passed for your consideration. I could have recommended hymn-books, but hat-brushes seem to be within the scope of your purview.

*O.C. Army Pay Department to
Under Secretary of State for War.*

This correspondence (re A.F. 8275) is forwarded for your decision.

And at this point the correspondence abruptly terminates, so that I am unable to say whether the hat-brushes were obtained or not. However, nowadays, of course, such a series of minutes would be impossible. Would it not?

Yours practically,
A Dugout, Captain.



A LIBERAL INTERPRETATION.

Mr. Liberal Party "I TRUST, DR. BULL, THAT MY BOYS GET ON WELL TOGETHER?"
Dr. Bull "MADAM, I HAVE IT FROM YOUR DEAR BOY, HENRY, HIMSELF, THAT THEY ARE ON TERMS OF PERFECT HARMONY."
 [See Thackeray's "Dr. Bull and his Young Friends."



Mother. "BUT, JACKY, I DON'T THINK A CLOCK-WORK ENGINE WOULD BE A GOOD TOY FOR YOU TO GIVE BABY. HE'S SUCH A LITTLE THING, HE'D ONLY BREAK IT."

Jacky. "OH, BUT, MOTHER, I'D PROMISE YOU I'D NEVER LET HIM EVEN TOUCH IT!"

THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL.

(An Interview.)

"COME in," said a voice, as Mr. Punch's Representative knocked at the door of the office wherein the newly-appointed Director of the British Empire was at work. "Come in—yes, I'm very busy. Fifteen columns of verse in hand for the *Times*, besides other things. Why, in spite of my last edict, the flannelled fools are still playing cricket in Australia, and there's positively a contest at Blackheath, I see, between fifteen English muddled oafs and fifteen Welsh ditto. Then there are the rowing men—I forgot to bring them in last time:

*'Porcine and pestilential—fleeing away from the front—
Fatuous fops at the rigger—cowardly curs in a punt.'*

"How does that strike you?" he added.

"Very fine indeed," said Mr. P.'s Representative, "but—"

"And a little later," went on the Director-General, hastily, "I fairly boil over:

*'Pallid, obscene, distasteful—will ye gather the depth afar?
Will ye harry the new potatoes where the low-swung planets are?
Will ye drive it in double harness? Will ye barter it when
it drops?'* [crops]

*Will ye proffer for mournful muffins the snickering carrot—
Pallid, obscene, distasteful—heed ye, and mark the sign!
Five and six are eleven! Seven and two are nine.'*

His interviewer gasped. "What on earth does that mean?" he inquired.

"Lots of things," replied the Director-General. "It means that there are thousands of schoolboys playing football who should be doing goose-step and extension-motions. What do they want with football? I never played football or any of those silly games in my life. When I was a boy—as you may learn from *Stalky & Co.*—I spent all my spare time in loafing and scoring off the masters. If only British youth in general had followed my example, the war would have been finished off long ago."

"Perhaps so," said the interviewer dubiously. "Of course we were unduly optimistic—and yet, wasn't there a certain poem which seemed to think that 'fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay' would be quite sufficient?"

"I have forgotten those lines," said the Director-General, hastily. "Are you sure they were not written by AUSTIN, or some such person? Besides, it's only lately that I've been quite omniscient. Now I shall show you all how the Empire should be run."

"Couldn't you make your directions a little plainer? Of course the lines *sound* very nice, but their drift is a little obscure, don't you think?"

"Of course it's obscure," said the Director-General testily, "it's *meant* to be obscure. That's my particular style—as anybody but a muddled oaf would understand. Plenty of froth and foam, and sixteen epithets in a row, and vague, big-sounding talk about the Lion, the Empire and the people, filling two columns of the *Times* in large type—that's what Britain needs to save it from destruction. And now be off, please; I must finish my next mandate to the silly-Islanders before lunch time."

THE PILGRIM BROTHER.

[A Special Imperial Commission, under Prince HENRY OF PRUSSIA, is to embark on a German liner for America in order to take possession of the Kaiser's new yacht, which will be christened by President ROOSEVELT's daughter. The famous voyage of Prince HENRY to China in the *Gefion* will be fresh in the memory.]

HENRY, We have to ask you once again
To be prepared to plough the hoary main.
Great tact is needed, you will understand,
To execute the task you take in hand ;
Nay, but for duties lying nearer home,
Ourself, in person, would defy the foam ;
But since Our throne is in too great request
We naturally choose Our Second Best,
And you, who stand in that unique position,
We now elect to run this little mission.

Last time, if you remember, when we parted
It was upon the China beat you started ;
And, spite of friction in the *Gefion's* gear,
That gallant ship arrived within the year.
Your glorious aim—to preach Our Word of Peace
And make arrangements for a longish lease
(This representing Our Imperial tax
On missionaries murdered in their tracks)—
You carried out with skill so well-advised
That We were very properly surprised
When heathen Boxers had their horrid fling
Just after you had settled everything.

The rôle for which at present you are cast
Is, strictly, not so cosmic as the last.
Your voyage—though Imperial, of course—
Cannot be reckoned as a *tour de force* ;
And, while distinct from any vulgar trip,
Hardly necessitates a fighting ship.
Still, though you do not go to claim a plot
Of Greater Germany, but just a yacht,
Infallibly this step will prove to be
A stage in Our renowned World-Policy.
Thanks to VON BULOW, everybody knows
We have no need of friends or fear of foes ;
Yet it is well to keep one kindly nation
For company in case of isolation ;
And where we cannot deign to interwed,
Much may be done by christening boats instead.

HENRY, be not annoyed because you sail
To lands that boast to have no social scale ;
For, though a free Republic rarely minces
Its elemental scorn of Dukes and Princes,
Yet great examples prove how that locality
Maintains a high impartial hospitality.
Your Royal foot will press an open shore
Where LIPTON's honoured foot has been before ;
Your path, in fact, is toward the wide-armed West
That never turned away a noble guest.
Nor need you turn homesick, in any case,
Among a (roughly) consanguineous race ;
For where an Anglo-Saxon banner flies
New Vaterlands invariably rise.

And yet We fear you may incur distress
Connected with the local comic Press ;
We apprehend the humorist may rage,
Dealing in Anti-Teuton badinage.
Now We have always cherished, need We say,
The strongest views about *lèse-majesté*,
And many a pressman We have closely mewed
For questioning Our public attitude.

But coarse reflections passed upon Our kin—
These We account an even deadlier sin.
Therefore, Our HENRY, should they treat you thus,
Tell them that they will have to deal with *Us* ;
Let but a single rude remark be dropped
And We will briefly have the christening stopped !

Brother, the weighty things that We have said
See you character in your Royal head ;
More hints We have to guide your youthful way,
But these We hold against another day. O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. CONAN DOYLE, in conjunction with his publishers, Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, has performed a timely and patriotic act. He has brought together in a handy, well-printed pamphlet a cloud of witnesses testifying to the cause and the conduct of the War in South Africa. His design is to refute, by exhibiting their utter baselessness, the persistent slanders to which the civil and military services have been subjected not only on the Continent, where the temptation is naturally irresistible, but by certain sections of our own countrymen. The task is accomplished in that judicial spirit which is essential to success. Never before has the case been put so clearly, so calmly, so briefly. It is intended to translate the masterful summary of facts into five languages, placing a copy in the hands of every deputy and every newspaper editor on the Continent and in America. My Baronite wishes CONAN DOYLE good luck in his noble enterprise.

Following up their monumental work on the *Living Races of Mankind*, Messrs. HUTCHINSON are now bringing out a similar work devoted to *The Living Animals of the World*. Volume I, just issued under the editorship of Mr. CORNISH, is unique. The letterpress is contributed by such authorities as Sir HARRY JOHNSTON, F. C. SELOUS, and LOUIS WAIN. As in its precursor the illustrations are marvellous in their variety and interest. There are nearly six hundred of them, reproduced from photographs taken on the spot. Walk up ! walk up, ladies and gentlemen ! There is, my Baronite affirms, no delusion about *this* show.

To Mr. HENRY FROWDE, of the Oxford University Press, has come the happy thought of presenting in a handy book-case the ten volumes of *British Anthologies* edited by Professor ARBER. The collection contains two thousand poems, gems of the English language, the choicest work of four hundred poets. First in the choir is CHAUCER, the last singer WORDSWORTH. Between the two lies a world of delight. The volumes, beautifully printed, neatly bound, may be had singly. Judging from his own feeling, my Baronite believes that any purchaser of one volume, illumined by whatever group of poets, will echo the artless aspiration of *Oliver Twist*, and ask for "more."

The House with the Green Shutters, by GEORGE DOUGLAS (JOHN MACQUEEN), is indeed "a novel without a heroine." There is no love-making in it from beginning to end ; no amorous swain, no trusting maiden. Not one single grand, noble, generous soul among the *dramatis personæ* ; the "dram" being, by the way, among these Scots of Barbie, the fiery liquid that stimulates the hatred felt by all the "bodies" for John Gourlay, who had despised and insulted every one of them. Frequently the dialect, to a southern Englishman, is absolutely unintelligible. Here and there, unless he be a canny Scot, the words and phrases will bother him. Skip them, and you'll be repaid. It is the work evidently of a man who knows every inch of his ground and who has closely studied the folk he so strikingly describes. Not excepting *Quilp's* treatment of his wife,

which was sufficiently revolting in all conscience, and excepting only two or three passages in ZOLA's novels, the Baron is bound to declare that seldom, if ever, has he read so repulsively powerful a piece of writing as the description of the cruel scene, in ruined John Gourlay's house, that leads up to the final catastrophe. Here, on horror's head horrors accumulate with a vengeance, calling to mind the fearful tragedy in the old, old song of "A N'orrible Tale." And it is some relief to regard it in this light, that is, by the light of an ancient comic ditty, lest the gruesomeness of the story should murder sleep. Don't read the last chapters just before going to bed, otherwise — nightmares. The Baron notices that this book is labelled on title-page, "Third impression," which may mean that it is in its third edition; but as to "impression," there can be only one that it makes on the mind of the reader, and that is of the author's undoubted power. And that this power may be speedily turned to better account is the hope of the

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE TWO VOICES AND A POSTAGE STAMP.

A STILL small voice spake to my heart,
"Behold a gem, a thing apart,
This is a miracle of art."

Then to the voice I made reply,
"Forgive me if I see not why:
Surely the neck is all awry."

The voice made answer, with a sniff,
"I drew it so: what wonder if
The necks of kings are sometimes stiff."

"Granted," I said, "and do they gaze
So very crossly all their days,
Or is this anger but a phase?"

"O fool," it answered, "'tis a frown
At being parted from his crown;
Cannot you see it won't come down?"

"Ah, then," I asked, "this cloud that
throws

Portentous shadows round the nose—
After next June that also goes?"

Then said the voice, "But look behind;
The cloud, you see, is silver-lined;
Hope for the best, and be resigned."

A WET AFTERNOON.

SCENE—A Private Box. TIME—After the First Act of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." DARBY and JOAN discovered with handkerchiefs to the front.

Joan. How sweetly pretty! "Dearest!" With her little boy sleeping on her lap! How touching! (Turning to her husband.) Why, DARBY, you have been—



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THAT CUPBOARD, CYRIL?"
"HUSH, AUNTIE! I'M PRETENDING TO BE A THIEF!"

Darby (fiercely). No, I haven't!

An Act passes.

Joan. Perfectly charming! How pretty, the little fellow winning his way into his grandfather's wicked old heart! Why, DARBY, you have been—

Darby (as before). No, I haven't!

An Act passes.

Joan. Oh, how charmingly sad! I have been crying ever since the overture! And so have you, DARBY, so have you!

Darby (fiercely). Well, what if I have!

Joan (sobbing). Never enjoyed myself more!

Darby (with difficulty suppressing deep emotion). Nor I!

[Breaks down. Exeunt.

Tarred with the same Brush.

["The discovery of SMUTS's papers goes to establish Swazi complicity."—Daily Paper.]

DE WET may scorn the Native hide,
And give it kicks and smacks,
But SMUTS has got no colour-pride—
He shares his fire with Blacks.

ARMY EXAM.—When ought soldiers to immediately go to a fancy costume ball? Why, directly they have "dressed up."



SEASONABLE PANTOMIME UPHOLSTERY.

Wife. "OH, JOHN, WHATEVER IS THE MEANING OF THIS?"

John (who has been struck by a brilliant idea on Boxing-night at the theatre). "WELL, MY DEAR, YOU WANTED A NEW DRAWING-ROOM SUITE OF FURNITURE, AND YOU KNOW YOU COULD NEVER SEE ONE PLEASANT-LOOKING ENOUGH—SO I GOT THE UPHOLSTERER TO DESIGN ONE SPECIALLY AS A SURPRISE."

THE PERFECT GUEST.

II.

THE conduct of the Perfect Guest while shooting, following hounds, card-playing, heiress-hunting, or company-promoting would require separate treatment, too severely technical for the present occasion. I will confine myself to those domestic matters which are so simple but so important in the lives of us all.

1. *Drink.* To have sufficient of this elementary necessity is most important, but, in consequence of constitutional differences, is not always easy. Your chief rule should be to keep your eye on the butler, so that your glass may always be empty when he comes round. If you neglect this precaution, you may suddenly perceive him only two places off when your glass is full and be obliged to empty it with indecorous haste, possibly spilling some of the wine or even choking. With regard to the port after dinner, if you find the supply inadequate, act as follows. Hold the empty decanter in your hand and say to your neighbour, loud enough for your host to hear, "May I fill your glass?" Then, ignoring a possible

refusal, add confusedly "Oh!" Your host will ring for a fresh supply, and the onus of requiring it will be thrown upon your neighbour. If, however, you fancy your host to be annoyed with you, say to him jocularly afterwards: "I'm afraid it was my fault we stayed so long in the dining-room, but poor old Brown does enjoy his whack so." By leaving your handkerchief in the dining-room and returning for it immediately you may sometimes secure an extra glass or liqueur before the entrance of the servants.

2. *Cigars.* You have a right to assume that your host wishes his guests to have all they want. Therefore keep your cigar-case well filled from his box, but be careful to do so unobserved, to prevent misconstruction. Then not only smoke them freely out-of-doors yourself, but offer them to your fellow guests, driving, walking home from shooting and so forth. Such a timely offer has helped many a popularity. If you wish to carry some away with you—more than your case will hold—you should keep a locked box for the purpose: merely to tie them up in paper will not defeat the curiosity of servants when they pack your things.

3. *Expeditions.* If you happen to dislike long drives to visit ruins, &c., do not assert this dislike openly. On the contrary, you should welcome the proposal with glee and discuss it ardently. Then, at the last moment, be prostrate with neuralgia, and retire to your room till the others have gone. Be as cheerful as you like when they return, but be careful to allow a strongly-repressed spasm of pain to appear now and then on your face. You will thus not only escape the expedition but have the credit of a social martyr as well. Indeed, a constitutional tendency to sudden attacks of neuralgia will be useful in many directions, if you are certain your popularity can stand it.

4. *Games.* If you dislike games, endeavour generally to let it appear that your inaction is due to self-sacrifice (that others may take your place), and not to slackness. When drawing-room games are proposed, do not discountenance them, but manœuvre for the adoption of one at which only a limited number can play, and contrive subsequently not to be of that limited number. You may even manage to be the only person not playing and so avoid conversation as well.

5. *Children.* Whenever you speak to a child of the house without witnesses, always invent a witty or quaint thing for it to have said to you in reply, and mention it afterwards to your hostess in a pause of the general conversation—the latter provision is to augment her gratification. You will be quite safe, for the child will not be expected to remember what it said. It is risky to crib these things out of books, but if you like to take your chance, and have no invention, do.

6. *Domestic quarrels.* If a painful scene should occur in your presence, always side with the lady, and if possible, convey your sympathy to her afterwards. You may look agreement with the man when alone with him, but say nothing whatever he can quote to her. He will understand that you couldn't help yourself, and she will admire your tact and candour.

7. *Books.* If a bibliophile, you should always bring a few books of your own, and leave them anywhere. Then place the books you propose to annex in your room, and the servant, remembering he unpacked some, may very likely pack them by mistake. This is unnecessary if you have a man of your own, but in that case you are probably too rich to need these hints. Don't pack them boldly for yourself: it may look odd.

8. *Breakfast.* (This should have come among the earlier and more important directions.) If possible, sit next to a man in preference to a woman: he requires no waiting on and won't talk



BEFORE THE HOCKEY MATCH.

Exulted Captain (arranging her team). "OH, AND MILLY HAD BETTER TAKE GOAL. SHE'S SILENDID AT STOPPING THE BALL WITH HER FEET!"
[Milly has since resigned her membership of our club, and the poor Captain cannot fathom the reason.]

so much. If a tea-drinker and the first arrival in the room, wait for one or two others, then move swiftly to the tea-pot and ask: "Who says tea?" Help at least two persons before yourself. It looks good-natured and the third cup is stronger than its predecessors. The Perfect Guest will, of course, avoid houses in which it is necessary to wait for the hostess before beginning. If she is there already, defer your decision between tea and coffee until the former looks as you like it.

These few suggestions are offered out of a possible multitude, but I think they cover the most serious part of the ground. A final one would be that the Perfect Guest is always, so far as anyone can see, frank, straightforward and unselfish.

THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE.

[The first meeting of the Nobel Committee of the Society of Authors, which has been formed for the purpose of recommending English candidates for the prize of some £8,000 awarded annually by the Swedish Academy at Stockholm for the most distinguished name in pure literature, was held last week. On the Committee are Lord AVEBURY, Dr. GARRETT, Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, Mr. A. C. BENSON, Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON, Mrs. JOHN RICHARD GREEN, Mr. HALDANE, K.C., and Mr. TEBING (Secretary).]

OH, Nobel Committee, I think it's a pity your number's so terribly small:

There are dozens of names of persons whose claims to be on you are patent to all!

Mr. W-R-S-N's a poet who, did you but know it, would quite have adorned the position,

While our Laureate bold, he's left out in the cold! I call that a startling omission!

Mr. H-N-L-Y, no doubt, you felt free to leave out, as he recently came such a cropper, But to leave out "A. A." in this casual way, it strikes me as almost improper!

I made up my mind I should certainly find Mr. PH-LL-PS's name was included.

When I found it was not, I said sharply, "What rot!"—and I hope that was also what you did.

Then I reckoned up those many writers of prose whose names are quite sure to be missed

When the Public finds out what you've all been about and runs its eye over the list.

Mr. B-T-H-Y, dear me! isn't mentioned, I see. His readers, I'm sure, will be furious;

And Mr. H-LL C-NE I look for in vain—which is really excessively curious.

Mr. P-M-B-R-T-N too, I don't see him, do you? Why, even the Kailyard is barren:

Though I've searched here and there I can't find anywhere Mr. CR-CK-TT or I-N M-CL-R-N.

Last of all there's an error that fills me with terror, I tremble, I quake like a jelly,

In spite of her fame I don't see the name of Stratford's Miss M-RIE C-R-L-L-I!

QUERY AND NO ANSWER.—A Cricketer writes to inquire who was the sporting poet known as "The Hat-trick Shepherd," and was he a professional?

TITLE FOR THE COURT OF CLAIMS.—The Ex-tradition Court.



Nurse. "DO YOU REMEMBER WHERE GOOD BOYS GO, MASTER LUCIEN?"

Master Lucien. "YES."

Nurse. "AND DO YOU THINK YOU'LL GO THERE IF YOU GO ON BEING NAUGHTY AND DISOBEDIENT LIKE THIS?"

Master Lucien. "OH, WELL, I'VE BEEN TO THE ZOO AN' THE PANTOMIME, AND, AFTER ALL, I CAN'T EXPECT TO GO EVERYWHERE."

LADY LAW AS IT WILL BE.

(After the admission of *She Barristers*.)

["The French lady barrister resolutely refuses to accept a brief unless absolutely convinced of the justice of her client's cause."—*Daily Paper*.]

"BUT, my dear Madam, we have carried the matter to the door of your chambers," said Mr. DODSON FOGG, the eminent solicitor, "and really the amount of costs is considerable."

"Very sorry," returned Miss BRIEF-

LESS. "I have read through the papers, and I can only say that it would have been far more satisfactory to me if I had been retained by the other side."

"But really, dear Madam, be reasonable. What is the weak point that troubles you? Perhaps we may be able to remove it."

"Impossible," replied the Fair Member of the Bar. "I have seen your client's portrait."

"Certainly, the one that was to be

exhibited for the purpose of identification."

"Precisely, and I am convinced that a man with such an expression of countenance cannot possibly be in the right. And now, my dear Sir, of course I am too pleased to see you, but——"

"Certainly, certainly!" said Mr. DODSON FOGG, bowing himself out.

"Well, Sir?" asked the Managing Clerk.

"Oh, we shall have to give the brief to Mr. METHUSELAH PARR."

"Not to Mr. BRIEFLESS, Junior, Sir?"

"Afraid he is not equal to it, although, to be sure, he is far more reasonable than his daughter."

FAIR AND FAT.

["A strange exhibition of paternal liberality to a daughter on her marriage is reported from Koniggratz. The dowry was the lady's weight in silver crowns."—*Daily Paper*.]

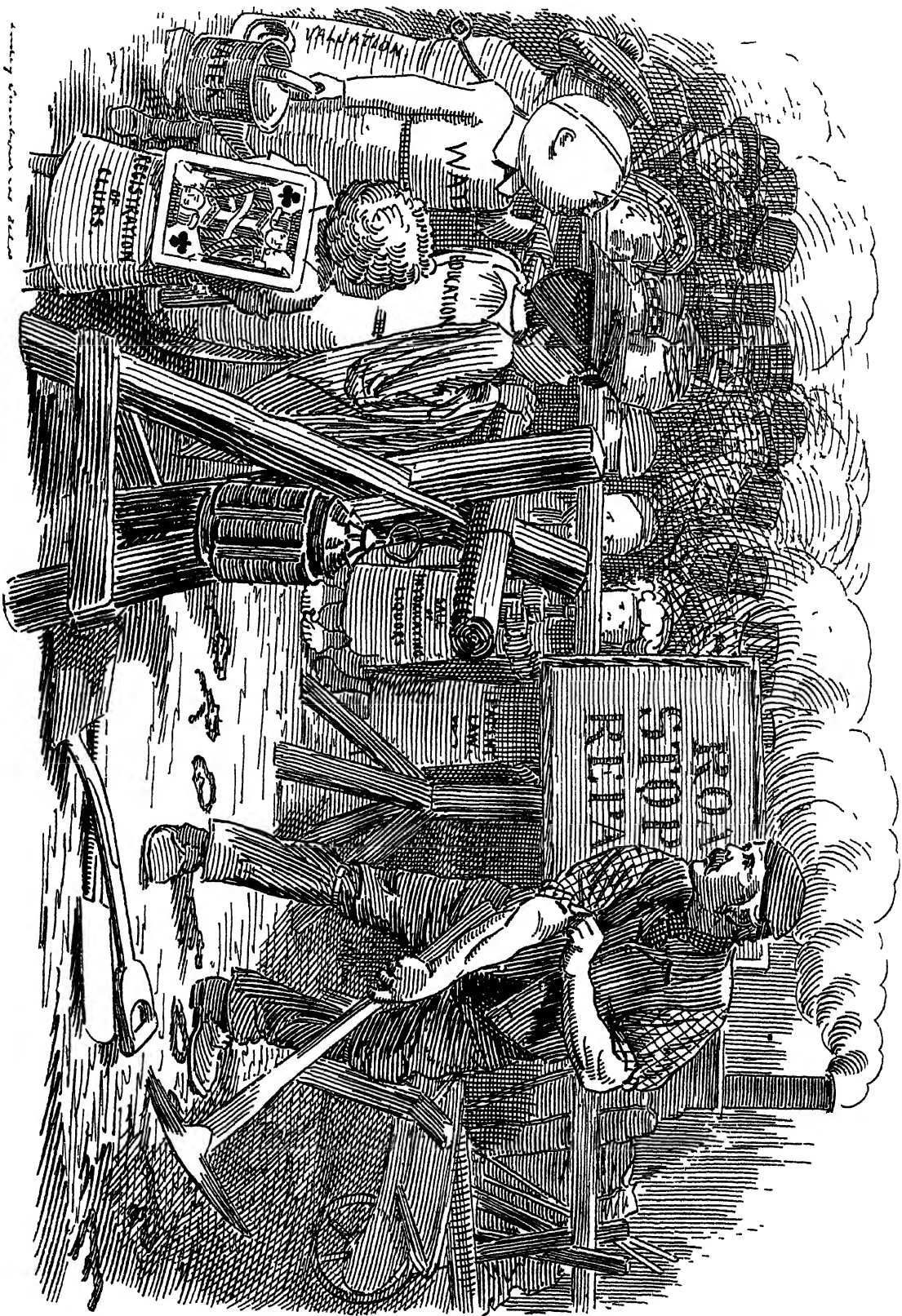
O MISTRESS mine,
Thy gentle ear
To me incline!
And prithee hear
Whilst I declare,
My Queen to-be,
What cruel care
Consumeth me,
O mistress mine,
For love of thee!

Time was my fancy fed a flame
For airy fairy LILIAN;
I thought her fitting lightning frame
One figure in a million;
I dreamt of her the livelong night,
Each day my flame grew stronger;
But now I love that glancing sprite
No longer.

For scant and scraggy seem the arms
I once called slight and slender,
And, lady, thy more weighty charms
Compel my heart's surrender.
My love is based on solid grounds:
Each ounce of flesh on thee, dear,
Is worth at least a golden pound
To me, dear.

Then sigh not, lady! rather taste
This suet dumpling; nay, dear,
Refuse it not—'twere wanton waste
To fret thy waist away, dear.
The day of wasps was long ago—
Then gorge, my fair! so shall you
With every filling morsel grow
In value.

O mistress mine!
My hopes grow bold
When I divine
Thy weight in gold;
Thy massive charms
With joy I view—
Then let these arms
Their utmost do,
O mistress mine,
To circle you!



MENDING THEIR WAYS.

THE LITTLE BUS. "PLEASE, MISTER, WHEN ARE WE GOING TO GET THROUGH?"
 ARTHUR BILLY (Workman). "NOTHING WILL PASS THIS WAY FOR WEEKS; NOT UNTIL THE ROAD IS IN ORDER!"

THE BARGAIN HUNTERS.

A TRAGI-COMEDY OF SUBURBAN LIFE.

The scene represents the exterior of a large West End drapery emporium which, at the present time of 9.25 A.M. is plentifully embellished with labels bearing such alluring announcements as "Gigantic Sale Now Proceeding," "Heart-rending Sacrifices," "Leviathan Bargains," "Stock-taking Sale," and other mottoes calculated to cheer the feminine heart and to make water the rosebud mouth. The three main doors of the establishment are thronged about by a restless crowd of women in all the advanced stages of expectancy and excitement. As the crucial hour of 9.30 approaches, when the great "sacrifices" are to be offered up for "absolutely less than cost price," the crowds grow and widen, extending outwards in ever-swaying queues over pavement and curb into the road itself. There is a tense, tight-lipped determination on the pale, drawn faces turned so anxiously towards the doors. As the clock strikes the half-hour these are flung apart by tall, liveried janitors and three overwhelming torrents of womanhood flood the building. Stifled cries of, "Don't push, please!" "And you call yourself a lady!" "You're on my dress!" "Oh! my umbrella!" "Mind you don't get your purse snatched!" occur concurrently. As the last bargain-hunter disappears through the doorway the scene is plunged in darkness. When the lights go up again the interior is represented. The long counters, behind which anæmic saleswomen loll in easy attitudes of independence, are loaded with "sacrifices" and "remnants"; before them are hot, excited, struggling women pulling the remnants towards them, tossing them here and there, with an earnest, business-like enthusiasm.

Tall Lady (to a shrivelled-up, hard-featured girl, standing apart biting her lips). What a remarkable coincidence! We met here at the last sale. (The hard-featured girl smiles bitterly.) Have you found anything?

H.-f. Girl (with a gesture of impatience). I've had both feet crushed, and my umbrella broken. I've lost my handkerchief and most of my hair-pins.

Tall Lady (who feels she must appear sympathetic). How annoying! Which way did you come in?

H.-f. Girl. Oxford Street entrance. As soon as the doors were opened I was lifted off my feet and forced in on the points of two dozen of the boniest



AT THE TOWER.

Papa. "NOW, ELSIE, WE HAVE SEEN EVERYTHING—THE CROWN JEWELS, THE GUNS AND THE ARMOUR—AND I THINK WE HAD BETTER START FOR HOME."

Elsie (with possible reminiscence of visit to the Zoo). "OH BUT, PAPA, WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE BEEF-EATERS FED!"

elbows in London. As soon as I found my feet somebody stepped on them. I am quite faint with the pain. I had to hurry away without breakfast; all the way from Peckham, too.

Tall Lady (pulling out the sympathetic stop again). How annoying. Is there anything I can get for you? I'm looking round.

H.-f. Girl (acidly). No, thank you. I never buy anything. I only come for ideas.

[A smile evanesces from the features of the Tall Lady as she goes off.]

A short, over-dressed, florid lady, emerging from a stock of greatly reduced blouses, pants forth her remarks to a dull, solid girl near by.

Florid Lady (as she picks up a flowery garment). Now this one, JULIA!

Julia (with superior contempt). Oh! I don't like it. Too showy. They'll take me for an actress.

F. Lady (picking up another). Well, this one.

Julia (with superlative contempt). I should look a sight in it.

F. Lady. But it's so cheap. And looks so good. It's a positive shame to let it go.

Saleswoman (with lofty disdain). Please don't finger it if you are not going to purchase it.

Julia. It's ridiculous, mother. You know how I detest blue. You seem bent on picking out all the colours that don't suit me. Anything that would make me look hideous you take a violent fancy to.

F. Lady. Nonsense, dear; but, you know, your taste is so dreadful.

Julia (still with scorn). Umph! I wish the people wouldn't push so. (The Florid Lady extracts another blouse from a basket and holds it up.) Oh! how ghastly! Really, mother, your taste is atrocious. Look at the lace, it's faded. (Languidly picking up one which another lady is struggling to reach.) There, this is pretty, mother.

F. Lady (assuming an expression of

great agony). Oh! JULIA, a perfectly wicked design.

Julia (stubbornly). Nonsense, mother. It looks worth three times the money. I always look well in brown. I shall wear it at the McCoy's on Friday.

F. Lady (with the caution of fifty years). Take it to the light, dear.

[JULIA does so. To her horror and consternation she encounters Mrs. McCoy examining a similar blouse. Each sheds a sickly disappointed smile in lieu of friendly greeting.]

Julia (to herself). Just my luck. Knocks the bargain on the head. All through mother's fussing. Heaven only knows what I shall wear after dinner on Friday.

Mrs. McCoy (to herself). How vexing. This blouse is out of the question. I shall have to wear my old blue and white when she comes.

Julia. Really, these sales get more and more disappointing. Does anyone find anything worth buying?

Mrs. Mc. (sweetly). I don't know. I never do. It's absurd coming.

[They depart severally and hurriedly.]

A Pretty Widow (with a mechanical smile in good working order, to a handsome lady in furs). Look here, CYNTHIA, just the thing for my old Aunt LINGFIELD. Isn't it absurdly cheap? Such a dear simple old creature, she will think the world of it. I didn't mean to give her a birthday present, but really this is so cheap. . . . [Laughs.]

Handsome Lady. Look, who is coming, Laura!

[A little bustling woman overladen with unwieldy parcels and towing along a vacuous, straight-haired child, propels herself forward like a jerky river tug.]

Bustling Woman. How do you do? We are in search of coats and skirts. EMMELINE goes back to school on Thursday, and she positively hasn't a thing to wear. We've been "saling" all the week, and I feel I haven't an ounce of flesh on my bones. We mustn't stay. We've to go to JONES's boot sale, and to EAGLE AND EDMUNDS. I'm sure our husbands and men folk who play at being busy in the city (with a smirk mechanically responded to by the Pretty Widow) little dream of the amount of hard labour we have to go through to keep our families decently clothed. And the economy that has to be practised. I'm sure, with my six girls. . . . But it's the women who have the business heads nowadays—not the men. Come, dearest!

[Bustles spasmodically away with her cargo, still talking.]

A tall lady is trying on a serge jacket and viewing herself in a cheval glass. A very stout lady, seeing a fawn coat lying on a chair, suddenly pounces on it and half struggles into it. Three other ladies watch the experiment with envious interest.

Saleswoman (without a smile). Perhaps if you put down your umbrella,

Madam, it might be easier to try it on. [The stout lady does so and pulls on the coat.]

Stout Lady (breathlessly). How—does it—do?

Saleswoman. The style is very smart, Madam, but I'm afraid it is a little too small.

[The faces of the three ladies perceptibly brighten. With great difficulty the coat is drawn off.]

Second Lady (eagerly). I should like to try it on.

First Lady (with strained politeness). I think I was here first.

Third Lady (mildly expostulating). Excuse me, but this lady (indicating the stout one) promised me I should try it on after her.

Second Lady. Oh, but she has no right to promise. . . .

[The three ladies voice their claims with increasing emphasis and vigour. Each pulls at a corner of the coat while the distressed saleswoman tries to preserve it from being torn to shreds. Eventually she succeeds in rescuing it, and is about to decide the case Solomon-wise when the Tall Lady interposes.]

Tall Lady (with a frigid glance at the dissentient trio). Thank you! I think I had better put on my coat before it is torn to pieces!

[Is assisted into it and walks away with chilling dignity amid the chagrin and astonishment of the others.]

VELOCIPEDESTRIANISTICALISTURIANOLOGIST.

["Mr. DANE, one of the pioneers in bicycle trick-riding, has recently died at Chicago. He was known as the Champion Velocipedestrianisticalisturianologist."—Daily Paper.]

O LIST while I sing
Quite a short little thing
Of him who was known as the champion king
Velocipedestrianisticalist-
(Here I pause to take breath) -urianologist.

There are who may possibly think it absurd
To use such a sesquipedalian word,
But a word of six feet is *par excellence* meet
For such a performer of feats with his feet.

Perhaps it is not very easily seen
What some of these curious syllables mean;

But, whatever they be,
You will doubtless agree
With him and with me
That no rival has he
As a ve-
locipe-

(You had best take a rest ere you finish it) -dest-
rianist-
icalist-
urianologist.

A THING THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN PUT DIFFERENTLY.—The Observer says:—

"We regret to announce that Mr. HORACE G. BOWEN has retired from the chief cashiership of the Bank of England, and has been succeeded by his deputy, Mr. JOHN GORDON NAIRNE."

But why this further regret? According to common testimony the appointment of Mr. NAIRNE to the honourable post vacated by Mr. BOWEN is an excellent one.

"POPULAR REPRESENTATION."—Mr. HENRY KIMBER, M.P., who wrote on this subject in the *Times* some time since, now publishes a leaflet. Strange that he should entirely overlook the fact that the most notable instances at this moment of "Popular Representation" in London are Mr. DAN LENO's *Sister Anne* and Mr. GILLETTE's *Sherlock Holmes*.

A LITTLE MIXED.—REDMOND Cadet and MICHAEL ANGELO JOSEPH FLAVIN, the rival "bull"-breeders of the House of Commons, must look to their laurels. Here is the financial editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, discussing certain Budget proposals: "We hope against hope that some of the seed sown by Sir ROBERT GIFFEN may not fall on deaf ears." Since Viscount CROSS during debate in the House of Commons "heard a smile," there has been nothing to beat this.

CABLE FROM R. K.—"Flannelled Fools a slip. No Point."

NEW MOTTO FOR A DISTINGUISHED BATTERY OF R.H.A. (just back from the front).—"Take your Q from us."

INSTANS SENECTA.

DEAR JACK, what's this? My word upon it,
A bee is buzzing in your bonnet
These solemn words, precise and slow,
Are not the little lad I know,
So young, so cheerfully addressed
To frolic fun and laughing jest;
So careless what the days may bring,
If but himself may have his fling;
So apt to pour his scorn on those
Who ponderously prate and prose
Of age that weighs and care that clings,
And all the other hateful things
That mar the brow and bend the back
Of some—but never come to JACK.

How is it, JACK, that you resent
My little birthday compliment?
"At twenty-five," you write, "a man
Forgets his birthdays if he can.
With twice twelve years all stowed behind him,
It's hardly tactful to remind him
That, lo! a twenty-fifth is gone,
And still old Time keeps pegging on.
Once, long ago, I looked on birthdays
As unalloyed delightful mirth-days.
The candles on the cake, that mark
One's score of years, seemed just a lark.
Would that they had remained the same—
But every year another came;
And still, while swift my youth was going,
The hateful number kept a-growing,
Until—I heard the cook declare it—
No merely mortal cake would bear it.
That stamped me old; so spare me, pray,
Allusions to my natal day."

Poor JACK! But, ah, I can remember
When life to me seemed all December.
There shone no sun to make me warm,
But all was cloud and gathering storm,
A bleak grey sky, a prospect drear,
And over all a voice rang clear
Through wind and rain and sleet and snow:—
"Gone is your youth, gone long ago!"
It was, as I recall, the time
When life was flushing in its prime.
Cambridge had done with me, no doubt,
But then she had not flung me out:
Degreed I left her—'tis no rare case;
Another's name was on my staircase;
And in my comfortable room
Another dwelt, and heard the broom
And all the matutinal stir
Of Mrs. J., the bedmaker.
To him henceforth she would devote
Her widow's cruse of anecdote,
And use for him, but not for me,
A tongue that wagged incessantly.
In short I was a fresh B.A.,
And should have been, but wasn't, gay.
Plunged into London's flooded stream
I felt that I had dreamed my dream.
To gloom and fancied age I clung—
And yet I was superbly young.

And now, good lack, it makes me smile
To hear you use my ancient style.
Heaven help you, JACK, your clear blue eye
Gives all such fancy-talk the lie.



LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

Pat. "I'VE JUST HEARD THAT MY WOIFE'S VERY ILL, SORR, AN I THINK I'D BETTER BE GOING HOME."

Employer (doubting him). "WHY, PAT, I MET A MAN TO-DA WHO TOLD ME YOUR WIFE WAS WELL."

Pat (anxious to score). "SURE, THEN, I'VE GOT NO WOIFE AT ALL SORR. SO WE MUST BOTH BE LIARS!"

Go to, 'tis but a waking pain;
You'll fall asleep and dream again,
And (in your dreams) you'll wander free
Through life and all its pageantry,
And follow still the fleeting glory
Until—but that's another story.
And now, if you'll withhold your stricture,
I'll dip my brush and paint a picture;
So, JACK, attend, and try to suit your
Imagination to the future.
Double your years—that makes 'em fifty—
Behold a housewife neat and thrifty—
She knows his tempers through and through—
Stands by her portly man—that's you.
Your little girls, two dainty trippers,
Bring you their gifts of socks and slippers.
Your boy—he stroked his College boat
And hopes to wear your old blue coat—
Forbears awhile your education,
And offers his congratulation,
And hints, at ease, the cool young sinner,
At birthday fare and fizz for dinner!
And you, I fancy, seem to find
A birthday fairly to your mind.
You chaff the lad, and lightly touch
On boys who seem to know too much
"A youth to-day," you'll laugh, "is rather
More aged than his ancient father.
And, oh, forgive me, but—ahem!—
Those Cambridge bills, Sir—what of them?"

So, JACK, repent: why, man alive,
You've just begun at twenty-five!

MARCONIGRAMS.

I.

Some possible Extracts from the "Times" a year hence.

... "A CROWDED and enthusiastic meeting which served once more to demonstrate the unanimity of public feeling on our South African policy. The chief speaker of the evening had a magnificent reception, and, amid the perfunctory applause of a few hirelings, repeated some of those fatuous ineptitudes which represent his stock of political wisdom. A more complete fiasco cannot be imagined, nor one more likely to dishearten everyone who took part in a demonstration which, from start to finish, was a brilliant and unqualified success. Having pulverised the arguments of his opponents, he failed utterly to refute that exposure of his folly which his opponents have made many times over. With his closing remarks—the words of an unselfish patriot and a blatantly conceited Jingo—our readers will concur most heartily, feeling that they attain to a depth of idiocy which even this speaker has not previously compassed, honourable and meritorious as his lengthy career has been."

[*Editorial Note.*—The account of this meeting at Birmingham was transmitted to us by wireless telegraph. Unfortunately, a portion of the report intended for the *Daily News* seems to have been tapped by our receiver, and time does not permit us to disentangle the two versions.]

II.

(From the Berlin Correspondent.)

"The importance of a pronouncement made yesterday by the German Emperor cannot be exaggerated. Indeed, the diplomats with whom I have discussed it are unanimous in the belief that it will gravely affect the course of European politics for many years to come. But, without further preamble, I will give you the Emperor's exact words. Addressing the Chancellor in a voice which trembled with emotion, he said —"

[*Editorial Note.*—By a vexatious accident, the rest of our correspondent's message has not reached us. At the moment of its transmission a French battleship, fitted with the MARCONI apparatus, was lying in the Channel, and contrived to intercept the remainder of the telegram.]

III.

(A Letter to the Editor.)

"SIR,—It is high time that steps were taken to check the scandalous misuse of our telegraphic system. This morning I despatched a wireless of great importance to a friend, asking him to meet



Mistress (to New Maid). "WELL, MARY, I'VE TRIED TO APPORTION YOUR DIFFERENT DUTIES FOR EACH DAY IN THE WEEK, SO THAT YOU MAY HAVE VARIETY IN YOUR WORK. YOU'VE BEEN HERE A MONTH NOW. JUST TELL ME WHICH DAY YOU LIKE BEST?"

Maid. "PLEASE, MUM, MY DAY OUT!"

me at one o'clock. For two hours, Sir, I waited at the receiving instrument for a reply, within which time the following messages arrived:

'Send me £500 at once, and buy Otaheites—SHARPEY, outside broker.'

'Have you a furry tongue? Take Pepper's Perfectly Painless Pilules!'

'Jones and Robinson's sale now on. Jones and Robinson. Great bargains in all departments. Don't forget the name. Jones and Robinson.'

'Your life is in danger! Run! All is known! Only one thing can save you—reading *Noodleby's Nightcap*, the most brilliant and sensational novel of the season.'

"At great expense, Sir, I have had a pole 250 feet high erected on the top of my own house in order to receive telegrams expeditiously. And whenever I go to the instrument I am bombarded with these abominable advertisements!"

"Yours &c., INDIGNANT."

IV.

(General News.)

We understand that a letter has been sent by the Postmaster-General to Mr. MARCONI (at present in Newfoundland) inviting him to suggest certain improvements in his system, recently purchased by the Government at a cost of five millions.

The following reply has been received (by wireless telegraph) "s-s-s-s."

COMMERCIAL "INTELLIGENCE."—"Coats" were in request, and the price went to 84s., but when what was believed to be a bear was covered, the quotation slipped back to 81s. 9d."—*Glasgow Herald.*

MOTTO FOR A BAZAAR IN AID OF MILITARY FUNDS.—"Oh, the wild charge they made!"



AT A FANCY BALL.

She. "WHAT ARE YOU?"

He. "I'M AN EXECUTIONER, HENRY THE EIGHTH PERIOD. WHAT DO YOU REPRESENT?"

She. "I'M ANNE BOLEYN."

He. "WELL, LET'S GO DOWN TO SUPPER."

"O QU'IL EST BEAU!"

The Last of the Dandies has achieved a run that only a popular management, lavishing money on the artistic production of this piece, and supported by a first-rate company, could possibly have given it. A poor drama whose poverty is rendered all the more conspicuous by the perfection of the acting. Mr. CLYDE FRIZZ's play will be memorable on account of the perfect presentment of the character of *Count d'Orsay* by Mr. BEER-SOMER TREE, of the charm and grace of Miss LARA HAMPTON as the lovely *Lady Beesington*, the tenderness of Miss KATE

RORKE in the difficult, unsympathetic part of *Lady Summershire*, and for the manly bearing of Mr. H. B. WARNER as *Lord Raoul Ardale*.

The scene on the Thames at or about Twickenham, with real Thames water, real boats, real rowing, and real danger to everyone on the stage of missing a footing on landing, or of upsetting a skiff, is something to be remembered and wondered at. It is the prettiest scenic show in London. Such excellent acting has, ere now, prolonged the life of not a few pieces neither better nor worse than this. But one great point has been entirely lost sight of by the author, and

has escaped the actor, which is, as CHARLES MATHEWS writes of Count D'ORSAY about this period, that his pronunciation of English was peculiar. He spoke it as a foreigner, but he had never mastered it; he preferred his native tongue, and avoided writing letters in English. CHARLES MATHEWS says in Vol. I., p. 129, of his memoirs: "I tell him that if you were to hear him speak English—which he does in the prettiest manner—that you could not refrain from kissing him." On second thoughts, though, had Mr. TREE exactly reproduced the Count's way of speaking English the effect might have been demoralising. So 'tis better left as it is. In another week's time the Dandy of the Early Victorian period is to give place to the—ahem!—"Beau" of Ulysses.

THE BOOK-HUNTER.

["The Westminster City Council has decided to fight to the finish the secondhand bookseller of Charing Cross Road"—*Daily Paper*.]

How often would he linger,
How long and dimly peer,
And turn with dingy finger
The volumes brown and dear;
Or scan each dusty cover,
Intent as any lover,
Still hoping to discover
Aldine and Elzevir.

But of those classic closes
Once haunted what remains?
Where are last summer's roses?
Where are last winter's rains?
No longer may he sally
At early dawn to dally
Along that shady alley
Beside St. Clement Danes.

So, turning westward slowly,
Reluctant he withdrew,
These wells of learning holy
He bade a long adieu;
And to thy road repairing,
O famous Cross of Charing,
He took his daily airing
In fields and pastures new.

But scarce, amid the setting
Of novel sights and sounds,
Had he begun forgetting
His happy hunting-grounds
When Jack-in-office spied him,
And, bustling up beside him,
Importantly denied him
A place within his bounds.

And now his trousers baggy,
His coat of fashion queer,
His grizzled locks and shaggy
No more shall linger here;
He'll pass no longer creaking,
With uppers cracked and leaking
Still seeking, seeking, seeking
Aldine and Elzevir.



A SUGGESTION BY OUR NERVOUS CONTRIBUTOR, WHO IS CONVINCED THAT, IF HIS IDEA WERE PROPERLY CARRIED OUT, THE PLEASURE OF HUNTING WOULD BE IMMENSELY INCREASED.

CRUMBS OF PITY.

KEEN is the morning, keen and bright,
And all the lawn with frost is white;
In every bush, in every tree,
The birds sit watching warily.
Now out, now in, they hop and peer,
And cock their cunning heads to hear
The chirping of a childish voice:
They know it well, and they rejoice
When, resolutely stepping, comes,
To scatter here her gift of crumbs,
Her round face topped with shining curls,
My little laughing girl of girls.
And, O ye soft and feathered things,
Redbreasts who fit on fearless wings,
Familiar, friendly, boldly shy,
Birds of the liquid, trustful eye;
Ye sparrows chattering o'er your food,
Linnets, and all the pretty brood
Of finches, blackbirds yellow-billed,
And thrushes with your music stilled—
Since winter's icy breath makes mute
The swelling ripple of your flute;
Ye, too, ye sable-suited rooks,
Timid for all your threatening looks,
Who in solemnity survey
Your twittering colleagues at their play,
Where on the poplar's top you swing,
And desperately claw and cling,
Then, when each bird has pecked its last,
And all the fluttering rout is past,
And all the chirpings duly dumb,
Swoop down, but rarely find a crumb;—

All ye, whose hungry bills are fed
By Helen's daily doles of bread,
Be not afraid, be not afraid
To gather round my rosy maid.
Oh, give a kindly thought to her,
Your little friend and minister;
And, as you watch her, pass the word—
"She's but a plump unfeathered bird."
So when the day is done, and night
Sets all the twinkling stars alight,
You'll breathe a bird-wish, as you sleep,
That One who guards the birds may keep
Cosy and safe from every ill,
From winds that bite and frosts that chill,
And through the night's long hours defend
The birds' unfeathered little friend.

Ye sportive mice that swiftly go
Behind the wainscot to and fro,
And sometimes to your outlets creep
And half pop out and take a peep,
Alert, but ready to retreat
Into a world where cheese smells sweet—
Ye quivering, twisting specks of fur
With whisking tails and ears astir,
We do not grudge you of our store:
A little less, a little more,
It matters not, so nibble on
In peace, then like a flash begone.
I cannot bear to bar the house
To here and there a tiny mouse.
And Helen, if she marks at all
Your scamperings from wall to wall,
Will smile to hear you frisk and run:—
"It's mousies, Daddy, having fun."

So, Helen, ere at eve you steep
 Your busy baby-brain in sleep,
 Your mother takes you on her knee
 And whispers to you tenderly.
 You watch her lips, you clasp her hand,
 And, though you may not understand
 Each word she says or all that's meant,
 You listen and you purr assent.
 And it may chance that, on a day
 Far hence, to this your thoughts will stray,
 And in a dream you'll seem to hear
 The words with all their meaning clear:
 Ah, then you'll recollect and know
 What the dear voice said long ago:—
 "My sweet, be sure no gentle thought
 That from God's love a ray has caught,
 No tender childish pity spent
 On creatures meek and innocent,
 No mercy for their lowly lot
 Is ever wasted or forgot.
 God, who gave children pity, heeds
 Such loving thoughts, such gentle deeds:
 He sets them, gold and clustering gems,
 On angels' brows as diadems,
 And looks Himself in pity mild
 On bird and mouse and little child." R. C. L.

"HOW I DOTE ON THE MILLINERY!"

(Which title is a very free rendering of the celebrated chanson of the Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein, "Ah! que j'aime les militaires!")

"It is now some forty years ago," as any leading actor in an old-world drama used to say when communicating to his stage-companion, and to the audience, the story of his life, "It is now some forty years ago" since JOHN OXENFORD, author of many excellent pieces, wrote a play, adapted from the French of Messrs. SCRIBE and LEGOUVÉ's *Les Doigts de Fée*, entitled *The World of Fashion*. It was written for Miss AMY SEDGWICK, and was produced in 1862 at the Olympic. The characters, place and time, remained French. Mr. GRUNDY has taken the same original and made them all English; the time is the present day; and London in 1902 is substituted for Paris in the early part of the nineteenth century. The stuttering character, *Monsieur de Pontalec*, then played by Mr. HENRY NEVILLE, has become *Sir Richard Kettle, Bart.*, with a variation of the original impediment in his speech, and is now capably played by Mr. CYRIL MAUDE. In fact, *Frocks and Frills*, as Mr. GRUNDY calls the piece, is simply a very old friend with a new dress, or rather with an entirely new set of costumes. Each act, according to the plain statement on the programme, is a dramatic advertisement for some well-known fashionable dressmaker, and the actresses appear as animated figures in coloured fashion-plates. For a comedy offering such rare opportunities immortality is secured, as after each run it can be laid up in lavender for another forty years, and then be brought out fresh as the *Sleeping Beauty* awakened, with new costumes up to the date of the day, new scenery (ditto), with dialogue amended, and so polished up and modernised as to suit the time and the re-christened characters by whom it has to be spoken.

O fortunate puer Sydney Grundy! As here played every character is acted for all it is worth (with the emphasis on the "Worth"), and more. The exhibition of "frocks" sends "frills of pleasure" through the female "bodies" present.

As *Sir Richard Kettle, Bart.*, Mr. CYRIL MAUDE has fitted himself with an eccentric character, which might be to *Frocks*

and *Frills* what Lord Dundreary was to that commonplace play *Our American Cousin*.

Then, as the elegant feather-brained woman of fashion, *Lady Pomeroy*, whose one idea is "dress," Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS, with her irresistibly idiotic laugh and her irritatingly rapid chattering, is admirably natural.

Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT is delicious as the dowdy dowager *Lady Athelstan*, who, like her shifty, crafty and Pecksniffian son, *Earl Athelstan* (cleverly played by Mr. ERIC LEWIS), while proud of her descent from somebody who came over with the Conqueror, is quite willing to descend to very questionable methods of raising "the needful."

Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH's amatory nobleman, the *Duke of Ilminster*, is a carefully studied rendering of a very difficult part. In *The World of Fashion* he was a "young duke," but Mr. GRUNDY's gay ducal dog is apparently about forty. He is a gentleman of ordinary man-about-town immorality, who thoroughly "knows the ropes," and yet, falling in love at first sight, he offers his hand and ducal coronet to a young person whom he has once accidentally encountered in a railway carriage, and of whose name and circumstances he is entirely ignorant until he suddenly discovers that she is the manageress and proprietress of a fashionable dress-making establishment. What is to be done with such an improbable individual as this? Not even Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH's rendering can make the character convincing.

Miss GRACE LANE plays with force and distinction as the spirited heroine *Olive*, a most "sweet *Olive*" (though why she should make a mystery about her love for Noel, Viscount Doughton, capably impersonated by Mr. HERBERT SLEATH, will be a recurring problem as often as ever the piece be revived), reminding me occasionally of Mrs. KENDAL (and an excellent model, too) in what is technically termed her "method"; and the *ingénue* of the piece finds a charming representative in Miss MURIEL BEAUMONT. Clever Miss LOTTIE VENNE's *Mrs. Martinez* gives us a perfect type of a vulgarity which was not so much *en évidence* in 1862 as it is nowadays.

How it came about that *The World of Fashion* should seek re-dress at the hands of Mr. GRUNDY, or of any other author, at the present day, is no affair of mine: it seems to have been "a happy thought," judging by present results. It is a comedy of costume and character, of new costumes and old characters, and as the costumes have been, and the characters are, in the hands of first-rate artists, the success of the piece is already assured.

A COCKNEY CRY.

["There will be no penny steamers on the Thames this season."
Daily Paper.]

Them boats is orf, MARIER—yus, it's orf too bloomin' true,
 An' we shan't go a-picnickin' nex' summer, me an' you,
 Ter eat our shrimps at Greenwich an' our creases up at
 Kew—

Them boats is orf, MARIER!

Wot fun we 'ad togevvver! 'Ow yer sniffed the river breeze,
 An' 'ow yer stared, MARIER, when yer fust saw grass an'
 trees!

But this year not a blide o' grass nor yet a leaf we sees—
 Them boats is orf, MARIER!

No! no more 'appy outin's! If an 'ollerdy should come,
 Yer'll 'ave ter sty at 'ome, ole gal, an' stick it in the
 slum;
 Instead o' smellin' flowers yer'll 'ave the usual drines an'
 rum—

Them boats is orf, MARIER!

THE VEXED TELEPHONE QUESTION.—"Are you there?"



CLIPPING HIM CLOSE.

H-cks-B-ck (shearer, to Br-dr-ck). 'I'VE GOT A GOOD DEAL OFF HIM ALREADY, BUT I'LL HAVE TO GO OVER HIM AGAIN.'

MR. CROKER'S FAREWELL.

["The admirers of Mr. CROKER, the late "Boss" of Tammany, have presented him with some massive silver plate in recognition of his services during the late municipal elections. Mr. CROKER, when receiving it, reiterated his intention of withdrawing from Politics forever, and said that he intended to sail for England on Wednesday."—*Laffan.*]

'Tis hard to say "Farewell," dear friends,
But here our long connection ends.
I've worked for Tammany for years,
At length we part—and part in tears!

The compliments that fall from you
I take them, since they are my due;
Also this piece of silver plate,
Because my services were great.

I take them and I make my bow,
I'm going to live in England now;
To-day, dear friends, our ties must sever
I give up politics forever!

No longer victory crowns our toils,
And leaves us pocketing the spoils;
No longer can we give our hosts
Of followers agreeable posts.

No longer under my directions
Poor Tammany controls elections;
We've had our triumphs in the past,
But even We have failed at last!

I really thought that we should win,
But we are out and Low is in,—
A state of things which, you must see,
Is most disheartening to me.

And so (by general desire)
I have decided to retire;
The burden's more than I can bear—
And votes are dearer than they were.

Some new expedient must be tried
To rally people to our side,
And possibly some younger man
May hit upon a likely plan.

The thing should certainly be done,
But I, alas! can't think of one;
Which, for the moment, renders less
Our Party's chances of success.

Farewell! Farewell! I turn my face
To England (where I've bought a place);
You'll see me, friends, when next we
meet,
Established in a country seat.

Under my immemorial trees,
In opulent and leisured ease,
I shall forget the sorry tricks
That make the game of politics.

RE THE B. G. V.—

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,—As the Registrar of the records of the regiment of which I have the honour to belong I approach you. One of your contemporaries—an evening paper—the other day declared that, "the



"MRS. BABBLE TOLD ME SUCH A DELICIOUS SECRET THE OTHER DAY; OF COURSE IT HADN'T TO GO ANY FARTHER. SO STUPID OF ME, I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS NOW. IT IS SO TIRESOME, AS YOU WOULD SO ENJOY IT!"

Brook Green soldiers' patriotism arose in the Crimean days." Sir, this statement is contrary to the facts of the case. The Brook Green soldiers' patriotism commenced long before the Russian War. Search our records—yours and mine—and you will find that the Brook Green Volunteer went sentry go—with his feet in a warm bath and his shako protected by an umbrella fixed to his bayonet—before the days of the Great Exhibition of 1851. The P. M. G. is distinctly wrong.

I beg to sign myself,

THE VOLUNTEER,

Brook Green.

FROM THE BROWN-POTTERIES.—We have heard how "*Calypso* could not console herself for the departure of *Ulysses*,"

and we have recently learnt how *Ulysses* has consoled himself at the Haymarket for the departure of Collapse-o—no, we mean *Calypso*. "What price *Calypso*?" asked the Poet. "NANOY PRICE" answered ULYSSES TREE, readily. So when Poet HEROD PHILLIPS' new classical drama *Calypso* shall have been successfully produced, then will Mr. TREE, let us hope, be in a position, *Calypso facto*, to exclaim, taking his pick out of some *Sortes Virgilianæ* (or *Virgil of Sorts*),

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
Tendimus in—Her Majesty's,

where may he be "bound over to keep the piece" for some time to come. And may not the much-tried author, whose poet's soul has been so greatly vexed, exclaim, Shakspearially, "Rest, rest, Potterbéd spirit!"



"Hi, SILLY! COME 'ERE OUT OF THE RINE!"

THE PILGRIM BROTHER.

II.

[Being Imperial advice, continued, to Prince HENRY OF PRUSSIA, prior to his departure for America with the nominal purpose of appropriating the KAISER'S new yacht.]

HENRY, as touching your projected cruise,
We now acquaint you with Our further views.
Thus far in Our remarks you may have missed
The usual reference to the Mailéd Fist.
That is because you need no more conceal
Beneath the plush an under-pelt of steel;
But some integument you still must wear
To cope with certain customs over there;
Let Us dilate on these, that We may throw
Light on the hemisphere to which you go.

It is a clime where every son of labour
Respects himself as if he were his neighbour;
Where each assumes the style of equal birth,
If he can prove descent from Mother Earth;
Where all, at any hour of any day,
Hold through the Ruler's House a right of way;
Can, by the Constitution's hallowed laws,
Enter at large, with none to give them pause;
Summon the Highest Person in the land
And claim to wring him warmly by the hand.

We mention this that you may turn your wits
On such precautions as the case admits;
Thus, for receptions, you might well depute
Some princely shape to serve as substitute,
Or even fabricate, by German art,
An automatic dummy for the part,
Constructed to maintain with perfect nerve
A happy mean of affable reserve,
Neither obtrude the Hohenzollern throne,
Nor yet affect a too familiar tone.

As for your martial trappings, We suggest
That you should not employ your very best,
Because they keep a habit, so one hears,
Sprung of a sentiment for souvenirs,
Which lets their women carry off by storm
Outlying portions of your uniform.
But if, dear HENRY, they should go too far,
And treat you like that other naval star,
Lieutenant HOBSON; if, in fact, they seek
To kiss collectively your cherished cheek;
If natural homage takes this parlous line—
You will unhesitatingly decline;
For though it is not in Our wish to thwart
Any advances of a friendly sort,
This kind you should discourage all you can,
As is becoming in a married man.

Now, in conclusion, HENRY, We repeat
This trip of yours is not a private treat;
You go, as We observed but yester-week,
To forge a link in Our *Welt-Politik*;
Your business is, by captivating hearts,
To bolster up Our tottering Teuton marts;
So that Our gracious attitude may earn
Something by way of tangible return.
But O be cautious! do not unawares
Become the prey of multi-millionaires!
For you will find among this fertile nation
A tendency toward buying up Creation;
And, as MEDUSA'S petrifying gaze
Converted men to stone in mythic days,
So all that look upon the modern Gorgon,
Are turned into a Trust by J. P. MORGAN!
If he should tempt you, then, with fearful odds
To realise Our country's household gods,
O shrink from bartering for ready pelf
Things that are scarce less sacred than Ourselves;
O HENRY, do not in a moment's heat
Arrange to pop Our precious German fleet! O.S.

SEEN IN THE CRYSTAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Do you gaze into crystals? You should: it is a restful and refreshing occupation. You take your crystal as soon as it is dusk, lie down on a comfortable sofa, and gaze: you will find the tedious hours before dinner pass away like winking. I was put on to it by Mr. ANDREW LANG's article in the *Monthly Review* a little time ago. But until to-day no very remarkable results happened to me. This afternoon, however, they were quite surprising. I went home just before sun-set and found lying on my table, beside my faithful glass ball, the latest edition of *Who's Who*. As it was not quite dark enough for my favourite amusement, I read that useful and interesting publication for half-an-hour. Then I lay down (as before recommended) and gazed. I believe that what I saw is real prophecy, the genuine thing. But I would not have it supposed that I mean any disrespect to *Who's Who*: it is admirable now, but it would have to alter with the times. By the way, Mr. LANG suggests that the results should be sent to him. So likely that I should help him to write an article or a book instead of making copy for myself!

The first thing I saw was a dim green light, turning to bright red and gold lettering. The letters were: *Who's Who*, 1952.

Then—whiff! and behold—

ADVERTISEMENT.

"Owing to the pressure on our space caused by the increasing number of prominent Flip-Flap and Chuff-Chuff players



THE TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

PLEASANT SITUATION OF WINKLES WHO HAS BEEN INSTRUCTED BY HIS TRAINER (UNAVOIDABLY ABSENT) THAT ON NO ACCOUNT MUST HE TRUST ANYONE WITH HIS GREYHOUND THAT, IF NOT TAKEN AWAY PROMPTLY, HE WILL EAT HIS HARE, AND THAT HE BITES

(7,560 in the last year), and the ever-growing ranks of successful financial operators, we are reluctantly compelled to state that after this issue we must reduce the number of other public men noticed by us very considerably. We have decided to omit (1) all members of the merely titled aristocracy unconnected with our great financial houses by marriage, (2) all generals, admirals, statesmen, etc., not mentioned at least once a week during the past year by *The Fast Lot*, and (3) all authors whose incomes are not certified by our accountants to be over £5,000 a year. We believe that these reductions will permit us to deal more adequately in future with the biographies of the speculator-princes whose presence enriches our country, and of those eminent Flippers and Chuffers whose accomplishments are its greatest glory and pride."

Then, one by one, came biographies. I will not pledge myself to every detail, but I am certain of my substantial exactness.

PLUCKER, AUGUSTUS WELLINGTON, holder since 1949 of Flip-Flap champion trophy, President of All-England Flip-Flap Association, b June 4th, 1928, es of OLIVER PUMPERGILL PLUCKER. Unmarried. Educ Winchester (Flip-Flap scholar), and Balliol Coll, Oxford (Flip-Flap Exhibitioner), first-class Parlour Sports Moderations, first-class combined Flip-Flap and Chuff-Chuff Final Schools, Fellow of All Souls', second prize Aquarium Flip-Flap Tournament, 1947, first prize West Country Tournament, 1948, winner

of All-England Championship, 1949. In 1950 conducted Flip-Flap tour round the world, attracting large audiences in Chicago, San Francisco, etc., etc. Pretended derision in France and Russia nearly led to war with those countries to avenge insult to national sport. Presented with subsidy by German Government to spread exclusive devotion to Flip-Flap among Englishmen. Introduced important new rule that the ball must only be flipped with thumb and second finger. Thanked by both Houses of Parliament (April, 1951), and voted sum of £20,000. Inventor and sole patentee of parchment ball. Publications "The Rules of Flip-Flap," 1951 (ten-thousandth edition). Recreation watching Chuff-Chuff Clubs Patriots, British Games.

MUSGRAVE, JOHN ARTHUR, man of science. Only living Englishman referred to in Continental scientific treatises, holder of several foreign honorary degrees. Has written several books on scientific subjects. At present residing abroad.

HICCUPHEIMER, ADOLPHUS, senior partner in firm of HICCUPHEIMER, ISAACS and MONTAGU, Johannesburg and New York, b Frankfurt, 1900, s of late M HICCUPHEIMER. Educ, private. Is reputed to be worth £3,000,000 *per annum*. Gave £500 to Royal Hospital Fund. Travelled much in South Africa and Riviera. President of Society for Promotion of British Welfare. Recreations the usual amusements of an English gentleman. Addresses Devon-

shire House, Piccadilly; Arundel Castle, Sussex; Bowood Park, Wiltshire, etc., etc. *Clubs*: the most exclusive.

BLOGG, FRANK HOSKINS, Ex-Champion Anglo-Saxon World Chuff-Chuff, Inventor of Chuff-Chuff. b. 1905, s. of HENRY BLOGG, famous Ping-Pong player in early days of century, before the supersession of that sport. *Educ.* before the days of Chuff-Chuff scholarships, but sent by National subscription to Eton and Trinity, Cambridge. Inspiration to invent Chuff-Chuff came while watching his little brother and sister blow a tiny balloon about the room in his paternal home. This moment is the subject of a fine painting by SIMEON BROWN, R.A., now in the Tate Gallery. Presented between the years 1936 and 1948 with the freedom of every city in Great Britain and Ireland. Has done much to make Chuff-Chuff compulsory subject in all primary and secondary schools. *Publications*: "My Life's Work" (1950), "Chuff-Chuff" (Badminton Library), "Our National Greatness" (1951). *Recreations*: watching Chuff-Chuff and Flip-Flap.

SMITH, FRANCIS, Poet and Essayist. b. 1910. *Address*, under Waterloo Bridge.

That is all I saw this afternoon, but I shall try again, and if the result is interesting and printable I will let you know.

UNEXPECTED INTERVIEWS.

A MUSIC-HALL ARTIST.

"THAT YOU, DICK? Walk right in. I'll attend to you in half a—Why my! It's not DICK. But who on earth—why, of course. Been expecting you all the morning. From the *Epoch*, ain't it? Oh, that's all right. You won't mind loungin' round a bit while I fix up my mail. I'm nearly through with the typing. Look at 'em. Only skipped across the pond last evening, and been at it ever since, haven't we, Miss REMINGTON? Here, put that in your face. Got a light? You'll find some whiskey and Polly over in the corner. Righto! I shan't be a split second. Now then, Miss REMINGTON, I'm your man.

"Who's this from? I ought to—yes, I thought so. Jos PHILLIPS. Wants me to do a turn at the Limpet. H'm, forty quid. Not good enough, dear boy, even if—will you tell him so, please? Oh, anyhow. Put 'Dear old Jos.' No, wait a bit. Don't do to be too familiar with that sort of animal. 'Miss DAISY PIGGE presents her compliments to Mr. JOSEPH PHILLIPS, and begs to inform him pork is ris'.' Hullo! Who's the coronet? Oh ah, yes, old BLUESTONE, of course. 'Dear Miss PIGGE. Welcome home. Will you come to a little'—h'm. Tuesday the 18th. What's to-day? Well, I guess I will. Are you ready? 'Dear Lord BLUESTONE. There ain't no place like it. Don't mind if I do. Cordially, D. P.' That'll do for him. I must make DICK go.

"Only two more now, Mr.—er—Epoch. Oh, here's something from my beloved Lambeth. Ever been there, Miss REMINGTON? Well, no, I daresay most people don't love it. But I'm Lambeth to my finger-tips, born and bred there, and the parson knows it. Good little chap, though. Ah, I thought so. A little parish entertainment on the 18th. Will I do something for them? Why, certainly. 'Dear Padre, of course! I'll be delighted.' What, the 18th? So it was. That knocks his lordship's little supper. You'll have to write him another, and say I'm booked for the 18th, and, why, of course, I can't desert Lambeth. Here's the address—no, S.E. Now for the last.

"Don't know this fist. 'Dear Madam. I am writing to ask if you will help me to go on the stage. I've no experience, but I'm nearly nineteen, and can sing, and I would work hard. I've no father or mother, and I must make some money. It isn't only for myself, and if you could help

me I should be for ever grateful.' Nineteen! She looks about six! Do look, Miss REMINGTON. Perfectly lovely, isn't she? Can I help her? Well, yes, my dear, I'll try. But it'll have to be in my own way. And she might have written to Jos! Think of it! Makes one sort of shudder. Well, that's the lot for to-day. No, I'll write this one myself, thanks. Good-bye. Let me help you with your jacket. You'll find my carriage at the door. Just tell the coachman where you—Bus? Bus be hanged! I know you're dead tired. No, no thanks. Please, and mind, you're not to give my coachman anything. Good-bye! Yes, same time to-morrow, please.

"Now then, Mr. EPOCH, you can fire ahead with your questions. Mind? Lor', no! You've never been in America, or you wouldn't ask. I thought not. Why, this is bliss. Been ashore nearly a whole day, and you're the first. In my own rooms, too, on a sofa, with my feet up—you don't mind, do you? I'm a bit fagged as it is. Why in N'York, they started in before we landed, and never left off.

"Well, let's get to business. Now you just sit still and keep right on with your smoke. I'll do the questions for you. Number one. Did I have a good time, and am I glad to be back? Yes, to both. Number two. Which is the best audience, American or Britisher? That's right, ain't it? Three, what does N'York think about the war? Four, did I have a flutter on Yankee rails? Five, do I like cars better than railway carriages? Six, did I find the Yanks more particular about the stage than we are?

"What, dear boy! Answer my own questions! Not much. Answer 'em yourself, if you—well, I'm not going to, so there. Say what you like, I don't care. They're always the same, question and answer, from BERNHARDT to me. Can't you be a trifle original and leave 'em out? But—but—but. But what? But you must have something? Why, certainly. Of course you must. Well, what more d'you want? Haven't you got me, and the lovely time I had, and the quaint little Americanisms I've picked up, with which—what's the word—I interlard my conversation? Between you and me, they're all put on for your benefit. And haven't you got the typist, pretty Miss REMINGTON, and the little girl who wanted me to introduce her to—well, to Jos? There's a text for you. Don't give her name though. Oh, didn't I? Well, I won't, then, and if you can't make copy out of her—Nothing? Bless the man, he calls her nothing. Well, I've made my life out of nothing. I did my first steps on the pavement. Yes, I'll tell you.

"It was when I first started, Surrey side. I'd only got one song, and I was as nervous—well, I clean forgot it, every word. So I just stood and smiled, like a frightened child, which is what I was. And then, somehow, I began to laugh, and they began to laugh too, and to clap, and I sort of twiggled they thought I was doing it on purpose. So I just went on laughing all the different laughs I could think of—you've seen me do it since? Well, then, you know; but that was how it started, because I forgot my words. My! how they cheered. I had to go on again and again, and then all of a sudden the words came back. But I didn't sing 'em. No, Sir. I gave 'em the other side. Let my hair down and went and sat in the middle of the stage and cried and cried,—like a young girl would cry if she could see in a flash all the sorrows waiting for her, and the awful things that might happen, on there in her life. I believe I did see them for that little bit of time. And the people just sat and—well, I couldn't see them, of course, but I knew they were crying with me, lots of 'em'.

Well, that made me. Old Jos was there, and he had me trained, and here I am. Now, that was something made out of nothing, wasn't it? Why, look at me. I haven't

got much of a voice, and I'm not half as clever as Miss REMINGTON, or a quarter as nice-looking as that little girl. I'm not a bit pretty, really, you know—and yet from Royalty downwards they all want to see me—and I can get anything I choose to ask. Rum, ain't it?

"I can't get that poor little girl out of my head. I suppose it's thinking of my happiness—you know I'm going to marry Dick?—and—Pretty? Why, she's like an angel straight from heaven, and then she wants me to help her to— Look, here's her photo. Did you ever— Why, bless the man, what's the matter? Nothing? Why, your hand's shaking like a bloomin' aspic. Here, drink this. Go on, you—you juggins. Now, then—better? You've got to tell me all about her. Oh, yes you must. Who is she—your sister? No, she isn't a bit like—wife! You're married? To that baby? Oh, you—you sillies! You infants! And you mean to say you're going to let her go on the boards? Well, you ought to have known. Then—did she tell you she was writing to me? Didn't she tell you anything? 'M yes, I see, a little plan to make money, but you weren't to know until it was all—yes, I can see her saying it, with her great round eyes half laughing, half frightened, looking just adorable. Is she as pretty as her picture? And as good? Of course. Well, now I'll tell you. We'll do the surprising—you and me—and—and Dick. He's got a little estate up north which will want looking after and—well, you shall have a trial anyway. And if that don't do I'll find something else. Oh, but I will, and it isn't a bit good of me, and Dick will be delighted, of course, and you've just got to do what you're told. She's asked me to help her, and I'm going to, and you've nothing to do with it. Go to the Halls! Not if I know it. Now be off with you. No, not good-bye. You're going to fetch your—your angel. Bring her back to tea. Dick'll be here and if I want a thing Dick wants it, and if Dick wants it it's done. So off you go."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Who's Who (ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK) for 1902 is just out, celebrating the fifty-fourth year of issue. The new volume has that increasingly portly appearance which accompanies growing prosperity. Actually it is due to the circumstance of considerable addition to the number of biographies, thus widening the circle of interest and usefulness. All other familiar features are re-introduced, making it, within limits of size, the most compendious



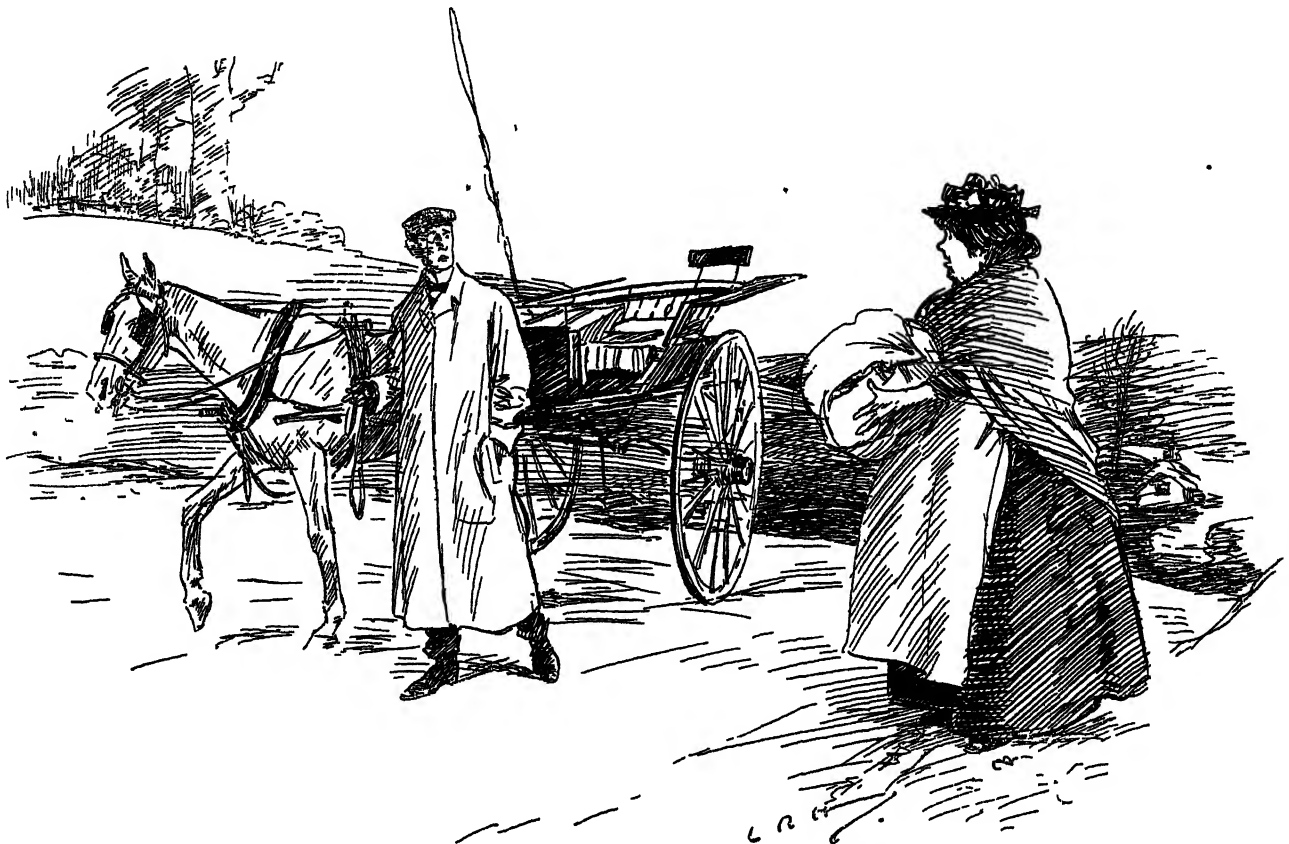
BULL-DOGS DO GET SO ATTACHED TO PEOPLE!

book of reference issued. The publishers would, however, be well advised to resist temptation further to enlarge the bulk. It would be idle to attempt to rival the *Post Office Directory*. My Baronite confesses that he is not absolutely unselfish in proffering this advice, since on his travels he always carries with him a copy of *Who's Who*, and wonders how he got through correspondence and other work before he formed the habit.

The ninth volume of the *Liberal Magazine*, just issued by the Liberal Publication Department, of which Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL is chairman, modestly describes itself as a periodical for the

use of Liberal speakers and canvassers. It would be unduly exclusive to confine it to that circle, attractive and tessellated though it be. The volume will be found equally useful in the other camp, or wherever interest is taken in the political history of the year. It is full of meat, condensed in masterly fashion, so that it may be conveniently carried in the knapsack of the political trooper. My Baronite finds in it the pith of the principal speeches on Imperial topics delivered last year, together with a mass of information in the form of facts and figures. A full index brings desired points of reference promptly to hand.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



"YOU COULDN'T GIVE I A LIFT, COULD 'EE, MASTER?"

A PLAY "WITHOUT A HERO."

THACKERAY'S *Vanity Fair*, as a whole, has been for many years the despair of dramatisers, and so it has happened that, from time to time, characters and scenes have been placed on the stage easily traceable to their originals in our great satirist's best-known novel. Wise in their generation, Messrs. HICHENS and LENNOX, stiffening themselves against all temptations to err and stray from the central figure, have succeeded in stringing together such scenes from a portion of the artful heroine's life as constitute a sufficiently effective play. Moreover, they were most fortunate in finding so ideal a representative of the little adventuress as is Miss MARIE TEMPEST. Her only fault is her attempt, for the sake of poor humanity and a mixed audience, at toning down the hard, cruel nature of this mercenary little wretch. THACKERAY'S *Becky* has not one purely generous impulse: no, not even when she hands over *George Osborne's* love letter to his sorrowing, colourless widow.

The piece, owing its success to the admirable acting of Mr. LEONARD BOYNE as *Randall Crawley*, and of Mr. GILBERT HARE as the *Marquis of Steyne*—though the brutality of this unprincipled voluptuary is over-emphasised at the expense of his courtliness—also to its generally good rendering by a most capable company, has already had a considerable run, and may yet "go strong" for some time to come. By the way, on our second visit, Mr. MALCOLM DUNN appeared as *Randall Crawley* (vice LEONARD BOYNE, whose absence, we trust, is only temporary), and of his performance we are delighted to be able to say, "Very well DUNN."

Yes, MARIE TEMPEST'S *Becky* is an almost perfect performance, at least for those who do not know THACKERAY'S *Becky*. "Was she guilty, or not?" asks THACKERAY. "She said not: but who could tell what was truth which came from

those lips or if that corrupt heart was in this case pure?" It would require a finer, far better, and far more complete drama than this is, to give the real comedy and tragedy of the story of *Becky's* life, which THACKERAY himself left unfinished, only informing us "that a very strong party of excellent people consider her to be a most injured woman." The utter mistake in this play is the scene of the private theatricals at Gaunt House.

CHURCH AND STAGE.—An eminent London Actor-manager and lessee of one of our largest theatres, says:—"Delighted as I always am to see several clergymen in the front of the house, yet I should not like my audience to be all wholly 'Orders.' That would spell bankruptcy."

SCENE—Boulevard Café.

First *Irate Frenchman*. Imbécile!

Second *I. F.* Canaille!!

First *I. F.* Cochon!!!

Second *I. F.* Chamberlaing!!!!

NEW DISHES FOR BAKESPERIAN CONTROVERSIALISTS.—If "BACON" and "The Bard" are identical, then a pretty dish for Mrs. GALLUP'S breakfast-table would be "Eggs and Shakspeare," and for the dinner menu "Shakspeare and Beans."

"ARE YOU ANSWERED NOW?"—"Sir,—Is 'Astronomer Royal' a real or only an 'Orrery appointment?'" [Certainly, very real: the "A. R." is entitled to wear, as a decoration, "a star of the first magnitude."]



POUNDED!

CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN JOHNSONS "COME HUP, I SAY, YOU HUGGLY BRUTE!"

(After John Leech's well-known picture)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"Coral Insects"—more or less.
(Suggested by Mr. G-rge W-ndh-m.)

House of Commons, Monday Night, January 20.—HERBERT GLADSTONE enjoyed to-night rare and well-earned pleasure. At call of duty he accepted thankless post of Whip to the Opposition at a period of its direst dilemma. He brought to it the prestige of illustrious name, a shrewd head for business, a sweet urbanity of manner. Ever since he has plodded steadily on, making the best of a bad business, his office in Parliament Street the vortex of eddying stream of jealousy, suspicion and brotherly love. When called upon to act as Teller in the House of Commons he has ever found himself at the wrong end of the Table. To-night all was changed. The Tellers marshalled, the Clerk handed him the paper. Proudly he read the figures. "Ayes 64, Noes 283."

And HERBERT was Teller for the Noes! Yes, but, alack! the minority were those of the Opposition's own miscellaneous household. Only the other night C.-B., desirous of demonstrating how immaterial are the obstacles that

separate him from Lord ROSEBURY, went out of his way to declare himself still in favour of Home Rule for Ireland. His grateful allies, *more Hibernico*, take this, the earliest opportunity, of acknowledging the service by stabbing him in the back. C.-B., with assistance of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and ASQUITH, of EDWARD GREY and JOHN MORLEY, drafted amendment to the Address, cunningly designed to draw into one net the divers fish that float and quarrel with each other in Opposition waters. Amendment moved to-night in speech of sombre eloquence by a private member specially invented. Irish Members promptly came to front, proposed to mutilate the amendment, insisted on a division. And C.-B. went out shoulder to shoulder with smiling PRINCE ARTHUR to beat back his own lambs.

A comical business altogether; but nothing quite so comic as CAWLEY. He was the champion C.-B. had chosen to lift and carry to victory drooping flag of the Opposition. Peculiarity about the case was that few knew him even by name. Since the *Disinherited Knight* rode into the lists of the Grand Tournament there has been no such mystery. Difference established was that whereas the disguised *Ivanhoe* overthrew all comers, CAWLEY was himself overcome—with emotion. Brought down his speech written on fair manuscript. His voice

he had left at home. After murmuring for twenty minutes he sat down, whereby Members knew he had concluded his speech. Never in Parliamentary history was pitched battle between the Outs and the Ins opened in such fashion.

REGINALD McKENNA did something to retrieve disaster by a bright speech delivered in seconding Amendment. But he thought sadly of the changed demeanour of his comrade in the enterprise. Had in his pocket the jubilant note received less than twenty-four hours earlier:—

You must wake and CAWLEY early, CAWLEY early,
REGGIE dear,
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad
New Year.
Of all the glad New Year, REGGIE, the maddest,
merriest day,
For I'm to move Amendment that gives our
"Jon" away.

The maddest day certainly, considering the tactics employed; scarcely the merriest on the Front Opposition Bench.

Business done.—Vote of Censure on Government moved.

Wednesday, 12.15 A.M.—Fresh triumph for Opposition. The charge led as noted by the indomitable CAWLEY; C.-B., got up to look like NAPOLEON crossing the Alps, directed operations from neighbouring hillock. Deliberate, much-trumpeted attempt to dislodge Government. Result of division just announced. Normal maximum minis-

terial majority runs about 140; C.-B. has satisfaction of learning that at a bound he has sent it up to 210. A glorious victory.

And it would have been so easy to leave it alone!

A dull evening; House of Commons can never be induced to affect interest in a sham fight; varied by line taken by SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, and by PRINCE ARTHUR'S dash down upon it. Last night DON JOSÉ protested that there was so little difference between the HERMIT OF DALMENY and the Government that they might work together. Whether DON JOSÉ or the HERMIT in command was not particularised. The SQUIRE, armed with copy of the Chesterfield speech, set himself to destroy this illusion, citing successive passages that proved how baseless it was. Laboured at this for half-an-hour.

"The Chesterfield speech," said PRINCE ARTHUR, when his time came, "was a considerable effort of a considerable man. But, upon my word, I never knew what a speech it was until I saw the right hon. gentleman come down to-night tied to Lord ROSEBURY'S chariot-wheels, urging everyone else to join the procession."

Truly a charming concatenation of circumstance. Things generally a little mixed. On Ministerial side CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, mustering officers and crew on quarter deck, soundly rated his esteemed leaders for mismanagement of the war. On the other side, P.C. LLOYD-GEORGE, in mufti, but still armed with the authority that pertains to his uniform, brought his esteemed leader into court, charging him with duplicity, shuffling, and generally muddling matters.

Business done.—Opposition succeed in obtaining for Ministers a rattling Vote of Confidence.

Thursday.—The melancholy truth underlying assertion that one man may steal a horse whilst another may not look over the hedge strikingly illustrated to-night in the case of Colonel SAUNDERSON and his fellow-countrymen across the floor. As a rule your Irish Member is the most sensitive creature in the world when subjected to personal criticism. For himself he claims privilege of employing lurid language indicative of trifling difference of opinion with his neighbours. But if the vitriolic torrent of his wrath be checked by retort or reprisal his indignation is volcanic. Nothing more frequent in history of the Parliamentary Session than cases of breach of privilege raised by Irish Members of whom someone has been "saying things," the comparative mildness of which, if used by an Irish Member towards the CHIEF SECRETARY, would excite the pitying contempt of his compatriots.

And here to-night, for full three-quarters of an hour, the Colonel has been heaping personal abuse on his countrymen, who have rather enjoyed it, keeping him up to the mark by necessity of dodging an occasional brick or a casual dead cat flung at him by way of repartee. SARK says it's all clannishness. The Colonel, albeit a landlord, sits on the Tory side and supports coercion, is one of themselves. He has the password, the sign manual, is free of place. Just now, in reply to boisterous interruption, he hinted doubt as to what becomes of the twenty shillings levied on the Land League branches for the support of the victims, some of them now grey-headed as well as gaunt, of the historic Plan of Campaign. "I'm not sure," said the Colonel, reflectively, "whether the money goes into the pocket of the victim or of the agitator."

Imagine that being said by an English Member! Half a dozen Irish patriots would have leapt to their feet, and SWIFT MACNEILL would have out-roared them all in claiming the protection of the SPEAKER. Being SAUNDERSON they merely laughed, nudged each other with appreciative elbow, whispered in proud exultation, "A broth of a boy."

One of the Colonel's sallies gave them pause. JOHN DILLON chancing to thrust his head from under the tent, the Colonel, with Donnybrook Fair instinct, quickly brought his shillalah down on it.

"The Hon. Member for Mayo," he said, in response to an interruption from that quarter, "is the parent of the Land League—or," he added, after a slight pause, desiring above all things to be accurate, "he is one of the parents."

As everywhere (at least, out of Ireland) parentage is divided between a father and a mother, there was some ambiguity about the Colonel's meaning.

None marred the acuteness and exactitude of his vision of an Irish Member in recumbent position.

"The Nationalist cause in Ireland," he said, "does not thrive in peaceful waters. It requires a certain turbulence to enable the Nationalist to live as he likes, and to float on the froth."

The picture conjured up of the portly person of REDMOND *ainé* sympathetically floating on froth delighted the House. Since another, unhappily long-deceased, Irish Member "smelt a rat, saw it floating in the air," there has been nothing so good as this. But, as this same Member for Tralee in the Parliament of 1775 apopositely observed, "Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all national calamities is generally followed by one much greater."

Business done.—Irish Members make a night of it; on the whole, a dull one.

THE CHARM OF CALYPSO.

[Mrs. BROWN-POTTER has resigned her part of *Calypso* in Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS' *Ulysses*, on the grounds that the author objected to her playing the love scenes in an emotional manner, and required her to pay more attention to her enunciation of the "ands," "ifs" and "buts,"]

How should the sea-nymph's part be played?

Perhaps you have a feeble notion
That, like an ordinary maid,
She would indulge in fierce emotion.
Some lovers murmur soft and low,
In grammar often they make slips O!
Apparently that was not so
With HOMER'S goddess, fair *Calypso*.

The classic student (when he hears
How she behaved in selfish style and
Detained *Ulysses* seven years
Upon a solitary island)
Concludes at once—though he may guess
Her character was rather shady—
That fair *Calypso*, more or less,
Was a most fascinating lady.

But though she made *Ulysses* pause
Upon his way, as we've above seen,
It really can't have been because
Of her emotion in a love scene.
The words she said were spoken by
Comparatively cold and chill lips;
(That is to say, if we rely
At all on Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS).

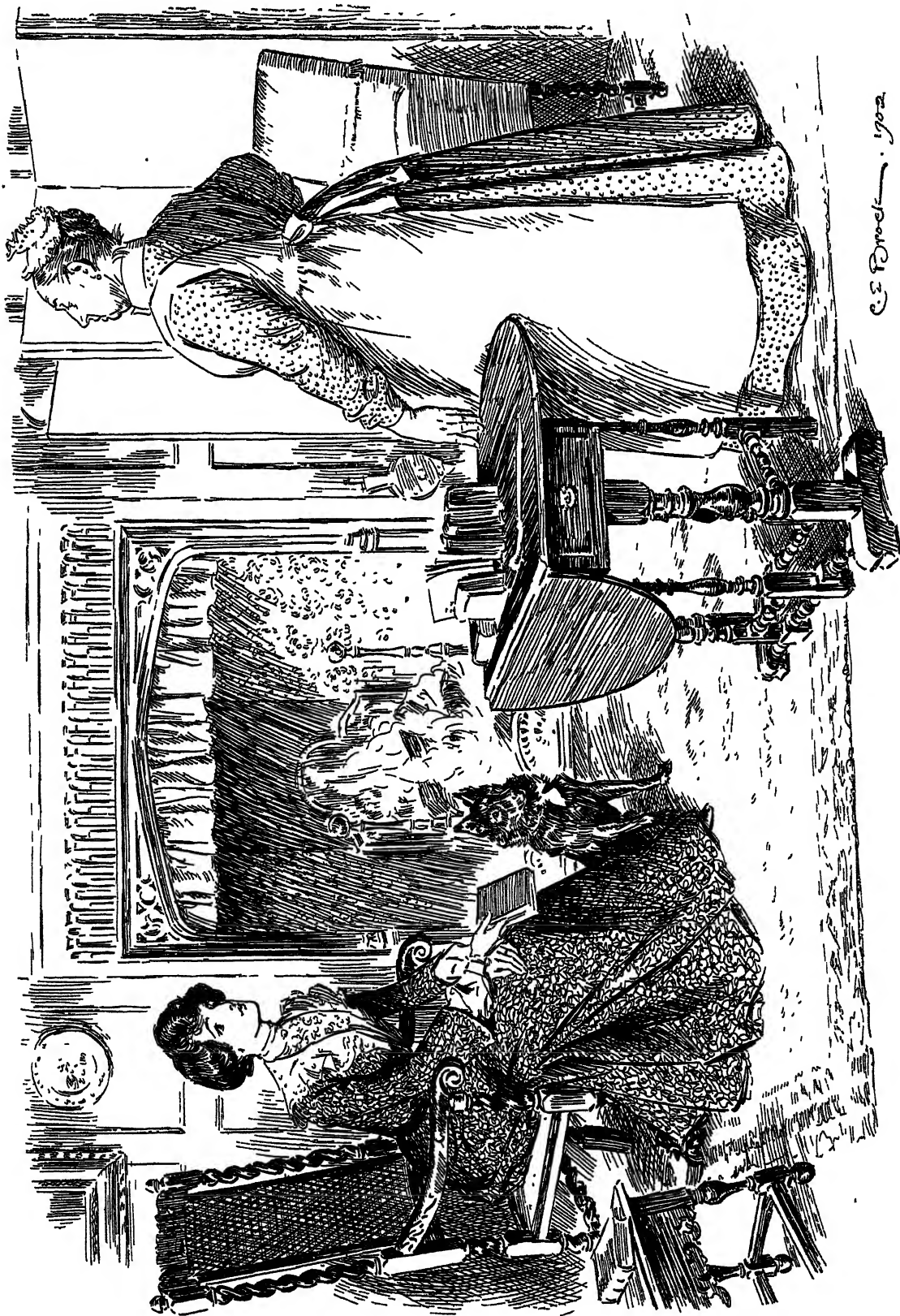
Her beauty one might rave about,
But that's of small consideration;
What fetched *Ulysses* was, no doubt,
Her exquisite pronunciation.
Thought he, "Although I've lots to do,
Yet here I'll stay without compunc-
tion;
It gives me joy to listen to
Each simple, well-expressed conjunc-
tion.

"She never drops her voice or cuts
A word that should be spoken clearly;
And when she mouths her 'ifs' and
'buts,'
I feel I love her very dearly.
Her rhetoric is simply grand,
But of her triumphs here's the
proudest:
I hear the lady murmur 'and,'
When Zeus is thundering his
loudest!"

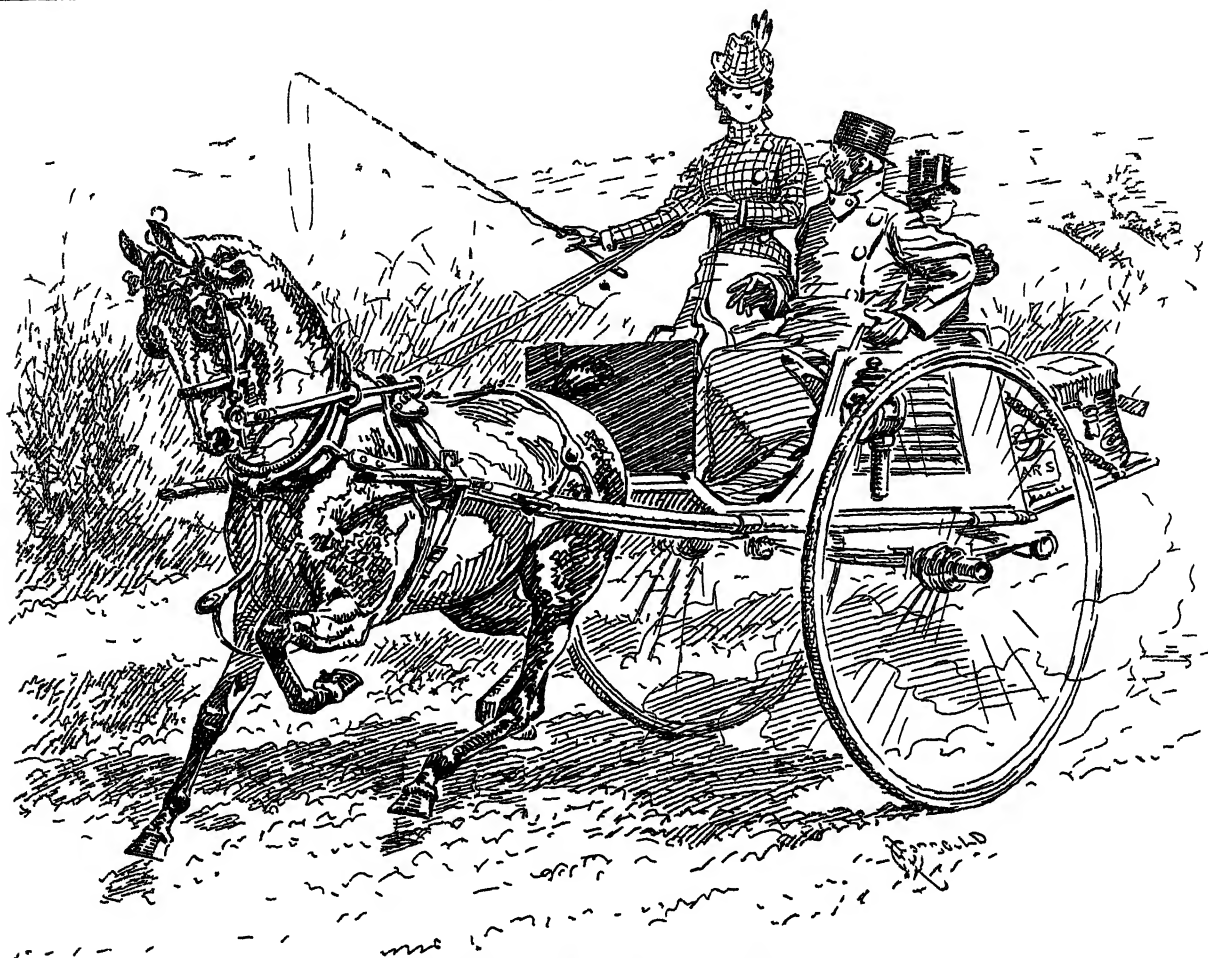
A good impression thus she made,
And, gentle reader, in your heart
you're
Not much surprised *Ulysses* stayed,
And did not hasten his departure.
The goddess turned the hero's head,
But—this, perhaps, is to her credit—
'Twas not exactly what she said,
It was the way in which she said it!

A LITTLE LEARNING.

Teacher. And who was JOAN OF ARC?
Scholar. Please, Sir, NOAH'S wife.



Inexperienced and anxious Young Misses. "THE NEW HOUSEMAID, MARIA, IS A ROMAN CATHOLIC; BUT I HOPE YOU WILL NOT ALLOW ANY RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY IN THE SERVANTS' HALL." "YOU NEEDN'T HAVE ANY FEAR, MY LADY. IN REALLY 'IGH-CLASS FAMILIES RELIGION IS NEVER MENTIONED!"



"TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO."

Kitty (just back from Paris) "WELL, UNCLE, I'M ENGAGED TO A DUKE, A MARQUIS, AND A GRANDDIE OF THE FIRST CLASS!"
Uncle "WHAT?" *Kitty.* "OH, IT'S ALL ONE JOHNNIE HE'S A SPANARD, YOU KNOW!"

NEW WORDS FOR AN OLD TUNE.

["We mountain that this Amendment (to the Address) has at the same time contributed something to shift the Liberal centre from 'Derby' to 'Chesterfield'"]—*Daily Chronicle*

Sir H C-B sings —

DERBY dear, you are old and grey,
 Somewhat changed are my views to-day,
 Better to yield
 To Chesterfield

In a graceful way
 Derby dear, when I spoke before
 Loud-John listened and cried for more,
 Ah me! as I heard him cheer
 Little I recked of a certain Peer!

Refrain —

Always the same, Derby my own!
 Always consistent and firm in tone!
 Always remarkably firm in tone!

Derby dear, on a later day
 All I said I explained away,
 Now I agree
 With ROSEBERRY
 And (who knows?) with GRAY.
 Derby dear, 'twas the former's hand
 Showed me the ground where I really stand

Ah me! Though I don't know how,
 We're in the fullest agreement now!

Refrain (with even greater conviction) —

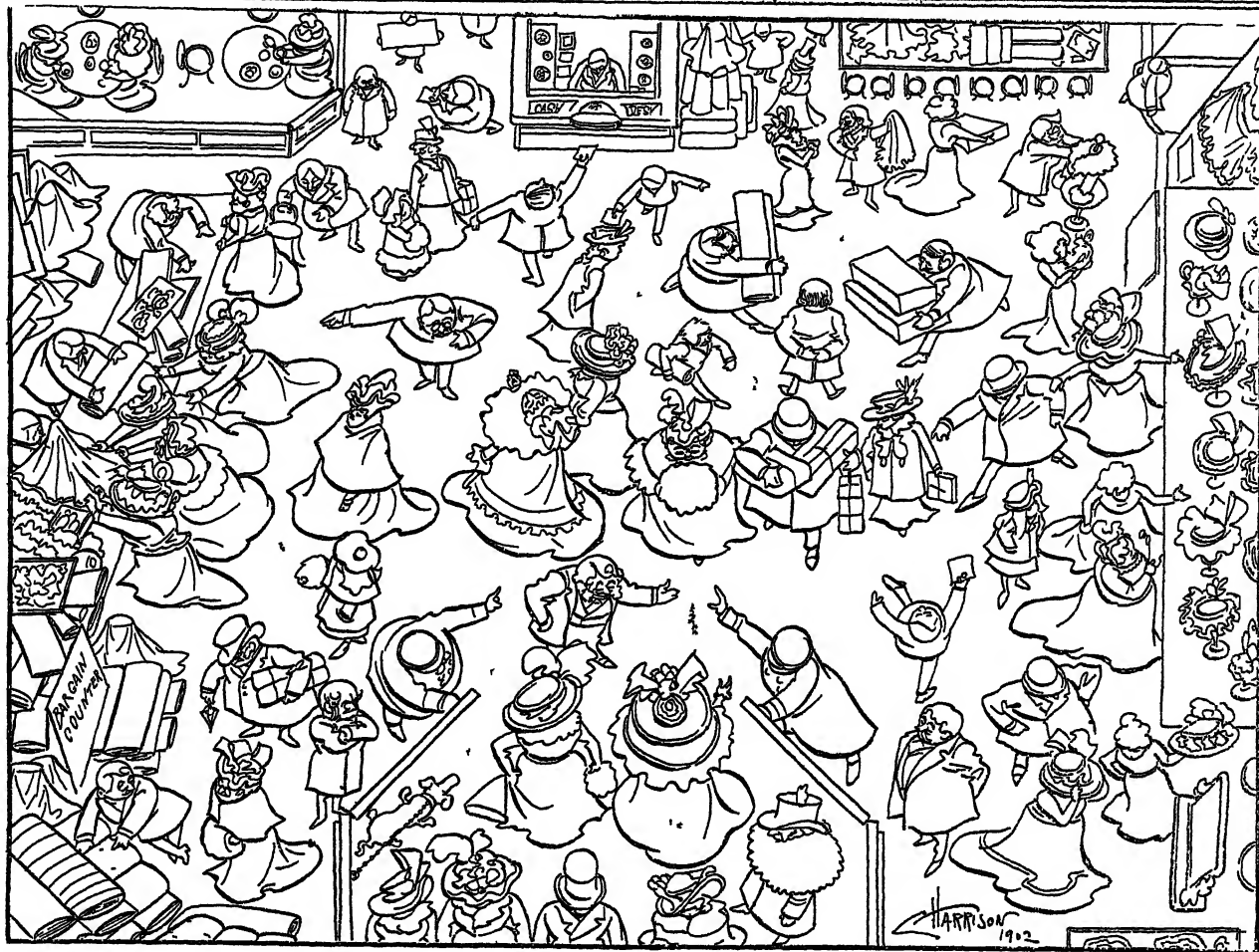
Always the same, Derby my own!
 Always consistent and firm in tone!
 Always remarkably firm in tone!

Answers to War Correspondents.

ENQUIRER,—No, we cannot tell you the exact colour of either Kitchener's or Bethune's Horse, but we are glad to learn that the former surrounded a farm and took three prisoners, while the latter "created a diversion." We recommend, however, that any further tales you may have of Sagacity in Animals should be sent to *The Spectator*.

PRO-BOER,—In answer to your request for the name of the battle in which several of the Continental Boer Lecturers were wounded while sitting in the ambulance, we understand that it is known as *Brussels Sprout*.

PING-PONG POST —Practical publishers of Paternoster Row present *Mr. Punch* with post-cards, prettily pictured, inviting to Ping Pong parties. Having first caught the post, they catch the eye they name the day and hour and have only to add "Please be Ping-Pongtial" to make them complete.



SKYLIGHT VIEWS—A WINTER SALE.

THE MORAL DRUG STORES.

[According to a New York journal, a new drug has been discovered which "induces a feeling of genial benevolence to all men" in its taker, "while having," as the announcement rather oddly continues, "no permanent ill-effects."]

ANXIOUS to learn more of this remarkable discovery, *Mr. Punch* stepped into the nearest chemist's shop, and inquired whether they could supply him with an ounce or two of "genial benevolence."

"Certainly, Sir," replied the polite young man behind the counter. "And if you are suffering from depression, allow me to do you up a box of our celebrated Blue Pills?"

Mr. Punch shuddered slightly, and remarked that he had made acquaintance with that remedy many years ago, and that he had no desire to renew it.

"Oh, but this is quite a new invention," urged the druggist. "It has nothing in common with the old-fashioned medicine which you name. It is, in fact, a pill for curing a fit of the blues. And it's most effectual. Only this morning a customer called in a state of morbid despair. He was only

hesitating, he assured us, between the Thames and prussic acid. We administered a couple of blue pills, and a minute later he was turning somersaults in the street from sheer light-heartedness! Then, again, you might like a bottle of our Decisive Tonic? It's a sure remedy for indecision. People who can't make up their minds swallow a few doses, and their disease is cured. We are expecting large orders for this medicine from members of the Liberal Party. Here you have our Repletion Globules! One of these produces the precise sensations commonly experienced after an Aldermanic dinner. They were freely asked for about Christmas time. Yes, the next bottle contains our Imperial Mixture. No, it's not a tobacco, Sir, but a medicine. The patient who takes it at once feels extraordinarily brave and breezy, and his next purchases, as a rule, are a Union Jack and a volume of Chamberlain's speeches. Or, since you're in the literary line, I believe—?"

Mr. Punch bowed.

"Some of our Absolute Misery Tablets might be welcome. We sell hundreds of these every week to some of the best-known writers. In old days,

when they were starving and unknown, the world seemed to them an extremely dismal place, and they depicted it in their books accordingly. Now that they're fat and prosperous, they find themselves suffering from chronic optimism. But, of course, they are bound to write more grimy and gloomy books, otherwise their works would no longer be described as 'masterpieces.' Every morning, then, before beginning work, they take some Absolute Misery Tablets—three or four if their story is to appear in a Christmas number, one or two in other cases. Our Remorse Lotion also is much liked. Rubbed in twice a day, it stimulates the most sluggish conscience. Customers use it a great deal in the first week or so of each year, and indigent young married couples give bottles of it to their rich relations. Those bottles? Oh, they contain a beautiful preparation—our Anti-jocular Cure. A sense of humour often is found fatal to success in public life, so—"

At this point *Mr. Punch* smashed a whole row of Anti-jocular bottles with one indignant wave of his stick, and then hurriedly withdrew.

HYDE PARK AND THE FAIRY.

V.—ROBIN AND THE MOON-FAY.

"THE Moon-Fay," began the Robin, "was looking into one of the big houses by the Park on Christmas eve, and she wrote down what she saw and heard on this leaf."

Then I noticed that the redbreast had a leaf tucked in one claw.

"Shall I read it?" asked the Robin.

"Certainly," I said.

THE STORY RELATED BY THE MOON-FAY.

I always look in upon the children after they have been tucked in bed and nurse has gone away. They do not always see me, but most of them feel my influence. OLIVE does at any rate.

"I do want to see a fairy so much, but I feel dreffully sleepy," sighed my little friend.

A small grunt of contempt came from a neighbouring bed.

"You are silly!" said GWENDOLEN, twisting over on to her side and regarding her eight-year-old sister with patronising blue eyes. "Of course there's no such thing as a fairy. I've seen that in a book."

The dying fire gave a spasmodic blue-red flicker, and a gust of wind swept round the house, rattling the windows and moaning disconsolately down the chimney.

A fizzle of flame shot up from the fire, and a tiny puff of smoke floated into the room.

OLIVE watched it with round, questioning eyes. It did not melt into the air as smoke usually seems to do. It grew bigger and began to twist itself into odd shapes. Gradually it assumed the figure of a bright-eyed fairy, dressed in white from head to foot.

"Oh, I am so pleased to see you!" exclaimed OLIVE, scrambling out of bed.

The figure at the fireplace turned towards her, and two eyes like forget-me-nots smiled down upon the eager face.

"Into bed with you at once!" said the new comer. "This is fairy time, and if we find you wandering about you'll be whisked off to Fairyland directly."

"I shouldn't mind," said OLIVE... "O-o-h!"

This last remark was caused by a curious sensation of cold, followed by a glowing heat. The fairy had touched her cheeks with both hands, and the touch seemed to take her off her feet, and she hovered the foot of the bed—

"How ever did I get back?" drawled OLIVE, staring first at the motionless figure, and then at her eider-down quilt.

"What are you doing?" said GWENDOLEN, fretfully. "Do keep still, OLIVE. First you get out of bed and stand in the smoke by the fire, jabbering; then you jump into bed and jabber there."

"Can't you see her?" cried OLIVE. "Why, the fairy is staring at you!"

"Pooh! you know I don't believe she exists," declared her sister, looking slowly round the room. "There's nothing except a little puff of smoke hanging about near the fireplace!"

"Oh, GWENDOLEN."

Then there was a sound like bells across the water.

"Never mind, little one!" said the

longer what was said. There was a curious tinkle above my head, and I fancied the Hyde Park fairy was laughing. And that fairy laugh haunted me as I walked across to Hyde Park Corner.

It was something between a sound and a sunbeam.

MILITARY MEMS.

MY GOOD AND GALLANT SIR,—The publicity you have kindly given to my suggestions has caused me to be the recipient of a number of letters. They all complain of the new regulations. It would appear that these orders will increase the expenses of London corps—already sufficiently heavy—by fifty per cent. The members of country battalions take a less pessimistic view. This is not calculated to cause surpris. It is obviously impossible for the Volunteers of the capital to pass their classes in musketry without a proper range. In rural districts, however, marksmen can fire with an easier conscience. All that a rustic rifleman has to guard against is the unpremeditated dismantling of a haystack or the accidental causing of the premature decease of a passing pig—both by bad shots. Without attempting to tinker the new regulations, I beg to offer a few suggestions to Pall Mall that I am sure will be found worthy of consideration:

1. Give permission to C.O.'s who have received the distinction of V.D. to write V.C. after their names. The latter letters would sound more heroic than the former.

2. Permit the battalion on the march to advance in line with the band five paces in front of the centre company. By this means every private will get, more or less, a decent share of the music.

3. Revive the past glories of Wimbledon and convert every camp of instruction into a liberally-appointed picnic.

4. In place of the King's Regulations, let by-laws be substituted at the pleasure of the rank and file.

So much for the moment. I insist that if the above suggestions were adopted we should secure a force, if not exactly of soldiers, at least of Volunteers.

Yours practically,

A. DUGOUT, Captain.

FROM HAMPSTEAD (Saturday, Jan. 25)
—MILVAIN first, and the unsuccessful candidate is now "Second Rowe."



Pheasant. "THERE NOW, WE'LL BE GOOD FRIENDS, AT LEAST UNTIL NEXT OCTOBER THE FIRST."

Moon-Fay (that's myself) cheerily. "She'll know me again some day. From ten to twelve is a bad age for fairy-sight, but when she's twenty or thirty perhaps she'll grow quite young again. Look there, there's a snow-fairy sliding down that moonbeam!"

OLIVE shook her dark curls excitedly. "Oh!" was all she could say. Then suddenly the red splash of colour on the ceiling from the fire became alive with shadows, twisting, turning, and rolling over one another.

"Lively fellows!" observed the Moon-Fay. "They want the snow fairies to dance with them, but snow fairies don't like the fire, and the shadows are afraid of the moon. Makes them look too dim. Ah...."

"At this juncture," observed the Robin, regarding the leaf with a frown, "the fairy seems to have been wanted elsewhere, but so far as I can make out.... Tweet, tweet!"

Yes, the bird language suddenly merged into the usual chirps that human beings hear. I could understand no

HOPE FOR THE BEST AT THE GARRICK.

["A play is not to show occurrences that happen every day, but things just so strange that, though they never did, they might happen."]—*The Critic*.]

THIS piece might easily, and with greater dramatic effect, have been constructed in three acts. In what may be termed the "latter-patter" days of CHARLES MATHEWS, the materials that have been used to make *Pilkerton's Peerage* at the Garrick would have served a skilled dramatist for an hour's light comedy at the Lyceum.

During three acts it is chiefly a drama of "Dolly Dialogues," with stage directions artistically carried out. *Pilkerton* wants a peerage; the Prime Minister's private secretary "wishes he may get it"; *Pilkerton* does get it by incidentally threatening to make himself politically objectionable, and, directly, by giving his daughter, "with a werry large fortune in silver and gold," to the aforesaid antagonistic Private Secretary. Strange, but quite possible. Three acts pass in the Private Secretary's room in the official residence of the Premier, in Downing Street, which apartment seems to have been designed by an architect with no inconsiderable experience in the scenic requirements of most French farces, although one of the properties usually valuable in such scenes, that is, a screen, is absolutely on the stage for three acts, without anybody, male or female, being concealed behind it! Strange, again, but quite possible. This is indeed a bold departure from tradition. Only occasionally does Mr. BOURCHIER retire behind it—that is, in front of it—in order to give his hair a brush up, and, of course, keeping himself well in view of the audience. A screen on the stage is a cumbersome property, as, when it is not essential to the action, it attracts attention and is an inartistic item. Among all the memorable "screen scenes," from the great original in *The School for Scandal*, down to that clever one in *Lady Windermere's Fan*, this in *Pilkerton's Peerage* must stand out as unique.

We may lack dramatists, but we have actors and acting. A thin plot, no "situations," sharp dialogue delivered at a rattling pace by actors in a hurry, whose occasional pause for breath suggests to the audience that there must be some point worth attention in the sentence they have just uttered. But Mr. HOPE's genuine epigrams, when he treats us to them, need neither measured tone nor weighty manner.

Miss EVA MOORE is a lively representative of *Lady Hetty Wrey*, and Mrs. MAESMORE MORRIS is clearly the *Ida Pilkerton* of the author's fancy, a young lady, wonderfully ingenuous, who falls in love at first sight, and does her own lovemaking without much assistance from the male object on whom she has "flopped her young affections." Strange, again, but just possible. Neither part is strong, for it is a man's piece, and the last act, which is admirable, is so in spite of these two ladies being dragged in for no purpose whatever, their presence greatly interfering with the action. Undoubtedly the last act is out and away the best. Mr. BOURCHIER, good throughout, is excellent in this scene. Mr. ESMOND, as the ever-laughing-at-nothing unpaid Private Secretary, is amusing, but it is an impossible part when considered in its relation to his master, as not the most *distract* or obtuse prime minister that ever existed could, after a short while, tolerate such a honey-and-butter-mouthed young man as is Mr. HOPE's *Earl of Addisworth, M.P.*

The *Joshua Pilkerton* of Mr. JERROLD ROBERTSHAW is a careful and clever performance, while Mr. H. B. WARNER, as his son, affectionate yet over-awed, is a pleasant sketch. *Herbert Bascom, M.P.*, as played by Mr. SAM SOTHERN is capital, and in the last act inimitable.

The first-rate quality of the humorous but quite natural and simple situations in this last act is exhibited to the greatest advantage by Mr. MAURICE, Mr. SOTHERN and Mr. BOURCHIER, by whom the audience are kept intensely amused



THE ABUSE OF FAMILIAR PHRASES.

"ARE YOU COMING DOWN?" "YES!" "WELL, HURRY UP!"

and highly delighted until the fall of the curtain. It is an act for men, and, impolite as it may sound, the ladies ought not to have been permitted to enter the Downing Street sanctum, which should have been to them as a place where they, as the "angels," should have "feared to tread." Pity that Mr. HOPE has given them the thoughtless part of the "fools" in this proverbial quotation. They are still "removables," poor dears! If only the author and manager dare! Well! *La vie est brève, Un peu d'espoir . . . et puis — bon soir.*"

One word as to the rapidity of speech notable in this play. Where every line is worth hearing, as in *The School for Scandal*, such a rattling pace as that at which the dialogue in *Pilkerton's Peerage* is taken would utterly kill SHERIDAN's comedy. I am not denying that in this particular instance there is sufficient justification for this high-pressure-express method during at least two out of the four acts, and I admit that Mr. BOURCHIER, recognising the fact, does "slow down" at the first opportunity. The danger is that rapidity very soon rattles off into utter unintelligibility,—a seven-syllabled word made on purpose to be pronounced slowly.

THE IDEOCRAT AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

VI.

ON WHAT CONSTITUTES THE "LORDLIEST LIFE."

No, I am one who never cared to waste
The fleeting leisure wrung from honest toil
On cant of poets' columns in the *Times*.
Mind you, I make no quarrel with the scribes,
Who have to earn their pittance how they can;
But when I take my morning's sheet in hand
I look to feed my brain on useful fact—
The copper slump, the imminent rise in oil,
Peace-rumours, how they touch the Kaffir mart,
Pig-iron, what the punters make of that—
For these I look, and not to slake my lust,
Never too warm, on literary ware.
That's why your KIPLING's rhyme had left me cold,
Being overlooked amid more vital themes,
But for the clamour roused i' th' popular breast
(Fatuous from the first and now effete)
To find its heroes damned for doddering fools.

'Tis time one spoke the clinching word thereon:
And, though you rightly laugh to see me ranged
Among this class of prophet, I protest
Up to a certain point I'm with the bard.
I too contend our England's youth is sapped
By this deplorable waste of time and wit
Lavished upon a bounding leather ball,
Being owed to something higher; owed, in fact,
To the "lordliest life" our earth has got to show.
Only—and here our arguments diverge,
Mine and the poet's—we are not at one
Touching this lordliest life, just which it is.
He says "the Martial"; I, "the Millionaire's";
And score a personal point (mere proof aside),
Seeing I practise what ideal I preach,
And live the lordliest life my soul conceives;
While he, ecstatic on the militant state,
Remains civilian poet: one to me.
Which said, I stand upon impartial fact,
And, waiving private vantage, argue case.

For what's the life he lauds save means to end—
Commerce the end, defensive force the means?
How should the means be "lordlier" than the end?
He speaks of abstract honour? Then he speaks
A Middle-ages' jargon! What's a flag
Unless it symbolise the nation's trade?
And, this away, what's left to fight about?
One doesn't die for joy of painted Jacks;
I don't myself, at least, if others do;
Nor yet, what's more, is that the luxury
For which I pay expensive troops to fight,
Being taxed thereto at fourteen pence i' th' pound.
No, there your KIPLING gets above himself,
Talking Crusaders' prattle.

Still, I say,
Up to a certain point I'm with your man.
He has an eye unerringly remarks
The fatal microbe which infects the time.
For what, I ask, would be the state to-day
Of Britain's backbone had her coming men,
Her nascent millionaires, beguiled the hour
In flannelled dalliance over bat and ball
Beyond their sixteenth year, the plastic age
For taking on your true commercial mould?
One dares not think on it; and KIPLING's right
Who lays instinctively his poet's thumb
Upon the germ that undermines our health.

But to devise a cure, or show indeed
What constitutes the sanity we seek,
Demands, I doubt, a wiser head than his.
How best to train our youth for England's needs—
'Tis a grave riddle asks solution here,
Baffling, for all his wit, the DUKE himself,
And might be well deferred another week. O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

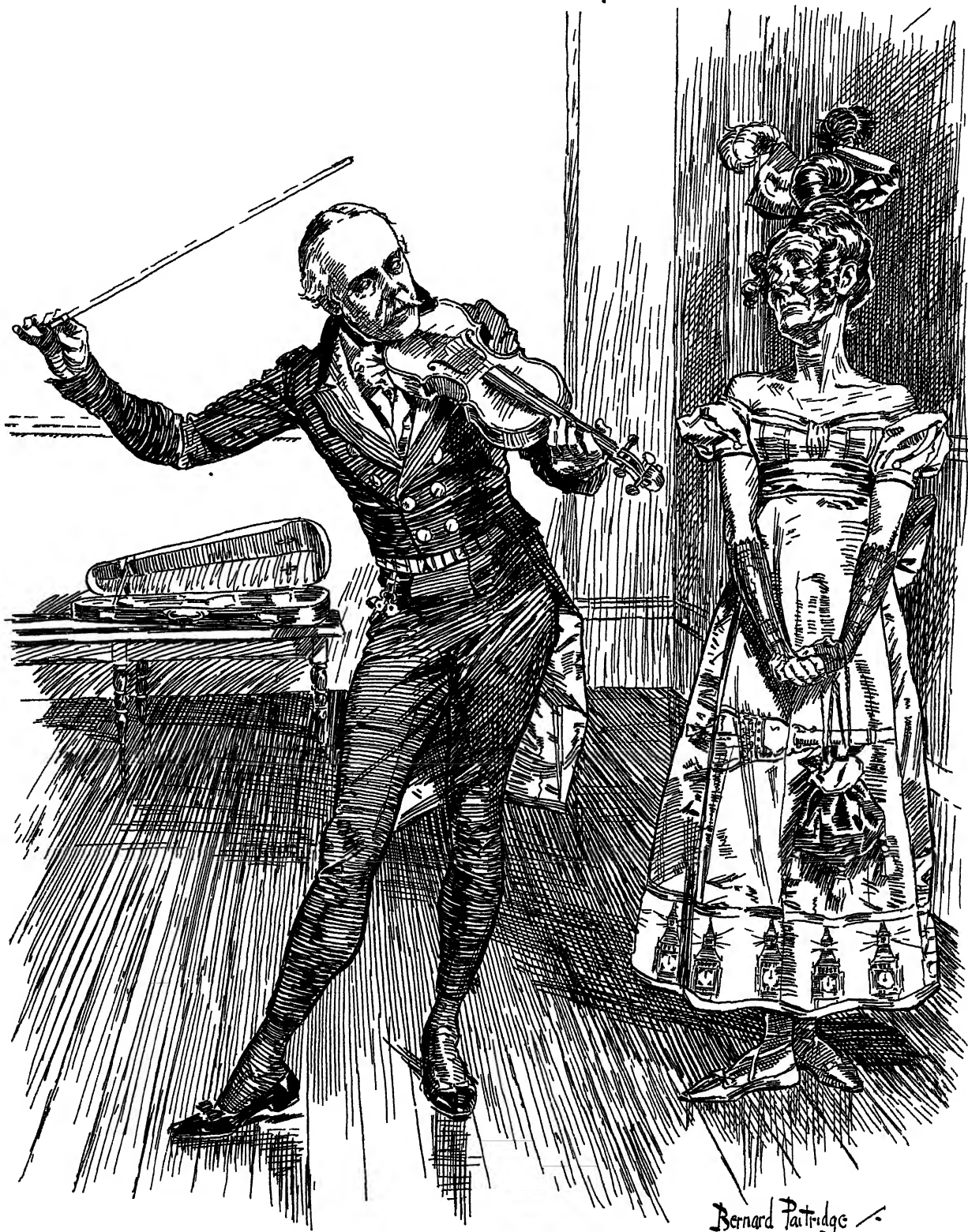
Tales of Dunstable Weir (METHUEN) are worthy of the lady who prefers to be known as ZACK, which is saying a good deal. By a coincidence, of course undesigned, probably unknown, her first tale, "Benjamin's Parrot's Fancy," is based on the same idea as MARK TWAIN'S *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg*. A stranger comes into a remote village, announces that he is prepared to leave all his money to the first man that takes his fancy, enchains the population, dies, and is found to be absolutely insolvent. ZACK shares the plot with MARK. But the humour, the delightful self-revelation of the cunning and meanness of the hero's bucolic nature (glorified in his dealing with *Amelia Anne Spot*) are her own. "The Hall and He," the longest tale of the seven, shows us a lad, shrewd, selfish, greedy, an admirable foil to the devotion of his mother, and the hopeless despair of her foster son. There is a caustic humour about ZACK my Baronite finds refreshing. Here are a couple of flashes on a single page, describing the family of *Kitty Fevrens's* husband, who "wadn't zactly mad, tho' his ideas was a bit jammed, and he reckoned he was the village pump and had to be fed on eggs to be kept gwaying." "There was *Mat*, small and crooked-toothed, with a fine knowledge o' other folk's fowls; and *Poddy Peter*, the youngest lad, the zame baing terrible anxious to do wi'out the power o' doing, tho' he wance picked up a drupenny-bit on the road."

The authorship of *The Trial of Man* (JOHN MURRAY) is a secret. "Anon, anon, Sir." Perhaps it is just as well that the strictest anonymity should in this instance be preserved. It is a spirited but mistaken attempt to produce, in laboured prose, effects similar to those wonderful creations of MILTON in *Paradise Lost*. Had the first chapter given us a faithfully exact picture of monastic life, and had the remainder of the romance been a dream of the *Scrooge* and *Marley* character, ending with the moral improvement of the "sleeper awakened," there might have been some point in the fanciful story which would then have had more interest for the reader. The Baron cordially agrees with the author's opinion (expressed at page 234), that "the best of devils is bad company," and so, after recommending the writer to keep clear of such a very low set in his literary future, he has nothing more to say on the subject.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.—Lord RAYLEIGH, in his lecture at the Royal Institution, dealt with "the interference of one sound wave with another." "Will his lordship kindly inform us," writes a correspondent signing himself "Light and Airy," "in what respect a sound wave differs from an unsound wave? And ought he not, in the interests of public health at seaside resorts, to insist on the local authorities passing sanitary regulations to have every wave carefully examined by sanitary inspectors before it reaches the shore?"

MEM. FOR ACTOR-MANAGER T. R. H. M.—If *The Return of Ulysses* was a matter of grave anxiety to *Penelope*, how much more so will not *The "Returns" of "Ulysses"* (nightly) be to Mr. BEERBOHM TREE? May the suitors overcrowd the box office daily! *Prosit!*



THE NEW DANCE.

Miss Parliament (to her "Professor of Procedure") "WELL, MR. BALFOUR, IT MAY BE VERY SIMPLE, BUT IT IS NOT AT ALL THE STEP I'VE BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO!"

MORE STATUES.

THE German Emperor, not content with the endless erection of monuments in Berlin, has presented to the municipality of Rome a statue of GOETHE, to be set up in a public place, and has sent to the Syndic a telegram ending with the following words, roughly translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*—"May his statue, under the blue sky of the land which he sang, and where the laurel flourishes, form a lasting emblem of the sincere and hearty fellow-feeling which unites me and Germany to beautiful Italy."

The English version, issued by Reuter's Agency, contained the words, "under the blue sky where blooms the orange-tree." An orange-tree growing in the sky would stagger SANTOS DUMONT himself.

Having presented this possibly charming gift with these graceful words, the KAISER will doubtless extend his and Germany's sincere and hearty fellow-feeling, combined with German statues, to other cities. There is reason to believe that the following figures, with the accompanying dedicatory telegrams, are about to be sent off.

SCHILLER, to the municipality of Lucerne, to be erected on the Lake of the Four Cantons. Telegram to the Burgomaster—"May his effigy, by the lake he celebrated, where the blooming apple, hit by TELL's arrow, rose into the blue sky, for ever assure the brave Swiss that I and Germany are their best friends."

SCHILLER (a replica), to the municipality of Orleans, to be erected opposite the Cathedral. Telegram to the Maire—"May his statue, made in Germany, and placed in the city of JEANNE, Maid of Orleans, about whom he wrote a very long five-act tragedy, testify to the valiant French that I and Germany are only too eager to be their best friends."

SCHILLER (another replica), to the Corporation of Edinburgh, to be erected near Holyrood. Telegram to the Lord Provost—"May this artistic and German presentment of him who wrote at such profuse length a five-act tragedy about MARIA STUART, embellish the so-called modern Athens—which, though it has hills, will be entirely eclipsed by Berlin, though absolutely flat, when I have provided the latter with a German statue at every street corner—and prove to Scotland on behalf of myself and Germany that blood is thicker than water."

SCHILLER (a third replica), to the municipal Council of Paris, to be erected in the Place du Théâtre Français. Telegram to the President of the Council—"May this statue of the author



Dolly. 'AUNTIE THAT'S WHAT I'VE DONE FOR THE COW-DRAWING COMPETITION AT SCHOOL.'

Auntie. "BUT IT IS MORE LIKE A HORSE THAN A COW."

Dolly. "IT IS A HORSE. BUT, PLEASE, DON'T TELL TEACHER!"

of *Neffe als Onkel* remind cultured and artistic France of the talent of German sculptors, of the fun of German authors—when they borrow from the French—and of the eternal friendship of myself and Germany."

HEINE, to the Corporation of London, to be erected opposite the Mansion House. Telegram to the Lord Mayor—"May his effigy, under the smoky sky he scorned, and facing the temple of that English cookery he liked so little, form a lasting token of the undying affection of myself and Germany."

LESSING, to the Turkish authorities in

Jerusalem. Telegram to the Pacha—"May this figure of him who wrote *Nathan der Weise*, adorning Jerusalem, the scene of the play, and also the scene of the Crusading spectacular drama, of which I was the leading gentleman, prove to all the subjects of my beloved friend, my more than brother, the SULTAN—may his shadow never grow less—that the concession of the Bagdad railway having been at last arranged, the guns ordered from Herr KRUPP, and other little matters settled, there beat for them no warmer hearts than mine and Germany's."



AT THE RINK.

Little Girl. "OH, CAPTAIN SPRAWLER, DO PUT ON YOUR SKATES, AND SHOW ME THE FUNNY FIGURES YOU CAN MAKE."

Captain S. "MY DEAR CHILD, I'M ONLY A BEGINNER. I CAN'T MAKE ANY FIGURES."

Little Girl. "BUT MABEL SAID YOU WERE SKATING YESTERDAY, AND CUT A RIDICULOUS FIGURE!"

DRAMA À LA MAETERLINCK.

(After a careful perusal of "*Pelléas et Mélisande*.")

If your object is to shine
In the morbid-tragic line
As quite the latest philosophic star,
You must start each observation
With some plaintive exclamation,
And ejaculate an "Oh!" or an "Ah!"

Should you casually remark
That the night is rather dark,
Or mention that the wind begins to
blow,

Repeat it twice or thrice,
And season with a spice
Of the stimulating "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

In this apt reiteration
You will find a revelation

Which stirs the deepest chords of joy
and woe,
And the trite and inartistic
Sounds poetical and mystic
When embellished with a "hola ho!"

If a speech abruptly ceases
With an aposiopesis,
Your meaning most evasive who can
guess?

So just put on the stopper
When about to be improper,
And then break off with a "Yes! Yes!
Yes!"

This your *style*, and now your *matter*
Must be madder than a hatter,
Of "properties" symbolic keep a
stock,
Such as doves and bolts and chains,
Smelly caves and gory stains,
And a wonderfully chiming castle clock.

Let your *dramatis personæ*
Dwell in castles cold and stony,
Or in forests where no light has ever
been;

The scene is always shady,
And, of course, your leading lady
Has a character in keeping with the
scene.

Though her beauty is Byronic,
Her propensity is chronic
For dropping things entrusted to her
care;—

She tosses crowns and rings
Down unfathomable springs,
And inundates the hero with her hair.

Make your old men idiotic,
And your little boy neurotic,
The husband and the hero both insane;
If their motives are umbrageous,
And their actions quite outrageous,
Why the merit of your drama must be
plain.

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

[The *Table Tennis Gazette* has issued its first number.]

THE games our fathers played at school
Were poor, unscientific stuff,
The muddled oaf and flannelled fool
Were stupid and absurdly rough;
But brighter days have dawned and
many's

The blessing poured on table tennis.

The poet's heart, that used to bound
To hear the woodland huntsman's
scream

Backed by the tongue of every hound,
Now soars towards a sweeter theme—
A panegyric of Ping-pong
In unpremeditated song.

And if you should be keen to know
The latest table-tennis news,
Who won the cup at Ben-by-Bow,
Which shape of racket champions use,
Or what's the latest kind of net—
You'll find it all in the *Gazette*.

Here every student of the game
May learn (by cuts) the proper shot
For every stroke that has a name,
And many others that have not.
Here you may learn if it is true
That TOSHER's got his Ping-pong blue.

And oh, the blessed day must come
When journalist and racing tout,
Author and critic all are dumb,
And Ping-pong occupies about
(In place of politics and crimes)
A dozen columns of the *Times*.

FROM the *Guardian*:—

WORK (Living or gd. Curr.), of a "soul-satisfy-
ing" activity, REQD., by Pr. (36, M.A.),
aft. East., of val. expr. (ld. and naval). Str. with
males. Vy. mus. Strictly F.-bk. doct. and rit.
No subsequent cavil. Able pr; ed. cong. Bracing
sphere. Abt. marry.—Explicit, etc.

"Explicit" is good.

OUR MISTRESS THE MAID.

I.

WHEN the wedding presents were arriving, AUGUSTA wept because she was not coming to London to keep Miss GWENDOLEN's beautiful silver in order. "I'd just love to clean it," she sobbed. "I'd have it all out on the side-board, and there'd never be a speck of dust on it."

Often and often, when the fog had played the mischief with our labours and the general had struck at laying another finger on the plate, did GWEN recall AUGUSTA's words. "JACK," she sighed, looking at the dingy brown utensils that saddened our dining-room, "Oh, JACK, if we only had AUGUSTA!"

"Ah," I sighed, sympathetically. "Do you think she would come?"

"We should have to give her double the wages we pay the Marchioness, and her fare from Aberdeen——"

"First-class?" I queried.

"Anything more despicable than the wit of the professional humorist——" began GWENDOLEN.

"Darling, I was stupid. By all means, let us try to get AUGUSTA. If she is more expensive than the Marchioness is, she will also be more effective."

"Yes, JACK, it will be ever so much cheaper in the end. We shan't have to do any housework. All our time will be free for writing. Why, we ought to make at least another £100 a year by it!"

"Undoubtedly," I acquiesced.

GWENDOLEN gave herself no small airs when a letter arrived announcing that AUGUSTA was graciously pleased to accept our offer. To sympathetic friends who tendered condescending, not to say contemptuous, enquiries after our *ménage*, GWENDOLEN replied with the calm confidence of one who has put her money on a dead cert. "An old family servant," she airily explained, "who nursed me when I was a baby. One of the regular old-fashioned sort, you know, who wash, scrub, cook—do everything. None of your mercenary, callous hirelings, but one who really is devoted to you, and makes your interests her own."

By this announcement amused contempt was turned to jealousy, and GWENDOLEN's paragon became the envy of all. CASSANDRA alone raised a note of warning. "Oh, beware of paragons! I suffered under an AUGUSTA for two long years and only got rid of her under false pretences and a prodigious effort of the imagination."

GWENDOLEN and I agreed, however, that CASSANDRA's prophecies were but an ebullition of spite designed to scare us from joys which she could never hope to share; and we did not suffer



OVERHEARD OUTSIDE A FAMOUS RESTAURANT.

"HULLO, GUS! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING ABOUT HERE FOR?"

"I'M WAITING TILL THE BANKS CLOSE. I WANT TO CASH A CHEQUE!"

them to interfere with the orgy of anticipation with which we awaited AUGUSTA's arrival.

"We must try to make her very happy, JACK."

"We must."

"And feel at home."

"We'll try."

"She has never been to London before, so I think we ought to show her about a little."

"Certainly."

The first month was a round of gaiety. To begin with, GWEN took AUGUSTA to St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the National Gal-

lery, and the Zoo; but when I suggested Madame Tussaud's as the next day's dissipation, GWEN frowned and looked thoughtful.

"Do you know, JACK, I don't much think AUGUSTA cares for seeing London in this sort of way."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed.

"She was rather bored with St. Paul's, and as for the National Gallery——"

"The National Gallery!" said I. "Why, it contains some of the masterpieces of art——"

"But it is not exciting," replied GWEN.



"Is MRS. DONNISTHORPE A PING-PONG CHAMPION?"

"No, DARLING, I DON'T THINK SO."

"THEN WHY DOES SHE HAVE P. P. C. ON HER CARD?"

"No, not exciting exactly——"

"You never go there yourself."

"Because you always refuse when I suggest it."

"You only suggest it because you know I will refuse."

"My dear girl, I have the utmost respect for the National Gallery——"

"JACK, don't be such an ass! The fact is AUGUSTA is dying to go to a music hall."

"A music hall?"

"Yes, she told me so herself. It was her great idea in coming to London."

"Then," said I, "to a music hall she must go."

AUGUSTA enjoyed the Empire so much that the next week we had to take her to the Alhambra, and shortly afterwards—a *penchant* for pantomime having declared itself—to Drury Lane. On her "evenings in" we supplied her with novels and, finding that she had a taste for tobacco, occasional cigarettes. In return for this AUGUSTA beamed benignly on us; the silver glittered and the brasses shone; and if her entertainment did add a trifle to her wages, still, as GWENDOLEN pointed out, the whole burden of house-keeping was lifted from our shoulders. GWEN no longer had to cook her own pudding, nor I to scrub the kitchen floor.

"What do you think?" cried GWEN one morning. "AUGUSTA insists on doing all the house-keeping, so I shan't have to think any more about endless lunches and dinners. She won't even let me help her clean the silver for fear I should 'soil my pretty hands.'"

"My dear, she is clearly a woman of discernment."

"And just fancy, JACK! She says she won't on any account have a regular evening out, as she knows I couldn't cook the dinner——"

"I told you she was a woman of discernment."
"But isn't it sweet of her? She says she wouldn't be happy unless she knew we were having a nice little dinner. How many generals would talk like that?"

"My dear," I remarked, "she is a perfect treasure."

(To be continued, however.)

PARADISE LOST.

["Oxford, which I loved of old, is now so full of tramways, baby baskets, feeding bottles, and vulgar villas, that I never go near it."—*Dr. Lee.*]

YEAR in, year out, from morn to night,
The jerry-builders build;
From Headington to Hincksey height
Behold a brick-and-mortar blight;
A valley—once the eye's delight—
With vulgar villas filled!

And mid suburban wastes so wide,
With houses planted thick,
Now scarcely may the tower be spied
'Neath which old Cherwell loves to glide;
The spires that once were England's pride
Are drowned in seas of brick.

On every pavement jostle us
A thousand teeming prams;
Along the High, with noise and fuss,
Rattles the tawdry painted bus;
Carfax is Piccadilly *plus*
Innumerable trams.

And cloistered clerks who once were versed
In ARISTOTLE's lore,
In villa nurseries dispersed,
Discuss how babies should be nursed
When little teeth are coming first
And little gums are sore.

HOME LIFE AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

(Page from a City Man's Pocket Diary.)

Monday.—Never saw my wife looking better. Delighted she picked up that bargain at the Stores without waiting to consult me. Would have been foolish to lose it. Pax Africans 94.

Tuesday.—Can't stand the extravagance of the household any longer. Fancy ordering a couple when a single sole would have been sufficient! And why not a slip? Absolutely disgusting! Pax Africans 84.

Wednesday.—Quite right arranging a little dinner party at the Splendid. Far better to have it at a hotel than at home. May be a trifle more expensive, but what of that? My dear wife is always full of excellent ideas! Pax Africans 95.

Thursday.—I shall certainly give up this house! Of all the brutal extravagance! Fancy, a new carpet! A new carpet! Pax Africans down to 80!

Friday.—Didn't go to the City. Left Pax Africans to do what they pleased.

Saturday.—Glad my wife fetched me from the house. Delightful drive and excellent dinner. Home management couldn't be better. Pax Africans up to 120.

LORD HOPETOUN appeals to Australian ladies to curtail the length of their skirts. But is this not just a *little* unkind? Ladies always miss their trains.



Tommy (pointing to *kicker*). "I SAY, DOROTHY, WHY HAS THAT HORSE GOT A RED RIBBON ON HIS TAIL?"
Dorothy. "I DON'T KNOW. I SUPPOSE HE MUST HAVE BEEN VACCINATED!"

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

PROFOUNDLY impressed by the practical utility of the American Professor's successful extraction (as recently announced) of light from decayed meat and vegetables, *Mr. Punch* commissioned a special correspondent to interview the scientist personally.

He reports that he found him in bed, and somewhat pale and emaciated, doubtless from hard study. The apartment, which might be described as rather "a strong room," was rather inadequately lighted by a brace of grouse, hung very high, and a blown salmon-tun, but the Professor, in apologising for the feebleness of these illuminants, explained that whenever he felt well enough to get up—which, in consequence of the nature of his pursuits, was not often—he could turn on some cabbages that made dressing easy—and even speedy.

He wished to correct the report which had got into the papers that he had caused a porter-house steak to emit light enough to take a photograph. This was inexact. He had certainly kept a steak with that intention, and it had as certainly emitted something, but either it was not light or the exposure had not been sufficient for photographic purposes.

The Professor was enthusiastic as to the future of his invention, and sounded the interviewer upon a suitable site for a factory in London. To the suggestion, made by our Special with a large pocket-handkerchief tightly held over his nose and mouth, of "Turnham Green," he replied that, though he was not himself familiar with the topography of London, it had a likely sound.

He pointed out the immense advantages inherent in the simplicity of method of distribution, and stated that he looked forward confidently to the time when ptomaines would be as common in our cities as gas mains are now. He did not

recommend the use of his illuminant so much for public halls as for confined spaces, but prophesied that its introduction into, for instance, gaols, would ultimately result in a great saving in the cost to the country of the criminal classes.

Altogether, *Mr. Punch's* correspondent came away (in a fainting state, requiring immediate stimulants) very favourably impressed with what he had heard, and his report, properly disinfected, has been duly filed in a Bouverie Street rubbish heap.

PIGMETOPHAGUS.

[“A Parisian doctor has discovered that white and grey hair is caused by the ravages of a microbe called the pigmetophagus.”—*Daily Paper*.]

You who, worn with anxious care,
Plod along life's weary way,
If you find your raven hair
Now is tinged and streaked with grey,
Ask you what should make it thus?
'Tis the Pigmetophagus.

Greybeard, ah! you come too late
With your obsolete pretence,
Hoary head, your claims abate!
To bespeak youth's reverence
Would be too preposterous—
For a Pigmetophagus.

Thus does science, year by year,
Going on its ruthless road,
Faiths our fathers would revere
One by one in turn explode,
Offering instead to us
Only—Pigmetophagus.



Nurse (who has been many hours on duty—to patient's mother) 'WHEN DO YOU THINK I SHALL BE ABLE TO GO TO BED?'

Patient's Mother. "GO TO BED? I THOUGHT YOU WERE A TRAINED NURSE!"

THE SEVEN STAGES OF PREVENTION.

First.—Papers again full of it. As if anyone wanted to know the statistics of the new scare. Cricket match at the Antipodes far more interesting. Still, of course, it was quite seven years ago. Now I come to think of it CHARLIE was a baby. Bless me, it must be twenty!

Second.—Really, I mustn't trifle. Fancied my age would protect me—well, or rather badly, over forty—but someone says that in the eighteenth century it attacked an old woman of ninety. Well under that age, at any

rate. Think I shall avail myself of doctor's invitation.

Third.—Doctor says it won't hurt in the least. Oh dear no, not nearly so bad as having a tooth out. No, not even when you have it with cocaine. He thinks it would be wiser if I had it done to-day. Make appointment for to-morrow.

Fourth.—Doctor as good as his word. Gives me choice of arms. I say right. He suggests left. Why left? Oh, nothing, he explains, only if it takes badly, I'd better have my right arm free. Of course, if I had it on the right I

could dictate. Don't like his tone. But I am in for it.

Fifth.—Have been hearing nothing but stories of an agitating character. One fellow found it affect the whole of his arm, inclusive of his hand; couldn't wear gloves because he couldn't get any big enough. Wanted twelves. If it weren't for these anecdotes should feel very comfortable. No complaints at present.

Sixth.—Dear me! I have had a time of it! Although I put a piece of red ribbon round my arm, and said I used my left for shaking hands, everybody seemed to get at it! Always being patted on the arm or lugged by the arm! Such beastly carelessness! And—there it goes again! Talk about the tortures of the Middle ages! It is a torture of the middle-aged! Would laugh at the excellent jest—if I could. But, oh dear!

Seventh.—Crisis over! Cured! Can read statistics with equanimity. Wonderful invention. Forget who thought of it. Was it Sir HUMPHRY DAVY or ISAAC NEWTON, or ABERNETHY, or HARVEY or JENNER, or ERASMUS WILSON? So ignorant not to know. Must ask my doctor. Pleased with my doctor for being in the right.

SHOULD TIME PERMIT!

AIR—"Were I thy Bride!"

Should time permit,
What measures will we fit
As here we sit,

A legislative band—
Should time permit!

Yes, we will think
Of those poor souls that sink
In seas of drink,
And stretch a saving hand—
Should time permit!

We will create
A system good and great
To educate

Our daughters and our sons—
Should time permit!

We will devise
New methods, sound and wise,
To ope the eyes
Of our blind little ones—
Should time permit!

Hovels and holes,
Where stricken human souls
Burrow like moles,
Shall vanish 'neath our care—
Should time permit!

We will be nigh
To hear the smothered cry
Of those that die

For want of light and air—
Should time permit!



A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS.

BRITANNIA. "IS IT PEACE?"

["A communication was received late on Saturday night, January 25, from the Dutch Government, which is now under consideration."]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, January 27th.—CAWMELL-BANNERMAN is not by nature envious. Yet, sitting through to-night's debate on the Telephone Settlement, he could not repress feeling of jealousy at position of PRINCE ARTHUR and his colleagues in the Government. Has had borne in upon him the conviction that were he and his friends in office just now, responsible for this arrangement with the Telephone Company, they would be swept out amid a roar of execration.

It seemed for a while that even faithful Unionists would, as CLAUDE HAY grandly said just now, put duty to their constituents before fealty to their party. The metropolis stirred to profoundest depths of indignation; Conference at Guildhall, representative of all classes of interest, commissioned LORD MAYOR to move amendment on Address demanding suspension of the bargain struck between Post Office and Telephone Company. Gravity of crisis indicated by circumstance that LOUGH, vinegar of Radicalism, was invited to second amendment moved by LORD MAYOR, oil of Conservatism. To the ingenuous Man looking in from the Street, situation seemed critical. If Government were not actually defeated, their majority would be run down to ominous figure. As C.-B. felt, had a Liberal Government sat on Treasury Bench, their fate would have been assured. PRINCE ARTHUR, familiar with his men, did not even take the trouble to sit out the debate. He well knew that all this sound and fury signified nothing; at crack of whip the grumbling dogs would come to heel.

Nor was he mistaken. Member after Member rose from Ministerial Benches, denounced arrangement as almost incredibly futile, and concluded by declaring that he would not support amendment. LORD MAYOR among the first to lay down his arms. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN generously promised that three years hence, the public meanwhile suffering the inconvenience and injury described by successive speakers, there shall be enquiry.

"Thank you kindly," said the LORD MAYOR, looking at the clock and observing dinner-hour was at hand; "that will do for me; I beg leave to withdraw my amendment."

C.-B. so amused at solemn farce that once he broke into a chuckle, and was sternly reproved by AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

"Surely," he pleaded, "the right hon. gentleman will allow me to smile."

AUSTEN, hardly mollified by being thus endowed with Privy Council rank, was not sure that the privilege claimed

might be extended. Consequently C.-B. restrained his risibility when LOUGH tried to wheedle the Ministerialists into voting for the amendment. It was technically a vote of want of confidence, and, if carried, Ministers would resign.

"Not a bit of it," said LOUGH. "Think what we did eight years ago in the session the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD assumed leadership of House. We moved amendment to Address praying the QUEEN to withdraw from House of Lords their power of vetoing Bills. We got our own Government defeated by a majority of two. Did they resign? Not they. They dropped the first Address, brought in another with a comma altered here



MR. BANQUO COGWHEEL.

and there, and went on as if nothing had happened. You vote for this amendment, moved by the good LORD MAYOR, and nothing will happen except that the Telephone service will be put on another footing."

"Duckie, duckie, come and be killed," murmured a voice from Ministerial side.

That sort of little game all very well for Radicals; doesn't suit book of Unionists. Request for permission to withdraw amendment refused; House divided, and a settlement, denounced on all sides, in whose favour no voice was uplifted save from Ministerial Bench, approved by majority of 88.

Business done.—In House of Lords young WEMYSS made a night of it; inflicted on listless Peers vituperative speech of hour's duration. Others followed. A dreary performance. House of Lords at lowest pitch. So ashamed

of itself forthwith adjourned for a week.

Tuesday Night.—There is something almost uncanny about Mr. COGWHEEL—I beg his pardon, Mr. COGHILL. Has a way of turning up suddenly, unexpectedly, putting awkward questions, designed to make his esteemed pastors and masters on the Treasury Bench uncomfortable. Personal appearance and accidental choice of position add force to his influence. When from below gangway he springs up and turns upon PRINCE ARTHUR an ashen-grey countenance and a glassy stare, there ever comes back to the mind the thought, "What a Ghost of *Banquo* is lost at Stoke-on-Trent!"

Rarely makes ordered speech; his *métier* the hollow intonation of inconvenient questions put at awkward moment. As a rule they don't appear on the Paper. That would spoil everything. Your experienced ghost, contemplating a night visit to a particular mortal, doesn't advertise his intention through the newspapers or the penny post. A low groan, a rattling of chains, a whisper of weird wind behind the arras, if the furniture of the room happens to include the thing; in the open fireplace if it doesn't. That is all you get by way of premonition from the ordinary ghost.

COGWHEEL (it's no use struggling against association of ideas), when he wants to put a spoke in the Ministerial machinery doesn't even rattle his watch-chain. The first thing heard is an accusatory voice; the first thing seen is a figure below the gangway subtly diffusing air of discontent.

The other night, *à propos des bottes*, COGWHEEL sprang up and wanted to know whether the First Lord of the Treasury had provided a seat in Parliament for the Vice-President of the Irish Board of Agriculture. No one was at the moment thinking of HORACE PLUNKETT, or of the great work he has accomplished for the welfare of Ireland and is modestly pushing forward. PRINCE ARTHUR was so taken aback he could only stammer protest that it is not his business to find seats in the House for anyone out of it.

COGWHEEL knew what he was about. This was the night MACARTNEY, spokesman of ultra-Ulster feeling, which has never forgiven HORACE PLUNKETT for being actuated in the disposal of a small office of profit simply by consideration of the merits of the candidate, was to have his fling at the Vice-President of the Irish Board of Agriculture. He bracketed him with Mr. QUIN, the reporter in attendance on a Board of Guardians, whom MACARTNEY graphically described as going round with a ruler in intervals of his profes-

sional avocation and tapping selected Guardians on the head.

Nothing since this Parliament began has delighted the MEMBER FOR SARK so much as this peep at the pleasantries at Irish Boards of Guardians.

"According to *MOLIÈRE*," he says, "*Le véritable Amphitryon est l'Amphitryon où l'on dîne*." According to *MACARTNEY*'s narrative, the real Home Ruler is the sociable but disciplinary *MR. QUIN*."

COGWHEEL, having got wind of *MACARTNEY*'s intention, merely desired by enquiry addressed to *PRINCE ARTHUR* to fix members' minds on the additional drawback to *PLUNKETT*'s state of perfection—that, being a Minister, he is not provided with a seat in the Commons.

To-night *COGWHEEL* operated in direction of seconding amendment designed to reduce the number of Irish Members. A little paradoxical, since last time we heard him he was wanting to get another into the House. On the whole, *COGWHEEL* is better in the character of weird questioner than in the more common-place one of speechmaker.

Business done.—Still on Address.

Thursday Night.—"What do you think of it?" I asked the MEMBER FOR SARK when *PRINCE ARTHUR* sat down after hour and twenty minutes exposition of new plan of procedure.

"I think it is a scheme devised mainly with purpose of extinguishing the private Member. Not much of that estimable personage left under old order of things; subject to new Standing Orders he will be nowhere. Observe how gently, but firmly, he is shouldered off the scene. On four days a week Government business begins at half-past two; private Member shut off till a quarter-past seven, when, if he likes

to stay on, he may put Questions. No longer has he for this hitherto cheapest, most effective form of personal advertisement, the freshest hour of a sitting, the cheering environment of a crowded House. Hereafter when he rises to put a question the great majority of Members will have scurried off to dress for dinner, leaving him to deliver his Elegy in the solitude of a Country Churchyard. At eight o'clock steam of Questions peremptorily shut off. If his turn hasn't come he may hang about till midnight and take it.

"Amused me to observe enthusiasm with which ingenious private Member cheered proposal to make Friday even as Wednesday is. Instead of meeting at noon and parting at six on Wednesday, that day will be added to the Government bag, and Friday will be the short sitting. This is feeding the dog with a bit of his own tail. While Ministers acquire in Wednesday a good business sitting, the private Member will find himself—and this only up to Whitsuntide—in possession of what will practically be a *dies non*. The temptation to make holiday on Friday will be irresistible. Ministers will look on unconcerned, having made the most of their four days.

"In brief, *TOBY mio*, you and other private Members are generously presented with the scanty leavings of a tired day. You notice how punctilious *PRINCE ARTHUR* was to allude to Government time as 'afternoon sitting'? That was designed to convey impression that Ministers merely appropriate the afternoon, leaving the evening and the night to the gorged private Member. Practically you will find as the new rules work, that the Government have pouched the whole time of the Session. Nominally there are afternoon sittings and evening sittings. The hapless private Member will find himself a sort of Parliamentary Lotus Eater. He has 'come into a land where it is always afternoon.'"

Business done.—The private Members'



THE BETTING EVIL.

Waiter (down tube). "WILD DUCK, ONE!"
Voice from the kitchen. "DID HE? JUST LIKE MY LUCK! BACKED ANOTHER WRONG 'UN!"

BY-LAWS AND REGULATIONS

Relating to Metropolitan Perambulators.

[According to a recent decision of the Kent County Council, all perambulators within its jurisdiction are henceforward to carry lights.]

DEFINITIONS.

THE term "perambulator" shall cover every light vehicle, go-cart, mail-cart, Tate's sugar-box on wheels, or barrow used for the out-door carriage and transportation of infants and propelled by nursemaids on foot.

The designation "nursemaid" shall apply to either parent or any other male or female pedestrian in charge of the light vehicle for the time being.

The word "infant" shall be taken to include every baby, child, package, work-basket, sack of potatoes or any object whatsoever conveyed in such light vehicle.

In accordance with popular usage, the short title "pram" shall hereinafter be substituted for the longer form "perambulator."

BY-LAWS AND REGULATIONS.

1. Every nursemaid shall carry a badge not less than a foot square with a registered number in a conspicuous position; and any attempt to conceal the same shall render the bearer liable to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings.

2. Each "pram" and infant shall respectively bear a badge of similar dimensions, with a corresponding penalty



NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN.

Mr. Speaker endeavours to count more than forty.

["*Mr. Speaker never has counted more than forty.*"—*Mr. Balfour*.]



CRUEL.

Rich Old Aunt. "ROBERT, I'M GOING TO MAKE MY WILL. I THINK I SHALL LEAVE YOU——" (Pause.)
 Attentive Nephew (eagerly). "YES, AUNT!"
 Aunt. "——BEFORE LONG."

for concealment, recoverable from the owner or parent, as the case may be.

3. An under-nursemaid shall precede each "pram" at a distance of three yards, carrying a red flag.

4. To obviate all further danger, a gong must be attached to every "pram," and be sounded continuously as long as any foot passenger is in sight, the infant (where possible) being trained to reinforce this alarm-signal with its voice.

5. No "prams" will be allowed in future upon the pavement, but shall proceed with bicycles, milk-carts, and other wheeled traffic along the roadway.

6. Any "pram" left unattended, while the nursemaid is engaged in shopping, flirting with guardsmen or others, paying calls, or visiting public-houses, shall be taken forthwith to the nearest police office and thence to Scotland Yard, the infant being removed to the Foundling Hospital, or otherwise summarily dealt with.

7. "Prams" are to travel in single file, and at the rate of two hours a mile, any higher speed being punishable by a fine, not exceeding Five Pounds, for furious pushing.

8. Any nursemaid convicted of jostling a passer-by, or wheeling over the corns of the same, or impinging upon any bunion, kibe, or chilblain whatsoever, shall *ipso facto* forfeit his or her "pram"-licence, the infant being confiscated.

MILITARY MEMS.

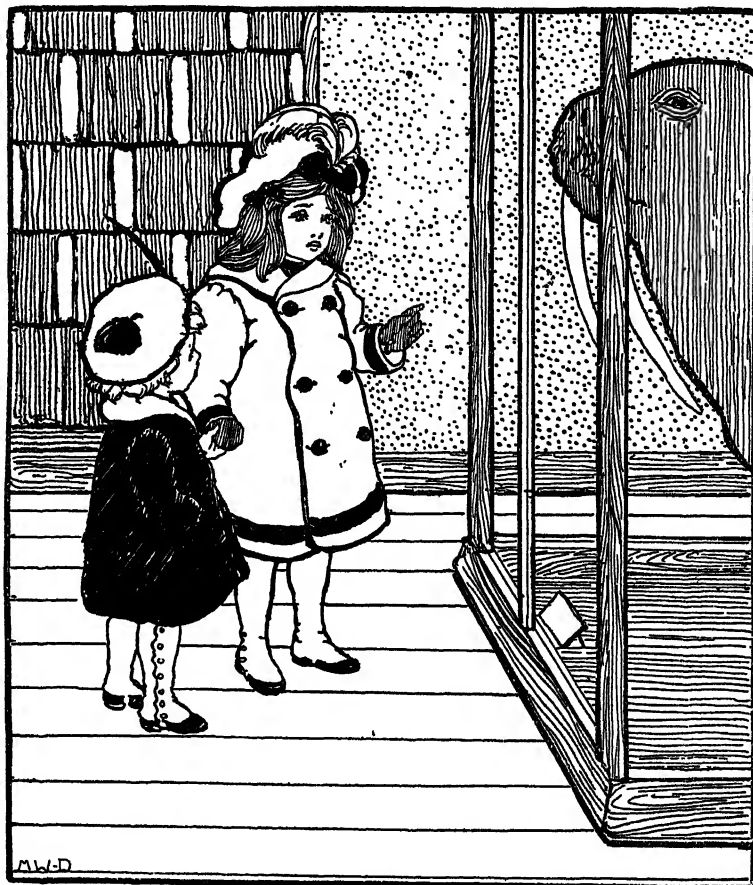
MY GOOD AND GALLANT SIR,—My suggestions anent the Volunteers seem to have given general satisfaction. An adjutant certainly writes to me that something might be done to improve his quadruped. I find a vast improvement in the chargers used by the mounted officers of the auxiliary forces, especially in the Militia. When I had the honour, some twenty or thirty years ago, of serving as an adjutant in the Shoreditch Sharpshooters—I fancy by the territorial system they have become the reserve battalion of a Highland regiment—I used to get my horse from an omnibus proprietor. When this intelligent creature returned to his civilian duties he always, when he recognised me, paid me the compliment of coming sharply to attention with his ears. But in spite of this chivalrous civility he seemed on parade to miss his mate and the staff of the public conveyance to which he really belonged.

During the last few days I have had the advantage of seeing a specimen of the coat and cloth of the future. In colour it is not unlike pea-soup, or rather, a species of Chinese blanc-mange. At a distance, no doubt, it might be taken for a dog kennel, a wheel-barrow,

or the linen dépôt attached to a Herne Bay bathing machine. From this it will be seen that the colour is calculated to excite the curiosity of our opponents, especially if they happen to be savages. In shape the new coat favours the Norfolk jacket. If taken into civilian wear there is nothing to prevent it being used out rabbit-shooting or when decanter port in the wine cellar. It is not exactly "dresy," but if it were dyed black and trimmed up a bit with

still, they will be less discernible by our opponents. The intelligent tradesman who showed me the patterns was most kind in his explanations. "Are the Household Troops to wear them?" I ventured to inquire. "Oh dear no, Sir," was the prompt reply. "They would not think of putting His Majesty's Guards into anything so dreadful. No, Sir, the Guards, Sir, are to remain as they are." I congratulate the Guards.

A. Dugout, Captain.



She. "THAT IS THE WALRUS."

He. "AND WHERE IS THE CARPENTER?"

silk it would make a very good smoking-jacket to be worn before the kitchen fire of a "liberty hall" kind of establishment belonging to a friend of forty years' standing who wasn't a stickler for appearances.

In the new coat the rank badges have disappeared—at least so far as the shoulders are concerned. In their place brown braid creeps up the arms in a snake-like fashion. A second-lieutenant has a small adder; a captain a sort of conger eel. Field officers have the conger eel plus the high stalks of what I took to be Japanese poppies. Of course this mode of decoration is not quite so smart as the stars and crowns;

OVERSTEPPING THE MARK.

MAJOR RONALD ROSS, who is directing the malaria investigations of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine on the West Coast of Africa, beats Mark Tapley's record for feeling jolly under difficulties.

Writing cheerily to Sir ALFRED L. JONES, the merry Major says: "I have great pleasure in informing you that Dr. DUTTON has made a very important discovery at Bathurst. He has found a new kind of parasite which causes fever in human beings." It is to be hoped that Sir ALFRED replied in the same lively strain, and had "great pleasure" in ordering a dozen!



J. L. GALLAND OIL

Gent (who has just executed a double somersault and is somewhat dazed). "Now, WHERE THE DICKENS HAS THAT HORSE GONE TO?"

AMARYLLIS AT THE PLAY.

The scene is Box No. 2 at a theatre, where, in consequence of the wonderful success of "Frocks and Frills" at the Haymarket, a "new and thoroughly original comedy, entitled 'Furniture and Fur-below,'" has been produced. The orchestra is playing, and the foot-lights and limelights are in full lustre. Presently a tall, slim, rosy-cheeked girl with soft blue eyes dances into the box. A handsome, rather bored young man follows leisurely with two programmes. It is AMARYLLIS and her brother VIVIAN.

Vivian (slowly crushing his hat). I would much rather have gone to a pantomime.

Amaryllis (letting her cloak slip back on to her chair). Oh, Vi! how can you say so! This will be simply heavenly. (Feverishly devouring the programme and extracting a pair of diminutive opera glasses from a case—reads.) "Act I. Madame Celestine's, a fashionable milliner and Court dressmaker." Won't it be lovely! All the characters will be dressed in the very newest things. Look! "The dresses in Act I. have been specially made in Paris and

Vienna." How splendid; it tells you who made the different dresses worn by all the characters!

Vivian. All right for you, but I think that sort of thing's awful rot.

Ama. Oh, Vi! (Reads on.) "Act II. Messrs. Bricca de Brac, the Court Furnishers." That is bound to be a splendid scene, Vi. Absolutely the newest designs in tapestry hangings are to be shown, and the furnishing exhibits all the latest revivals in antique furniture.

Vivian. That sort of thing's all right for old oak collectors and grandfather clock maniacs, but I think it's rot.

Ama. Oh, Vi! (Reading from programme.) "The carpets are from designs in the most valuable collection of a distinguished Turkish official, and reflect exactly the prevailing taste." Act III. Oh, in this Act, Vi, there is the most wonderful display of real flowers that has ever been put on the stage. Mamma particularly wants to see this act because of the marvellous arrangement of electric lights. They are done by the Electrical Supply Company, and, it is said, have created quite a new mode in electric lighting.

Vivian (yawning). I wish it were a panto, MAY.

Ama. What nonsense, Vi. You're never satisfied. Hush!

[The orchestra ceases, the lights in the auditorium go out, and the curtain rises.

Vivian (listlessly). This is the dress-maker's shop, isn't it?

Ama (leaning forward, breathlessly taking in all the details). Yes. Isn't it simply beautiful?

[They are silent as the play proceeds.

Vivian. Who's the pretty girl talking now?

Ama. I don't quite know. Her dress came from Madame ROPRE.

Vivian. Who's the dark woman who keeps laughing?

Ama. Lady Vixen her name is. Her dress is from Vienna, isn't it perfect? I shall certainly have my new one made like that in front. (As a new character comes on the scene.) Oh! how exquisite. Vi, just look at that gown.

Vivian. Who is she?

Ama. I haven't the least idea, but isn't that lace simply beautiful? I expect it's frightfully expensive. I wonder if Mamma could coax enough out of Papa to get me one for the TREVOR's like that. I am sure it cost an awful amount, Vi. Do help me to find out who made it. I wish the characters had numbers instead of names, it would

be much simpler. Here it is, Madame PLACQUET, Regent Street.

Vivian (gloomily). I like a play with some sort of story in it that you can grasp.

Ama (reproachfully). VIVIAN, this is a delightful plot. Look, that's the *Marchioness of Ilford*, she is very hard up.

Vivian. Why, she's got a small fortune on her in lace and diamonds.

Ama. She is in love with that tall man *Lord Cachou*, who is a millionaire. The *Marchioness* gives a grand party or dinner, or something in Act III., when she counts on *Lord Cachou* proposing to her.

Vivian. The chap who's so bashful?

Ama. Yes. And the only way the *Marchioness* can bring him up to proposing point is by making herself extremely fascinating. Her complexion is her weak point, and to discount its blemishes she is ordering a wonderful confection to exactly harmonise with it.

Vivian (protesting). Oh! I say—

Ama. Ah, but you are a "mere man." Hush! You hear, *Madame Celestine* is asking for her money. The *Marchioness* cannot pay. (As the curtain falls on the First Act.) Oh! isn't it thrilling! She is going to send the *Marchioness* the pale yellow gown—it will mean ruin; she will look ghastly in it!

Vivian (rising). Just going out for a cigarette.

[He absents himself for twenty minutes or so, re-entering in about middle of Act II.]

Ama (rapturously). Isn't the furniture gorgeous?

Vivian. Um! What are they doing now?

Ama. The *Marchioness* is ordering new furniture, quite the latest design, carpets and tapestry to match her complexion, when *Lord Cachou* comes to propose. Isn't it splendid? Oh! if only Papa would let us have a suite of that Louis furniture and those lovely satin panels!

Vivian. Yes, but what's the furniture Johnny making such a fuss about?

Ama. Why, don't you know, he is in love with the *Marchioness*.

Vivian. What cheek!

Ama. And, to prevent *Lord Cachou* proposing, he is going to send home, in place of all the beautiful things she has ordered, a complete set of early Wesleyan horsehair furniture. Isn't it awful!

[At this important juncture the curtain falls on Act II.]

Vivian. I'll just go out and tell the chap to be up in time with the brougham. (Executes strategic movement to smoking lounge, returning after the curtain has risen on Act III.) Hallo, the *Marchioness* is going it strong now.



Miss Symple (who has only just "come out"). "DO YOU KNOW I CAN EASILY REMEMBER ALL THE DINNERS I'VE BEEN TO."

Young Fitzmoddie (who is not great at conversation). "CAN YOU? AW—BUT YOU DON'T LOOK SO VERY GREEDY!"

Ama. Yes. Look! She has just found the spiteful dressmaker has sent home the yellow gown. It will ruin her chances with *Lord Cachou*. Enough to make any woman mad. Oh! Vi, the servants are removing the Holland covers from the furniture!

Vivian (briskly). That has upset her.

Ama. Yes. It's the horsehair furniture! Hark! there is a knocking at the door.

Vivian. It's *Cachou*.

Ama. He will never propose.

Vivian. Don't blame him.

Ama. The servant comes in. The

Marchioness is almost fainting. Isn't her complexion shocking?

Vivian. Hullo! she's bucking up. What's the note she's reading?

Ama. She is saved, saved, Vi! *Lord Cachou* has proposed by letter. (The curtain falls on the conclusion of the play amid the wildest applause. Pulling on her cloak.) Isn't it splendid! What a difference from the old-fashioned plays! And the title is so appropriate—*Furniture and—*

Vivian. I say, AMARY, come on! They'll be waiting supper for us!

[Exeunt.]



Dolly. "AUNTIE, WILL YOU COME AND CHAPERON ME? MR. SMITH HAS ASKED ME TO GO TO THE CHOCOLATE SHOP, AND I DON'T THINK IT WOULD BE QUITE THE THING TO GO ALONE WITH HIM."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

An Evening Paper states that Lord R-S-B-RY is engaged upon a novel, which may be expected to make its appearance during the autumn. We understand that its title will be *I've an Hoe*. That the ex-premier is not the only political personage likely to contribute to the output of the next publishing season may be gathered from the following strictly unofficial items of literary gossip.

FICTION.

The Right Hon. ARTH-R B-LF-R (author of *To-morrow will be Friday*) is about to publish *Forty Winks on the Links*; or, *The Dormy-Tory*. The appearance of the promised novel, *Never Too Late to Amend*, by Mr. L-MB-RT, M.P., editor of *Colenso's Rules of Simple Calculation*, has been indefinitely postponed till the weather is cooler.

HISTORY.

It is reported that Mr. LL-YD-G-RGE, M.P., will shortly give to the world a new edition of the *Works of Josephus*, and that a special feature of the volume will be an introductory essay, in which an interesting comparison will be drawn between the earlier and later periods of JOSEPHUS' work.

SPORT.

The Right Hon. ST. J-HN BR-DR-OK, already known by his famous brochure, *From Vet. to De Wet*, is shortly to produce *The Book of the Horse*, to which Sir J. B. M-FLE will kindly contribute a chapter on "Tottenham Corner," and Sir H. C-B. a chapter on "Fencers."

EDUCATIONAL.

Notable amongst forthcoming educational works will be the Marquis of L-NSD-WNE's *How to Teach the Dutch in One*

Lesson. Students and travellers will no doubt look eagerly for the new volume in the *Modern (strong) Language Handbooks Series*. The work, which will be entitled *How to Make Yourself Understood in Germany*, will be from the pen of Mr. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N, M.P.

"THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN."

LIFE is growing hard and dreary; every pleasure turns to gall;

In our very dreams we're haunted by a net and whizzing ball;

And our backs are nearly breaking, and our youthful limbs are sore,

For we're playing, playing Ping-pong, which our parents both adore.

We can recollect our feelings (which of late have had such shocks)

When our father read the paper, and our mother darned the socks;

But you *can't* respect your father when he's grovelling on the floor,

Or is glaring at your mother if she doesn't know the score!

Well! we'll try to bear our burden, and we'll never talk of "fads,"

Nor remark on "modern mothers," or "the latest thing in dads,"

But we'll never know what peace is till we land upon that shore

Where the fathers cease from ping-pong and the mothers pong no more.

THE IDEOCRAT AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

VI.

How best, I said, to train our British youth
To prop the edifice their fathers reared—
'Tis a grave riddle asks solution here,
Yet light to solve for whoso reads the signs
Of what I count the lordliest life on earth.
And, first, 'tis well to catch your early cub
I' th' pliant age, ere yet his supple mind
Is set to practise feats whereof the price
Is as a drug's unquoted on the Mart.
So caught, you 'll make his young prehensile hands
Loose grip of bat for grasp of office-pen;
Bid utilise his gift of agile feet
To move about negotiating bills
In lieu of hurdles, ay, and learn the art
Of "forcing corners" on a nobler field;
Let him eschew the unproductive task
Of grappling with the lore of Greece and Rome,
Of which the mere supply creates demand
(Inverting order sanctified by trade),
Since ushers cannot live with none to learn,
And needs must teach the only arts they know,
Which things in turn are taught by whom they teach,
Eschew, I say, these antic outworn tricks,
Long since discredited, and turn wi' th' times
To themes that have their obvious instant use,
The tongues of commerce—German, Spanish, French—
Shorthand, and double-entry and the like.

That were a course to gender self-respect,
Shaping the man o' th' world, adult betimes;
The while in kindergartens, Cambridge way,
Your hoyden athlete, loosely overgrown,
Ekes out his babyhood with bumping boats,
Ball-patting, running o' races round a ring,
Or squandering leisure plucked from such employ
On dust of futile authors dead and done,
Greek fables, Latin doggerel, deuce knows what.

But there's an art they learn up there, you say,
Whereon the shining hours are wasted well—
The nice refinement, unattainable else,
That comes of intercourse of unspoilt minds
While youth is soft to take the impress on,
Breathing an atmosphere impalpably rare
Of high tradition good to brace the health?
Why so, my friend, you're pleased to disinter
That hoary wheeze of *Manners makyth Man!*
And overlook (being left behind the times)
An earlier rule restored, how *Might is Right*,
Changed from its brute intent of armed appeal
And signifying Wealth as primal source
Of what ingredients go to make the man!
Think you that when I dine my friends i' th' Lane
They look to feast themselves with table-talk,
Fine manners, windy gabble o' fencing wits,
And salon-vogues revived from Holland House?
No, Sir, their tastes are formed of sterner stuff.
They come to eat their uttermost, I say;
To spend what interspace my *chef* allows
Probing the menu's promise; warm their hearts
With vintage-raptures; muse in silent hope
O' th' six-inch Cuban brand that crowns the close.
One doesn't hear Horatian tags to-day
Banded across the maze of supper-routs,
Savoy's or Carlton's, wasting precious time.
One *eats*; or talks, at most, to aid the maw,

On topics fitting men of affluent means—
As Coronation seats, what price the best.

Well, well, I wander; let me turn in fine
Back to my muttons (*pré salé*, I hope).
Had I a dozen boys I'd school them all
I' th' path of sound commercial enterprise
From earliest prime, with liberty to reap
What crop of manners chanced to shoot their way.
And as for this same service KIPLING asks,
This solid year of talents sent to seed,
Why, one can always pay for men to die;
They have their tariff fixed so much a day:
Nor need they want for samples how to fight,
Taught willingly by such as find reward
In just the joy of guarding England's trade,
Good honest fellows—trust the breed for that,
And I, for one, have never cast contempt
On humbler forms of service not my own,
So they assist, in their subordinate ways,
That common end we patriots keep in view.
Each to his own employ, and Heaven for all;
Thus checking what confusion might arise
Most inconveniently, should every man
Aspire to be a King of High Finance.

O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Oh, it is a lovely tangle, I can tell you," says one of the characters in *Princess Puck* (MACMILLAN). "HARBOROUGH has talked to me about it till I have completely forgotten which party wants to prove what." My Baronite has the fullest sympathy with this bewilderment. Miss SILBERRAD gives herself and her readers infinite trouble about the ramifications of a family and the intricacies of a lawsuit. There is a great deal too much of "the younger brother of old Mr. Harborough's grandfather." The reference, and many like it, is painfully reminiscent of the cow with the crumpled horn, and all that followed from its tossing the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat. It is endurable only by reason of the exceeding charm of the creation of *Wilhelmina Alardy*, commonly known as *Bill*. In her freshness, her unconventionality, her keen insight, and her honesty, *Bill* is delightful. By way of foil an equally clever character sketch is presented in her cousin *Polly*. This is not the author's first book, but she is evidently a beginner. When she learns to crowd her canvas less, and to leave the intricacies of landed estate law to those who make a living out of it, she will do far better.

MESSRS. VACHER issue a fresh volume of *The Politician's Handbook*, being a review and digest of Diplomatic Correspondence, Reports of Royal Commissions, Select Committees, Treaties and Consular Reports current within the year. Mr. WHATES prefaces his work with a review of the documents that is in itself a luminous review of the principal events of the political year. To all actively concerned in public affairs my Baronite recommends the volume as an invaluable book of reference. THE BARON DE B.-W.

SEASONABLE.

'Arry's Friend. What's the proper dinner for Ash Wednesday?

'Arry. Why, 'ash mutton, o' course.

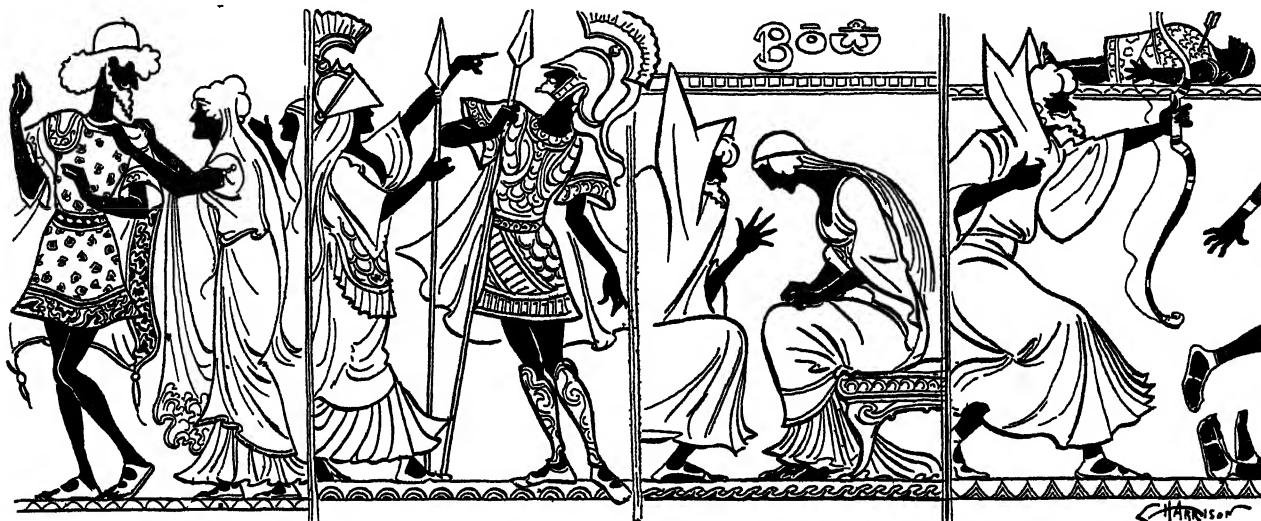
HIGHEST AIMS IN LIFE.—Captain OSWALD H. AMES, of the 2nd Life Guards, the tallest man in the British Army, "has been promoted to be Major." What height will he be when he becomes Maximus?



A CAPRICIOUS CUPID.

R-a-b-ry-Cupid (apart, guiltily conscious of his duty towards Squire C-m-p-b-l-l-B-a-n-r-m-n and the fair spinster, Miss A-s-y-M.). "I SUPPOSE, NOW, AS THIS IS VALENTINE SEASON, I OUGHT TO GET THESE TWO TO KISS AND BE FRIENDS.—BUT I'M NOT GOING TO TRY!"

ULYSSES MUCH WANDERING AT HER MAJESTY'S.



Ulysses and Calypso at Ogygia-super-Mare.

Ulysses and Minerva in the "Two-penny Tube," Hades Station.

Ulysses and Penelope. Artful Beggar!

The great pull that Ulysses has over the Sutors.

Auditorium suddenly "lost in gloom." Impossible to read names in play-bill. Music heard issuing from under the artistically strewn leaves that conceal the orchestra buried somewhere deep down under the waves of sound away from the public gaze. Occasionally during the evening the conductor of the submerged band pops up to the surface for breath, then, having caught the air they are singing on the stage, he dives down again to inform the musicians in the shades below, and all proceeds harmoniously. Curtain rises discovering the Gods of Olympus, or some of them, the others being unavoidably absent, seated "all in a row," with, as central figure, Jupiter "in the chair."

Old-fashioned Spectator in stalls (hums to himself). "King Jove in the chair, Of the skies Lord Mayor"—isn't that from Midas?

His Light-hearted and Younger Companion (cheerfully). Don't know the gentleman. But as the lot are asleep the orchestra might play, "We're all noddin', nid, nid, noddin'." [Chuckles.

Sedate and Superior Person of about thirty-five (severely). It is a poetic conception. Hush!

Mamma (to clever young lady). It's so dark I can't see the programme even with my glasses. Who are these people, dear?

Clever Young Lady (rather impatiently). Oh! They're the gods, you know—Jupiter, Juno, Apollo—

Her Young Brother (about sixteen, who has overstayd his holidays and is returning next day). Bosh, WINNIE! I don't see any Juno or Apollo. Why, they're all sitting in a row like Christy Minstrels. Hallo! (As a figure is seen rising, through a trap-door on the stage, with back to audience and facing JUPITER.) I say, who's this chap?

Clever Sister (vexed). It isn't a chap at all, WILLIE.

Old-fashioned Spectator (staring at the figure that has just arisen). What on earth—or rather—what in Heaven's name is Britannia doing among the gods?

Superior Person (smiling superciliously). That's not Britannia. She has neither shield nor trident. It's—it's—

[His memory won't assist him, and, "the light that fails" not permitting him to read the bill, he is nonplussed.

Erudite Person (who has previously studied the bill). That is Athene—or, in Latin, Minerva.

Friend (nodding cheerfully). Oh, thanks, of course. [Imparts the highly satisfactory information to old-fashioned friend.

Old-fashioned Friend (satisfied so far). Oh, I see, of course it isn't Britannia; she hasn't got any toasting-fork. Wish we could have some more light. Can't make out a word of the play-bill.

Habitué (in balcony stalls, recognising the actress who plays MINERVA). Why it's CONSTANCE COLLIER. Doosid handsome girl, CONSTANCE COLLIER.

Habitué's Wife (severely). S-s-s-h, JOHN, you disturb everybody.

[MINERVA and NEPTUNE quarrel. JUPITER says, "Order, order!" MINERVA, who has declaimed splendidly, calls for her trap, and on it descends quickly, to arrive apparently among the musicians below in their Cave of Harmony. POSEIDON-NEPTUNE, very rough and angry, rolls off in tempestuous wrath, and ZEUS—alias JUPITER—declares the sitting at an end, calls on GANYMEDE for a little light refreshment, and the nectar, being rather stronger than usual, inspires the Thunderer with humorous idea for practical joke, which he at once puts into execution by letting off a brilliant firework. "Bang goes sixpence!" Blinded audience awfully startled, and many nervous people inclined to rush incontinently out of the house—"sauve qui peut!" However, as no manager, or any one of the gods, appears to inform the public that "there is no danger," the audience gradually recovers its wonted equanimity.

Audience (after the lights have been switched on fully, "breathing again"). Ah!

Erudite Playgoer (with ancient quotation always ready). "For this relief much thanks!"

Young Brother (enthusiastically alluding to JOVE's pyrotechnic display). I say, that cracker was rippin'! wasn't it?

Elderly Playgoer (to friend whom he has treated to dinner and stall). I suppose you're not old enough to remember Venus and Adonis at the Haymarket, or Ixion at the Royalty, with all the gods and goddesses in it, and Minerva singing Dr. WATTS's verse, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," to an air from the Ballo in Maschera, eh?

His Friend (slightly his junior). I remember years ago

seeing *Paris* at the Strand. All the gods were in that. There was a fat Cupid whose wings were moulting.

Elderly One. Yes, it was *Paris*; or, *Vive Lemprière!* Capital title. And I remember ROBSON's son coming out as *Ulysses* at the St. James's Theatre, when Miss HERBERT was there! Ah! (*Enjoying the recollection.*) I remember her as *Diana*. . . . Ah! . . .

Superior Musical Amateur to Congenial Companion (in a grieved tone). Really, people do keep up such a constant chatter it is impossible to hear the music.

Congenial Companion. Yes, awful nuisance. Though at a theatre, as they only play popular music-hall tunes—

Superior Friend (correcting him). Ah, but here the music is strictly classical, and written on purpose by Mr. COLERIDGE TAYLOR.

Congenial Companion. Oh, by COLERIDGE—er—um—what's he written?

Superior Friend (sadly surprised). My dear fellow, you surely—

Congenial Companion (pretending that he had been the victim of a momentary lapse of memory). Oh, of course, COLERIDGE—yes, yes—

[*Is about to commit himself hopelessly by adding "Ancient Mariner," when bell tinkles, which announces the regulation, as on board ship, "All lights out," and the auditorium is again in darkness. Then we have the Palace of Ithaca, where the Suitors are carousing with various classically attired young women, at whose presence, as guests in her house, the peculiarly strict PENELOPE really ought to have drawn the line.*

Ingenuous Youth (in stalls, much delighted with the appearance and manner of CTESIPPUS, to *Paterfamilias*). Who's that fat chap?

Pater. That—that—(*struggles with his play-bill*). Can't see the name.

Kind Friend. That's KEMBLE—HENRY KEMBLE.

Ingenuous Youth. Oh, he's rippin'! (*After a pause.*) Who's that chap like SANDOW?

Pater (puzzled). SANDOW?—SANDOW?

Ingenuous Youth (impatiently). Yes, you know, Poppa, the strong man, in the large picture advertisements on the walls—

Pater (enlightened). Oh, that—yes—this—(*indicating ANTINOUS on stage*)—isn't SANDOW.

Ingenuous Youth (more impatiently, and vowing to himself that he never will bring Poppa to the play again if he can help it). Of course I know it isn't SANDOW—but who is it?

Kind Friend (thinking that information will put a stop to loquacious inquiries). That is Mr. OSCAR ASCHE.

Ingenuous Youth. Thanks awfully! I say, he is a whopper! My! (*Suddenly.*) But I mean what's his name in the play?

Kind Friend (blandly whispering). Antinous.

Ingenuous Youth (astounded). ANNE who?

Pater (frowning). Antinous—one name—a man, not a woman!



Specimens of the "Suitors"—assorted sizes.

Ingenuous Youth (resignedly). Oh, I see. I say! (*he exclaims on entrance of MISS LILY HANBURY as PENELOPE.*) Ain't she rippin'!

[*Is "in admiration lost."* Scene over. Darkness banished. Light returns.

Ingenuous Youth

(*studying play-bill*). HENRY KEMBLE. I say, Poppa, how do you pronounce that name?

[*Points to "CTESIPPUS"* in cast.

Poppa (trying to avoid the subject). That is K-E-M-B . . .

Ingenuous Youth (interrupting). No!—I know that all right—I mean the name of the part he plays. There—

[*Points it out beyond possibility of mistake.*

Poppa. Oh, that's (gives a kind of sneeze and elicits) "Ctesippus!"

[*Ingenuous Youth tries it himself. Much diversion created in surrounding seats. The effect of everyone trying to pronounce C't'sippus is as if this portion of the audience had been suddenly seized with a violent attack of influenza.*

Bell. Lights out. Cimmerian darkness. Curtains withdrawn. Beautiful scene by HAWES CRAVEN of *Sea Cave on CALYPSO'S Island.* Enter ULYSSES and CALYPSO. Great applause. ULYSSES "the crafty" intimates to the audience, by a glance, that he quite appreciates the expression of their delight at seeing him, but deprecates any display of enthusiasm just at this particular moment, in justice, of course, to Poet PHILLIPS.

Clever Young Lady. Oh, here's *Ulysses* at last. I began to be afraid he was never coming.

Her Mamma. That's Mr. TREE, isn't it?

Clever Young Lady. Yes, dear.

Mamma (pleased with herself for having hit the right nail on the head this time, tries another). Ah, Mr. TREE, yes—very good. And that's Mrs. TREE, of course?

Clever Young Lady (worried). Oh no, Mamma, that's *Calypso*!

Mamma (bridling up). Oh!

Clever Young Lady. You remember the story? She detained him on the island away from *Penelope*.

Mamma (rather haughtily). I know it, my dear; I know it perfectly.

Jennie (in gallery). I say, 'ARRY, who's that a 'uggin an' a maulin' what's-'is-name?

'ARRY (proud of his knowledge and pronunciation, and of his acquaintance with the drama and items of theatrical news). You mean *Hylisēs*. That's TREE.

Jennie. Stupid! I know 'im—I mean—

'ARRY. Oh, the carrotty-'air'd party? That's *NANCY PRICE* as come in when *Missis BROWN-POTTER* chucked it.

[*Is about to give details for general enlightenment when he is silenced by expression of feeling in form of a "hush!" "no torkin'!"* Play proceeds. Conversations and remarks gradually subside. Schoolboy goes home enthusiastic as to its being all "rippin'."

In Act the second, the "action" being in Hades—a word pronounced as one syllable by no inconsiderable portion of the audience—we "don't get no forrader." Practically, not much "action." Grand scenes by HAWES CRAVEN. And then up we come to earth again, and are landed with *Ulysses* on the coast of Ithaca. As the scenes in Hades might be abbreviated, so might this. Mr. LIONEL BROUGH is here seen, comical as always, for a few minutes, and he is decidedly a



Calypso offering cup to Ulysses, hoping "there will be no ill-feeling" afterwards.

relief after Hades. Out of the last scene Mr. TREE (*pace* poet PHILLIPS) will probably cut a lot of tedious undramatic stuff; for why, if Mr. SHAKESPEARE's plays be invariably cut to meet the requirements of the modern stage, should not the same treatment be meted out to the work of Mr. PHILLIPS?

However, "That's all one, Our play is done," and Mr. BEERBOHM TREE and Co. "will try to please you every day," and, having "scored," will commission Mr. COURTICE POUNDS, as *Phemius* "the minstrel boy" among the Suitors, to sing this version of Sir CHARLES SEDLEY's song, set to music by HOBBS, to be entitled:—

"PHILLIPS IS MY ONLY JOY!"

PHILLIPS is my only joy,
And as on this U-lys-ses
I his talent did employ,
Willingly I pay him fees."

(Last line repeated with flourishes.)

If with a frown
He potted BROWN,
PHILLIPS, smiling
(Some folks riling),
Makes me happier than before.

[*Arpeggio accompaniment for two bars interval, un poco rallentando, after the sweet COURTICE POUNDS style, diminuendo gradually dropping into pianissimo.*]

PHILLIPS is my only joy,
Speak his line sans "gag" or
"wheeze,"

Or no more will TREE employ
"You" in spel-ling U-lys-ses!

[*Forse e legato (or, best foot foremost), octaves ad lib. Great applause. Call for everybody before curtain. Vive TREE!*]

MURDEROUS MILLINERY.

A Possible Development.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* stated, in a letter published on the 6th instant, that one person in the neighbourhood of Scarborough has contracted to supply ten thousand sea-birds to a milliner in London. The slaughter of the birds has been going on for months past.

In connection with this abominable arrangement, which throws such a lurid light on the tender and delicate sympathy of fashionable women, it may be interesting to give the following paragraphs from "Society Gossip" in the *Daily Female* of the first Monday in June, 1907:—

Church parade yesterday was a most cheery function. Everybody who is anybody was there. Among the smartest of the *fleur de chic* I noticed Mr. JONES, of South Africa, wearing a silk



"THAT NEW BOY'S A BAD BOY, TEACHER. HE SMOKE'S!"

"No, I DON'T SMOKE NOW, TEACHER. I USED TO!"

hat, a frock coat, patent-leather boots, and diamond sleeve-links. But the women's dresses were, of course, more attractive, and some of the creations in *chapeaux* were perfectly too delightful.

It is very interesting to observe how the taste for animal trimmings has spread beyond the mere dead birds of a few years ago. A gull, or other bird, not cut up, is really quite *démodé*, and only seen at Brixton or Balham. The trimmings of the *viande saignante* style are now quite the rage.

Amongst the smartest women yesterday I noticed Lady BEATRICE BOUCHER in a delicious *sang-de-bœuf* straw hat, with an exquisite arrangement of *côte-lettes-de-mouton* all round the crown;

the Hon. Mrs. CHOLMONDELEY SLAWTER in a really sweet toque, trimmed with slices of *canard sauvage*; Miss ANN GWYN, the pretty *débutante*, in a white hat trimmed with tulle, amidst which, in the front, a large mass of *filet-de-bœuf* gave a note of rich colour; Mrs. PERCY GORE in a black hat of a very elegant and original shape, with a perfectly lovely arrangement of *rognons-au-naturel* under one side of the turned-up brim; Miss MONTGOMERY-COFFIN in a scarlet toque with a most graceful trimming of *sauvissous-de-Lyon*; and Mrs. PAUL BAISER in a quite too delicious wide-brimmed hat of *couleur-de-chair* straw, the high crown wreathed most charmingly with *tripe-à-la-mode-de-Caen*.

IN THE LIFT.

SCENE—A Lift at one of the stations on the "Tube." TIME—Midday, when the traffic is slack. A uniformed official is standing outside. His demeanour is stern and haughty. Another official, not quite so severe in his aspect, is standing in the lift. Two passengers, an elderly lady and her son, are in the lift, which, it should be stated, is about to descend.

First Official (relaxing, as he turns to speak to his colleague inside). Did you 'ear about ole 'EERY lawst night?

Second Official. No. What's 'e bin up to?

First Official. Sime ole gime. Come 'ome in the tantrums and found 'is missis settin' on a 'eap o'— (To lingering female passenger who, having deposited her ticket in the box, is approaching. Very ferociously.) 'Urry up, 'urry up! (Lingering passenger does so in a humble and deprecating way. The official once more addresses his colleague.) That was a fair ole bit o' 'umbug, them two telegraft gals gittin' 'old of that money.

Second Official. Ah, but they ain't got 'old of it yet. Their aunt 's got a word to say about it.

[All three passengers listen with breathless interest.

First Official (contemptuously). Aunt! They don't take no stock o' their aunt! Why, when their grandmother was took with the— (In severe tones to a girl who is giggling her way slowly past the ticket-box.) Now then, this wy! 'Urry up! We can't wite all day!

Girl (snappishly). Why, I thought you was paid for it.

First Official (still severely). That's just where you mike your error. We're paid for movin' up and down.

Girl. Why don't you move, then?

[She enters and sits down.

First Official (to his colleague, condescendingly). That's one o' them don't-know-where-yer-ares.

[He prepares to enter and to close the gates, when a stout old lady approaches the ticket-box at a run, waving her umbrella.

Stout Old Lady. Hi! hi! Stop!

First Official. All right, Mum. 'Urry up! We've got to get started some time.

Stout Old Lady (volubly to the official at the ticket-box). I want to get to Liverpool Street as quickly as possible, and they told me this was the best way, but I want to ask you if you're quite sure I shall be in time to meet a train there that ought to arrive at 1.10, but it's generally late, and so I thought—

First Official (furiously). Now then, Mum, come along, come along!

[She is hustled, still appealing for information, past the ticket-box. She darts back, but is ultimately persuaded to enter the lift. She sits down panting. The other four passengers regard her with cold disapproval. The First Official swings into the lift and closes the gates with a rattle and a bang, viciously excluding a meek old gentleman.

The Son (to his mother, as the gates close). Now, mother, don't be alarmed. It's really nothing when you're used to it—just an easy gliding motion—and we shall be down almost before you realise we've started.

[The lift starts suddenly.

The Mother. Ow! ow! Oh, what a turn that gave me, Tom! Oh dear! are you sure it's quite safe? Oh, and what's that melancholy sound?

First Official (continuing cryptic conversation with colleague as the lift descends). There was another o' the sime sort come along yesterday—no, the dy afore—with a parcel under 'is arm, and a little dawg tied to a—

Voice (proceeding apparently from the bowels of the earth). What oh! I give 'er that message!

First Official. Right oh! (To his colleague, laughing heartily). Ha, ha! That's ole BILL all over. 'E's the rummest ole scorchier I ever set eyes on. To-morrow 'e's goin' to take a—

[The lift reaches the bottom. The official dashes open the gates, and the passengers all exeunt.

Stout Old Lady (darting back, to First Official). I'm sure I'm not right for Liverpool Street. Can you tell me if—

First Official (sternly). You're quite right, Mum. 'Urry along to the trines. You're sure to catch one of 'em. Mind it's City, not Shepherd's Bush. (Stout Old Lady rushes off. He continues conversation with colleague.) There ain't many like THOMPSON nowadays. Did I tell you what 'e said to the butcher last Friday? The butcher 'ad 'ad a drop, o' course, so THOMPSON—

[At this moment passengers troop in on the other side for the upward journey, the lift fills, the official has to prepare to close the gates, and the conversation is again interrupted.

First Official. 'Urry up, 'urry up!

[He closes the gates, and the lift ascends.

MR. PUNCH'S NINETEEN-HUNDRED-AND-ONE CARTOONS.

LEST any reader should be misled by the above title, it may be as well to explain forthwith that we allude to Mr. Punch's Cartoons for 1901, just published by Messrs. BRADBURY AND AGNEW in one volume, with preface and memoranda by "TOBY, M.P." The volume opens with a cartoon by "our" Sir JOHN TENNIEL, the last one done by him for Mr. Punch, January 2nd, expressive of hopes for peace, and it finishes with one (December 25th), showing that the War in South Africa is still with us. Strange to relate, only once in all this series does the "unspeakable" Turk appear. As a handy and trustworthy reference concerning all matters directly political and indirectly social, this collection is invaluable, as any social craze of the hour may serve to illustrate a situation of the gravest European interest. Thus Mr. Punch "combines the information." Of Mr. Punch and his cartoons in this volume it may well be said "*Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*." Those of a strictly domestic character are few but forcible, and fitting is it that among these should be included so noteworthy an incident as the public banquet, with Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR in the chair, given to Sir JOHN TENNIEL, Mr. Punch's "Jackides," who for over half a century has deserved so well of Mr. Punch and of the country, and of whom both are justly proud. Not a memorable event in the past twelve months but finds its record in this volume. It is indeed the story of the world from week to week, since what Mr. Punch's cartoonists do not record is scarcely worth remembering.

With lightest, wittiest touch, "TOBY, M.P." prefaces the volume, summarising, in his own inimitable style, the events that have suggested the various subjects of the cartoons. We confess that we would have preferred to see the signature of "TOBY, M.P." at the finish of the prefatorial essay that "TOBY, M.P." began. "TOBY, M.P.," in private life or in any department of public life, literary or journalistic, may sign whatever other name he may choose; but with regard to Mr. Punch, and in all matters connected with Mr. Punch, "TOBY, M.P." is "TOBY, M.P." When a clever dog gives himself so good a name, let him stick to it.

So, "naming no names," we conclude by once more calling attention to this volume of "Cartoons for the Year 1901," drawn by Mr. Punch's artists, and prefaced by "The Story of the Year, told by 'TOBY, M.P.'"

Floreat Punchius!



First Diana. "WHAT A GOOD RUN! MY HORSE IS A SWEET! I'M GOING TO CALL HIM 'MY HONEY'!"
Second Diana. "IS THAT BECAUSE HE'S SO 'STICKY'?"

MILITARY MEMS.

MY GOOD AND GALLANT SIR.—The reference in my last communication to my charger, when I had the honour of acting as adjutant to a Militia battalion, some thirty or more years ago, has brought me a number of letters asking my opinion on the remount question. Well, frankly, I must confess that I think there must be a mistake somewhere when an animal is purchased, so to speak, civilly at one price, and then sold—again, so to speak—militarily, at that price four times told. I do not pretend to be an experienced accountant; but speaking off-hand, I should say there was something commercially unsound in the quaintly humorous transaction, speaking purely, of course, from a military-financial-departmental point of view. But let that pass.

Now as to the quality of the animals. I have given my experience of *Jenny*, who carried me well in the sixties. You will remember I rented her from an omnibus and fly provider. The mare sometimes, I confess, preferred the interests of her proprietor to mine. For instance, when, after a march out, we were returning to the barrack square

after a three hours and three-quarters' jaunt, she used to lessen her speed so that the last quarter of an hour should extend into twenty minutes, and thus break into the next hour at additional cost. As she took no notice of the band, the acceleration of the quick step of the Shoreditch Sharpshooters had no perceptible effect upon her speed. Had we been able to place the pipes in the rear, instead of at the head of the column, the result might have been different. *Jenny* never became acclimatised to the pipes, and always tried to avoid their skirlings, so exhilarating to Scots' ears. Thus much for *Jenny*.

I have been given to understand that the horses provided by the public conveyance proprietors for the veld have afforded satisfaction. It is said, certainly, that they sometimes persisted in remaining at the halt, but only until they were started with the command "igher hup,"—the first word uttered slowly, as a caution, and the second brought out sharply, to give the signal for immediate movement. In the autumn manoeuvres of the early seventies our transport was horsed and carted by suburban carriers. And the result? The drivers, being civilians and

outside military control, neglected their horses, and the transport broke down. Pardon these military recollections, but I remember on one occasion the appearance of the camp of a flying column in perfectly chaotic confusion. The Commander-in-chief of the period, who sometimes used choleric words, on seeing the sight, exclaimed, "Dear me!"—or even something stronger.

In the meanwhile I may say that if I can be of the slightest service to the country in organising the Remount Department, I shall be only too delighted to put my time at the disposal of the War Office. It is only just to add that I have no intimate knowledge of horseflesh, but this should not be an insuperable difficulty to my appointment. Yours devotedly,
 A. DUGOUT. Captain.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CELO SUPINAS.—We understand that no further question will be asked in the House as to the remissness of the authorities of the Zoo in not attending the recent auction of Chinese Seals.

CIPHER.—Why, you ask, did ELIZABETH GALLUP? We think it must have been so as to save her BACON.



Hostess (to guests, who have come to spend a few days). "WE'RE SO GLAD YOU'VE BEEN ABLE TO COME, MRS. GUSHINGTON; BUT I DO HOPE WE ARE GOING TO HAVE RATHER BETTER WEATHER, OR I AM AFRAID YOU WON'T ENJOY YOURSELVES MUCH."

Mrs. Gushington. "OH, BUT, MY DEAR LADY BOREHAM, WE DIDN'T COME HERE TO ENJOY OURSELVES. WE CAME TO SEE YOU!"

THE CHESTERFIELD LETTERS.

(An Entirely New and Original Edition.)

DEAR K-Y-P-R,—Hope you read ROSEBURY'S Chesterfield speech in your *Daily News* yesterday morning. The passage about peace negotiations being opened comes very opportunely, as our fellows are getting rather sick of being shot at. He suggests meeting of envoys in a neutral inn. Do you know of one? Why not approach British Government on our behalf—of course, unofficially? Then if you fail we can disavow you, and no harm will be done.

Yours, L-YDS.

DEAR L-YDS,—Hardly think overtures would come well from me. Considering that I wrote an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, during the early months of the war, violently attacking Great Britain, my interference might savour of impertinence, don't you think? Besides, don't know of any neutral inn.

Yours, K-Y-P-R.

DEAR K-Y-P-R,—Never mind about article in *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Probably no one read it, and if they had they would not have paid any attention to it. Ever since BRUNETIERE came to grief over the *affaire* nobody has taken the *Revue des Deux Mondes* seriously. And never mind about the neutrality of the inn. Try the Carlton. Am told it's most comfortable.

Yours, L-YDS.

DEAR L-YDS,—Have gone to London as suggested. You

were right. Everyone seems to have forgotten *Revue des Deux Mondes* article. Awkward having no credentials, though. Don't you think KRUGER might give me some sort of authorisation? It would make my task easier. Position at present hardly dignified for Prime Minister of (so-called) friendly Power.

Yours, K-Y-P-R.]

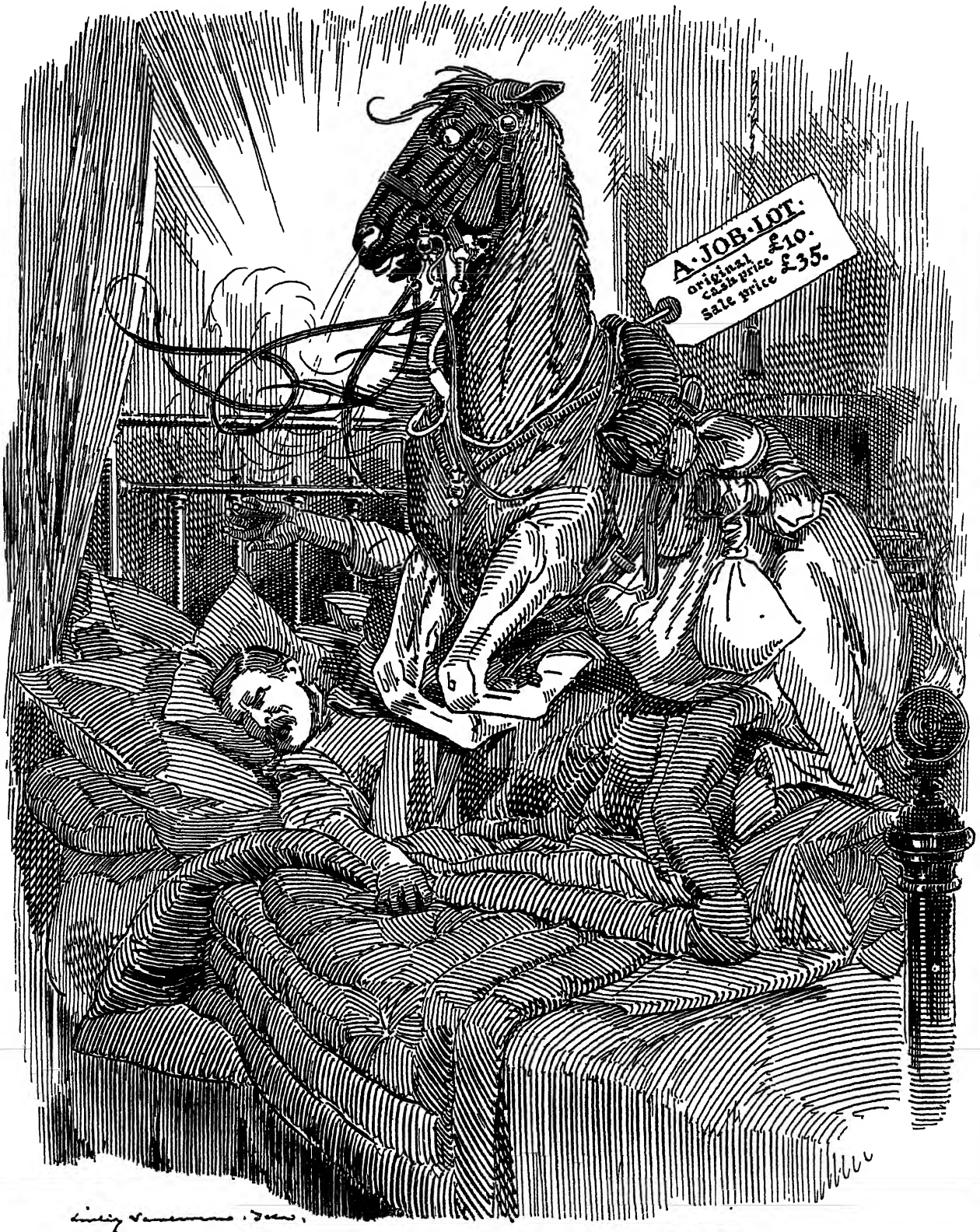
DEAR K-Y-P-R,—Quite impossible. The essence of the thing is that you should get British Government to commit themselves without our committing ourselves. That was the lesson of Chesterfield speech from our point of view. KRUGER quite annoyed that you should not perceive this. Mind you call on our pro-Boer friends while in London. CL-RK's address, National Liberal Club, Whitehall Court.

Yours, L-YDS.

DEAR L-YDS,—No use. Am coming home as soon as Channel is sufficiently calm for crossing. British Government wider awake than I supposed. The Marquis smiled grimly when he heard I was in London, and L-NSD-WNE murmured something about credentials. Better go to South Africa yourself and get best terms you can. CL-RK in tears.

Yours, K-Y-P-R.

CORONATION CLAIM.—*Un Chevalier d'industrie* asserts his right to appear on this occasion in a suit of Black Mail. (Claim allowed.)



THE WAR OFFICE NIGHTMARE.

ST. JOHN BROTHER (murmurs uneasily in sleep). "OH, THE WILD CHARGE THEY MADE——!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 3rd.—"Curious," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "how directly the fate of strongest Ministry of modern times is



SIR MAPLE DE BLUNDELLE.

bound up with the stud. Last Session BURDETT-COUTTS, who breeds horses and writes about them in sale catalogues with the chastened eloquence of the late Mr. ROBINS, nearly turned Government out on question of Army Hospitals. In hands of almost anyone else that would have been a squeezer. Nothing touches great heart of the people so sharply as neglect or inadequate succour of the sick or wounded soldier. BURDETT-COUTTS, by his bumptiousness, spoiled his case and saved Ministry.

"Now SIR MAPLE DE BLUNDELLE, who also breeds horses, has got the Government in another tight place; more serious this time, the House not being prejudiced against case by anything in the way of personal vanity or self-assumption on part of Member bringing it forward. SIR MAPLE, taking the matter in hand in strict business fashion, just as if it were the furnishing of new mammoth hotel, has done it thoroughly well from first to last; has earned gratitude of the country; deserves thanks of House of Commons."

The Hungarian horse-deal truly a pitiful, miserable story. Recalls worst episodes of Crimean War days; shows we have learned nothing, forgotten everything, since days of earlier Lord

RAGLAN. Question arose Friday night in Committee on Supplementary Army Estimates. To begin with, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. War Minister, making statement on introducing Vote, did not think it worth mentioning. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, following, didn't seem to know anything about it. DILKE mooted topic. SIR MAPLE DE BLUNDELLE drove his coach-and-four into ring, and, in voice choked with honest emotion, addressed Committee from box seat. HOBHOUSE, Member of Committee reluctantly appointed at SIR MAPLE's instance, came next, and told a story, God bless you! that would have made the needy knife-grinder cut his throat in despair at his own inability.

Out of contract involving sum of £110,000 paid by the British tax-payer, the horse-dealers divided among them £44,000. Eighteen millions been voted for re-mounts in this present year. If the same basis of profit be established throughout, the honest horse-dealers will have scooped up eight millions sterling.

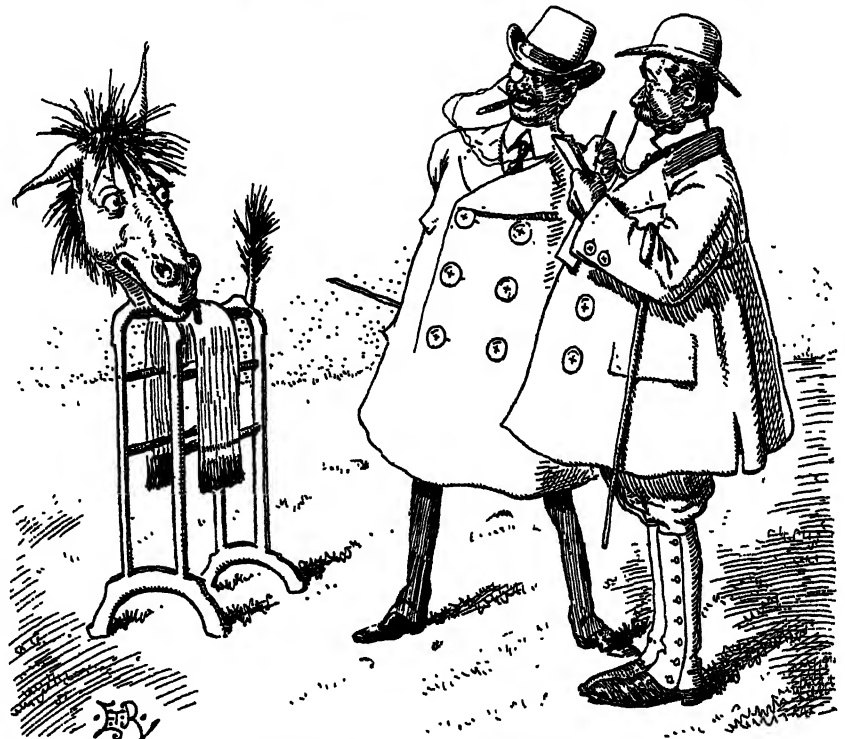
That pretty stiff, but it is not the worst of it. The horses, for which the War Office paid a trifle under £35 a piece, were bought at from £10 to £15 a head, and were nearly worth it. The hapless Imperial Yeoman setting out on the track of the slim Boer found himself at a critical moment astride a foundered screw.

Someone certainly ought to be hanged. But who? At one period of to-night's

sitting KENYON-SLANEY betrayed conviction that CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES was a fitting object for attention in that direction. The CAP'EN looked at the Colonel as if he were measuring him for a rope. Happily, nothing came of episode except bandying of words such as "dishonest" and "impertinent." The House, in no humour for diversions of that kind, turned sternly to further consideration of scandal that came up again on the Report stage of Vote. PRINCE ARTHUR, seeing danger ahead, interposed with promise of panacea for all the ills that follow on Departmental or Ministerial blundering. There should be Committee of Enquiry; not now; by-and-by, when the war is over, and the mischief irreparable. With this the House fain to be content.

Business done.—Supplementary War Estimate for five millions voted.

Tuesday night.—In submitting Motion for Disestablishment of Welsh Church, WILLIAM JONES made one of those speeches the secret of whose success he shares exclusively with Nature. SARK, one of the few Members of present House who remember the late A. M. SULLIVAN, tells me there are many points of resemblance between the Member for Carnarvonshire and the Irishman whom Mr. GLADSTONE alluded to in debate as "the eloquent Member for Louth." They are alike in their highly-strung, electrical, spare figure; their gestures whilst speaking; their



RE-MOUNTS FOR THE YEOMANRY.

Horse-buying "Expert." "Yes, it certainly does look more like a 'towel-horse' than anything else; still it 'll have to do!—Passed."

modest manner; the simplicity of their eloquence. Both gifted with Celtic fire and fancy. But the brilliant patriotic Irishman whom his country gave to the 1874 Parliament was more of a fighting man than is the Welshman. Working as a private tutor at Oxford, WILLIAM JONES would not hurt a refractory pupil, much less a fly. To-night he almost apologised to the Church for his desire to see it Disestablished. In soft voice, made melodious by touch of Cymric accent, he winningly pointed out that all that is wanted for its complete happiness, its fuller prosperity, is Disestablishment.

House of Commons never seen to greater advantage than on the too rare occasions when it comes in contact with

and, coming to London, became an assistant master in a School Board school"—the House of Commons should sit entranced whilst he simply and modestly talked to it.

Business done.—Welsh Disestablishment negatived by 218 votes against 177.

Thursday.—The private Member has thus early discovered how much sharper than a serpent's tooth is PRINCE ARTHUR'S ingratitude. Here he has been for years supporting him by large majorities, agreeing to suspend Twelve o'clock Rule, sometimes sitting on Saturdays, dining in the House, thankful if any crumbs in the way of opportunity of submitting resolutions or introducing Bills fall from the Ministerial table.



LORD H. L. B. ON THE WOOLSAK.
(See "*Parliament Past and Present*," page 6.)

modest genius. Here was an obscure Welsh Member, handicapped by a surname almost fatal to individuality, submitting a proposition calculated to stir the deepest prejudices, religious, political, and social. Yet a crowded House listened, not only attentive but applaudive. ASQUITH, himself a master of phrases, a prince of ordered speech, paid glowing tribute to the natural grace, the indefinable air of distinction that marked the address of the mover of the Resolution. RITCHIE, the Minister charged with the task of demolishing it, was not less generous in his tribute.

It would not have mattered a bit if JONES had been ROBINSON, a family that actually overflows into the Peerage. Had he been a Duke's son and made that speech applause would not have been withheld. The grand thing is that, with his humble annals, doubtless contributed by himself to the pages of *Dod*—"served as schoolmaster in Wales,

And now PRINCE ARTHUR brings in and blandly recommends for his acceptance a lot of rules which, as SARK, studying them last week, said, "extinguish the private Member."

That estimable person has found out the truth. To-night rises in his might and denounces the insidious attempt. Nearly midnight now; been at it since four o'clock. With exception of DON JOSÉ, holding Ministerial brief, there has been none to say a good word for the new scheme. The most generous critic was CAWELL-BANNERMAN. An old Parliamentary hand, he recognises the skill and the wisdom with which, in the main, the Rules are framed. But it is the duty of the Opposition to oppose; duty exceptionally pressing in case of Leader. So C.-B., amid ominous cheers from Ministerialists below Gangway, pounds away at the new Procedure.

Incidentally throws curious light on social customs in neighbourhood of

Grosvenor Place. Very severe on what he described as new fashion of smart society making week-end holidays out of London. Imitated by persons who, not being in smart society, desire their neighbours to believe they are. With this object, it seems, they on Saturday morning pull down the blinds in front of their house by way of intimating that they are in some fashionable resort making a week-end of it.

This device may take in some of the envious and admiring neighbours. C.-B. wasn't born in Forfarshire for nothing. Watching the goings-on from behind the window curtains of No. 6, Grosvenor Place, his keen eye detects the fraud. He knows very well his ambitious neighbours, having pulled down their front blinds, are not gone off week-ending, but are hiding somewhere in the back premises.

The gusto with which C.-B. told this little story to the House was equalled only by its appreciation of his acuteness. Doesn't seem to have direct bearing on the question of Parliamentary Procedure. But similar remissness not absolutely unfamiliar in debate.

Business done.—New Procedure Rules taken in hand.

Friday.—Been looking over what promises to be unique, monumental, work on Parliament. *Parliament, Past and Present*, is its title. Is issued from the house of HUTCHINSON, and will be completed in eighteen fortnightly parts. The letterpress is written by ARNOLD WRIGHT, who has the advantage of the collaboration of PHILIP SMITH of the Vote Office. It is excellent, accurate, graphic, luminous with long research. But reading and writing come by nature. The exceptional value of this work is its illustrations. They are rare; hitherto, for ordinary people, unapproachable. In this first number we have on every page reproduction of some fine old contemporary print representing Parliament and Parliament men from the beginning. By way of frontispiece is given a photogravure of a picture of the old House of Commons, seated in St. Stephen's Chapel in the Session of 1793. PITT is addressing the House; among Members whose portraits are recognisable are FOX, SHERIDAN, CANNING, WILBERFORCE and ERSKINE.

Of later date is a delightful sketch of BROUGHAM on the Woolsack, a picture that suggests that long before the days of E. T. R. and F. O. G. that ground was not sacred to the artistic *sapeur*. The authors have some interesting notes about the payment of Members prevalent in early Parliamentary times. The paymasters were the boroughs or counties sending their representatives to London. One note is worth the attention of the electors of Kings Lynn. It



LENTEN NON LENT-EM.

Fraulein von Under Standt "HOW VERY PLAINLY ZAT DEAR LADY OHUI CHLEIGH IS DRESSED!"
Fred "YES, INDEED BUT, YOU MUST REMEMBER, IT IS LENT."
Fraulein, "ACH NO! YOU DO NOT MEAN TO TELL ME REALLY AND TRULY ZAT SHE BORROWS HER DRESSES?"

tells how, early in the seventeenth century, Sir ROBERT FITCHEN, predecessor in the seat of CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, undertook to serve the borough gratuitously. "In consideration of which tender care for their pecuniary resources the Corporation, on the occasion of his passing through the town on his way to Ely, in July, 1610, entertained him handsomely and gave him a gratuity of twenty pounds."

For years the CAP'EN has served the kingdom and King's Lynn gratuitously; sometimes he passes through the borough on the way to Ely; but there the parallel abruptly ends.

Parliament should be circulated with the Votes. Failing that, Members will do well to possess themselves of the treasure.

Business done.—Second reading of debate on Procedure rules concluded. Really get to work on them next Monday.

TYING THE KNOT.

A (very slight) Anticipation.

We understand that rehearsals of the marriage between Viscount CAMOMILE and Miss AMARANTH are now in full progress, and for spectacular display the performance should eclipse all previous records. The stage-management has been entrusted to Mr. SNOOKS, of the Empyrean Theatre, and the company engaged is one of exceptional strength. At fabulous expense

TWO BISHOPS, THREE CANONS, AND FIVE
ARCHDEACONS

have been specially retained for the occasion, and will wear robes designed by Messrs. MODISH & Co. The choir, which will be recruited from the ranks of the most eminent vocalists of the day, will wear surplices

TRIMMED WITH PRICELESS LACE,

while the celebrated Pea-green Bohemian Band will lead the music, and will play selections before and after the performance.

Since St. Sepulchre's Church is somewhat dark, to guard against any risk of disappointment for the spectators,

A LIMELIGHT INSTALLATION

has been fixed in the organ loft, and the bride and bridegroom will speak their parts through a megaphone. The part of Best Man has been assigned to a Duke of well-known histrionic ability. The net income of the sixteen bridesmaids is said to exceed

£12,000,000 A YEAR!

Outside the immediate circle of performers will be grouped a carefully-chosen selection of the Smart Set, each of whom, it is rumoured, will receive a fee of fifty guineas for attending. And

large numbered labels will be worn on their backs, so that the spectators, by consulting the official programme (price one guinea), will be able to identify all the celebrities present.

Owing to the unprecedented demand for seats, the free list is entirely suspended. The present prices are:—

Back of Gallery.—Gift to bride or bridegroom of article worth not less than £5 (salt-cellars barred).

Front of Gallery or back of Nave.—Gift worth not less than £10.

Front Seats in body of Church.—Diamonds or cheques to value of £50 and upwards.

Ditto, with invitation to Reception.—£100.

N.B.—Tradesmen's receipts for the sum paid must be enclosed with each present.

An additional fee of £20 will be charged for admission to the Vestry while the registers are signed.

Floral decorations by Messrs. BOOKAY. The rice to be used has been specially imported from the Chitamugger district. Slippers—ornamented with diamond buckles—for throwing purposes are being manufactured by Messrs. LACE AND LEATHER.

We earnestly advise our readers to book their places at once. As an exhibition of scenic splendour, brilliant company, and perfect

GOOD TASTE,

such a marriage-ceremony as this is beyond all praise.

BIARRITZ.

(From Our Own Weathercock.)

VISITORS who have arrived at this salubrious spot to escape the rigours of the English winter will not miss much in variety of weather. For nearly a fortnight past the sojourner in the (alleged) Sunny South has been enabled alternately to revel in the falling snow, splash through deep mud, pit his second-best umbrella against the driving, icy rain, or test the resisting capacity of his mackintosh (armour-plated mackintosh is most recommended for this purpose) against the hurtling hailstones which break the windows so freely in the course of their playful gyrations. On all sides, the visitor finds amusement in hearing of trains snowed up, travellers getting misled in the drifts, and mails delayed for hours, or even days. Sitting out in the sun is no longer the "smart" thing to do—chiefly because there is no sun to sit out in—and cowering over the bedroom fire of damp logs which won't burn has quite taken its place. Compared with this temperature, we should be inclined to describe the atmosphere

anywhere around the Marble Arch as oppressive. Biarritz, in short, this winter is quite a delightful place to stay away from.

ST. VALENTINE.

WERE I but living in the time

Of swords and hoops and powdered faces,

I might have turned a tuneful rhyme
To glorify my lady's graces.

But now, alack, there's none to teach—
Though maidens' charms still glow
as brightly—

Our fathers' fathers' gallant speech
That leapt from laughing lips so
lightly.

No more our amorous swains profess
The art their grandsires deemed a
duty—

Of decking out in dainty dress
Their distant homage paid to Beauty.

Their stately steps have been forgot,
Together with the courtly dancers;
And minuet and gay gavotte
Scarce find an echo in the lancers.

Scant courtesy too oft we hear
Usurping, mid our busy hustling,
The whisper in the little ear
That set the painted fan a-rustling.

And yet, if polished form and phrase,
If old-world airs are all neglected,
One link is left with happier days,
While VALENTINE is still respected.

Though for his rites but few are fain
Whose faith was once profound and
fervent,

Believe me, lady, I remain
Both his and your most humble
servant.

OUR HAPPY HOLMES.

Sherlock Holmes is a prodigious success. While running at the Lyceum it is keeping itself going, at the same time, in various theatres here, there and everywhere. It is to be played in French, Chaldaic, German, Italian, Phœnician, Greek, Double Dutch and Egyptian. It will be produced in the fine theatre now in process of construction in the Undiscovered Islands. Several rival Indian tribes are on the war-path with it. One performance was given before His Majesty of the Anthropophagion country, who was so delighted that he insisted on the entire troupe being presented to him *before supper was prepared*. Although the company accepted His Majesty's most gracious invitation, they were compelled to leave hurriedly some hours before the time appointed. Scandinavian-speaking players will act it at Stockholm. This last-mentioned troupe will be known as "*The Stock-Holmes Co.*"



"MY DEAR, WHATEVER MADE YOU PUT ON THAT OLD-FASHIONED 'KATE GREENAWAY' FROCK TO-NIGHT? NOBODY WEARS A SASH UNDER HER ARMS NOWADAYS."

"OH, BUT I'M GOING OUT TO A PING-PONG TOURNAMENT, AND IT'S IN THE OFFICIAL RULES THAT IF YOU DON'T 'SERVE BELOW THE WAIST' YOU'LL BE DISQUALIFIED!"

OUR MISTRESS THE MAID.

II.

THE cloud at first was like a man's hand. "My dear," I remarked one morning, "don't you think that copper pot has got too many colours?"

GWENDOLEN eyed the pot, as I thought, a little uneasily. "Some people prefer them dull, JACK. They like the iridescence."

"Do you?"

"N-no, but perhaps AUGUSTA——"

"I think she might give it a little elbow-grease."

"I wish she would, but you must remember, JACK, she was out at a theatre last night, and the night before——"

"Well then, I think you might ask her to give it a rub up with an easy conscience."

GWENDOLEN looked troubled.

"Shall I speak to her?" I suggested.

GWENDOLEN looked more troubled still.

"I'll tell her to-morrow," she temporised. "She said she was going out this afternoon."

When to-morrow came, as luck would

have it, AUGUSTA was busy with the brasses. Presently I heard GWENDOLEN address her in a casual manner.

"Oh, by the way, AUGUSTA, before you put away the paste, you might give that pot a rub. It's not very bad," she added in propitiation, as there was no reply, "but yesterday's fog——"

Back came GWEN to the study, rather red in the face.

"Never again, JACK!" she exclaimed emphatically. "Rather all the colours of the rainbow than that disapproving look."

"My dear girl," I began.

"For Heaven's sake don't say that when you know you mean 'you silly ass.'"

GWEN's nerves were evidently upset, so I dropped the subject. A week hence the pot was cleaned, when we both made separate pilgrimages of grace to the kitchen, GWEN with a novel and I with a cigarette.

"I say, GWEN," I remarked a week or so later, "I want to ask BROWN, of the Parthenon, and his wife to dinner next week. He hasn't been sending me any books lately."

"H'm," said GWENDOLEN doubtfully.

"I wonder if AUGUSTA would let us have more than three courses?"

"Why not have someone in to help?"

"H'm," said GWENDOLEN, still more doubtfully. "You evidently don't know AUGUSTA."

"Very well, then, she must just do it herself."

"We'll hope for the best. I'll write to Mrs. BROWN to-night."

Next morning GWENDOLEN broached the subject. AUGUSTA was delighted.

"We must give them a good dinner," she remarked.

As the day drew near I thought GWENDOLEN looked a little troubled. I asked her what was on her mind.

"I'm almost sure we're going to have Scotch broth for dinner. I heard AUGUSTA ordering the things from the greengrocer this morning."

"Scotch broth!" I exclaimed. "Can't you say some fools prefer Julienne?"

"No," said GWENDOLEN.

I sighed.

"What fish?" I queried.

"She asked whether we would like soup or fish."

"Didn't you say both?"

"I couldn't"
 "Then we will begin with oysters"
 GWENDOLEN frowned
 "I'll arrange that, old girl"
 The frown did not lift But as some-
 thing had to be done, and that quickly,
 I sought the kitchen

"AUGUSTA," I said, amily, "I am
 having a present of two dozen oysters
 sent me Do you think we could have
 them on Saturday?"

"You're having soup," said
 AUGUSTA

"Oh, are we?" said I "Perhaps it
 wouldn't look very odd if we had the
 oysters as well You see, they wouldn't
 keep"

"That's true"

I returned in triumph to GWENDOLEN
 and told her that I had ordered the
 oysters The frown had given place to a
 contemptuous smile

"I heard you," she said. "You
 foolishly left the door open"

The next difficulty was the *entrée*
 GWENDOLEN was positive that this was
 an impossibility

"But," she added with a sneer, "if
 you had a present of one from the Lady
 Cakemaker, AUGUSTA might condescend
 to heat it up"

"Well, thank goodness the pheasants
 are a certainty any way. They would
 walk to church on Sunday morning"

'AUGUSTA says they are still quite
 fresh, and would be uneatable, so we
 must just have mutton'

"Any sweets?"

"AUGUSTA suggests a steamed dump-
 ling"

'Plum duff?' I queried

"I think so, but never mind, I'll
 order some *meringues*, and if you and
 I eat the plum duff AUGUSTA won't be
 hurt"

And ourselves?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter 'Anything
 to save a greet'"

Thanks to GWENDOLEN's propitiatory
 assumption of a common ignorance I
 was able, without offence, to coach my
 womenkind in such unimportant details
 as the accidental difference between a
 port and a claret glass, and the conven-
 tional and purely arbitrary sequence of
 courses, and save for a determined
 effort that we should drink our hock
 out of the family champagne-glasses, in
 which AUGUSTA took no little pride, the
 dinner passed off without disastrous
 calamity When our guests had de-
 parted we duly lauded AUGUSTA's dishes

to the detriment of the "presents" from
 the Lady Cakemaker, and sent her to
 bed happy after a glass of port and a
 cigarette

(To be continued)

PIPE

O word, expressive of so much!

You indicate the cheery robin

Who finds the ivied porch is such

* A pleasant shelter to hob nob in,

You bring us water at a rated cost,

And when it freezes you're a perfect frost

You take a moderate draught of wine,

Two hogsheads are your legal measure,

Within the Scotchman's grip you pine

And wail, or so it seems, displeasure,

You set the jocund step for feeling

gilles

As when young STREPHON played to

AMARYLLIS

My wife abhors you, yet admits

Your presence in the house she graces,

And takes, by desultory fits,

To cleaning out your dirty places,

But then she's bound to me for worse
 or better,

And knows I loved you long before I
 met her

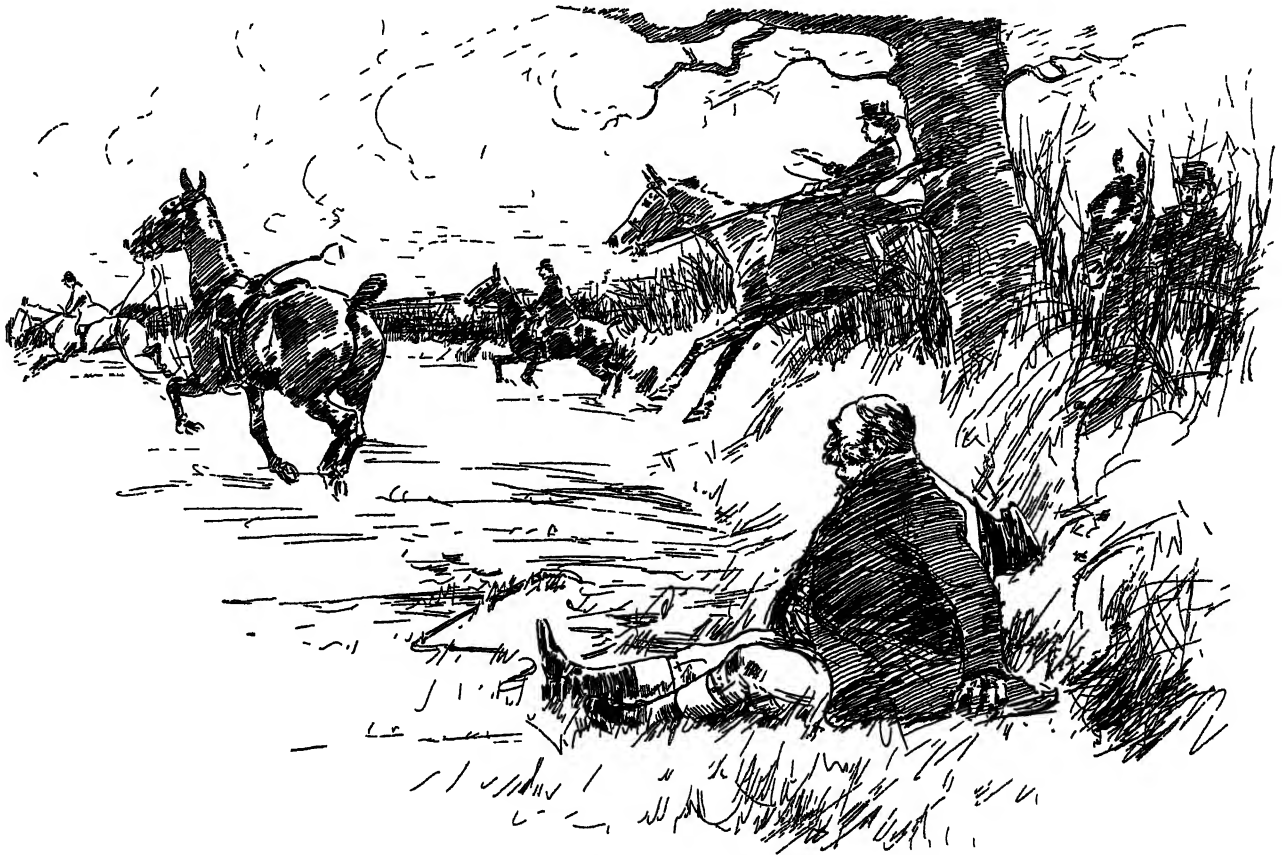


* 'IT'S AN ILL WIND,' ETC.

"HALLO, TOMMY! NOT GONE BACK TO SCHOOL YET?"

"NO I'M IN LUCK SIS IS GOING IN FOR MEASLES! BUT HOW IS IT YOU HAVEN'T GONE?"

"OH, I'M IN LUCK TOO! OUR BABY IS HAVING WHOOPING COUGH!"



Major Oldport (who is hunting by doctor's orders). "THIS MAY BE GOOD FOR THE LIVER, BUT IT'S DOOSID HARD ON THE OTHER MEMBERS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Baronite is afraid that the voyage of the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, accomplished last year, was for the newspapers what in another profession is called "a frost." Having made costly preparations for reporting the journey, they found the public a little indifferent on the topic. The fact is, the journey was co-incidental with stirring events at home and abroad, and the British Public, though Great, cannot digest a too varied assortment of news. Nevertheless, it was an interesting trip, and finds worthy record in Mr. WATSON'S *The Queen's Wish*, published in a handsome volume by Messrs. HUTCHINSON. Mr. WATSON accompanied the *Ophir* in the capacity of REUTER'S correspondent. Day by day, when he was in touch with the cables, there flashed through the English-speaking world some portions of the story here re-cast and presented as a whole. It is told with graphic force, and is illustrated by a multitude of engravings from photographs snatched on the spot.

L. B. WALFORD'S *Charlotte* (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.) is a very cleverly-written analysis of character. There is no plot; there is hardly a situation that can be called dramatic; the reader becomes interested simply in the one central figure, and in the effect she produces upon those with whom she is brought into contact. The heroine, living with her mother, is so sufficiently well off that neither wealth nor rank need be victorious over love, were she capable of a true self-sacrificing passion. In a lower social position, and without a mother, *Charlotte* has in her all the makings of a *Becky*

Sharp. Drax Rotherham, the hero of the story, is a lumbering simpleton, a sort of muscular "Bountiful Bertie," saying to his confidential adviser and rival in *Charlotte's* affections, the Reverend Alban, who is something of a prig and much of a sensualist, "You have been awfully good to me," and receiving, in "confusion and bewilderment," the Reverend Alban's reply, "You have chosen me for a father-confessor, you know," the one being no penitent, and the other having nothing more to give him than, as an old song has it,

"His counsel and advice,
So judicious and so sound."

Charlotte's scene with this severe but malleable clergyman is very *Becky-ish*. Olivia, the reverend gentleman's irreverent, worldly, scheming sister, is another excellent sketch, and the scene with her brother, when she triumphs over the "father-confessor's" indiscretion, is admirable. Altogether a noteworthy book, whose sole fault is that it is considerably overwritten, and offers chances of which the experienced "skipper" will avail himself in quite a hundred pages out of the three hundred and eighty-six that make up the volume. The end of *Charlotte's* career is cleverly shadowed forth. She is by no means such as was *Werther's Charlotte*, who,

"Like a well-conducted person
Went on cutting bread and butter."

And, indeed, the reader will not be much concerned to know the last dying speech and confession of this hopelessly unprincipled worldling.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

OF INSINCERE APOLOGIES.

BY AN EXPERT.

[SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, who is understood to have expressed regret that his remarks on British "methods of barbarism" should have seemed to reflect upon the conduct of our troops in the field, has made the following observations on one of the proposed new rules of procedure: "You can exact an ample, a profuse, or a full apology, because you can be the judge of whether it is ample, profuse, or full. But you cannot be the judge of its sincerity." (Cheers.)]

MOTHER of Parliaments and fount of Freedom,
Wide as the welkin, generous as the sun!
Pause, pause a moment while I briefly plead 'em,
My views on Standing Order 21.

Sounds I have caught, like dirges faintly fiddled,
Over the corpse of Liberty-of-Speech;
Have marked how Freedom's flag, already riddled
Has recently sustained a shocking breach.

Brummagem Hooligans had sworn to whelm it,
What time its prophet, my peculiar friend,
Cowled in a constable's extinctive helmet,
Barely escaped the martyr's glorious end.

But *here*, in this the home of hoar tradition,
Temple of privilege and ancient lights,
Haven where men may use without contrition
Language that leads elsewhere to open fights;—

Here, where the lusty Irish-Boer alliance
Says unaffectedly the thing it feels,
Hurls at the House a resolute defiance,
And chaffs the Chairman's passionate appeals;—

Here (if I understand this new Procedure),
O Liberty, it leaves me strangely sore
To see the tyrant's wanton hand impede your
Movements with manacles unknown before.

Ere this, the sons of that distressful nation,
When they assailed the Speaker in his chair,
Suffered at most a trivial vacation,
Lightly suspended, so to speak, in air.

But now these ornaments of our profession
Must face the doom of exile, lone and dumb,
Mounting, by geometrical progression,
From twenty days to eighty (*maximum*).

Then, lest their punishment's inhuman rigour
Should fan the flame of Admiration's eyes,
On reappearing, fresh and full of vigour,
They are expected to apologise!

Nay, but they have their prospects further blighted;
To injury outrageously severe
Insult is added; they will be invited
To make the said apology *sincere!*

But there are certain obstacles that trammel
This rude compulsion more than one might think;
Thus, to the dam you may conduct a camel—
No power on earth can make the beggar drink.

I could, if necessary, cite a sample
Proving that, though expedience or fear
May force apologies profuse and ample,
Conscience alone can make the stuff "*sincere*."

For when I tinkered my historic sentence
So as to salve our warriors' wounded pride,
Do you suppose I made a clean repentance?
My tongue announced it, but my heart denied.

O. S.

FROM THE DIARY OF A GENIUS.

Monday.—Got up feeling very cheap and uncomfortable. Query, was the port as good as NIXON said it was? Or did I take a glass more than was right? Can't solve the puzzle. Large packet of press cuttings on breakfast table. Open them. "The volume of poems about to be published by Mr. BRINDLEY will be ready towards the end of March. The collection will include many pieces not previously printed." Eight more to the same effect. Another says, "Mr. BRINDLEY, whose collection of poems is announced for the end of March, is a middle-aged young man of 37. He was for many years a struggling journalist on the outside staff of *The Blue Moon*, but came into notice two years ago with a series of articles in verse on 'Fiends and their Friendships.' He is a quick worker, and never makes any corrections in the proofs sent to him. At Oxford he was known as the 'Rhyming Coot,' probably owing to the fact that he was prematurely bald."

Nasty, very. FOGERTY must have written it. Shall pay him out. Breakfast very disagreeable. Eggs cold, bacon a scrap of leather. Coffee beastly. To work. Can't think of anything. Shall I write in verse or prose? Toss up. Heads for verse, tails for prose. Coin rolls under sofa. Recover it after much exertion. Toss again. Heads. Try verse—something sentimental. Let me see. *Lines to a Teardrop*. Good. Lots of rhymes for tear. Beer, leer, sneer, jeer, gear, hear, spear, etc. Doesn't promise to be sentimental. Chuck it. Try prose. Butler comes in suddenly to say pipes have burst. Will I have them mended at once, and shall he send for plumber? Issue orders and resume work. There's a dog barking somewhere. Impossible to collect ideas. Order butler to silence dog. By the way, haven't read morning papers yet. Do so. Escape of DE WET. Same old game. Treaty with Japan. What's it all about? Sudden idea—*Ode to a Chrysanthemum*. Good. Now for it:—

Hail! varied splendour of the farthest East!

Good beginning. Beast, feast, ceased, priest. Got it!—

Blessed by the Buddhist and his pallid priest.

Are the Japs Buddhists, by the way? It doesn't much matter. Buddhist quite near enough anyway. Now then, next line:

The Rose of England—

Butler enters to say there's a big black dog in the garden barking at cat in tree. Will I come out and get him away? Order butler to do it himself. A ring at the bell. Enter butler announcing visit from Miss MARPOLE. Awful old bore. Collects for charities. Must see her. Interview lasts half-an-hour. She departs with thirty shillings of mine. Tackle the ode again. Can't make anything of it. Chuck it. Only half-an-hour before lunch. Must go out. Do so. Shall try some other subject to-morrow.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.—The mummy of an Egyptian child has just been knocked down by an auctioneer for £6. It is a romantic thought that, even under the hammer, "the Mummy and the Child were there."

A MINER QUESTION.—The out-of-work colliers at Newcastle have been passing the time by snowballing the police. The weather is, further, considered seasonable for the prospects of wages on a sliding scale.

THE Old Crimean Mount and Remount scandals occurring during the present war may be described simply as an "A Knacker-onism."



A CASUAL "STAR."

Mr. Asquith (the faithful Eumæus, to Ulysses). COME ALONG, MR. PRIMROSE. WE'RE ALL WAITING FOR YOU. THEY'RE GETTING IMPAIRED IN FRONT."

HUNTING EXTRAORDINARY.

JOBSON, who edits a cheerful little weekly, said to me the other day "You hunt, don't you?"

I looked at him knowingly. Jobson interpreted my smile according to his preconceived idea.

"I thought so," he continued.

"Well, you might do me a bright little article—about half a column, you know—on hunting, will you?"

Why should I hesitate? Jobson is safe for cash; and he had not asked me to give my own experiences of the hunting field. I replied warily, "I fancy I know the sort of thing you want."

"Good," he said, and before we could arrive at any detailed explanation he had banged the door and dashed downstairs, jumped into his hansom and was off.

This was the article —

THOUGHTS ON HUNTING.

It is hardly possible to overrate the value of hunting as a National sport. Steeplechasing is a Grand-National sport, but it is the sport of the rich, whereas hunting is not. By judiciously dodging the Hunt Secretary, you can, in fact, hunt for nothing. Of course, people will come at me open-mouthed for this assertion, and say, "How about the keep of your horses?" To which I reply, "If you keep a carriage, hunt the carriage horse; if you don't, borrow a friend's horse for a long ride in the country, and accidentally meet the hounds." To proceed. This has been a season of poor scent. Of course, the horses of the present day have deteriorated as line hunters: they possess not the keen sense of smell which their grandsires had. But despite this the sport goes gaily on. There are plenty of foxes—but we cannot agree with the popular idea of feeding them on poultry. And yet, in every hunt, we see hunters subscribing to poultry funds. This is not as it should be. SPOTT'S meat biscuit would be much better for foxes' food.

But these be details: let us hie forrard and listen to the cheery voice of sly Reynard as he is winded from his earth. The huntsman blows his horn, and soon the welkin rings with a chorus of brass instruments; the tufters dash into covert, and anon the cheerful note of *Ponto* or *Gripper* gives warning that a warrantable fox is on foot—well, of course, he couldn't be on horseback, but this is merely a venatorial *façon de parler*. Away go the huntsmen, showing marvellous dexterity in cracking their whips and blowing their horns at the same moment. Last of all come the hounds, trailing after their masters—



A CRITERION.

She. "JACK, I'M AFRAID THIS DOG YOU'VE GIVEN ME ISN'T A GOOD ONE."

He. "NOT A GOOD ONE! WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?"

She. "I DON'T KNOW, I'M SURE; BUT I'VE HAD HIM A WHOLE MONTH NOW, AND NO ONE HAS EVEN TRIED TO STEAL HIM!"

ah, good dogs, you cannot hope to keep up very far with the swifter-footed horses! Nevertheless, they strain at their leashes and struggle for a better place at the horses' heels. "Hike forrard! tally ho! whoo-hoop!" They swoop over the fields like a charge of cavalry. But after several hours' hard running a check is at hand: the fox falters, then struggles on again, its tail waving over its head. As its pursuers approach, it rushes up a tree to sit on the topmost branch and crack nuts.

The panting horses arrive—some with their riders still in the saddle, though many, alas! have fallen by the wayside. Next come the hounds, at a long interval—poor *Fido*, poor *Vic*, poor *Snap*! you have done your best to keep up, but the horses have out-distanced you! The whipper-in immediately climbs the tree in which the little red-brown animal still peacefully cracks its nuts, its

pretty tail curled well over its head. Its would-be captor carries a revolving wire cage, and, by sleight-of-hand movement, manages to get the quarry securely into it. Then he descends, places the cage in a cart and it is driven home.

The "mort" is sounded by four green velvet-coated huntsmen, with horns wound round their bodies; a beautiful brush presented to the lady who was first up at the "take"; and then the field slowly disperse. Tally Ho-Yoicks! all is over for the day.

I really thought this would be just the very thing for Jobson's paper. Somehow or other, though, it hardly seems to have hit the popular taste. Still, the public are always fickle: it is so difficult to know what will please them nowadays.

* Ivory-backed P.—Ed.

INFANTS IN ARMS.

[The Kent County Council's new order in respect to the carrying of lights by perambulators (as recorded in a recent issue of *Mr. Punch*) has elicited a rallying cry from one of the exasperated victims.]

FAIR babies, dark babies,
Slum babies, park babies,
Weak babies, strong babies,
Round babies, long babies,
Good babies, bad babies,
Glum babies, glad babies,
Babes one and all,
Rise at my call!
Cease from your prattle,
Seize coral and rattle,
Prepare to do battle,
And conquer or fall!

Babes, do you hear the tyrannical mandate
Levelled at us by the Council of Kent?
Brothers in arms, will ye patiently stand it,
Sucking your bottles in slavish content?
Is it right, is it fair, is it just, is it proper
To filch from us our immemorial rights,
And make us the prey of each meddling copper
Who likes to salute us with "Where are your lights?"

No more shall we scorch at our will in the gloaming,
Through shadowy streets in invisible prams;
No more shall we leave in the path we've been roaming
A wake of barked shins and irascible d—s.
No, all will be tedious, wearisome sameness,
And life will be robbed of the last of its charms.
Then up! seize your rattles and show us your gameness,
And strike for your freedom, O infants in arms!

A GENTLEMAN OF THE COMB.

"HAIR rather dry, Sir," volunteered the operator.

"Yes, I like it dry," replied the dreamy voice.

For a moment the hairdresser was nonplussed. He looked covertly to see if he was being made the object of playful irony; but there could be no suspicion of such a thing, for the old gentleman betrayed by his expression that his mind was far away. So the attack was recommenced.

"You've got the dandruff rather badly, Sir." This in a convincing tone of voice from which there could be no appeal.

"Ah, indeed," he exclaimed mildly. "Is it bad?"

"Very, Sir. You see, the pores of the skin become clogged; all the natural moisture of the head is absorbed, and the hair acquires a certain dryness, and consequently the individual hairs crack, split and—"

"Ah, indeed," the old man interrupted, "is that so?"

"Yes, Sir; what you want is some preparation that will remove the scurf, then the natural moisture of the head will soon obviate the dryness of the hair. This, Sir," he continued, producing a green bottle of liquid, "is a most excellent dandruff remover. I guarantee that one bottle will remove all the trouble. We undertake to return your money should you find that our lotion gives no relief."

"Ah," said the elderly gentleman again, taking the bottle in his hand, "it is 5s. 6d., is it not?"

"That is the price, Sir."

"And the dandruff will not reappear?"

"You will never suffer from it again."

"And you have never known anything to equal this mixture?"

"It is the best-known preparation, Sir."

"And you really think I require it?"

"Your hair is in a very bad state, Sir."

"Ah. I thought so. You told me all this when I bought a bottle of this stuff a month ago. I have been using it daily ever since, and I believed it was doing my hair good, but sorry to find you don't think so. Shampoo, please."

AUTHORS AT BOW STREET.

The first sitting of the newly constituted Literary Bench was held on February 29, 1902. The Court was crowded. The Magistrates present were Mr. WATTS-DUNTON, J.P., Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, J.P., and Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, J.P. Mr. C. K. SHORTER acted as Magistrate's Clerk. The principal cases are reported below:—

STEPHEN PHILLIPS, 36, rhapsodist, giving as his address six townships in the Levant, was charged by the Gas Light and Coke Company with falsifying the metre at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, one of the Company's inspectors, gave evidence as to the state of the metre. Mr. PHILLIPS had consumed a very great number of feet that rightly belonged to him, and his irregularities were fatal, for example:—

"Even a woman had in her heart said, 'Now . . .'"

"They have the truth, I speak as a man speaks."

"Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of the surge."

"That sting in the wine of being, salt of its feast."

After corroborative evidence had been given, Mr. STEPHEN GWYNN, speaking in a rich brogue, said that he had carefully examined the metre and could find no fault with it. He discovered a close affinity between Mr. PHILLIPS's pterodactyls and the galliambics of CATULLUS.

Mr. SIDNEY COLVIN said that he had known the prisoner for years, even before he began to wear a fringe. He had no fault to find with Mr. PHILLIPS' feet. They were perhaps copious, but the insertion of an occasional anapaest was justified by the precedent of MILTON and BRIDGES. For his part, even if Mr. PHILLIPS had ventured to employ the trochaic tetrameter acatalectic, he would have supported the innovation. If he had to choose between the *Heel of Achilles* and the feet of *Ulysses* he would unhesitatingly plump for the latter.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER said that Mr. PHILLIPS was about to make a long-deferred visit to his theatre, and that nothing that was likely to happen to-day would cause him, the speaker, to cancel the invitation. The Bench were about to give judgment, when they were interrupted by ZEUS, attended by Mr. BROOK, of the Crystal Palace, who at this point insisted upon addressing the Court. He said that he must utter a protest against the indignity put upon him by Mr. PHILLIPS, in making him speak rhyme as if he were in a pantomime. His old friend HOMER, even at his noddingest, never did anything so trumpery as that.

The prisoner was sentenced to proceed to Colorado forthwith, and to employ all his feet in crushing the beetle.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, 42, surgeon, and WILLIAM GILLETTE, 44, actor, two able-bodied men, were flung into the dock charged with the exhumation of SHERLOCK HOLMES for purposes of gain.

Mr. JAMES WELCH, K.C., prosecuting for the Crown, said that not since the days of BURKE and HARE had so flagrant a case been heard of. Long after the death of Mr. HOLMES, who had been in his day a detective of some skill, though not attached to Scotland Yard (*sensation*), the prisoners had exhumed him, and were charging, at the Lyceum Theatre, considerable sums to persons who wished to view the body. Sir GEORGE NEWNES, proprietor of the *Strand Magazine*, gave evidence of SHERLOCK HOLMES's death.



HARD ON THE DOCTOR.

Old Lady "MY USBAHD 'D NEVER DID 'OLD WITH DOCTORS, AND 'E WOULDN'T LET ME SEND FOR YER TILL E WAS REAL BAD. WHAT S WRONG WITH HIM, DOCTOR?"

Doctor "MAINLY SENILITY, MRS WILKINS"

Old Lady "LOB' NOW! AN' I DESSAY 'E WOULDN'T 'AVE 'AD IT IF 'E'D 'AD YER SOON ENOUGH!"

Dr MORIARTY, called for the defence, stated, however, that SHERLOCK HOLMES was never really dead, but merely in a comatose condition. It was quite possible, he said, to fall off an Alp and still live, in fact he had done it himself (*tremendous sensation*)

Further evidence having been given by Mr FROHMAN and the Hound of the Baskervilles, to the effect that SHERLOCK HOLMES was still vigorous, the Magistrates stopped the case, saying that if SHERLOCK HOLMES was not dead, he ought to be. They accordingly ordered Dr DOYLE to give him decent and definitive burial at the earliest possible opportunity.

Mr JAMES WELCH having called the attention of the Bench to the fact that this exhumation had been ferociously commented on by the *Blutwurst* of Berlin, and the *Libre Menteur* of Paris, and other continental Anglophobe organs, the Magistrates directed that Dr DOYLE should print and circulate at his own cost translations of the proceedings in the Lithuanian, Suabian, Basque, Yiddish and Czech languages, with a special edition for the Ballybunion district of North Kerry

ARCHIBALD PHILIP PRIMROSE, 54, who described himself as an agricultural labourer and was attired in a tattered Chesterfield, was charged by the Westminster Guardians with neglecting to perform his allotted share of labour. It seemed that the prisoner had entered the Casual Ward of the Union in the usual way, and had been given a night's shelter. In the morning, when asked what he could do,

he replied that he was an advocate of digging, and produced a pamphlet to prove the assertion. He was therefore given a spade and told to dig. The prisoner, however, handled the implement so awkwardly that the Labour Master, who gave this evidence, had serious doubts whether he understood spade work at all.

The shade of Sir HUDSON LOWE deposed that the prisoner was a very pestilent fellow who had garbled a conversation of the Duke of WELLINGTON to the witness's discredit. He was also a bosom friend of a notorious criminal named NAPOLEON, one of the Boer prisoners at St Helena.

The prisoner pleaded, in extenuation of his offence, that he was really a ploughman. He said also that he had been highly educated, and until the present unfortunate circumstances, although he had once dug a Pitt, he had never been in the habit of calling a spade a spade. He reminded the Bench that Lord SALISBURY had in early youth paid an unsuccessful visit to the diggings, and that many of the most prominent statesmen were reformed rakes. In conclusion, he promised the Bench that, if they would let him off this time, he would proceed at once to Leeds or Liverpool, where he had promise of regular employment.

The Bench imposed a fine of ten shillings, which was paid by Mr R. W. PERKS, M.P.

INTENDED INTERVENTIONS.

At intervals the *Echo de Paris* has published articles signed "Niet," who is said, on good authority, to be Dr. LEYDS. The last one, quoted in the *Times* of the 13th, stated that the TSAR, having failed to obtain the co-operation of the Emperor WILLIAM, was about to take action alone, when "he fell so seriously ill that he was vaguely believed to be poisoned."

The ever-truthful LEYDS has saved his sharpest sting for the end. But his information is curiously incomplete. A correspondent, signing himself "Gnat," has sent us the following particulars of the intentions of other rulers, alike prevented by chance from taking any action:—

The Queen of HOLLAND implored the Emperor WILLIAM to join her in active intervention, but he telegraphed in reply, "So sorry, but no time now. Much too busy in China. Won't you take a slice? Or could send you second-hand astronomical instrument guaranteed genuine." Her Majesty's request being thus refused, she resolved that the Dutch army should land in Lincolnshire. Unfortunately at that moment she was stung on the nose by a wasp, afterwards conclusively proved to have been an English wasp, and was so much scared that the intended invasion was entirely abandoned.

In much the same manner the Prince of MONACO communicated later on with the German Emperor, who replied, "WALDERSEE would have to command allied armies. Rather elderly and short-sighted, he could not see yours." The Prince thereupon ordered the whole of his army to be mobilised, and with incredible exertions 125 men were assembled in the camp on the palace square. There was only one absentee, who was just then cleaning the windows of the Casino—a difficult operation, since they are never opened, winter or summer. The Prince proceeded to address a stirring speech to the assembled host. Just as he was explaining his warlike intentions against England, a little boy, afterwards discovered to be an English boy, fired off a pop-gun. The army of Monaco, laying down its arms, immediately marched across the frontier into France, and was never seen again.

The King of the BELGIANS, though personally quite indifferent to other people's affairs, was urged to attempt some friendly mediation. He also applied to the German Emperor, who telegraphed, "Chinese difficulties settled, but still very busy with architectural work. Should advise you not to bother. Try trip to Paris. Always does you good." The KING was at first disposed to make some show of mediation, but having walked an enormous distance in a new pair of boots while considering what to do, he was laid up with a corn, and was compelled to go to Paris to have it cut. The new boots were of English make.

A few months later the Prince of BULGARIA wrote to the Emperor WILLIAM on the subject of combined intervention. The Emperor replied, "Much regret not possible now. Just off shooting. Besides, my dearest friend, ABDUL HAMID, might be offended. Can't risk concessions. So long. Love to Sobranjé." The proud independence of a Bulgarian prince, though German by birth, was aroused by this. The valiant FERDINAND had definitely resolved to invade England, when, by the most unfortunate chance, he went out one day without his umbrella. A heavy shower came on, and he caught such a severe cold in his head that his medical attendants were compelled to forbid the projected expedition. The umbrella, which the Prince left at home, was an English one.

More recently the King of SERBIA, anxious to go one better than his neighbour, also applied to the German Emperor, who telegraphed, "Exclusively occupied just now with fine arts. Exquisite statues of superb Sieges-Allee

gloriously completed. Am having more turned out wholesale. Should be delighted send you statue GOETHE or SCHILLER to adorn Belgrade. Or job-lot busts of myself for private rooms of palace. Ta ta." The King thereupon resolved to act alone, and proceeded to Vienna to see if he could buy some horses. While crossing the Stephans-Platz he was nearly run over by an omnibus, which seemed such a bad omen that Queen DRAGA took him home to Belgrade at once, and has not allowed him to go anywhere since. The omnibuses of Vienna are the property of an English company. GNAT.

WE ARE THE PEOPLE.

[Among the exponents of "pure literature" a great outcry has been raised at the exclusion of representatives of this department from the proposed list of members of the new Royal British Academy. Mr. R-DY-ED K-PL-XG kindly voices this indignation in the following diatribe against the committee of selection.]

TAUGHT by your tinkering tutors, made stupid by stultified schools,
Long did ye lie down donkeys, and long wake up fond fools;
Till ye said of our tales, "What are they?" of our rhymes, "They are far from our ken;"
Till ye made a sport of your poets, and a jest of your writing men.
Then was your shame made naked when we looked in the *Times* one day
At the long, limp list of the noodles proposed for your R.B.A.:
Pitiful prigs of professors, gawks that have grubbed through their "Greats,"
Diligent dabblers in history, dry as their own dry dates,
Pedants that potter with parchments and palimpsests, and plan
Useless essays on PLATO and notes on the particle *à*.
But ye say, "Lo! these are professors!" ye say, "These are scholars of fame!"
And ye add three more to the letters that follow each nincompoop's name;
And ye leave your country's letters, your priceless pearl, to the care
Of anæmic mugs of the study and prating prigs of the chair.
Purblind, blundering boobies, this fact ye could not seize—
Literature isn't written by elderly LL.D.'s.
Ninnies do not write novels that make you laugh and weep:
Men, not mugs, made MUDIE'S. Men, not mugs, must keep—
Men, not dons and pedants from academic clairs;
Men who can slang in Saxon and shout wood-pavement swears,
Violent, vigorous, virile—men whose copyright rhymes
Are handed down to the future in the deathless files of the *Times*;
Men, ay, too, and women, whose pages are never debased
By a slavish subservient cringing to old-world canons of taste.
Doubt not we are the people—KIPLINGS, CORELLIS, and CAINES:
What the Islanders' hearts have desired we have not withheld from their brains.
It is for them to decide if the scandal goes or remains.

NOTICE.—Answers to the following conundrums are invited to be sent in during the week.

- (1) Why did Jack and the Beanstalk?
- (2) Why did CHARLES LEVER?

FROM THE "DAYSNEWS" OF 2002.

LAST night BACON's old tragedy, *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, with new music provided by the Automatic Tune Company, was produced with great success at the Central London Theatre, Richmond, Surrey.

The Duke of CITYROAD and TURNHAM-GREEN was married yesterday to Miss PLANTAGENET STUART GUELPH WASHINGTON SLICK, of New York, by wireless telegraphy. This revival of an old-fashioned ceremony by an antiquated system of communication caused considerable interest in the ranks of the Society of Antiquaries.

HENEY, second Viscount IRVING, has acquired a site between Waterloo and Westminster Bridges for a sub-Thamesian theatre.

MILITARY MEMS.

MY GOOD AND GALLANT SIR,—I see that a suggestion has been made to use Colonial troops for service in England. Writes a light-hearted scribe, "Why not send a Melbourne regiment to Aldershot and carry to Sydney a battalion raised in Shoreditch?" Well, of course, there can be no objection to the last suggestion. "The British soldier can go anywhere at a moment's notice, and do anything." We all agree to that assertion. And probably (barring accidents) "do it very well." Whether my old Militia regiment, the Shoreditch Sharpshooters, would be welcome on the other side of the globe is a matter for Colonial consideration. That they have behaved well whenever embodied is historical, they were certainly most anxious to go to the Crimea, because, as they put it, they would take the Russian stronghold by strategy—in fact, "steal Sevastopol." But the tradition of thirty years ago was that they were better on active service than when giving employment to what is technically known as "the civil power." But let that pass. An evening paper has advocated the establishment of a regiment of Colonial Guards. Why not? Certainly we should have a magnificent body of men—both officers and privates. But, like the Scotsman, "I have my doubts." The splendour of the bush—I confess I know little about Australia, but I believe there is a bush, and it is sure to be splendid—may produce the grandest army in the world's history, but possibly there might be some difficulty in supplying an entirely satisfactory Palace Guard. London and Windsor are not exactly on all fours with their fixed points at the Antipodes.



DOTTIVILLE AGAIN.

Dotty One (to gorgeous visitor, mysteriously). "EXCUSE ME, BUT HAVE YOU SUCH A THING AS A BIT OF TOAST ABOUT YOU?"

Gorgeous Visitor. "GREAT SCOTT! NO! WHY SHOULD I CARRY TOAST ABOUT WITH ME? AND, BESIDES, WHAT DO YOU WANT IT FOR?"

Dotty One (more mysteriously). "I'M A POACHED EGG, AND I'M TIRED. I WANT TO SIT DOWN!"

At least—without a profound knowledge of the subject—I think so.

I have again had the advantage of a close inspection of the new service uniform. It is most workmanlike and seemingly comfortable. All I would suggest is that it should be adopted at once to avoid it being annexed as a suitable garb for the attendant in charge of a restaurant car on a northern railroad.

In conclusion, the remount question is still to the fore. All I can say is,

why bother about miserable commercial details? Is it not the duty of the British soldier to think only of the honour of the flag? The pen may be mightier than the sword, but it is rather a feeble instrument when it gets into the hands of those who are not professional accountants.

A. DUGOUT, Captain.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—DE WET'S Dash; KITCHENER'S D—n.



Hairdresser (about to part Customer's hair). "CENTRE, SIR?"
Flannelled Fool (rather an absent-minded beggar). "OH—ER—MIDDLE AN' LEG!"

HOW ACHILLES TURNED ON HIS HEEL.

The Heel of Achilles is a thoroughgoing melodrama, over-written and under-thought-out by Messrs. LOUIS N. PARKER and BOYLE LAWRENCE. These two dramatists have got hold of a good dramatic story and fairly strong situations, which are kept so far apart by thick wedges of dialogue, that only by contriving to boil LAWRENCE and PARKER down together could the action acquire that closeness in construction so essential to the success of any melodrama. To dramatists and to actors "Compression is the better part of valour," and had the play been subjected to this treatment before its appearance, it might, with such excellent interpreters, have achieved a considerable success.

As the man of destiny, *Prince Vladimir*, Mr. FRED TERRY gives a fine rendering of a part that has very subtle distinctions; he has to be a cool-headed schemer, a fatalist, and a brutal sensualist. The authors have succeeded with him up to the last point, and then they have had pity upon this masterful villain, who, crushed, yet repentant, dies by his own hand, in which *Marie Bartenieff* has placed a phial containing poison. Miss OLIVE's *Marie* is a really fine performance; with her is the sympathy of the audience from the first, and with her it would have been to the end, but for this faulty method of disentangling the knot. As *Lady Leslie Harrington* Miss JULIA NEILSON has what might have been a fine part, but for the wedges of dialogue (aforesaid) and the delays in the play's action. Comedy and tragedy are here, and in her part there is scarcely a line too much.

Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE's *Adam Bartenieff* is a masterly performance throughout. The scoundrelly little cad, *Ivan*

Bartenieff, is forcibly played by Mr. LORING FERNIE; while, as *Vernon Foljambe*, the secretary to *Julius Lascelles*, of the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY brings a welcome gleam of light comedy into the gloom of melodrama.

Mrs. E. H. BROOKE's clever performance of the warm-hearted Irishwoman raises laughter and excites sympathy; and Mr. D. J. WILLIAMS, in the small but distinctive part of a Russian police officer, is so good that, like *Sam Weller's* abrupt valentine, we "wish as there was more on it"; which is also true of the slight but important character of the German doctor, *Herr Rudolf Mauser*, played by Mr. ALFRED BONNIN.

Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR has ere now been better suited than he is with the character of *Count Varile Poniatowski*, a kind of Russian "Charles, his friend-in-need," helping the plot forward on every possible occasion by doing nothing in particular. The collaborateurs' rule seems to have been—"When in doubt, play *Poniatowski*."

It is already announced that *The Heel of Achilles* is to be "taken off" (not burlesqued), and it might be at once sent back to the cobblers, Messrs. PARKER and LAWRENCE; but whether they would be able to add any sole to it, so as to fit it for a good run later on, is a question. Still, if the necessary repairs can be satisfactorily effected—"there is much virtue in an 'if'"—then the Warrior may yet be seen in the provinces, where

"the mighty *Achilles*"
 "Will step o'er the plains full of daffydowndillies"

and return to London as a giant refreshed. It is to be hoped that these two same clever cobblers will soon rise above their last.



SWORN FRIENDS.

RUSSIA (*aside*). "H'M—I DON'T LIKE THESE CONFIDENCES."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"A TROUPE OF BLIND TRAVELLERS, GONE ASTRAY, SEEKING SAFETY (IN JAPAN)."

By our Japanese Artist, Watalaké Aishuudeso, after the celebrated drawing by Hokusai.

House of Commons, Monday Night, February 10th.—That old sea-horse, JOHN COLOMB, Knight, scenting the battle from afar, shook the dewdrops from his mane, neighed thrice, and pawed the mat of the House of Commons with his forefeet. All this, of course, in a Parliamentary sense. What really happened was that to-night, after long interval, the name of Wei-Hai-Wei is once more heard at Westminster. COLOMB recalls with proud emotion how, some sessions ago, when the topic was newer, he descanted upon it for a full hour, accomplishing the feat of pronouncing the word in a new way every time he cited it.

To-night resolves to call it Why-Oh-Why? That in accordance with the interrogative mood adopted in both Houses. In reply to question put in the Lords, ONSLOW lightly recounts how intention of fortifying the port has been abandoned.

"Then Why-Oh-Why did you make such a fuss when you acquired the place?" ROSEBERRY inconveniently asks.

We all remember the flush of pride that mounted the Englishman's brow when announcement was made that Wei-Hai-Wei had been added to the British Empire. Russia had seized Port Arthur. Germany had her eye on some other desirable spot. England, it was disconsolately said, Cinderella of nations, had, as usual, been left in the kitchen. Then, flashed o'er land and sea, came the proud news that the British flag was floating over Wei-Hai-Wei. The Muscovite had been checked. A night's march had been stolen on Germany.

"What a man the MARKISS is!" we all said, regarding with fresh pride his massive figure.

Now it turns out it was all a mistake. Hundreds of thousands of pounds spent on Wei-Hai-Wei; conclusion reluctantly arrived at is that as a place of arms it is impossible. It is, with curiously close analogy, the story of Cyprus over again. Instead of being an outpost of the British Empire in the Far East, a menace to Russia, a thorn in the side of our cousin of

Germany, Wei-Hai-Wei will be "a sort of Saturday-to-Monday watering-place."

"Another concession to the week-enders," CAWMELL-BANNERMAN says, gloomily regarding across the table President of Local Government Board. "WALTER LONG just the kind of man to pull down his window-blinds on Saturday morning with design to make Ennismore Gardens believe he has gone off to Wei-Hai-Wei till Monday."

Business done.—Commons commenced shaping ends of new Procedure scheme, rough hewn by PRINCE ARTHUR.

Tuesday night.—GRANT LAWSON begins to wish he hadn't spoke. To-night a great occasion. PRINCE ARTHUR selected him to serve as first lieutenant in his cruise with the tight but ticklish craft, Procedure. He is to sit next to First Lord of Treasury, and prompt him with facts and figures whenever insatiable House demands those objectionable commodities. Nay, he shall even, from time to time, move small amendments standing on Paper in name of his chief.

Truly a great day; Secretary of Local Government Board feels he must live up to it. PRINCE ARTHUR been very good to him; put him in the Ministry when there was CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES sitting on same bench almost in touch. This the first opportunity of patting PRINCE ARTHUR on the back; must seize it. Accordingly prefaced his remarks by gracious recognition of "the great speech made by my right honourable friend on introducing the Rules."

English Members stared in freezing surprise at this *gaucherie*. Irish Members sniggered. PRINCE ARTHUR looked exceedingly uncomfortable. There for the time the matter rested.

At eleven o'clock TAY PAY came along and, quite casually, extinguished the new Minister. Quoting the effusive reference to the "great speech," TAY PAY remarked, "We don't mind when the audience applauds the leader of the band. But I think the triangle had better leave it alone."

A long time since situation so happily and accurately hit off in a phrase. For full enjoyment of its flavour you must know our good GRANT LAWSON in the House. But it will serve for general consumption.

Business done.—Agreed to appoint second Deputy Chairman.

Thursday night.—FINLAY astonished House to-night. Made his mark soon after he entered, sent here by Liberal Inverness Burghs. Like JESSE COLLINGS and some other eminent men, the tide of his affairs flooded at epoch of the Great Disruption in 1886. He took the turn that led to fortune and the Attorney-Generalship. Since he sat on Treasury Bench has failed to deepen his mark. Doubtless, like another of his countrymen, he is "sage counsel in cumber." Has not shone in field of open debate.

To-night suddenly recovered early debating form; even bettered it. PRINCE ARTHUR, tired of defending position taken up in respect of the hanging (or suspension) clause of the new Rules, put up Attorney-General to say final word before the division. An admirable speech in phrase and argument; delivered in ringing tones with vivacity of manner quite unfamiliar.

Business done.—Treaty with Japan discussed in both Houses.

Friday.—RONALD GOWER, sometime Member for County Sutherland, is uncle—or is it aunt?—of half the Peerage. Question suggested by the pleasant garrulity of his *Old Diaries*, just published by JOHN MURRAY. At first SARK was inclined to think it would have been well if the pruning pen had been used with hand less tender than the author's. But, after all, it is pleasant reading, the

prattle of a well-bred, scholarly man-about-town. Man-about-the-world would more precisely describe Lord RONALD's characteristic. *Ulysses* travelled far; Lord RONALD could give him the coasts of the Læstrygones and the Island of Ætea, and beat him in the matter of variety and continuity of his voyaging.

Year after year, as the *Diaries* testify, he is literally here to-day and gone to-morrow. A peculiarity of his journeyings is that wherever he puts up, in Europe or Africa, he is sure to come upon a nephew, a niece, an uncle, a great aunt, or at least a "niece-at-



"THE MAN WHO PLAYS THE TRIANGLE."

Mr. Grant Lawson.

law," whatever that may be. His appetite in this direction is insatiable. Under 8th of May, 1895, he writes: "Looked in at Hanover Square, where I found Lady ANNE BLUNT, BYRON's great granddaughter. I reminded her of our cousinhood through her immortal grandfather on my HOWARD great-grandfather's side." Lord RONALD did not happen to come across NOAH in his journeyings, which were, indeed, chiefly by land. Otherwise he would certainly have enquired after his great-great-uncles on the SUTHERLAND great-grandmother's side, SHEM, HAM and JAPHETH.

Outside the family circle Lord RONALD knows most people worth knowing, and chats about them pleasantly. He was deservedly a personal favourite with the late QUEEN. One or two letters he pub-

lishes from Her Majesty testify afresh to her homeliness and infinite kind-heartedness. Mr. GLADSTONE was another friend from boyhood's days. There is a particularly interesting account of a visit to BISMARCK after the Pilot had been dropped. A book to get and read. One of the innumerable visits paid by Lord RONALD and minutely chronicled is perhaps a little uncanny. He writes: "Called on POMAR, the son of Lady CAITHNESS, Duchess DE POMAR, who died some years ago, and is buried in Holyrood Chapel."

The attention, like most of Lord RONALD's actions, was kindly. But what he said to his long-buried friend, and what language the corpse spoke in reply, is not told.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

BIKE-PONG.

(Some Queries by a Middle-aged Practitioner.)

REALLY, the ping-world is moving too fast, and it is time to cry Halt! when we read (in last week's *Sketch*) that we are threatened with Ping-pong on bicycles. At any rate, let us know the worst, that we may be prepared when we are directed in dinner invitations to bring our machines with us. Is the celluloid to be hit with the wheel, as in bicycle polo? Are the cycles to mount the ancestral mahogany after the manner of the music-hall trick-rider? Is the aluminium steed to rear on its hind wheel in order to return the ball, or should it plunge and reply friskily with back-hander action? Is the table to be abolished and the four-inch net placed on the floor, as was done by some beginners who knew no better in the infancy of the game? Are ladies to play, or only professional acrobats in tights and spangles? Are ambulances to be provided as well as umpires? Is SANTOS going to take the matter up and give us air-ping over the roof of Olympia or the Great Wheel? Is MARCONI about to invent netless tennis, and omit the ball altogether, with the players a thousand miles apart? Is KIPLING ready with fresh compliments for "vellumed varlets" or "corrugated cranks?" Meanwhile, we see some reason for an Anti-Ping-pong League, such as they say has been recently founded in Paris.

HEROIC MEASURES.—"As a precaution against the spread of the disease [small-pox] it was agreed to close the school. The books of the children and the other members of the family were ordered to be destroyed."—*Scotsman*.



YE EPIDEMIC DURING YE ROMAN PERIOD.

[From a rare old mural decoration (Pompeii)]

"AFTER MANY DAYS"

MR. PUNCH, HONOURED SIR,—We have all been laughing for at least a fortnight at the *Spectator's* joke about "the Hooligans" in the House of Commons. The excellent *Westminster* caps it by suggesting that the word should be spelt "Hughligans." Ha! ha! . . .

I was just going to laugh again, when, turning over back pages of *Punch*, as is my custom of an afternoon, I came upon the following passage in "The Diary of TOBY, M.P.," published on July 24 last year:

"The MÆKISS has a pretty wit. One of its flashes of late illumined the family circle. Too good to be exclusively enjoyed at Hatfield. Some one discoursing on the activity of Lord HUGH CECIL and Earl PERCY when any question affecting the Church comes on in the House of Commons, observed that, though only half the strength of the Fourth Party, they are a considerable power in Parliament, and only want a distinctive name. 'Call them Hughligans,' said the MÆKISS, his eye dwelling with fatherly affection on the slim figure and seraphic countenance of son HUGH."

I have not the pleasure of knowing the MEMBER FOR SARK in the flesh. But I fancy I hear him murmur, "Cast your joke upon the waters and it will return to someone else after many days."

Yours, with much respect,
Bookshelf Row. A BACK-NUMBER.

QUITE AT THE FRONT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I learn from a literary paper that "more than one prominent novelist intends to utilise the war in his next work, and the publishers report that most of the stories already issued which have South Africa for their background command a ready sale." So I myself am preparing a work of this kind, and enclose a sample chapter. It is possible that there may be in it a few trifling inaccuracies, but these, I am told, will not be perceived by the fiction-reading public. Of course, a war-novel is rather outside my usual line. Yours,

MATILDA NIMBLEPEN,

Author of "Dimples," "Little Louie's Luck," "Diddums Then!" &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVII

His face tense with emotion, ALGERNON quitted the verandah of his block-house, where the dancers were sitting out in festive couples, and paced alone the deserted *veldt*. Well might he be anxious. A heliogram just received, close upon midnight, had told him of DOROTHY's dreadful fate. While lingering in a Boer *kopje*, where she had wandered in order to take some photographs, she found the place suddenly attacked by a detachment of the Army Service Corps. With such effect had they deployed their guns that the Boers had fled in all directions. When,



Mistress. "DO YOU KNOW, CARTER, THAT I CAN ACTUALLY WRITE MY NAME IN THE DUST ON THE TABLE!"

Carter. "FAITH, MUM, THAT'S MORE THAN I CAN DO. SURE THERE'S NOTHING LIKE EDUCATION, AFTER ALL!"

however, she told her story to the General in command of the British force, it was received with cold incredulity. This officer persisted in regarding her as a Boer, and ordered her instant removal to a concentration camp. As she was being carried off, however, she contrived to use her pocket heliograph to convey to ALGERNON the news of her fate.

What was he to do? To allow this terrible lot to befall his DOROTHY was out of the question. In a concentration camp she would be manacled, starved and perhaps interviewed by Miss HOBSON. But only one way of saving her occurred to him. He must see the Commander-in-Chief, and he was in Pretoria, twenty miles away. To reach Pretoria, he would have to ride through De Aar, Krugersdorp, Mafeking, and Springfontein; a dangerous line of country, largely in the enemy's possession. However, not a minute was to be lost. He returned to the block-house stables, and saddled his best charger, purchased from a knacker's yard by the War Office for £35, and worth at least four times less the money. In another minute he had mounted and begun his perilous journey.

For some miles he was unmolested. True, he was sometimes so close to the Boer forces as to be able to hear the words of their hymns, sung around the camp fire. But on the narrow piece of

road half way between Ladysmith and Norval's Point, a sudden shout bade him halt, and a party of burghers, each bearing a machine-gun on his saddle, made their appearance immediately in front of him.

"Beesti grachueon netiwicks?" said their leader, sternly.

ALGERNON spoke double-Dutch like a native. "Ogresti jumjams," he replied simply.

"Notarim gumbo, por?" pursued the Boer, with evident surprise.

"Gonny," said ALGERNON, emphatically, "Gonny mahado."

"Kiop!" said the other, his suspicions completely disarmed by ALGERNON's astuteness.

Ten minutes later that gallant hero entered Pretoria.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE EGG.

[*"There were various degrees in the declension of eggs, the final degree being that of eggs without epithets."—Sir William Harcourt at the National Poultry Organisation Society.*]

WHEN Sir WILLIAM clearly states How the egg degenerates, Tracing it through many ages—New-laid, fresh—by easy stages, Till at last, he says, we get "Eggs—without an epithet," There his disquisition stays; He ignores the latest phase Where in politics we find Eggs and epithets combined.

TALKS WITH
MY
BEDMAKER.

THE CORONATION.

"Good mornin', Sir," said Mrs. BURBIDGE, as she began to clear away the remains of my frugal breakfast, "though it wouldn't 'ardly be mornin' anywhere exceptin' in Cambridge, where it's anythink you 'as before your lunch is mornin' in a manner of speakin'; which you young gentlemen gets more lie-thargical every term, and couldn't get up no later not if you was fellers of the col-lidge, no, nor if it was the Vice-Chancellor or the King of England 'isself, though I don't suppose he can lie long of a mornin' nowadays neither, seein' all the work 'e 'as to do with the Coronation comin' on and all."

At this juncture I courted disaster by remarking that the Coronation would be a fine sight, and asking Mrs. BURBIDGE if she intended to honour it with her presence.

"Ah, Sir," continued that estimable lady, as she shot a small cascade of crumbs onto the hearthrug, under the belief that she was shaking the tablecloth into the fender, "for my part I don't 'old with these poms and pedantries nohow, no, nor never 'ave, no more did my pore farther afore me, which 'e always used to say as it was the last Coronation as set 'im agin 'em, and no wonder, seein' as that was the most misfortunate day's pleasin' 'e ever 'ad this side of the grave. Which 'e was walkin' out at the time with my pore mother that was, not with a heye to the halter immediate, 'im not bein' certain of his mind as yet, but just to see if they'd suit like, and 'e took 'er to see the procession in St. James's as was right and proper, 'im 'avin' walked out with 'er for some time past. And hours and hages them two stood there without so much as room to move a heyelid, like Persians on a monument, as you might



NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE (GUILDHALL) FARE.

Rosalind (of London, to Orlando of Birmingham).

"SIR YOU HAVE WRESTLED WELL, AND OVERTHROWN
MORE THAN YOUR ENEMIES."

As You Like It, Act I, Sc. 2.

say, and just as the QUEEN was a-passin' by, and the cream 'orses goin' one to-day and one to-morrer, as many a time 'e 'ave described it to me, what with the people shovin' from behind and the sodgers shovin' from in front and the nearness of the 'orses tails, before 'e knew as 'e 'ad done it 'e put the momentous question, and 'im not meanin' to do more than remon-stricate with 'er for pinchin' of 'is arm, which she 'ad a 'and like a hehephant, as many a time I 'ave 'ad occasion to remark; and the bands was put up the very next Sunday as ever was, and they was married within the month, as 'e 'ad reason to remember every day of 'is life for the next forty years till she was took off with a chill of the stum-atich last Michael-mas twenty years, along of eatin' them red, white and blue Napo-leon ices at the Patriotic Mothers' Meetin'. And the last distelli-gible words she spoke to me afore

she was took, 'ELIZA, my love,' she says, which it was the fust and last time she was ever 'eard to utter the expression, the sinkin' feelin' comin' upon 'er very strong and sudden, 'ELIZA,' says she, 'sein' as 'ow you are come to years of digression, if ever you are to attain to them, and I am fadin' fast, let me give you a word of advice, and none more qualified. Keep clear of them Coronations, which they are a bubble and a snare, and never, never you eat them miscellaneous foreign ices."

These painful recollections, combined with a certain short-ness of breath, the penalty of liberal perquisites and advanc-ing years, caused Mrs. BURBIDGE to relapse for a few moments into a gloomy and expressive silence, as with many shakings of the head she made a feint of piling my crockery onto a battered tray, preparatory to removing it to the sanctum at the end of the passage, where, with much clattering and an



Horsey Wag (to Mr. and Mrs. Tourey, who are walking up a hill). "AND DO YOU ALWAYS TAKE YOUR CYCLES WITH YOU WHEN YOU GO FOR A WALK?"

occasional crash, she was accustomed to perform the mysterious functions of her class. I was just beginning to murmur inarticulate sympathy when she rose superior to her momentary weakness, and embarked once more upon the tide of personal reminiscence.

"Then there's them Jubilees, which is just as bad as any Coronations and less excuse for 'em, as I 'ave often said, which the fust of 'em wild 'orses wouldn't drag me out for to see, no, not if the QUEEN herself 'ad sent 'em with the Royal kerridge; but when it came to the second I felt as 'ow there was a providence in it all, and I couldn't 'old out against it any longer, me bein' a true Empirealist and no Pro-bor, as I am proud and thankful to maintain, though if anythink could 'ave made me one, it would 'ave been the depredations of that horful day: twelve blessed hours we was squeezed as tight as two of them 'eathen mummies, though less reposeful, which if my 'usband 'adn't been as patient as a Job's comforter it might 'ave come to separation betwixt us, and no more than three sengwidges and a bottle of ginger beer did we 'ave, and them that warm with all the pressin' and squeezin' you couldn't 'ardly tell one from the other, and the dust lyn' in between the layers till it was like eatin' a bit o' emery paper. I never see so much dust in all my life, though I've been 'ere bedmaker and 'elp these thirty years and livin' in it all the time, as one might say, and dust there always is and always will be, I

suppose, which, seein' as 'ow we're all made of it, it ain't to be wondered at. But this was like them great Egyptshian deserts, exceptin' that there was more people, and 'orses instead of camels and giraffes. And what with the sun bein' that topical over'ead, and the people droppin' down all round like the sprinklin' o' tea-leaves on a carpet, and my toes that trod on that every drop o' blood in 'em was druv right up the body, I fell all of a 'eap at the zoological moment, and all I seed was the hinside of a hambulance stretcher till I got to my pore brother's 'ouse, 'im bein' a hundertaker in a good way of business and much respected. which 'e died the very next winter as ever was in a fit of the new-moan-yer, seemin' as 'ow it was them foreign princes as brought it into the country. And what I says is, them things is all very well for them as is in 'em and them as 'as seats to see, and they may be good for trade, though it stands to reason that everythink that's put into 'em comes out of us, and there's more put into 'em than ever comes out again, and no one 'll ever catch me goin' to see another, no not if there was fifty kings to be crowned and jubileed all in one day, and all the livin' Hemperors and Shahs a-walkin' respectful behind."

THE "National Poultry Organisation Society" is to be congratulated on having secured the services of Mr. HATCH, M.P., in the office of Treasurer.

A FROST IN THE THAW.

He was a typical Serpentine skater, I thought, as head down and arms swinging he passed me and soughed along in front through the half-inch of water with which the sweepers had long since been unable to cope. Suddenly he dropped on to his knee, and before I had time to pull up I had tripped over him and fallen forward into the slush.

Without moving from his position on one knee he helped me to my feet.

"I saw yer was after it," he said, looking up at me knowingly.

"After what?" I inquired, wincing with pain.

He held his closed hand before him.

"Ah, you sor it first," he observed with a wink, "but yer wanted to be quicker down on it."

"The celerity of my descent," I replied, rubbing my injured knee, "more than satisfied my fondest hopes."

"Yes," he said, rising to his feet, with his right hand still closed, "I was too quick for yer."

"That's an unimpeachable statement," I answered, mopping my wet clothes with my handkerchief.

My companion edged closer towards me and looked cautiously around him. Then holding out his hand he opened it slowly and disclosed a massive gold ring lying in his grimy palm.

"Orl right, that, mate, ain't it?" he remarked.

"I don't know," I replied. The ring did not look wet.

"That's gold orl right, yer know, that is," he observed, weighing it in his open palm. "I saw yer was after it."

"I'm afraid," said I, "you must be very sharp."

"Ah, but you sor it first," he acknowledged with some frankness. "Sorter double affair this,—you sor it first, but I got it. It's gold, yer know, mate. Feel it."

I took the ring in my hand, and gave it back to him.

"Well, for what it's worth," said I, "I'm sure you deserve it."

"Ah, but that'd be rough on you, mate," he said, with benignant reproof. "You sor it before me, yer know. Shares is only fair. It's gold. Look at it."

"Oh, come," said I, "I don't think I'm entitled to anything."

His features assumed an expression of unswerving justice.

"I cawn't do yer outer yer share," he said firmly. "You sor it first. Share and share alike. I'm a honest man, I am."

"I've no right to a share, really," I protested.

"Look 'ere, tell yer wot, mate," he



Lady. "HALF-A-CROWN, INDEED! YOUR FARE IS EIGHTEEN-PENCE. I LOOKED IT UP IN BRADSHAW."

Cabman. "WELL, TO BE SURE! WOT A GOOD WIFE YOU WOULD 'AVE MADE FOR A PORE MAN!"

exclaimed, in a fit of sudden generosity. "You shall 'ave a third. That's square, that is."

"You're too generous," I murmured.

"It was only my luck bein' a bit quicker than you," he said magnanimously. "Just look at it. This is wot I call a find, this is!"

"What do you think it's worth?" I asked.

He looked at the ring critically.

"That's a three pahnd ring," he said decisively, holding it out to me.

"Don't you think it's worth more than that?" I ventured to suggest.

He hastily made another examination of it.

"More? Why, wot am I torking abaht!" he exclaimed. "That ring ain't worth a 'alfpenny less than five pahnd."

"You think so?" I asked.

"Certain of it," said he, holding the ring out to me again. "You must 'ave your third orl right, mate."

I hastily made the calculation.

"Well, then, you've only to give

me one pound thirteen shillings and fourpence down," I said, "and we're square."

His jaw dropped. "Look 'ere," he began, "I'm a pore man—"

"All right then," I said, "give me thirty shillings, and we'll say nothing about the balance."

"I'm a pore man," he repeated. "S'pose I was ter try ter sell a valuable article like this 'ere. They'd want ter know where I got it,—think I'd stolen it. Nah, you're a gentleman—"

"Well, then," I suggested, "you might come with me and wait while I sell it."

He looked at me narrowly.

"Of course," I added, "as we're both honest men, we'll call at Scotland Yard first to ask if—"

"Well, afternoon, Sir," he said hastily. "Nasty thor, ain't it?"

And, without waiting to catch my antithetical reply, he pounded off, head down and elbows out, and disappeared into the crowd.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME AND MODERN ENGLAND.

II.

"PANEM ET CIRCENSES."

[With the author's profound acknowledgment of his indebtedness to Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN for the brilliant conception of latter-day Cæsarism contained in his Leicester speech, from which the following extracts are reverently culled:—"We, my colleagues on the platform and I, come here straight from the House of Commons, with the dust of its arena upon us. . . . There is a domestic Imperialism which we know also under the name of Cæsarism. . . . It acts upon the passions of the people—(hear, hear);—it conciliates them in classes . . . by lavish expenditure—(hear, hear);—it occupies men's minds with display and amusement; it inspires a thirst for military glory—(hear, hear);—it crushes opposition and extinguishes liberty (prolonged cheers)."]

Ho! quæstors, sound a progress!
And blow, ye trumpets, blow!
The plebs is out with pomp and rout
To see the Circus Show.
Bright are the roofs with banners,
And bright the Sacred Way,
But brighter still the hopes that fill
The hearts of Rome to-day.

Beneath a purple awning
Behold the Chief recline,
Great SALISBURIUS CÆSAR
Of the old Cæcilian line;
Beside him see ARTHURUS,
His tunic sanguine red,
And in his grasp a driver
Tipped with a bulger head;
And by him, wreathed with orchids
And rapt in proud disdain,
Stands glassy-eyed JOSEPHUS,
The Circus Chamberlain;
While rearwards in the shadow
DALMENIUS moves apart,
His toga's hue as good as new,
Thanks to the cleaner's art.

Now sounds the tuba's signal,
Down falls the barrier-gate,
And forth the belted fighters
Debouch to try their fate:
And first they make obeisance
To CÆSAR throned on high,
And "Ave!" cry, "we greet thee,
Thy warriors doomed to die!"

But hark! the shouts of Havoc!
The shriek of sliding doors—
And forth there swoops in devious troops
A herd of Marsian boars;
Anon the sand is reeking
With blood and flying foam,
And lust of death holds fast the breath
And fires the eyes of Rome.
And, when in weakening remnants
The quarry quits the fray,
With thumbs depressed they whoop their best—
"Hoc habet! Slay and slay!"

Nor yet with glut of slaughter
Is the people's belly full,
But now their chartered minions
Bait the Hibernian Bull:
And now the Men of Peace that wear
No weapons but their tongues
Receive the staves of hireling knaves
Full on their windy lungs.

* * *

Rude were the tale to reckon
Of innocents that fell
In the dust and shame of the butcher's game
That Romans love so well.
But, when the play was ended
At CÆSAR's awful nod,
The riven sky gave back the cry
"Behold a god, a god!"
Hail! Chieftain, hail! whose largess
With lavish hand is spent;
Who fling'st to priest and lordling
Their dole of tithe and rent;
Whose Circus Games have won thee
The public's fair report,—
Long may'st thou last as in the past
To make the people sport!"

O. S.

"CHANGE OF NAME," &c.

THE title of Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES's new piece is announced as *The Princess's Nose*. Who is cast for the Princess? Will she have to speak through her nose? Is the character an utterly extravagant one, and will she have to "pay through the nose" for her recklessness? Will her character be thoroughly diagnosed in a printed preface? What is the plot? Has the Princess caught a severe cold and, having "thrown her handkerchief" to one of her lovers, hasn't she got another ready for an emergency? Fine situation this. And, besides the *Nose*, what are the other principal features in the play? Shall we hear of *The Prince's Cheek*? Is she a Chinese Princess with lines about "*chin-chin*"? Shall we have "the story of her life from ear to ear"? To express a hope that a piece with such a title should be "in for a run" doesn't sound at all pleasant. If, as regards this *Nose*, HENRY AUTHOR will condescend to take a tip, he will change it. As the poet has beautifully expressed it, "What's in a name? A Nose by any other name will smell as well." Take a show of hands on our amendment—"Ayes" (for the alteration) *versus* "Nose" (against it)—and the majority in favour of the former must be two to one. That is evident on the face of it. So let HENRY AUTHOR withdraw his original resolution. We would suggest a title did we know the plot. Has the "*Nose*" anything to do with the popular game of *Bridge*? Who knows? HENRY AUTHOR does; perhaps his most intimate friends may,—"*nose-citir a sociis*,"—and, after all, dash it, or, we might say, blow it, as it is his affair, not ours, we hope that, on this play's success, we shall not forget to send him a button-hole, or, more appropriately, "a Nose-gay."

ALICE IN CLOVERLAND.

SIR,—The *Sphere* of last week gave a portrait of Miss ALICE ROOSEVELT, to whom a Boston man who had never seen the young lady "bequeathed £25,000, because he admired her father." Have there been many millionaires who have shown how they wish to remember "Sweet ALICE" in a similar manner? Does it follow from this that if I haven't received any such legacy at all it is because no one with money admired *my* father? Ah! Why was I born?

Yours impecuniously,

A PENNY IN THE SLOT.

EXPLANATION.—When the Archbishop of CANTERBURY went to speak on temperance at Cambridge, he alluded to himself, when receiving an honorary degree, as a "*τετράγωνος ἄνθρωπος*." Evidently a Greek temperance waiter's title; probably descriptive of a man who went round with the tea-tray.



THE AMERICAN HONEYSUCKLE AND THE HOHENZOLLERN BEE.

Columbia (singing). "I AM THE HONEYSUCKLE!"
Prince Henry of Prussia. "I AM THE BEE!"



ANOTHER MISUNDERSTANDING.

Wife. "OH, EDWIN, I CAN'T FIND THAT LETTER YOU LOST ANYWHERE; AND I'VE GIVEN MYSELF SUCH A HEADACHE HUNTING FOR IT!"

Edwin (sympathetically). "AH! YOU DON'T LOOK VERY WELL, DEAR."

Wife. "I WISH TO GOODNESS YOU'D LOOK YOURSELF, THEN!"

"VISIONS ABOUT" AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Blue-Bell in Fairyland has already been performed more than a hundred times, and still remains, and is likely to remain, the freshest, merriest, sweetest, prettiest of all the "pieces of extravagance" now to be seen in and about London. To class such a piece is difficult. It is pathetic, for does not sweet ELLALINE TERRISS appeal to us as the most distressful seller of violets that ever yet was seen? And don't our hearts go out to her, and wouldn't the sixpences go out of our pockets to her, as they do, and half-sovereigns too, from the purse or purses of the *Cheeryble-brotherly* old gentleman who, with a couple of grotesquely comic servants (Messrs. MURRAY KING and SIDNEY HAROCOURT) carrying his bags of money about for him, meets *Blue-Bell*, constitutes himself her father, friend, and patron, and intends—that is, as far as it is possible to ascertain this admirable millionaire's intentions from his eccentric actions—to provide for *Blue-Bell* in perpetuity?

But who, with an eye for grace of action, ear for charm of melody, and appreciation of originality in arrangement, could refuse any amount of helping "hands" to produce the thunders of applause that redemand over and over again ELLALINE TERRISS's perfectly delightful, sweet, simple, and touching rendering of "*The Honeysuckle and the Bee*"—*Blue-Bell* being the Honey-suckle on the stage, while the Bee's reply is given by a fresh young voice issuing

from out of the darkness in which the front of the house is enveloped. The effect is wonderful.

"I am the honey-honey-suckle," sings ELLALINE TERRISS, peering up from the stage, and immediately "I am the Bee," replies the invisible possessor of a tuneful alto voice, "perched," as was DIBDIN'S "Sweet little cherub, up aloft." It is the very essence of a surprise. Where is that "*Vox et præterea Nil?*" Is it "far away where angels dwell," or does it issue from an Apollo among the gods in the gallery? What wonder were Miss ELLALINE, when she repeats the refrain, to alter the first line, and address the hidden chorister with

"You're in the upper-suckles?"

and for the Voice to reply,

"Aye, that I be!"

Which slight alteration might fix the temporary *habitat* of *Son Altesse*. This is herewith commended to Manager and Actor SEYMOUR HICKS. In this piece we might 'see more' HICKS than we do.

The crossing-sweeper *Dicky* is played by him with perfectly electrifying vivacity, for he is all over the place and back again in less than a minute—HICKS *et ubique*—in fact, a sort of humorous Will-o'-the-Wisp, with "a little quip here, a little crank there, and everywhere a joke," yet relieved by an artistic touch of pathos, that the audience, being nervous lest he should collapse from over-exertion, are really gratified on discovering that he has suddenly become

the *Sleeping King* whose slumbers have lasted three hundred years.

But would such repose suit Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS-et-ubique? Not a bit of it. He is like "the little quiver fellow" whom *Shallow* remembered in *Arthur's* show, who "would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in; rah, tah, tah, would he say; bounce, would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come; — I shall never see such a fellow." His imitations of popular personages are most happy; in a second, with a word and an eyeglass, he is Mr. CHAMBERLAIN: in another second he is somebody else—Sir HENRY IRVING, BEERBOHM-TREE or CHARLES WYNDHAM; the two latter imitations unsurpassably good.

Oh, dear! *Alice in Wonderland* and the *Rabbit*, and the *Hatter*, not to mention the *Walrus* and the *Carpenter*, are all sensible sober-sided individuals in comparison with the characters in the marvellous "Musical Dream Play" in two acts, by Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS and WALTER SLAUGHTER (whose music never ceases to sparkle and keep the proceedings perfectly harmonious throughout), with "lyrics" by Mr. AUBREY HOPWOOD, and one effective song, capitally sung by Miss FLORENCE LLOYD, who represents, "in the handsomest manner possible," the Reigning Queen Consort of *The Reigning King* (Mr. STANLEY BRETT) of somewhere or other; but to give the realm a name would puzzle Mr. HICKS, not to mention his musical collaborateur, Mr. SLAUGHTER, the composer of such "killing" music.

And what a school for actors is not this piece! There are children here—precious clever children, and pretty too are not a few of them—from very early ages up to sweet seventeen, who can sing in tune, speak their lines distinctly, and suit the action to the word and the word to the action. As *Tommy the Highlander*, little Miss KATHLEEN COURTNEY is immense; but the Highlander's girl, who simply by her hearty laughing sends the house into convulsions of merriment, and whose name it is difficult to hit upon in the crowded programme, is a little person, of about five or six years old, whom everyone should see, appreciate, and remember when, perhaps, years hence, she may be playing *Beatrice* to some distinguished *Benedick*.

The finish of it all is as artistic as it is unexpected. From the visions we wake to reality, and *Blue-Bell* and *Dick* are apparently not much better off than they were before the dream, but are all in all to each other. Let no one miss seeing this delightful piece.

CHURCH AND STATE.

O'er the visit to Burton blue ribbons are rent;
Yet the King had a true theological bent:
He wished to preside at a Council of Trent.



DEFINITE SEPARATION."

Hamlet . . . LORD R-S-B-RY. *Ophelia* . . . C-MP-B-L-B-NN-RM-N.
Hamlet. "GO TO YOUR PONTIFFERY. GO!"

[Lord ROSEBERY, in a letter to the *Times*, Friday, Feb. 21, alludes to Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN as "speaking pontifically within his tabernacle,"]

PRINCIPLE AND UNITY.

(In style of leader in the "W-stm-nst-r Gazette.")

THE conflict between the theorist and the practical man of affairs, between boundless aspiration and possible performance, is no doubt as old as the creation of man. It meets us at every turn and in every department of life. It raged acutely even in the Garden of Eden; it disturbs the meetings of Parish Councils. It has agitated the Cabinets of Kings, and has divided families, formerly contented, into jarring sections whose contests are embittered by the very fact that the antagonists are related to one another and are highly conscious each of the shortcomings of the other. Sometimes dormant, but never extinguished, it is sure to break out with special violence in the ranks of a body striving against overwhelming numbers for recognition and influence. It is the part of wisdom, while acknowledging the existence of this conflict, not to embitter it by rashness in word or act, but to trust to the

effect of time and opportunity for the reconciliation of differences which can be compromised without undue surrender on either side, provided there is, together with an adherence to principle, a genuine desire for unity of action against a common foe.

We make these observations, it is hardly necessary to say, with an earnest desire that they may be laid to heart by all those who are interested in the fortunes of the Liberal Party. We have incurred some criticism from the more ardent spirits of the two sections into which, as we are told by the Conservative press, that Party has now definitely split. The office of peacemaker is at all times a thankless one, but if the Party is ever to regain its position and to make its influence prevail with the mass of voters in the country, it is essential that no opportunity should be lost for pouring oil on the troubled waters. We propose to the best of our ability to pursue that task in spite of the criticism to which it may expose us on the part of those in whose interests we are acting, and whose good-will, we may add, we have no wish to abandon. That appeal, strong at all times, gains a special force from the circumstances of the moment. A furious controversy has begun with reference to Lord ROSEBERY's remarks in his recent speech at Stornoway. To avoid misapprehension we quote them in full:—

"Nothing, said Lord ROSEBERY, is in these days more important than a proper application of the forces that make for progress to the reactionary tendencies of traditional Toryism. I have no part in politics. I come before you as a quiet student, a detached observer of the storm and bustle of the world. But I am asked for my advice, and I give it. The root of our evils seems to me to be a perpetual agitation. If I may say so, we wave our arms too violently and move our legs too much. I should suggest to my friends of the Liberal Party, though I do not presume to do more than suggest in a humble but earnest spirit, that they should concentrate their energies by lopping off these superfluous legs and arms. When that is done, the heart

and brain can still be sound, and the trunk and the head can do good work without the distraction of ornamental but too often useless limbs."

In itself, it would seem, this passage is innocent enough, but it has been seized upon and distorted both by those who represent the extreme anti-war section of the Party and by those who look upon Lord ROSEBERRY as a new MOSES destined to guide them to the promised land. "Behold," say the former, "how Lord ROSEBERRY desires us to exist. He refuses to spare us even a toe or a little finger with which to eke out our maimed existence. Never can we stoop to the degradation involved in this suggested mutilation." Surely this is a somewhat violent and literal interpretation to place upon remarks which we are at liberty to believe Lord ROSEBERRY had no intention of pressing too strictly. But, on the other hand, we can have but little sympathy with the proposal put forward by Dr. HEBER HART, and supported, we regret to notice, by Sir EDWARD GREY, that only those who voluntarily submit to the loss of their limbs should be recognised as genuine Liberals. It is true that Sir EDWARD GREY mitigated the harshness of his remarks by advocating the use of anæsthetics in all cases, but the suggestion does not go far towards removing our objections to the imposition of this new test. Our object is to rule no man out, and though for many reasons it might perhaps, under different circumstances, be advisable to adhere to the plan suggested by Lord ROSEBERRY, we can only say that we doubt if the time has yet come for putting into force a remedy so drastic and, after all, so uncertain in its results.

There is room in the Liberal party for all shades of men. The essential point is that we should keep in view definite aims and not lose ourselves in by-paths of useless recrimination. The late Mr. X. was a useful member of society, in spite of the fact that nature had refused him those excrescences the removal of which Lord ROSEBERRY is understood to advocate. The example may be commended to those who see in Lord ROSEBERRY's speech a definite recantation of Liberal doctrines and ideals. But legs and arms have still, within reason, their use, as Lord ROSEBERRY himself would be the last to deny.

DARBY JONES ON THE BETTING COMMITTEE.

HONOURED SIR,—It is some Decades of Months ago since I advocated in your unparalleled Journal the Licensing of Bookmakers, and for so doing I was, I regret to say, scoffed at by those whose Hide is Impervious to the Penetration of Truth. But what has more than one



BROTHERS IN ART.

New Arrival. "WHAT SHOULD I CHARGE FOR TEACHING ZE PIANOFORTE?"

Old Stager. "OH, I DON'T KNOW."

N. A. "VELL, TELL ME VOT FOU CHARGE."

O. S. "I CHARGE FIVE GUINEAS A LESSON."

N. A. "HIMMEL! HOW MANY PUPILS HAVE YOU GOT?"

O. S. "OH, I HAVE NO PUPILS!"

Witness testified during the present Enquiry? Precisely what the humble D. J. suggested through your Doric-Ionic Columns. Treat a Bookmaker like a Cabman, or a seven-and-sixpenny dog, and he becomes a Personage instead of a Parvenu.

HONOURED SIR, Salt Tears of Laughter trickled from my eyes when I read the evidence of the Right Honourable the Chairman of the Epsom Bench of Magistrates with regard to Welshers. His Honour desired that Policemen should wait on the Layers and Takers of Odds all over the Course. I can fancy the Imperial Chuckling of his August Neighbour, the Earl of ROSEBERRY, when

he read the statement of the Unbeneficed Beak. A Bobby to every party of Bookmakers is SPLENDID in theory; but the slippery DE WET is not more Agile in his Escapes than is a Salted Welsher. You might ring him with Minions of the Law, but he would vanish with the ease of one of Mr. MASKELYNE'S Metamorphoses.

But, Sir, were the Bookies and their not always genteel Pencillers registered, the wily Welsher would find his occupation gone. You *can't stop betting* by Act of Parliament. You might just as well try to prevent the onrush of an Express Train with a Hurdle. DARBY JONES.

TO NEERA

TEMP 1902

["Girls are beginning to complain of scanty hair"—the result of persistent rizz'ing and waving—*Graphic*, Feb 18]

I.

FAIR NETRA, once there was a time
When (at any rate in rhyme
Acting on Miltonic precedent)
I could, with immense content,
Sport amid the tangles of your hair
Dowered with luxuriance rare!

II

No, I don't to Hampstead Heath allude,
Or the ways and manners rude
Prevalent upon Bank Holiday—
Still you could with pride display
In your childhood such a *chevelure*
As few mermaids could procure

III

But, alas! you were ill satisfied
With what Nature had supplied,
Thought each wavy lock too straight and
lump,
And began to crisp and crimp,
Heedless, while the curling-tongs you
ply,
Of the coming by-and-by!

IV

When you're twenty and would fain
"come out,"
Then you find without a doubt
That your wealth of hair's preceded
you,
Coming out before it's due!
'Tis a case of previousness, I grant,
Trying to a *débutante*

V.

Now a transformation with a bang
Comes (to write it gives a pang)
O'er your head and o'er my dream as
well,
Never more, I grieve to tell,
Dare I trifle with that tangled tress—
Wigs will seldom bear the stress

THE MORAL REFORMER.

(A Page from Her Diary)

[In discussing the means of suppressing a certain public nuisance, the *British Medical Journal* remarks that "the glare and the frown of a strong-minded woman would be more effective than a wilderness of pamphlets"]

Monday—Much struck by this sentence in the *British Medical Journal*, which JACK read out at breakfast. Have been looking for some good work to take up during Lent. Attempts at district-visiting not altogether a success, and stupid editors refuse my articles on social questions. But apparently the best way for a woman to be useful is to "glare" and "frown" in public. I will try the plan to-day.

Tuesday.—Wandered about most of yesterday, making faces at appropriate

TRANSFORMATIONS.

["In Paris, in view of the Coronation festivities ... the trade in artificial calves is very brisk"—*St. James's Gazette*]



THE EARL OF SPINDLESHANKS AS HE
APPEARED AT OSTEND



THE EARL OF SPINDLESHANKS AS HE WILL
APPEAR AT THE CORONATION.

moments. Met Captain JOHNSON smoking a cigarette. Cigarette smoking is a pernicious habit, so I glared and frowned at him like anything. He seemed surprised, but I don't think he threw away his cigarette. Still, no doubt, it had more effect upon him than "a wilderness of pamphlets." Shortly after, came across a gentleman wearing a hideous green and yellow tie—a flagrant breach of good taste, which it was my duty to reprove. So I halted immediately in front of him, pointed to his tie, frowned ferociously and glared. Evidently he was conscience-stricken, for he simply turned tail and fled. Ah, if only all the women in England would use their influence in this way, how quickly the plague of inartistic ties would be stamped out! In the next street I saw an old gentleman give a penny to a crossing-sweeper. Plainly it is one's duty to encourage kind deeds just as much as to remedy abuses. I smiled and kissed my hand at him affectionately. The lady with him looked quite annoyed, and seemed to be demanding an explanation as I passed on. In St. James's Street I met young CHARLIE WINKWORTH coming down the steps of his club. CHARLIE has no right to belong to an expensive club, his income is much too small. So I glared and frowned, alternately, for quite two minutes. I distinctly heard him gasp "Good Lord!" so my rebuke must have gone home. On my way back I passed Dr THISTLETON in his carriage—smoking a cigar, I was sorry to notice. Still, he is kind to his poorer patients, so I hesitated how to treat him. Finally I compromised by alternately kissing my hand and frowning. He stopped his carriage and insisted on taking me home, asking a great many absurd questions about my health as we went.

Wednesday—I must have caught a cold yesterday, and am not fit to go out. A great nuisance, just when I was beginning to use my influence for the public good. However, I will spend the morning at the dining-room window, glaring or frowning at every one who goes by.

Later—Had a most disagreeable morning. I only glared and frowned at the people who seemed to deserve it, just as the *British Medical Journal* recommended. But before long quite a crowd began to assemble outside the house. I glared fiercely and frowned severely, but they wouldn't go away. Unexpectedly JACK came home. He had met Dr THISTLETON, and seemed very much annoyed. I reminded him of the paragraph he had read to me, and told him that I was only using my influence, as every woman ought to do. But I'm almost afraid that I must take to pamphlet-writing instead.



Grumbling Guest (after any amount of excellent champagne, addressing host). "I SAY, THIS BOTTLE 'S CORKED!"
Friend of Family, and something of a wag, comes to rescue. "DON'T AGREE AT ALL. I CALL IT UN-CORKED. EH?"

[Relief of everybody and collapse of grumbler.]

SALMON IN THAMES.

[A further number of two-year-old smolts have been turned into the Thames.]

THE Thames shall compete with the bountiful Seine,
 And angling by ticket shall shortly begin;
 While bailiffs, supported by rates, shall restrain
 The ubiquitous boy with a worm and a pin.

At Barnes they will make a convenient beach
 For the casts of the rich, while the indigent seek
 The turbulent waters of Pimlico reach,
 Where a rod may be plied at a guinea a week.

And a portion of water at least will be free
 (From licence and fish), where the file and the rank,
 By the generous leave of the powers that be,
 May angle for nothing at all from the bank.

Say fifty per cent. of the salmonidæ
 That have entered the Thames with such infinite care
 Accomplish an ultimate way to the sea,
 And spurn a return to their previous lair;

And forty per cent. eat too freely of mud,
 Or fall to itinerant anglers as fry;
 And nine disappear 'twixt the neap and the flood,
 Just one will be left who may rise to the fly.

Though they angle for him both in season and out,
 In every and any conceivable way,
 The fish, I am sure, will persistently flout
 Their efforts—and perish of senile decay.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OPPORTUNELY, in view of the festival of June next, CHATTO & WINDUS issue *Crowns and Coronations*, described and recorded by Mr. WILLIAM JONES, F.S.A. It is a compendium of information on these points that leaves nothing untold. Colossal industry, directed by admirable judgment, has been devoted to the task. Mr. JONES goes back to earliest history for descriptions of crowns and records of coronations. Naturally what interests us most relates to the history of our own sovereigns. Here it will be found set forth in the picturesque style of contemporary chroniclers. From the time of RICHARD II. to Queen VICTORIA the ceremony of successive coronations is described. The late Lord Privy Seal will be interested by reminder of the ceremonial that, from Plantagenet times down to the days of the STUARTS, attended the investment of Knights of the Bath. In those days the Coronation Procession started from the Tower for Westminster. A preliminary was the creation of a batch of Knights of the Bath. The novitiate was, on the night before the Coronation, actually tubbed, a process less familiar then than now. Dressing after his bath, wearing a hermit's weed of russet cloth, he kept vigil in the Church till daybreak. When the procession started for Westminster he joined it, and on arriving at Westminster Hall received sword and spurs, and was dubbed knight by the Royal hand. My Baronite dwells in mute delight on the idea of our "Grand Cross" marching, spectacted, in russet cloth, from his bath to keep vigil in Church *sans* prospect of a cigar.

For every new "Dooley Book," as is this of Mr. Dooley's *Opinions* (HEINEMANN), we are all Dooley thankful," says the smiling
 BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



WEATHER NOTE.

Tramp. "COULD YER 'ELP A PORE FELLER WOT'S SEEN BETTER DAYS?"

Crusty Old Gent. "SEEN BETTER DAYS, HAVE YOU? WELL, I QUITE BELIEVE IT. I'VE SEEN BETTER DAYS MYSELF!"

BALLAD OF A HOUSE HUNTER.

Do you wonder why my auburn locks are prematurely grey,
Though in business or in love no disappointment have I
met?

Eighteen months I have been hunting for a house, but, sad
to say,

I have not discovered one that's satisfactory as yet.
I've explored among the suburbs, north and south and
east and west,

And in looking at some flats in town a lot of time I've
spent;

But there's something always stops me from succeeding in
my quest,

It may be the situation, or the drainage, or the rent.

I've inspected red brick villas that were going rather cheap,
With the ordinary dadoes and a tessellated hall;

But the doors were badly fitting and the staircases were steep,
So the jerry builder didn't take my fancy after all.

Now and then I've seen a house that seemed particularly nice,
But the distance from the station was a little bit too great;
There were others that I thought extremely moderate in price
Till I found the railway ran behind and caused them to
vibrate.

If the sitting-rooms are spacious—well, the bedrooms may
be bad;

If the garden's picturesque, then all the stonework may
be old;

At the mention of electric bells perhaps my heart is glad,
Till I find the place is not supplied with water hot and cold.

When artistic grates and overmantels catch my eager eye,
And a glimpse of panelled ceilings makes my energy
increase,

All my hopes are dashed completely, for I find out by-and-by
I must bind myself for seven years on a repairing lease.

And at night my sleep is troubled and I toss and turn
about,

While a horrid crowd of agents by my bedside ever stands,
And these ghostly individuals continually shout

Choice selections from the catalogues they're holding in
their hands.

Then they show me heaps of photographs of houses small
and great,

And particulars of "residences standing in their
grounds,"

Till I dream that I can purchase a magnificent estate—
Say about ten thousand acres—for the sum of twenty
pounds.

Oh, if business would permit, how I should like to wander
where

No such things as bricks and mortar one need ever, ever
see;

I would take a large and well-appointed castle in the air,
And no doubt I could remain there in the future quite
rent free.

But alas! like other mortals I must bear my little load:

On another exploration I will start without delay,
And I'll do my very best to find a suitable abode

Somewhere in the time that's coming between now and
quarter-day.



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

SHADE OF DRYDEN (to LORD KITCHENER).

“OUR TROUBLE NOW IS BUT TO MAKE THEM DARE ;
AND NOT SO GREAT TO VANQUISH AS TO FIND.”

(“*Annus Mirabilis*,” on the Dutch War, 1666.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, February 17th.—"A pity," says SARK, "that the eternal principles of the quart of liquor and the pint pot should be applied to such lofty affairs as the forming of Administrations. If the MARKISS, when settling his Fourth, could, with any show of reasonableness, have worked in HUGH CECIL with the rest of the family, it would have been a great relief to PRINCE ARTHUR. As things are, Leader of the House never knows what Lord HUGH may do. There is one comfort about CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES. He is sure to be nasty, whatever may be circumstances of the moment. Lord HUGH will lie low and say nuffin for weeks. All of a sudden he's found loitering in the Lobby on Wednesday afternoons, "with intent," as police court indictments say; or, just when things are going nicely, up he gets and,

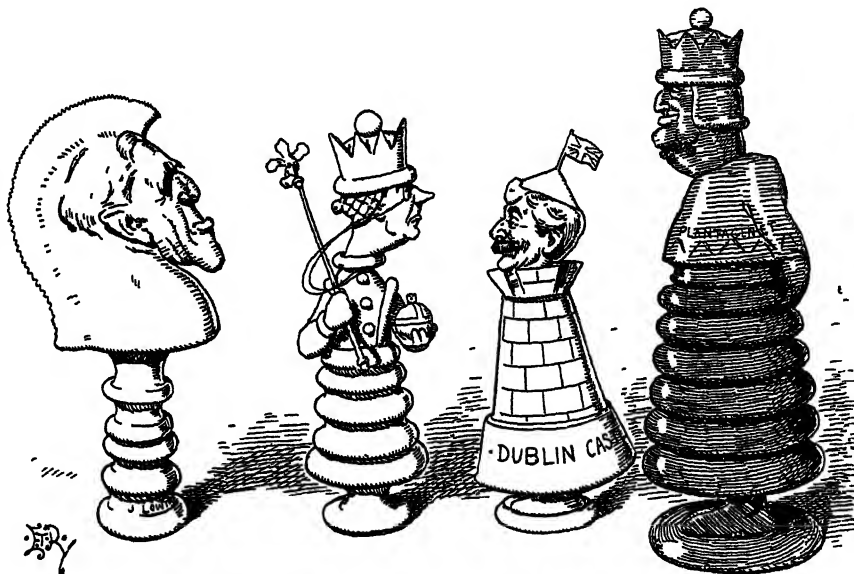
Washing his hands with invisible soap,
In imperceptible water,

makes rasping speech that upsets everything."

Don't agree with my hon. friend if he implies that the toils of office would have fettered Lord HUGH's individuality. Doubtless he would have accepted a salaried post had it been offered to him. 'Tis the way of the CECILS since the spacious times of QUEEN ELIZABETH. But he would have been just as awkward to deal with on the Treasury Bench as he is below Gangway. Is even fanatically honest. Sees men and things along a narrow shaft of light; believes he sees



"Mr. Speaker, Sir, oi've had the experience of being suspended en bhloc, but niver in dhetail."
(Mr. T. P. O'C-nn-r.)



SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSE OF COMMONS' "CHESS CIRCLE."

them clearly and truly. Once convinced he is right—and, as happens to men of narrow views, such conviction is chronic—he would cheerfully go to the stake rather than yield a hair's breadth.

To-night, after ticklish fight round the body of that interesting person, the Impenitent Member, PRINCE ARTHUR arranged to postpone further discussion on the hanging (or suspension) Rule, going on with the rest as they stood in order. Everything amicably settled, when up gat Lord HUGH, and, wringing his hands, as if feeling them already incarnadined with his cousin's blood, protested against proceeding with the discussion of Rules re-arranging time of sittings.

"Really, I can't please everybody," PRINCE ARTHUR wailed in tone of anguish that would have reached any but a cousin's heart.

On consideration he found it desirable to please Lord HUGH, who thus had his way in altering business of the sitting.

Business done.—Discussing Rules of Procedure.

Tuesday night.—Truly troubles never come singly. Of late we had the Speaker and Chairman of Ways and Means both *hors de combat*. Necessary to obtain remount. Avoided War Office. New Standing Order makes desired provision. Now everyone sorry to hear the Chaplain is on the sick list. Members hurried down for prayers, with mundane curiosity, to see what would be done in sad circumstances.

"Is the Chaplain recognised in the Standing Orders?" I asked SARK.

"No, only in Holy Orders," he replied; a little inconsequentially, I thought.

Rumour current on House assembling

that provision made by the electors of the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire would be utilised, and that Dr. HARRY CHAPLIN, D.L., D.D., would officiate. Nothing unreasonable in the suggestion. Out of office now, time hangs heavy on his hands. Peculiar appropriateness in this disposal of his time. Think what a Dean he would have made, supposing his attention had, whilst still at Christ Church, been turned from politics towards the pulpit! One can see him in his gaiters and shovel hat walking about the Cathedral precincts diffusing an atmosphere of almost unctuous devotion.

That was not to be. Nor did he to-day read prayers in the House. Partly made up for it to-night by reading his late colleagues on Treasury bench a First Lesson in art of amending Procedure. Has hitherto borne with dignified, almost archdiaconal, reserve his cutting off from Ministerial position. But he is, after all, partly human. Could not resist temptation of prodding PRINCE ARTHUR in the back, or wholly hide gratification at evidence of his right hon. friend's extreme irritation.

Business done.—Pegging away at Procedure.

Thursday night.—"That's what I call doggery," said a Member of the Chesham Local Council.

At last week's meeting a parishioner, in accordance with regulation, submitted proposed epitaph for the grave of a relative. The Clerk read out the lines:—

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning at the bar
When I put out to sea.

There followed a pause of pained

amazement as the Councillors looked at each other. Silence was broken by an emphatic voice: "That's what I call doggery."

The Council agreed; unanimously refused desired authority.

It is a beautiful word, compound in its construction, subtle in its suggestion of shades of meaning. When I hear the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD lamenting decadence of Parliament, invoking the shade of WILKES because it is proposed to insist upon apology from a Member who has deliberately defied authority of the Chair; when I hear HENRY FOWLER and JEMMY LOWTHER declare their preference for dealing with Supply after dinner on Friday nights, I find my lips murmuring, with the Chesham Councillor:

"That's what I call doggery."

PRINCE ARTHUR, in clever speech defending week-end proposals, had sly effective hit at HENRY FOWLER and the Right Honourable JEMMY. They protested against morning sittings on Friday on score of difficulty of making a House. Let them examine their conscience and declare what measure of assistance has been forthcoming from either of them in dealing with Supply after eight o'clock on Friday nights. H. F. looked straight before him unheeding; JEMMY, more ingenuous, hung his head as doth the tired lily, and blushed as he thought of days spent at Newmarket, Epsom, and Ascot, whilst others slaved at Westminster.

Opposition to Procedure Rules has led to incessant outpouring of doggery. Only thing to be said for Opposition is, that, had position of parties been reversed, whilst C.-B. and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD would have extolled and defended the new Rules, PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSÉ would have supplied the doggery.

Business done.—Decided by majority of 97 in House of 429 Members to round off Parliamentary week-ends.

Friday night.—CLAUDE LOWTHER didn't get the Victoria Cross, though he won it at Faber's Point. Has shown even more desperate courage in campaign at Westminster. One of the new Rules of Procedure invests the SPEAKER with power to suspend a sitting at crises of grave disorder. CLAUDE LOWTHER, wearing the white waistcoat of a blameless life, rose from a kopje above the Gangway and fired off proposal that SPEAKER should further be empowered to prolong a sitting. When laughter excited by this quaint suggestion subsided, the gallant Yeomanry captain (nothing to do with remounts) disclosed what was ranking in his warlike bosom. It was HUGH CECIL and his famous Lobby manoeuvre of Wednesday week, whereby he wrecked chances of Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. If the SPEAKER had possessed the power

proposed to be added to his elbow, he would have defeated what CLAUDE LOWTHER, turning his white waistcoat full upon Lord HUGH cowering below the Gangway, described as "the machinations of fanatic faddists."

House delighted with this bold proposal by a new Member. In elation of moment, CLAUDE begged formally to submit his proposal as an amendment to the Rules. The SPEAKER gently but firmly pointed out there was an amendment already before the House, which must have some consideration paid to it. Somehow or other, in what followed nothing more was heard of CLAUDE's amendment. But the effort was recog-



Dr. Chaplin, D.D.

nised as a very good start for a new Member. The Radical blood of ALFRED DAVIES pleasingly stirred by disclosure of personal difference between scions of the governing classes.

"When LOWTHERS and CECILS fall out," he said, "humble citizens may hope to come into their own. Will the COLONIAL SECRETARY kindly note this incident?"

Business done.—Committee of Supply on Naval Estimates. SARK brings me word that a proposal is on foot to call the annexed Boer provinces "Joedesia."

"FROM CRADLE TO CROWN" is the title of a serial to be brought out in sixpenny parts. "I am afraid," writes to us TOM TOPPER, of Old Port House, "that this title will prevent me from copyrighting my Story of a Bottle of Fine Old Burgundy, which was placed after dinner on the table, and from its 'cradle' went up into my crown."

MILITARY MEMS.

MY GOOD AND GALLANT SIR,—I think we warriors might be very helpful to the powers that are in Winchester House and its neighbourhood. A young relative of mine—he was young then, half a century ago—once had a chair in the War Department. I used to look in upon him now and again, and, so far as I could make out, his chief duties were to read the morning paper, to wear a button-hole, and to get to the park by twelve noon, and later on at a decent hour. In those distant days it used to be said of the civil servants that they were like the fountains in Trafalgar Square, "because they played from ten to four." Well, this was half a century ago, and things have changed since the date of which I am speaking. Nowadays my young relative—he is quite old according to *Who's Who*—has to work (I use his expression) "like a nigger," and scarcely has time for his annual holiday, and this being so I really think I could help him.

It will be remembered that the poorer subalterns of that gallant and scientific body of men, the R.A.M.C., when detached from their regiment, suddenly became combatant—very combatant officers. I remember a lieutenant (not a surgeon-lieutenant, but a lieutenant) telling me with glee that "he had now sufficient orderlies under him to organise squad and even company drill." I was asked to admit that I would feel more comfortable when lying wounded if I only knew that the bearers who were coming to carry me away could move into line to the right or retire in column in rear of the centre company. Well, the grateful thought would be pleasing if I were sure that the instructions of the drill book would not oust from memory the duties of "first aid." Now, at the War Office I fancy many of the messengers have been in the service, and those who have not would benefit equally from the exercises I would propose to introduce.

I would suggest a drill to be known as "How to resist," not cavalry, but "public importunity." If I were at Pall Mall I would seize and prove my squad of official attendants. I would then speak somewhat as follows:—"Messengers! Attention! At the word 'one' take the visitor's card and bring it in, slow time, level with the eyes. At the word 'two' carry it sharply to the right and return it. At the word 'three' observe 'the gentleman's pout,' right about turn and exit."

In course of time I would be able to frame a very valuable "Civilian Officials' Drill Book." So, after all, we retired warriors may be of value in the War Office.

A. DUGOUT, Captain.



G. L. STAMPS. 491.

VERY NECESSARY.*Young Wife.* "I'M SO HAPPY! I WONDER YOU NEVER MARRIED."*Elderly Spinster.* "MY CHILD, I'VE ALWAYS SAID I NEVER WOULD AND NEVER COULD MARRY UNTIL I MET A MAN DIFFERENT FROM OTHER MEN AND FULL OF COURAGE."*Young Wife.* "OF COURSE YOU COULDN'T. HOW STUPID OF ME."

AUTHORS AT BOW STREET.

II.

At the adjourned sitting of the Court, HENRY JAMES, 58, described as an author, was charged under the Game Laws with splitting hairs.

The evidence of Mr. GUY BOOTHBY as to the prisoner's misdemeanours having been taken, the prisoner entered upon an exhaustive manifesto in which he was understood to plead not guilty.

Sentence was about to be passed when Mr. HENRY HARLAND, a friend of the prisoner, arose to point out that Mr. JAMES had not yet begun his defence, but had merely asked with the utmost delicacy if he might be accommodated with a glass of water.

On this being supplied to him he spoke as follows: "If, as I understand, or, as it has been with much courtesy demonstrated to me, I am, so to speak, charged, or, in a sense, convicted—no, not convicted; certainly not; I cannot think how that word, so rudely, so coarsely, I might say, committal, can have escaped me, but I trust your lordships—I should say, your worships—will endeavour to forget an interjection of such palpable infelicity—to obliterate it from your consciences as though it had never been; if, as I was saying, I am charged with, in a manner, splitting hairs, I would remark in extenuation—no, not extenuation, for that bears perceptibly the likeness of implying guilt or, as it were, admitting liability, whereas it is my sole purpose here, in as clear and scrupulously veracious a way as is permitted to frail human nature gifted with but one tongue for the phrasing of a myriad shades of exactitude; my sole purpose here, as I was endeavouring with approximate clarity to say, is to adhere with the utmost precision—or, at any rate, utmost possible precision in a court of law—and accuracy to—"

At this moment the Court awoke and adjourned for luncheon. After the interval, although every effort was made, Mr. JAMES could not be found. The Bench remarked that there was no need for them to say anything more, as Mr. JAMES, who was obviously guilty, had forestalled them in the longest sentence on record.

MOBERLY BELL, manager of the *Times*, was charged with the manslaughter of *Literature*.

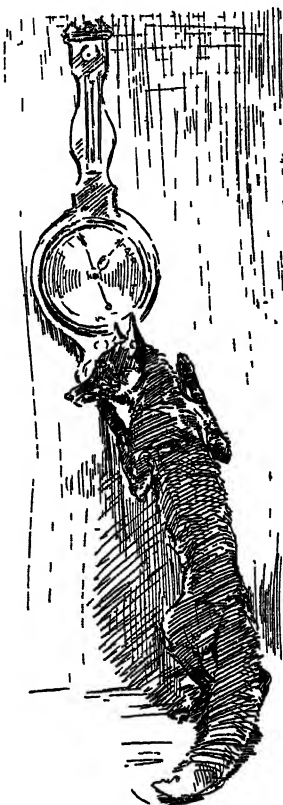
Mr. BELL stated in defence that the child died from natural causes; it was always weekly and had a poor circulation from the first.

Dr. CLAUDIUS CLEAR corroborated this statement.

The prisoner further stated that no expense had been spared over the funeral, and *Literature* was now respectably interred in the *Academy*.

The case was dismissed.

ANTHONY HOPE, 39, of no fixed abode, was charged under the Alien Immigration Act with being a suspicious person. Evidence was given by the police to show that the prisoner was in the habit of loitering in the neighbourhood of the New Vagabonds' Club, in itself a significant action. He had also endeavoured to get into Parliament. Another very awkward fact against him was that he went under an alias. His real name, they had ascertained, was HAWKINS. They had also discovered that he came from Ruritania, and had some connection with the famous *Prisoner of Zenda*, con-



Brer Fox. "That's bad! Barometer falling, thermometer rising, and just as I was beginning to enjoy my holidays!"

cerning whom, it will be remembered, Messrs. MUDIE made so many applications for extra 'dition.

The prisoner, on being asked if his name was really HAWKINS, admitted it, but would give no reason for preferring to call himself HOPE.

Lord BRAMPTON and Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER were called to prove that HAWKINS was a first-class name.

Mr. A. P. WATT stated that from his experience a man might do more under the name of HOPE. The remainder of his evidence was indistinctly heard, but something sounded like ten per cent.

The prisoner, in his defence, said that he had merely been looking for competitors for the Nobel Prize. He denied that he was breaking any law, and asserted that his pedigree might be found in *Pilkerton's Peerage*.

The Bench remanded him for enquiries to be made.

ALGERNON ASHTON, Professor of Music, who gave an address in Bury Street, was charged with neglecting his duties as Inspector of Mausoleums.

On the evidence of Sir DOUGLAS STRAIGHT, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it was shown that Mr. ASHTON had omitted to notify to the public press that a spider had spun its web on a corner of the tomb of MARTIN TUPPER, author of *Proverbial Philosophy*. This, it was contended, constituted a grave dereliction of duty on the part of Mr. ASHTON.

The prisoner, in his defence, explained that he had heard of the scandalous state of TUPPER's tomb only a day or so before, and was intending to visit it in his official capacity at the earliest possible moment.

He would point out to the Bench that he was but human, and he had to take tombs in rotation. In the ordinary course of affairs, for example, he would visit the grave of ANNA SEWARD before that of MARTIN TUPPER. He promised, however, to attend to TUPPER's at once, even if the delay caused a spot of mildew to develop on the stone of the Swan of Lichfield.

Sir HUBERT PARRY, called for the prisoner, testified, as Director of the Royal College of Music, where Mr. ASHTON was a Professor, that Mr. ASHTON's pupils were distinguished by the extraordinary pathos with which they rendered CHOPIN's *Marche Funèbre* and the study on the black keys.

Other testimony in favour of the prisoner's mortuary thoroughness having been offered by Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN, and Miss CLO GRAVES, Mr. ASHTON was liberated on a promise of increased zeal in the future. He hastened away at once in his private hearse to catch the Necropolis express to Kensal Green.

"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY," &c.—The "*Mice*" are playing at the Lyric (with the "*Men*" under Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON's command), but one of the lot, A *Country Mouse*, has evidently contrived to escape and appear on the stage of the Prince of Wales's.

THE SUGAR CONFERENCE.—If they cannot arrive at any certain *modus operandi*, the Representatives of the countries interested have determined to "lump it."

OUR MISTRESS THE MAID.

III.

WHEN AUGUSTA first came to us she had no friends in London. GWEN and I had done our best to make up for the deficiency, but there came a time when we felt that not even the compensating attractions of the Tivoli and the Empire could make up for the want of more congenial society. In a word, AUGUSTA was *blasée*—such, at least, was the thought which GWEN, who habitually judges others by herself, declared to be the offspring of my own unspoken wish. At any rate, there came a lull in our gaieties, and now, her work done, AUGUSTA would sit apart in her lonely kitchen gazing sadly into the fire. In vain GWENDOLEN besought her to go out, to look at the pretty shops, to walk in the park. AUGUSTA refused to budge. She had no one to go with, she hated walking alone, and it made her sad to see the happy couples sitting under the trees, while she could not even glory in a hired military escort. Whenever GWEN and I were having our after-dinner chat, the image of the general crossed our minds, and at length it became so haunting and oppressive that GWEN urged me to consult the neighbouring Scotch parson.

"Parson!" I gasped

"Yes, to be sure. Have you never heard of such a thing before? Tell him about AUGUSTA, make him interested in her, and get him to send up someone to call on her"

My embassy was at once successful. Scarce a day passed before visitors began to ask for AUGUSTA, and in a couple of months her circle had far outgrown our own. We no longer had to urge her to take a walk; social duties claimed every spare moment, and although she kindly made a point of accepting no engagements for GWENDOLEN's "days," on other afternoons she was seldom at home. Of course, as we had always been urging her to go out, we could not now find fault with her for not staying in, but as the time of her return steadily drew nearer to our supposed dinner hour, GWEN, who, when meals are late, is not quite safe, became more and more unapproachable.

"I wish AUGUSTA would have her regular evenings out," she said.

"So do I," I exclaimed.

"Half-past seven, and she's not in yet. It's most annoying."

"Why not speak to her?" I suggested.

"Speak to her!" cried GWEN. "You can't say things to AUGUSTA."

"But, my dear girl—"

"Don't say that!"

"Sorry. What I mean to say is, you are the mistress here—"



A LATTER-DAY DECADENT.

He "BEEN STOPPED TEPPILY OFTEN BY FROST THIS SEASON!"

She "YES, BUT I HAVE NOT BEEN ALTOGETHER SORRY"

He "NOT SORRY?"

She. "NO YOU SEE I HAVE HAD ALL THE MORE TIME FOR PRACTICE. PING-PONG, I MEAN, OF COURSE!"

"Am I?"

"Well, if it comes to that, I suppose you could tell her to go—"

"Could I?"

"Couldn't you?"

"No. Could you?"

"Well, I suppose if it were absolutely necessary—"

"For Heaven's sake, don't then! It's all very well for you, who go out in the morning, but how could I make conversation when she is clearing away the breakfast things, after she had been given warning?"

"Why try to make it?"

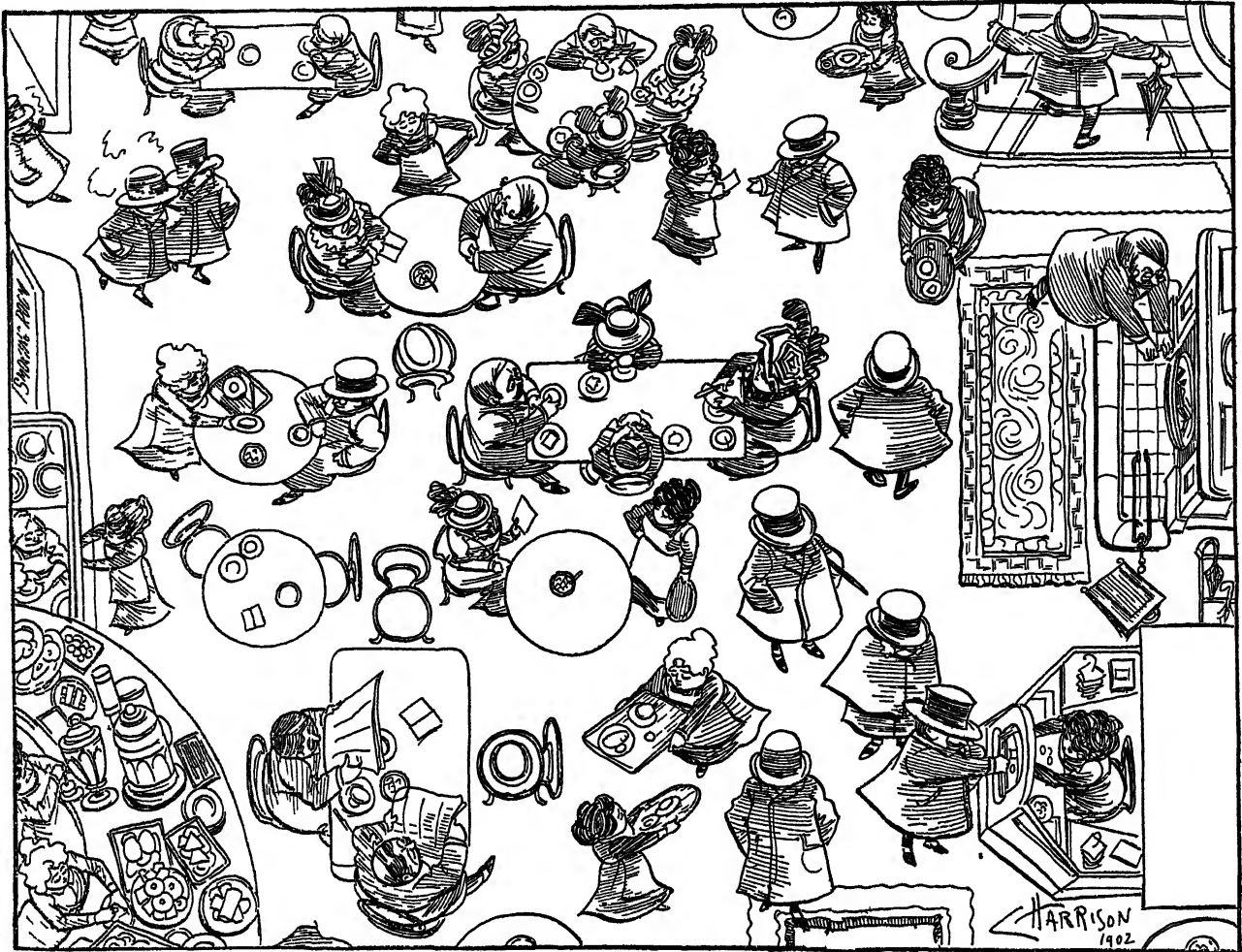
"Simply because I must. You know

you have to talk to AUGUSTA when she is in the room."

This was true. Whenever I chanced to see AUGUSTA my brain instinctively set to work to manufacture small talk for her benefit. It was the oil without which the machinery refused to run, and many a morning have I missed my train while listening to those anecdotes whose conclusion AUGUSTA's artistic sense of ornament and finish would never permit her to hasten.

I came home one foggy evening to find GWENDOLEN busy at an open window, spreading out the silver on the sill.

"What are you doing?" I exclaimed.



SKYLIGHT VIEWS—A WEST-END TEA-SHOP.

"Oh, JACK, AUGUSTA went out to an afternoon tea. She hasn't touched the silver for a month, and it got so on my nerves that I simply *had* to clean it, so I went into the kitchen, stole the whiting—"

"But the fog, my dear——"

"Yes, I know. I got the silver all beautifully bright, and then I sat down to read, and suddenly it struck me that when AUGUSTA came back she would see what I had been doing——"

"And a jolly good thing too!"

"Oh no, she would be so hurt at my poaching on her preserves."

"But if she neglects her work——"

"I can't help it! I won't have her disapproving of me."

"My dear," I began firmly, "It's preposterous! It is just the same with our bicycles. She officiously took them over into her charge, and cleaned them once, six months ago, and now they are red with rust, and you won't let me touch them for fear of hurting AUGUSTA'S precious feelings."

"Certainly not, JACK! When AUGUSTA

is in her moods I'm simply miserable, and I won't have it, so there! Come and help me get this silver dirty again, then you might go into the kitchen and sweep up some whiting that I spilt. AUGUSTA must not find out what I have been doing."

With the kindly aid of the fog we succeeded in hiding our crime from AUGUSTA, but our next offence was not in its nature capable of concealment. AUGUSTA had more than once given us to understand that she disapproved of dogs, and it was in a spirit of sheer recklessness that I ventured to bring home our pup. She eyed it at first in amazement, nor did she seem convinced by my story that it was a present from a dog-fancier. GWEN and I spent several days in painful apprehension, fearfully watching her attitude towards the pup. In diplomatic language this, I believe, at first would have been described as "correct": there were no demonstrations of affection or hatred, and an occasional word seemed to indicate that the relations between the

powers were of a friendly nature. Gradually, however, these relations became more strained; and before a fortnight was over, AUGUSTA was cutting *Nig* in the passage.

(To be concluded.)

HALF-A-DOZEN REASONS WHY THE TEST MATCHES WENT WRONG.

(By a Mother Countryman.)

BECAUSE the luck was always on the other side.

Because accidents will happen in the best regulated cricket teams.

Because the weather favoured the Cornstalks.

Because, in a case of batting and fielding, there is no place like home.

Because everything might have been better.

Because—and best reason of all—the test matches did not go right.

SMALL-FOX "RETURNS."—Yes, but when is it going away?

A HUMBLE DISTINCTION.

MYSELF, I never have, like some
The joys that fame can bring wished,
I never panted to become
In any way distinguished;
And even now I keep my head,
Careless how much I'm noted
Because I wear a ribbon red,
As if I'd been promoted.

A wreck, from shoulder down to wrist,
I claim no Service order,
Indeed, no kind of Army list
Counts me within its border;
And while with guns, for war's alarms,
The brave in transport boats leave,
I bear, avoiding other arms,
My shield inside my coat-sleeve.

My life's inglorious daily round
Has all my wants required:
I know, of course, that kings are crowned,
And lesser men are knighted,
And some as peers are born, maybe,
And some have been created,
But 'tis enough, at least for me,
That I've been vaccinated!

MILITARY MEMS.

MY GOOD AND GALLANT SIR,—In the piping times of peace—now, it is to be trusted, within approximately hopeful anticipation—the importance of the levee will revive. As it is, St. James's Palace is crowded when the function is announced, so it may be expected that when our warriors return home to be presented, the respectful demand for gracious admittance will be trebled if not quadrupled. Under those circumstances it may be useful to ascertain if the new cloth to be used in the revised uniform will bear wear and tear without shrinkage. As far as my personal experience goes, I find scarlet cloth anything rather than elastic. My tunic ceased to be in constant military use some thirty years ago, and since then it has laid peacefully in my case beside cigar ends, said to be the enemies of moth. Now and again I have taken it out to be presented to the august Head of the Army, but on each occasion have found it tighter round the lower chest. This seems to be the peculiarity of scarlet cloth, for on my last visit to St. James's Palace I found warriors of equal years to mine making the same complaint.

I hear, however, on excellent authority, that uniforms on the august occasion to which I have respectfully referred will in future be more rigidly inspected. If this proves to be the case, the costumier, once the best friend of the retired officer, will cease to be of any practical assistance. Not very long ago an American citizen who had served in the Confederate army asked



He. "IF YOU EVER THINK OF BEING PHOTOGRAPHED, MRS. SEYMOUR, I CAN HIGHLY RECOMMEND MESSRS. SHUTTER AND LENS. THEY TOOK A BEAUTIFUL ONE OF ME A SHORT TIME AGO!"

a costumier to turn him out in "something presentable." He had entirely forgotten the regulation sealed pattern, but was under the impression that it was something "silver-lacified" connected with shirt-sleeves. "That won't do at all, Colonel," commented the intelligent shopman. "What you want is a turned-up felt hat with black ostrich feathers added to the suit of the second officer in *The Lady of Lyons*." And in the result the American citizen adopted a garb at once striking and unconventional.

But, all things considered, it is satisfactory to learn that warriors on the retired list will not be required to pre-

sent themselves in future as hardy annuals. An appearance once in four or five years will be considered sufficient.

So in the days to come our scarlet cloth will be saved from perceptible shrinkage and our tunics will be at rest.

A. DUGOUT, Captain.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"AN INEXPERIENCED GOLFER" writes to inquire whether what he has heard about "the Tee Duty" will in any way affect the "caddies."

For Sporting and Vaccination News, vide "Latest Scratchings."

MARRIAGE RETURNS.

["The fashion of the day is to shorten the honeymoon."—*Tattler*.]

WE'LL be knitted at St. Peter's, Cranleigh Gardens,
On a Saturday at something after one,
And, with faces bright as little DOLLY VARDEN's,
Down to Brighton-super-Mare we will run;
In the afternoon, AMANDA, we'll run down,
And on Monday we will travel up to town.

For it's there amid the thunder of the traffic,
In the gaiety and rush of London town,
That the honeymooning roysterer can maffick
Thro' the crowded hours before he settles down;
Oh, the epilogue to chiming marriage-bells
Is a month of heavy dinners at hotels.

You won't notice that it's dull upon the Sunday,
For at Brighton there's a jolly church parade,
And you'll all the time be thinking of the Monday,
Of the Carlton and the Burlington Arcade;
O AMANDA! how my amorous spirit yearns
For our week-end honeymooners' first returns!

"KEEP OFF THE GRASS" AT THE COMEDY.

To point the moral expressed in the refrain of the song that serves as title to this brief notice must have been the purpose that Messrs. CHEVALIER and GALLON had in view when they called their three-act play *Memory's Garden*. The garden of Memory must evidently be "the back garden," where the grass-plot requires mowing, for indeed it would be vastly improved by an occasional *mot*. A powerful one-act play it might have been, and may be yet.

Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER ought himself to have played *Adam Carfrae*, the old villager—so like is it to one of the characters in his entertainment (pity this old villager should be blind, as such an affliction makes whatever comicality was intended in this scene positively cruel)—now excellently rendered by Mr. WILLIAM CHEESEMAN.

Mr. MACKINTOSH, as the white-haired *Vicar*, who, having in his hot youth "heard the chimes at midnight" and "painted the town red," has become a genial, kindly "convertite," gives us a fine performance whenever opportunity is afforded. But who is responsible for his walking about on his knees when making an agonised confession to his son? It is all unreal, but this simulated "wrestling on his knees" only wears out the *Vicar's* trousers, the stage carpet, and the patience of the audience. Noting the vixenish character of *Martha Ferbridge* (a capital impersonation by Miss BESSIE MAJOR), would it not be more effective were the reverend gentleman to break forth into song, and address his son as follows?—

Before I was a clergyman, with hair so snowy white,
I used to do a lot of things that now I don't think right.
I met a pretty maiden *then*, whose name I won't betray,
Betray! alas!—but then I was *un preux chevalier*.

I grieve to add we patronised nor registrar nor church,
And, ever gay, I went away and left her in the lurch;
On my return I found bequeathed to me a little kid—
'Twas you! and *you* have gone and done just what your father did!

So you will marry *Jessie*—lovely eyes and comely shape!
But not without a penance for your sins can you escape;
For retribution on your shoulders lays its heavy paw,
Yes! *Jessie's mother, Martha Ferbridge, is your ma-in-law!*
[*George faints. Curtain.*]

That would bring down the house. Miss CARLOTTA

ADDISON as the *Vicar's* wife is excellent. Mr. BASSETT ROE as *Dick Miller* and Mr. DENNIS EADIE as *Gilbert Etheridge* are both distinctly good.

It is to Mr. ALFRED KENDRICK's credit that his somewhat conventional rôle comes out so well.

Miss DAISY THIMM looks charming; "red as a rose is she!" quite the picture of health, and caring only for the dear "old folks at home" on the stage, and not by any means unmindful of "our kind friends in front." Let Miss DAISY banish the audience from her thoughts, let her not express open-eyed surprise on every possible occasion; and she might with advantage reduce her smiles by, say, three out of nine.

As *Jessie Ferbridge* Miss NORAH LANCASTER carries with her the entire sympathy of the audience, and makes the utmost of what the authors (who seem to have missed all their own home-made chances) have given her to do. In one strong act this play might run, but in three it can only with difficulty toddle

DIFFUGERE NIVES.

THE snows have melted; in the park
The sparrows chirp from dawn to dark,
And from the budding lilac, hark!
A blackbird carols mellow;
And crocuses, so long unseen,
Begin to stir the clods between,
With here and there a spear of green,
And here and there of yellow.

The sooty sheep of yester-year
Upon the sooty grass appear,
And natty *bonnes* their babies steer
In skirts of snowy cotton,
Or take themselves to penny chairs
To talk of other folks' affairs,
Forgetting all their little cares,
And by their cares forgotten.

Now, too, the birds of Venus bring
The guardsman, redly loitering,
To learn the influence of spring
Upon the young man's fancy,
Which bids him sport with PHYLLIS fair,
Or toy with dark NEZERA's hair,
Or challenge Mrs. GRUNDY's stare,
While changing hats with NANCY.

Yes, Spring is here, and Winter flees.
So say the birds, the buds, the trees,
So, too, declares the vernal breeze,
With bite so keen and cruel;
So, too, these streaming eyes, this head
Of throbbing pain, these limbs of lead—
Come, CHLOE, quick! Prepare the bed!
The mustard and the gruel.

LATEST REMOUNTS.

	Old Horse.	New Horse.
Lord ROSEBURY	Tabernacle	Efficiency
Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN	Pendulum	Tabernacle
Mr. BRODRICK	Hartigan	Reform
Mr. CHAMBERLAIN	Birmingham	London
Mr. T. G. BOWLES	Vanity Fair	Free Lance
Mr. BALFOUR	Wednesday	Week-End
Lord KITCHENER	Mobility	Block House
DE WET	Cape Cart	Bulrush
Prince HENRY	Mallyfist	Uncle Sam



"ALL FOR HER!"

Old (Liberal Party) Hen (much agitated). "THIS IS REALLY VERY FLATTERING. STILL, I DO WISH THEY'D SETTLE IT ONE WAY OR THE OTHER."



"AS MAN'S INGRATITUDE."

"NONSENSE, FRANK! CAN'T PAY THEM! WHY, BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE WELL OFF."
 "SO I WAS. BUT I DIDN'T KNOW IT!"

AUTHORS AT BOW STREET.

III.

MAURICE HEWLETT, Cinque-centist, was charged with producing inflammatory literature detrimental to the best interests of Positivism and demoralising to Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON. He was further charged with stealing a suit of mail from Wardour Street, and a title from GEOFFREY CHAUCER, an elderly man, who failed to attend.

ELIZA COMTE, who said that she was Mr. HARRISON's cook, gave evidence as to her master's change of habits. Before Mr. HEWLETT's *Richard Yea and Nay* came into the house, she said, Mr. HARRISON was always that Positive; but since then you never knew whether he meant it or not. And his language! He never used to say things like "By my Halldom!" But now—well! Once Mr. HARRISON was all for gullotines, but now he cuts the bread with a battle-axe. And Mr. HARRISON used to come home from Fetter Lane on Sunday evenings quiet as a mouse; but now he halloas in front of the house—"What oh, without there! Let down the draw-bridge! Raise the portcullis! A stoup of wine, I say!" But the worst was when he wanted her to change clothes with him. (*Sensation.*)

Professor BEESLY, editor of the *Positivist Review*, in a voice broken with emotion, corroborated Miss COMTE's evidence. Formerly Mr. HARRISON wrote regularly and soberly for his organ, but since the publication of *The Forest Lovers* his contributions were so lavishly decorated with mediæval expletives as to be quite unprintable. Thus, he had prefaced a denunciation of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN with the words "By the Mass!" and when Professor BEESLY had stepped round to 38, Westbourne Terrace to protest, he

found Mr. HARRISON drinking Malvoisie with Pan and the Young Shepherd.

Mr. GEORGE MACMILLAN, publisher, stated that, so far from Mr. HARRISON's infatuation being an evil, he and his partners had found it the greatest possible benefit.

The Bench, after a short deliberation, condemned Mr. HEWLETT to abandon fiction for history, to forswear Canary, and exchange chain mail for Jæger. The other charges were not proceeded with.

JOHN ST. LOE STRACHEY, 41, the editor of the *Weekly News*, was charged with keeping ten Mausers at the head-quarters of his rifle club without a licence. Great interest was taken in the case, the court being so crowded with contributors to Mr. STRACHEY's journal that it looked like a Diocesan Conference.

Mr. KILKENNY, who prosecuted on behalf of the R.S.P.C.A., drew a painful picture of the muzzles of Mr. STRACHEY's Mausers, which were never removed. The noise they made was so great that sleep was impossible within a radius of five miles, and Merrow, Shere and Guildford were decimated by an epidemic of insomnia.

Mr. S. A. P. KITCAT, the celebrated Gloucestershire advocate, who appeared for Mr. STRACHEY, contended that his client had been actuated solely by the most patriotic motives, as these Mausers had been captured from the Boers, and being alien enemies, could not be set at liberty before the end of the war. Mr. KITCAT said that never in his nine lives had he heard so monstrous a charge.

The Magistrate promptly dismissed the case, and Mr. STRACHEY left the Court amid a salvo of cat-calls, without a stain upon his character.

THE RIVAL CREWS AT PRACTICE.

(By Our Own Nautical Retainer.)

THE public's interest in our leading aquatic contest, after having shown signs of a sad falling-off owing to the long run of victories achieved by the Unionist crew, has temporarily revived by reason of notorious dissensions in the Liberal boat. Only recently No. 7 was understood to have definitely separated himself from his captain's fraternity, and indeed was seen for several days taking a whiff on his own account. Meanwhile, in the regrettable absence of an alternative oar, his place in the boat was actually left vacant, though this unfortunate hiatus had no appreciable effect on the pace of the boat.

It was feared that Bow, 3 and 5 might be tempted to follow his example; but on Tuesday he signified his intention of returning to his old thwart, while reserving for himself the right to set a stroke of his own to the bow-side oars.

At the same time the Press was notified that an attempt would be made by the lady friends of the Liberal crew to restore harmony in the boat by the formation of a Social League. This, it is assumed, will serve as a counterblast to the Primrose League, which has been of such incalculable service to the rival faction. The emblem of this new association has not yet been determined upon, but it is generally thought the flower selected will be either Loosestrife (*Lysimachia vulgaris*) or Love-lies-bleeding (*Amaranthus caudatus*).

Before proceeding to general and individual criticism we give the names and latest weights of the rival crews:—

UNIONISTS.		LIBERALS.	
	st. lbs.		st. lbs.
Bow Lord Halsbury .	6 3½	Bow Sir E. Grey .	11 7
2. Mr. Brodrick .	11 4	2. Mr. Bryce .	9 10
3. Sir M. Hicks-Beach .	10 13	3. Sir H. Fowler .	12 4
4. Mr. Balfour .	11 10	4. Mr. Morley .	10 0
5. Duke of Devonshire .	14 9	5. Mr. Asquith .	12 11
6. Mr. Chamberlain	12 5	6. Sir W. Harcourt	17 9½
7. Lord Lansdowne	10 12	7. Lord Rosebery .	13 5
Str. Lord Salisbury	16 8½	8. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman .	14 8
Cox. Mr. Grant Lawson .	12 3	Cox. Mr. Lloyd-George .	4 0½

The Unionist crew, who are using their new WARRE craft (now familiarly known as the Blockas Boat), with barbed-wire outriggers, are temporarily quartered at *The Knackeries*, Cook'em, and are enjoying the instruction of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, Sir BLUNDELL MAPLE, who coaches from the bank on a four-in-hand, and Captain T. BOWLES, who follows with a megaphone in his private East Coast herring-smack. These gentlemen, among many others, very kindly volunteered their services, uninvited.

The Liberal crew are practising on the Wild Duck Pond in St. James's Park, in full view of the permanent headquarters of their rivals in Downing Street. They have been taken in hand by Mr. SPENDER (an old Light-Green oar) and by Dr. JOSEPH PARKER. Owing to a difference of opinion on Home Rules and Maxims and the question of Concentration Lodgings, they are divided into two sections; the bow-side staying on Primrose Hill, and the stroke side at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts. Their general style is marked less by uniformity than by individual initiative, and the old GLADSTONE boat in which they won in 1892 does not seem to suit the bow oars. Naturally she screws a good deal as the result of a dual stroke.

It is typical, by the way, of the purity of British sport that No. 7, though his family name (PRIMROSE) is identical

with that of the rival League, has declared himself incapable of accepting a seat in the Salisbury eight. Even when the differences in his crew were most poignant he was reported to have said that if there was one thing worse than an ordinary Liberal it was a Liberal Unionist.

The favourites, while not remarkable for individual talent (with perhaps the exception of No. 6), are naturally, after all these years, pretty well together. The only recent change in the order of rowing occurred when BRODRICK was introduced at 2, and LANSDOWNE shifted to 7. Prior to this, SALISBURY had occupied both the stroke and 7th thwarts, with the idea of distributing his weight over as wide a range as possible. The new order of things has enabled him to concentrate his energies, previously dissipated, and the change from No. 2 to No. 7 has suited LANSDOWNE nicely.

To proceed to detailed criticism. HALSBURY at bow is hardly an ideal figure-head, but then he is barely visible above the gunwale, although his seat has been raised by a large wool-sack pad. Still, he helps to give uniformity to the opposite ends of the boat, being, like Stroke, a man of strong and loyal family instincts, which have often come into play in the selection of his College crew. It was he who so cleverly parodied that line in the "*Canadian Boat Song*":

"Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time."

His imitation ran thus, in reference to SALISBURY and himself (HALSBURY):

"Our choices keep tune and our titles keep rhyme."

No. 2, if not exactly a pretty oar, does a lot of quiet, unobtrusive work. HICKS-BEACH at 3 is all right when paddling, but over a timed course he has great difficulty in restraining his language, which is at once varied and picturesque. He tries to give the boat a good balance by the careful trimming of his beard.

No. 4 is a good and graceful waterman, but his legs are a difficulty, being somewhat redundant, and his eyes have a tendency to wander from the shoulders of No. 6. He has original views about Procedure, and is just now promulgating a scheme for making the boat hang a little less between the strokes.

DEVONSHIRE at 5 hardly makes full use of his undoubted weight. He is inclined to lie back at the end of the stroke almost as if he were asleep, and drops his lower jaw over the handle.

No. 6 has a habit of rushing his slide, and hurrying on stroke. He is, perhaps, less shackled by traditions of form than any other member of the crew. But he is always good when alongside the other boat and especially in a tight finish. His recent election as honorary President of the London Rowing Club is a testimony to his high racing qualities.

Of No. 7 we have already spoken. In his new position he has a better chance of displaying his style, which is characterised by considerable French polish. Latterly, his recovery has been very smart.

Stroke, though apparently lethargic, keeps his head all over the course, and knows just when to take the other crew's water. His great weight, moral as well as physical, is of undeniable value in steadying the boat when the men behind him are apt to get hustled.

The selection of Cox is something of a mystery. The other day he made a loud remark which was quite uncalled for. "Oh! Four," he said, "how beautifully you are rowing!" He has no particular record, and is not allowed, like the reserves, to take the Cabinet Pudding course, which is the customary *pièce de resistance* at the training table.

I postpone individual criticism of the weaker vessel for my Second Notice.

O.S.

PRAVE 'ORTS.

[An American has calculated that there are 100,800 words in a hard lead pencil.]

It may be so: I cannot say:

In point of fact I never tried:
But why, oh why, then, do they stay
Inside?

The hungry public reap too small
A blighted harvest from my muse;
I weep with pity, learning all
They lose.

Within this cedar prison cell
My yet unwritten epic lurks,
And when I think upon it—well,
It irks.

Oh, could I get this fount to flow,
And catch the precious drops in time
To use a myriad or so
For rhyme,

My Pegasus should take his flight,
Fed on winged words, to magazines—
Not eat his head off on my Might—
—Have beans.

Thrice happy he whose lead is hard!
He dallies not with pen and ink,
Nor pauses, like a common bard,
To think.

Not his to prune, to check, to stint,
He simply lets his pencil go—
And when you see it all in print,
You know!

MAGNIS COMPONERE PARVA.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As a disciple of the apostle of Imperialist Liberalism, may I invite your disapproval of the collocation of names in Mr. H. G. WELLS' recent dictum that "even great men, such as JULIUS CÆSAR, NAPOLEON, BURNS, and Lord ROSEBURY," were but symbols of forces behind them.

I would not deny that brave men lived before AGAMEMNON, nor belittle the first three of the above quartette, but men of mark though they were, what are they doing in this company?

Take CÆSAR. It is true that, in rendering all Gaul tripartite to our boyhood, he may have some claim to rank with one who is doing the same for the Britain of our old age, hitherto divided into two parties and two only, but look at his ridiculous habit of prancing over Rubicons. If history is to be believed he hopelessly failed to grasp the true function of these convenient obstacles—which, of course, is that of putting a natural limit to a temporary lust for action, and enforcing a return to the *status quo ante orationem*.

Then NAPOLEON. This man seldom wiped slates. The nearest substitute he ever used was the map of Europe; doubtless because, as a man of action,

his sense of proportion was distorted. Furthermore, he allowed himself to be sent into exile, when a superior mind would have seen the advantage of voluntarily stalking there in pique. There was certainly that Hundred Days' Wonder, but memories are short, and what is the use of more than Nine? Nine can be had without risk, and last phases indefinitely postponed.

BURNS (ROBERT, not JOHN, M.P., I presume) is better. I fear he was a *practical* ploughman, and to that extent imperfect; but, after all, he raised bigger crops of words than anything else. Remembering this, and also that he wrote that pleasing refrain, "*O Whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad*," I would

not deny him merit. He sipped, doubtless, at Pierian springs, but my revered leader has—judging by the dictum quoted above—drained Wells of inspiration. Yours obediently,

VERB. SAP. SAT.

P.S.—Having indicated my political faith, I need not, of course, explain to you that *Verb.* in my signature stands for the plural.

OVER-PRESSURE IN THE LEGAL PROFESSION.

TO GROCERS.—REQUIRED at once, young man, 22, used to family trade. Good solicitor. Outdoors.—*Daily Telegraph*.

VACCINATING DOCTORS.—Persons who are "licensed to bare arms."



Shocked Mother. "OH, TOMMY! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?"

Tommy (who has just returned from the first day of a preliminary course at the village school). "FIGHTING WITH BILLY BROWN."

Mother. "THAT HORRID BOY AT THE FARM? DON'T YOU EVER QUARREL WITH HIM AGAIN?"

Tommy. "I AIN'T LIKELY TO. HE CAN LIUK ME!"

MR. PUNCH'S NATIONAL DRAMAS.

THE recent agitation in favour of the establishment of a National Theatre for London (with a subvention from the State and a site provided by the County Council) can hardly have escaped the notice of the earnest playgoer. There are, however, some scornful persons who declare that there is no use in having a State-aided theatre if we have no dramatists whose works are worth acting in it. It is not a National Theatre that we require, in fact, but National Dramas.

The injustice of this reproach must be patent to all. In order to demonstrate its baselessness, *Mr. Punch* has arranged for a series of masterpieces, by famous modern authors, suited for performance in this subventioned play-house—when it is built. The first of these belongs to the newest Homeric school of drama. Most of it is not yet written, but the prologue (of course in rhymed heroic couplets) is finished, and the rest can be completed in blank verse at a few hours' notice. With masterly alliteration it is called—

THE TAKING OF TROY.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE—*The top of Olympus.* PRESENT—*The twelve gods in council. ZEUS (with thunderbolt) in centre. There is an impressive pause, then ZEUS speaks:—*

Zeus. Sweet is it, dwelling on Olympian heights,
To watch the many sanguinary fights
Which for ten years are fated to employ
Th' opposing forces on the plains of Troy!

[*Murmurs of assent from assembled gods.*
But now not much is going on down there;
Battles are not so frequent as they were;
The Greeks are torn between opposing factions
And haven't energy for martial actions.
No doubt they like the rest from warlike din;
But what I want to know is—where do we come in?

[*Exhausted by this Alexandrine, he hurls a petulant thunderbolt. The gods are suitably impressed.*

Poseidon. Your words, if I may make the observation,
Correctly represent the situation.

[*A trap-door opens at ZEUS's feet, and ACHILLES' mother, THETIS, slowly rises through it.*

Hera. Well, here comes THETIS from the Earth. No doubt
She'll tell us what ACHILLES is about.

[*By this time THETIS has completely risen.*
Zeus (addressing her irritably). THETIS, I've told you several
times before

That you are not to come up through the floor.
What is the news from Troy?

Thetis (with great emotion). Oh, woful sight!
HECTOR has slain PATROCLUS in the fight. [*Weeps.*

Zeus (icily, still cross). May I enquire the cause of all this
fuss?

What has PATROCLUS' death to do with us?

Thetis. ACHILLES heard the news. It quite upset him.
He wants to take revenge. I hope you'll let him?

Zeus (wearily). My dear, be sensible. You surely see
There's no occasion for consulting me.

Fate rules these things. In fact, the human soul
Is practically out of our control.

What boots it that we lie beside our nectar
Cheering ACHILLES or applauding HECTOR?

We know quite well it doesn't really matter
Whether we back the former or the latter.

The limitations of our power are such
We can't help either of them very much.

[*Yawning.*] In fact there's no inducement to debate
An issue which entirely rests with Fate.

Thetis (resentfully). And yet I've often seen you interfere
To rescue HECTOR from ACHILLES' spear.

Zeus. I'm sorry, THETIS, if we've caused you pain.
We promise not to interfere again.

(*To ARES.*) Did HECTOR really break PATROCLUS' head?

Ares. PATROCLUS is unquestionably dead.

Zeus (as if this settled the matter). Well, then, I think there's
no more to be said.

Apollo (nervous on behalf of HECTOR). I am myself by no
means certain whether

We ought to let them fight it out together.

Zeus (angrily). What's that you say? Am I to understand
You venture to oppose what I command?

Are you aware, Sir, how I crush revolt?

Apollo (sulkily). Oh, yes. I know. That beastly thunder-
bolt.

Zeus (fiercely). Keep silence then. My powers may be
restricted

In some ways, but I won't be contradicted.

Go, THETIS, bid ACHILLES do his worst—

The Prologue should have ended with a line about the governing of the universe being provocative of thirst, but as the exquisite humour of this idea—and rhyme—has already delighted thousands in *Ulysses*, *Mr. Punch* sorrowfully abandons the gem.

After this we come to Act I. This will give an opportunity for a magnificent scene representing the plains before Troy (JOSEPH HARKER). At the back the walls of the city are seen. The stage is filled with armour-clad warriors. After a series of minor combats and general engagements the crowd, dead and alive, will disperse, leaving *Hector* face to face with *Achilles*. *Hector* will endeavour to escape, and *Achilles* will pursue him round and round the stage, always heading him off from Troy. The action having shifted to Earth from Olympus, the recriminations of the heroes will be couched in blank verse. This is the kind of thing:—

Achilles. HECTOR, in vain you seek to fly from me;
You know that I shall catch you in the end.

Better stand up and face me like a man.

Hector. Thank you. I'd rather not, if you don't mind.

Achilles. Cowards die many times before their death.

Perhaps you may have heard that line before?

Hector. I almost think I have. Yah! Would you, though!

This last exclamation is due to the sudden discharging of his spear by *Achilles*. It narrowly misses *Hector*. The chase may go on, punctuated by majestic blank verse, as long as the audience will stand it. Finally *Achilles* will catch up *Hector*; the latter will halt, and a terrific broad-sword combat will ensue in which *Hector* at last will be slain. *Ulysses* will then tie the body to his chariot and drag it three times round the stage. This will be a great sensational scene—especially for the actor who plays *Hector*.

Act II. will show Troy at the moment of capture (HAWES CRAVEN). The Wooden Horse will be a popular feature and will bulk largely on the stage. *Cassandra* (Miss HANBURY) will prophesy at the top of her voice, in the hope of escaping the notice of *Neoptolemus* (Mr. OSCAR ASCHE). The gods themselves—in rhymed couplets—will be “on” in this scene. *Poseidon* will knock down battlements with his trident. *Pallas* will shake her ægis. Splendid!

If it is thought that the audience will want another act, a Hades scene (on black velvet) can be introduced, in which the ghosts of all the characters butchered during the play can skirl and gibber. Ultimately, an exhilarated audience will demand a speech from the manager about “this noble play,” and *Mr. Punch* will gracefully respond to enthusiastic calls for “author.”

DIVERSION IN BARCELONA.—The cracking of nuts.

INFLUENZA AND INTELLECT.

["Influenza only attacks persons of finely-strung dispositions and considerable mental capabilities."
—*St. James's Gazette*.]

ALL you who suffer from the flu—
This thought may mitigate your pain—
Though its unpleasantness you rue,
Yet influenza argues brain!

Ah! then, who would not bear the hurt,
And nature's weak upbraidings quell,
His finer fibre to assert?—
"Il faut souffrir pour être belle."

Nay, rather let me boldly fare
Where the distinguished patients go,
And with them their infection share,
My intellect, like theirs, to show.

Thus gladly, then, to prove my wit,
Their influenzial steps I haunt,
More than content to suffer it
If I should catch it—but I can't.

"A NEEDLESS ALEXANDRINE."

SIR,—I SEE by the *Daily Telegraph* that Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER is going to adopt an heroic method with unpunctual people who want to get to their seats after the curtain is once up. How is it to be managed? Say that there is a curtain-raiser at eight, and BROWN and Mrs. BROWN and Miss BROWN arrive at five minutes past the hour. Are the BROWNS to be kept standing for half-an-hour until the curtain-raiser is finished? If this is to be so, it will keep "Browns" out of the house and out of the St. James's cash-box. Or suppose the principal piece has commenced, and people are thronging to the theatre in their thousands from all parts of London, will an illustration of "Deuce take the hindmost" be practically given, and will the SMITHS, JONESES, ROBINSONS, etc., who are not in their seats at the rising of the curtain, be compelled to stand or sit in the lobbies and refreshment saloons?

Surely any purchaser of a seat at an entertainment has a right to come in whenever he likes, creating as little disturbance as possible, and doing his best to avoid irritating those who are already seated by treading only very gently on their toes, and apologising sweetly for hitting the spectator on the nose, and so forth, *en passant*.

All theatre-goers, it may be safely taken for granted, intend and wish to be in time; but those who are, say, by accident, some seven minutes late, ought not to be detained in a kind of middle state, where probably they can neither see nor hear until the act-drop has descended. These persons would surely be justified in requesting that a proportion of their money should



Whip (to yokel, who has been hallooing). "HAVE YOU SEEN THE FOX?"

Yokel. "A SEED SUM'AT."

Whip. "WAS IT THE FOX?"

Yokel. "MAY HAPPEN IT WOR WILSON'S DAWG. 'E'S WERRY LIKE A FOX!"

be handed back to them. Perhaps a limit of fifteen minutes might be given for the first act, and no "law" allowed for subsequent acts.

Mr. ALEXANDER, or any manager producing a play of some importance (or, for the matter of that, of no importance), could issue a notice to this effect, viz., "*Dramatic Service will commence at eight o'clock precisely. Persons who are not in their private boxes, or in their seats, free or numbered, at least two minutes before the rising of the curtain will not be permitted to enter until after the descent of the act-drop, in order that the congregation may not be disturbed. For those who, through their own unpunctuality, are deprived of seeing the first act, books of this act will be provided gratis, from which parties, temporarily excluded, may gather all that the good punctual persons will be rewarded by witnessing.*" Perhaps this might be of use as a model.

Yours sympathetically,

AN EARLY BIRD.

PLEASE NOTE!

Mr. Punch very heartily commends to all children, old and young, the scheme for raising a memorial to the late KATE GREENAWAY. The form, or one of the forms that it will take, is to be the endowment of a cot at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, under the same roof as the cot already endowed by Mr. Punch and his friends to the memory of another lover of children, LEWIS CARROLL. Contributions will be welcomed by the Hon. Treasurer, at The Lee Manor, Great Missenden, Bucks; and children are particularly invited to apply to him for subscription cards.

Massa Bones. I say, Massa JOHNSON, why ought Lord BURTON to be deeply interested in South African mines?

Massa Johnson. I am not aware, BONES, why Lord BURTON, etc., etc.

Massa Bones. Den I tell you, sar. Bekase he make all him money out ob de Beers.



TERRIBLE POSSIBILITIES OF THE LATEST CRAZE.

Housemaid (entering hurriedly). "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, MUM, YOU KNOW WHEN YOU ALLOWED COOK TO GO OUT JUST NOW FOR AN HOUR! WELL, SHE'S COME BACK SO VERY—ER—(hesitatingly)—POORLY!"

Mistress. "SO VERY POORLY? GOOD GRACIOUS, JANE, WHATEVER IS THE MATTER?"

Housemaid. "WELL, YOU KNOW, MUM, YOU TOLD HER TO DO THEM BANTAM'S EGGS FOR MASTER'S TEA, AND SHE'S TRYING TO BOIL THE PING-PONG BALLS!"

FROM PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

[We dare not divulge the means by which we became possessed of this letter. Some sentences in the early part appear to have been translated into English by an unskilled hand—probably by one of the Prince's naval Secretaries.—ED.]

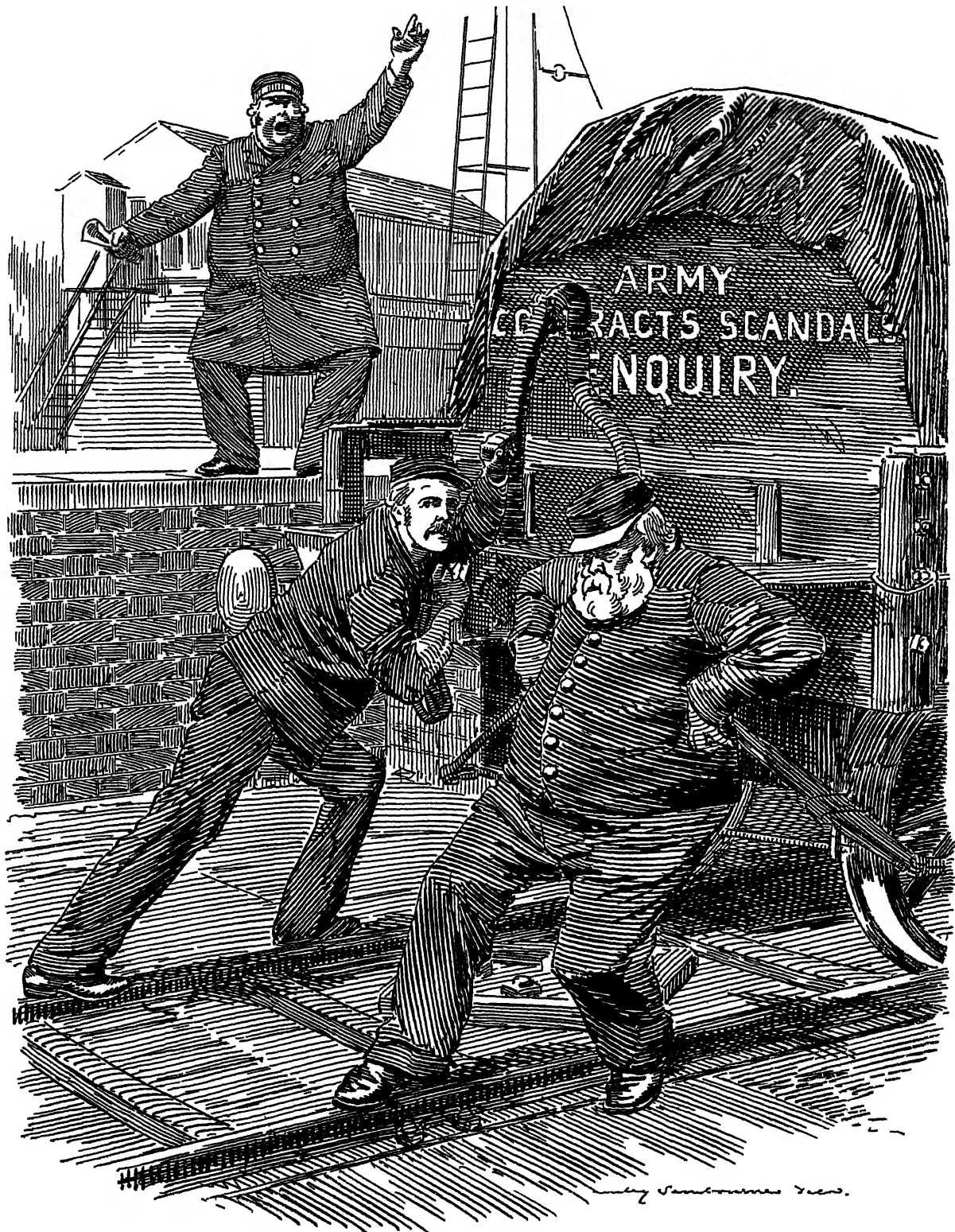
LIEBER VETTER GEORG,—Was man versprochen hat muss man halten—what one promised has must one hold—also schick ich Dir einige Zeilen über meine Amerikanische Reise. Da Du nie in Amerika gewesen bist wird das Dir gewiss höchst interessant sein. However, you must me one thing on your side promise. Do not my brother WILLIE anything of what I write tell. He is a very groundly (grundlicher) fellow, and fun he understands not. My honoured Gemahlin, too, the Princess might me misunderstand, and in that case wurde es Streit geben. The American girls are namely colossally pretty and—aber da Du selbst Matrose bist will you quite well the feelings of a sailor understand. One little girl in Washington war eine echte Zuckerbohne. Such a darling's mouth, solche Augen und solch ein entzuckendes mit Locken geschmücktes Köpfchen habe ich noch nie im Leben gesehen. Sie heisst MARTHA K. BUGSBEE—it is a mighty funny name—and ihr Vater ist ein gewisser JOSHUA B. BUGSBEE, ein Millionär aus Minneapolis. The father is a dreadful old man with a diamond stud as big as a Leuchthurm, but the daughter ist ein Rippererster Klasse A1 kupferbeschlagen at LLOYD'S.

I met her first at an evening party, a topping affair, and I tell you her eyes just through-bored me back and front. Erst machte sie mir einen reizenden Knicks, dann blickte sie mir stracks in die Augen und, presto, war's um mich geschehen! Oh, MARTHA, MARTHA, in dreams I still hear those sweet words die durch deine liebe kleine Amerikanische Nase krauselten "Prince, I guess we're going to give you a real lovely time." Mit der Zeit kommt Trost—time will console me, but the name of MARTHA K. BUGSBEE is engraved for ever on my heart. As I said before, not a word of all this to WILLIE or the Princess, my wife.

Der alte ROOSEVELT ist ein tüchtiger Kerl mit glänzenden Zähnen die man von Weitem ohne Fernrohr ganz gut sehen kann—you can see his teeth miles away without bothering to look through a telescope. I'll show you MARTHA's photograph when we meet next.

Lebewohl, Dein Dich liebender Vetter,
HEINRICH.

P.S.—Vorgestern wurden mir 1000 Redacteurs vorgestellt—1000 live newspaper editors, my boy, and quite a decent lot of fellows too. Unsern WILLIE, I et R., der seine Redacteurs meistens ins Gefangnis packt, wird diese Nachricht furchtbar erfreuen—he'll be as pleased as a cat in a kennel, will our dear WILLIE, bless his kind heart. Es lebe hoch Amerika; es lebe hoch TEDDY ROOSEVELT, es lebe hoch MARTHA K. BUGSBEE. Hoch! Hoch!! Hoch!!!



NOT TO BE SHUNTED.

JOHN BULL (*Station-master, to Porters, S-L-SB-RY and B-LF-R*) "HERE, I SAY! WHAT ARE YOU SHUNTING THERE? I WANT *THAT* TO GO ON!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, February 24th.—Remember Lord TWEEDMOUTH very well, whilst he was yet with us in the Commons, cheerily suffering the drudgery of Whip.

Rarely a Whip exercises privilege of free-born Member and makes ordered speech. Recall occasion when exception made in case of MARJORIBANKS. Something to do with rifles. Liberal Whips' room turned into sort of armoury; the walls lined with gun-racks; the door pierced for musketry defence. Messengers approaching room for orders brought up short by contact with the aggressive coolness of a rifle barrel touching cheek or brow. AKERS DOUGLAS, then Whip in the other camp, had a dreadful time. Knew MARJORIBANKS meant no harm; only the enthusiasm of the moment. All the same, not at all comfortable when you are crossing the Lobby to be conscious of being covered by a rifle with the Opposition Whip's eye gleaming along the barrel.

When debate came on MARJORIBANKS wanted to bring in his gunnery. SPEAKER objected on ground of lack of precedent. MARJORIBANKS pointed out that LYON PLAYFAIR, delivering a lecture on margarine, had the table covered with samples of various kinds of grease in divers pots. BROADHURST, on another occasion, brought down a bag of tools and did a bit of masonry illustrating an argument. Could not vouch for accuracy of illustration, but remembered seeing somewhere a picture of HOWARD VINCENT having strapped about him all kinds of pots, pans, brushes, doormats, and other domestic utilities made in Germany. These he displayed whilst



Dogged's Coat and Badge; or, R-sch, the "Waterman."



JAPANESE "PROCEDURE" AT WESTMINSTER.

"A more humane Mikado never did in Japan exist."

With the assistance of Jo-Jo, the Lord High Executioner, he endeavours "to make the punishment fit the crime."

urging the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to clap ten per cent. on foreign imports.

SPEAKER obdurate; the guns had to be left in the Whips' room, and MARJORIBANKS made very good speech without them.

Since he went up to the Lords, has made up for lost time. A pretty frequent speaker, especially of late, since he marked the meat contract for his own. Otherwise it belongs to Melancholy. The whole business of Government contracts in connection with War in South Africa recalls darkest epoch of Crimean days. TWEEDMOUTH taken subject in hand; thoroughly mastered it; keeps pegging away. To-night moved for Joint Committee to enquire into the whole subject.

"Certainly," says a Government to

whom, like reading and writing, the granting of Commissions and Committees of Enquiry comes by nature, "with the greatest pleasure. Only, not just now; wait till the war is over."

"But," ROSEBERRY urged, "when the war is actually—not officially—over, public will be in such state of jubilation that they won't care about monstrosities in meat contracts, or horse deals by experts which recall, and in simplicity exceed, MOSES PRIMROSE's famous dealing at the fair, where he left his father's horse and jubilantly brought home its price in the form of a gross of green spectacles with copper rims and shagreen cases."

"Exactly," said the MARKISS, and he need have added no more.

Business done.—Joint Committee on

Remount and Meat Contract scandals refused in the Lords by 88 votes against 25.

House of Commons, Tuesday night.—Spectacle of the Right Hon. J. W. MELLOR, K.C., sometime Chairman of Committees, throned on bales of what looked like merchandise, entering Palace Yard this afternoon on one of PICKFORD'S vans naturally excited attention. On enquiry it turned out there was no foundation for conjecture that the right hon. gentleman, despairing of the Mother of Parliaments, has gone into the Manchester goods line. Was merely bringing down petitions gathered by zealous churchmen at home and abroad, humbly showing that there would be a Certain Personage to pay if the King's Coronation Oath were altered with a view to soothing sensibilities of brother-Christians and fellow-subjects.

The waggon unloaded, the bales were trundled into Lobby and thence to foot of Table. MELLOR, flushed and breathless with lending a hand, looking as if he had just come out of chair after presiding over another free fight on the floor of the House, moved that petition be read at the Table.

"Any language you like," he said, with airy gesture towards the perturbed Clerk. "Zulu, Kaffir, Wanganni, Chinese with a Hong-Kong accent, Hindoo, or pure Somerset, all there."

It appears that some devout churchmen, anxious to obtain unbiassed opinion on knotty theological and constitutional points, have submitted Coronation Oath to HIS MAJESTY'S subjects abroad. Fifty converted Zulus,



IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES.

The Broken-down B-l-n-s (to the impoverished M-r-k L-ck-u-d). "Al! it were a bad day for us, Markie, when the Guv'ment brought in that beastly Water Bill! 'Ow much 'ave yer taken to-day? What! Fiv'pence! Well, yer har in luck!"

thinking the matter over, have, to quote petition presented on their behalf, come to the conclusion that alteration of the Coronation Oath is "dangerous to the Protestant succession and the stability of the Throne, mischievous, unconstitutional, fraught with great danger to the civil, political and religious liberties of the people." The dwellers in Sierra Leone, sipping the innocuous refreshment suitable to occasions of deliberation, agree. Natives of light and leading in Agra, Bangalore, Latwanak and Kere-meos (British Columbia), Aleppo, Jaffa, Foo Chow, and eke Fuh Ning, with one accord say ditto.

As for the Right Hon. JOHN WILLIAM MELLOR, he, without vestige of a smile on his grave countenance, watches the bales containing these and other petitions, aggregating half a million signatures, dragged off to the cellars by the perspiring, mutinous messengers.

"By-and-by," said one of these, "the House will be discussing Resolution protesting against excessive hours of labour of railwaymen. But look at us, doing railway porters' work, and no prospect of a tip. Charity begins at home, I say," and he gave the Maori

bale of petitions a vicious kick that knocked them up against Basutoland.

Business done.—Voted wages for men in the Navy.

Thursday night.—Not since JAMES JOICEY, Bart., wrung the heart of the sensitive Commons with lamentation over the hard lot of coalowner-millionaires stricken with a shilling export tax has there been witnessed such pathetic scene as to-night dimmed eyesight of lookers-on. London Water Bill down for second reading. Its main proposal to buy up the Companies. As RASCH puts it, "a Government that has behaved so nobly to Hungarian horse-copers not likely to treat shabbily British Water Stockholders." Nor have they. Bearing of the Bill in this direction indicated by fact that as soon as provisions were made known price of stock jumped up. Increase of market value counted by hundreds of thousands of pounds.

And here comes along BOULNOIS, representative, as he admits, of the Water Companies, and bewails their hard lot, victims of a confiscatory Government incited by a brigandising County Council!



"Fifty a poor Water Company Director."
(Mr. R. B-l-n-s)



Lady (to Bird Fancier). "I MUST GET YOU TO CHANGE THAT PARROT, MR. CHICKWEED. I'VE ONLY HAD HIM A WEEK, BUT QUITE HALF A DOZEN TIMES HE HAS SHOCKED MY VISITORS WITH HIS HORRIBLE LANGUAGE!"
 Bird Fancier. "I THOUGHT YOU WANTED ONE THAT WAS QUICK TO LEARN, MA'AM!"

"We are," he said, borrowing DIXON-HARTLAND's handkerchief to check the waterworks appropriately turned on in his expressive eyes, "cast on the streets penniless. Our works, monuments of patient industry, are taken from us. Our reservoirs are given to another. Our New River, washing down gold since STUART days, will become even as the Fleet. Our King's Shares will no longer fetch more than £100,000 a piece. Our very counting-houses, where we have written through the revolving years cheques for fat dividends, will shelter strangers."

Here he broke down, and was led forth sobbing.

"Well, well," said the Member for SARK, "BOULNOIS does the thing thoroughly when he begins. General impression is that Water Stockholders are pretty well-to-do. BOULNOIS' business to represent them as really indigent victims of organised robbery. Often heard of taking the bull by the horns. This is taking the BOUL by the nose—or, as he pedantically spells it, the nois."

Business done.—Whisky and Water. The Lords dealt in the first in connection with Scotch Closing of Public Houses Bill; the Commons wallowed in the London Water Bill.

House of Lords, Friday.—The House of Lords is the sepulchre of speech. Of its august assembly there are not more than a dozen who can make themselves heard throughout the chamber. The MARKISS can, if he pleases; doesn't often try. His most interesting confidences are frequently poured into his own bosom, as he bows his head over the Table, to the despair of gentlemen in the Press Gallery. Members of the Commons, penned in odds and ends of galleries below the Bar, marvel when, after vainly trying to catch full purport of the MARKISS's sentences, they find them reported, avowedly verbatim, in the morning papers.

SARK gives me an interesting account of how this miracle is achieved. When the MARKISS is to be reported, syndicates are formed, just as if he were a loan to be underwritten, or a gold mine to be floated. No one reporter, however quick at hearing, could catch all he says. Half-a-dozen, labouring after his voice, take notes. Then they sit in a group and write out. A gap in one man's notes will be filled up from another's, and so they manage to get a fairly full report.

"Wouldn't it be better if he spoke up?" I asked.

"Yes," said SARK, evidently struck with novelty of idea.

Funniest thing I've heard in Lords for a long time was Lord FEVERSHAM speaking the other night on Army Contracts question. Being honorary Colonel of the 2nd North Riding Volunteers, FEVERSHAM discusses military matters with authority. Effect of counsel marred by irresistibly comical resemblance of his voice to something between the squeak of the Punch-and-Judy man and the remote metallic sound of one speaking through the telephone. No one would have been at all surprised if he had commenced his speech with enquiry, "Are you there?" and finished it with "Good night!" and the sound of the bell switching off the telephone.

Business done.—Commons working at Supply.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Under Secretary (HUTCHINSON) is evidently the literary achievement of a butler in the house of a Member of Parliament accustomed to serve at dinners where, according to habit, Parliamentary "shop" is incessantly talked. Unfortunately, the duty of occasionally going round with the wine has militated against perfect accuracy in matters of detail. *The Under Secretary*, purporting to be written from

the inner circle of political life, bristles with blunders in pretentious details. To begin with, there is no such Minister as the "Parliamentary Under Secretary" for Foreign Affairs, whom, in the person of his hero, the butler again and again pompously announces. He has heard and read a good deal of Supplementary Questions, interrogations which, as their name implies, are put *viva voce* on the spur of the moment in supplement of one printed on the Paper. He makes the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs deliver a long and brilliant speech, prepared in concert with his chief, in answer to "a Supplementary Question" later unexpectedly put. A speech would not be permitted at Question Time in answer to any form of interrogation, and obviously could not be prepared in advance of one sprung on a Minister. Our butler is under the impression that the House sits in November. Accordingly we have in that month the "Parliamentary Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs remaining in town, tied to the House by his professional duties." Nothing escapes the worthy butler's eagle glance. "They were waiting that reply of yours in the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs with a good deal of anxiety, I can tell you," says a melodramatic Foreign Office spy to the Under Secretary. "It was telephoned to Paris before you had delivered it." "Ah," said the Under Secretary, whom nothing disturbs, "copied from one of the sheets of replies given out to the Press Gallery, I expect." The butler has, my Baronite suspects, caught in the dinner conversation something about Ministerial replies being sent up to the Press Gallery. He missed the point that this is never done till after—occasionally long after—the answer has been delivered in the House. The idea of a Minister, above all a Foreign Minister, distributing to the Press a copy of his answer before he makes it, is good. After this it is natural to have a question printed on the Orders of the Day charging a Minister with treason and murder. There is nothing in the muddle-headed melodrama of the story itself to atone for these ludicrous, bumptious blunders. The scent of the butler's pantry is over it all.

[There is no foundation for my Baronite's suspicion about the butler. If he had looked at the title-page he would have seen that *The Under Secretary* is written by Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX.—The Baron.]

As a Pickwickian student Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD is indefatigable. His latest addition to Bozology is a fine, upstanding, clear-typed, and therefore in every sense readable volume, entitled *The Pickwickian Dictionary and Cyclopædia*, published by the author and W. T. SPENCER, presumably another Pickwickian enthusiast. It is dedicated to MARCUS STONE, R.A., one of the latest of "Boz's" illustrators. Among many interesting anecdotes concerning distinguished men associated in some way or other with *Pickwick*, Mr. FITZGERALD recounts how, on one occasion, Lord ROSEBERY, to relieve the monotony of a three weeks' voyage from San Francisco to Sydney, took the part of *Serjeant Buzfuz* in a dramatic version of "the Trial in *Pickwick*." His lordship's performance appears to have been a memorable success, although, "carried away by his ardour, he occasionally disputed his judge's ruling, who threatened to commit him for contempt." The rôle of the judge on this occasion was not played by either Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT or Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. *A propos* of a note on the substitution of "V" for "W" in cockney dialect, it should be stated (and it may be so stated, but the Baron cannot find it) that such substitution was a cockneyism, but to substitute "W" for "V" was (and is still in some parts of the county) peculiar to Kent. A cockney of the time of DICKENS and SEYMOUR would have said "ven" for "when"; a Kent-coast man would pronounce "villain" as "willin," but would never say "vig" for "wig."

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



FOR THE CORONATION YEAR.

MAY WE SUGGEST A "WASH AND BRUSH UP" FOR ALL THE METROPOLITAN STATUES.

A DALY CHRONICLE.

At Daly's, now being run by EDWARDES the First, otherwise GEORGE the Lucky, there are crowded houses nightly to see and hear *A Country Girl*. And, indeed, there is much worth seeing supplied by a very fair company ("very fair" describes the appearance of the attractive feminine portion of it); by Messrs. CRAVEN and HARKER, scenic artists; by Willie-o'-the-Wispy WARDE, acting as "business" man for the chorus, making the dancers follow in his steps; and by Mr. quite Per-se ANDERSON, the artfully designing costumier. There is also not a little worth hearing writ by a TANNER, interspersed with lyrics by Messrs. ROSS, GREENBANK and RUBENS, the whole concoction being kept "going strong" by the light, bright and tuneful music of LIONEL MONCKTON, played by a first-rate orchestra under the direction of Mr. BARTER JOHNS. Any attempt to discover the story underlying the action would scarcely be worth the while of a generally gratified spectator. Why destroy a pleasant illusion? Take for granted that there is a plot, but don't worry about it.

Messrs. FRED KAYE, BANTOCK and HUNTLEY WRIGHT (who, in the second act, when in petticoats, is suggestive of a sort of DAN LENO junior) are all capital; while Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON as *Quinton Raikes* supplies that refreshing repose in the "action" of which an audience, dazzled by the cinematographic character of the brilliant entertainment, are so much in need, and for which "relief" they say, with the immortal WILLIAM, "much thanks." Mr. BARRINGTON'S topical song, rendered in his own inimitable manner, every word being distinctly audible, is undoubtedly the hit of the evening, being encored until his supply of well-written verses is exhausted.

Miss LILIAN ELDÉE, as *Marjory Joy*, is indeed a joy to the spectators; Miss ETHEL IRVING is merry and sprightly as *Madame Sophie*; Miss MAGGIE MAY'S contralto notes are worth far more than they go for in a piece of this description, as may be also said of the singing and acting of Miss EVIE GREENE (may she be Ever Greene and fresh as now!), on whose dramatic talent such a medley-variety piece as this makes the smallest possible demand.

Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN is Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN; more cannot be said, except that in this piece the author has called upon

him to assume the name of *Geoffrey Challoner*, and that he is as successful as usual, even when he has actually to "stand at ease" on the stage and assume an air of silent appreciation while listening to a song so charmingly sung by Miss MAGGIE MAY that it is pretty safe to be encored, in which case Mr. COFFIN, as the refrain to the old song of "*A Good Time Coming, Boys*" phrases it, has to "wait a little longer."

Miss TOPSY SUNDEN'S special dances are excellent, though why she should be called *Miss Carruthers*, and who *Miss Carruthers* is supposed to be, or how *Miss Carruthers* comes to form any link of any sort with the other characters, or to be at all essential to the—ahem—"plot," except, of course, when dancing, will remain a mystery which the present deponent neither pretends nor in the very slightest degree cares to solve. Anyway, *A Country Girl* has "taken the Town."

Mr. Punch offers the First Prize (consisting of his warm appreciation) to the authors of the following solutions to his conundrums:—

I.

Q. Why did Jack and the Beanstalk?
A. Because Robinson Crusoe.

II.

Q. Why did CHARLES LEVER?
A. a. Because ALICE through the Looking-glass.
b. Because he saw GORDON CUMMING.
c. Because he wanted to MARIE CORELLI.
d. Because he thought MOXA CAIRD.
e. Because he loved HANNAH MORE.

Some consolation for the victim of the above act of desertion is suggested by the following:—

Q. Why did SAMUEL LOVER?
A. Because he saw CHARLES LEVER.

[This correspondence must now cease.—Ed.]

A CELEBRATED leader of fashion, says a gossip, is going to re-introduce patches this coming season. Is the object of this to mend Society manners?

VIVE L'ARMÉE!

["In a recent circular General ANDRÉ points out that it is undesirable that soldiers of the artizan class in the French Army should be habitually taken away from their duties in order to act gratuitously as carpenters, painters, &c., for the officers and their wives. He notes, moreover, that in Algeria and Tunis the infant children of officers are nursed by their orderlies, who also do the cooking for the family. Some officers have as many as three orderlies. The leader of the regimental band has two, because the musicians refuse to carry the stands or distribute the music!"—*Daily Paper*.]

How happy is the Conscript's life!
He waits upon the General's wife,
Runs errands, cooks if he is able,
And, if he isn't, waits at table.
He stands respectful in the hall
Whenever people come to call,
And ushers everybody in
With military discipline.
He puts the baby in its crib,
Gives it its meals, adjusts its bib,
And if it should begin to cry
He soothes it with a lullaby.

If he should be an artizan
He is indeed a lucky man!
Whenever anything is broken
You find his services bespoken.
He mends the windows and the locks
And even regulates the clocks.
He makes the most ingenious toys
To gratify the Colonel's boys.
His plumbing is beyond reproach,
He puts new slates upon the roof,
And when the vernal months begin
He paints the house outside and in.

Nor must you think no use is made
Of those who have no special trade;
There's always *something* you can find
For men to do if you've a mind.
Thus, horticultural pursuits
Have great attractions for recruits,
And many of them rise at dawn
To go and mow the General's lawn.
Two men at least, I understand,
Wait on the regimental band,
Where their obliging dispositions
Are greatly prized by the musicians.

Unhappily, this life of peace,
I grieve to say, must shortly cease,
For General ANDRÉ, odious man,
Is going to stop it—if he can!
He holds that officers do ill
Who keep the Conscript from his drill
And make him concentrate his mind
On work of a domestic kind.
Such menial tasks, he thinks, should
yield

To practice in the tented field,
To handling guns of various size
And doing bayonet exercise.

The system, therefore, will be changed
(Or so the General has arranged)
And none will be allowed to shirk
His share of military work.
Farewell, the old delightful days
When, innocent of martial ways,

The soldier laid aside his sabre
And gave his time to household labour,
When Conscripts, if they knew a trade,
Were not expected on parade,
And when the swords of skillful cooks
Were beaten into pruning hooks!

WHY GO TO CAIRO OR
CANNES?

SOME ARGUMENTS FOR THE HOME RESORTS.
(As set forth by Local Correspondents.)

I WAS looking out for some place in which to spend the worst part of the winter, loathing London from November to May, when suddenly one of my friends suggested giving the home resorts a chance. He darkly hinted at bandits on the P.L.M., insanitary arrangements from Hyères to San Remo, and "hatred of England" everywhere.

"Turn," he said, "to your daily paper and read the news, attractions, and so on, sent up daily by the local correspondents."

This is what I found:—

BOGGLETON.

Though the sky was cloudy, and rain fell heavily all day yesterday, it was very fine at night. Much gratification has been caused here by the inauguration of a horse-trough outside the Post-Office. The Tradesmen's Association took advantage of the interesting occasion to present a massive silver locket to Mrs. JIMSON, our popular Mayoress.

Goat Hot.—Fir. cl. Brac. air. Mod. ter.—PEN. FLOPP, Prop."

MUDWORTH.

Balmy breezes prevail, and as proof of the phenomenally mild weather it may be mentioned that the trees were never so nearly about to bud. A raspberry was gathered yesterday in the open air. Mr. JORKINS, an influential visitor, has generously promised a thousand pounds towards the new cottage hospital, providing that ten other gentlemen contribute a similar sum by the day after to-morrow. The Mudworth Minstrels gave an enjoyable entertainment last night in the Pump Room, and young Mr. HANKER was encoered for his spirited rendering of "*Oh, Ho! Oh, Ho!*"

Mud. Hot. Sel. Wint. terms.—Mrs. Root.

DULTON WELLS.

The great event here yesterday was the return of the Imperial Yeoman whom we sent off to the front with a great tea recently. Unfortunately, owing to a War Office blunder, he got no farther than Southampton, where, after drinking the King's health, he was taken care of by the authorities for fourteen days, and

* The strange characters are advertisements inserted under matter at a guinea a line.

then returned to us safely. The band of the Inebriates' Home went out to meet him.

A geological lecture was given last night at the Institute. Quoits are played daily.

Apart. Suit all inco.—Ap. LOPWORTH AND CRUTCHLEY, The Parade.

FLINTLOCK.

Very open weather has prevailed during the last few days. A local character, upwards of eighty years old, was seen going up the main street yesterday without a hat. The fox hounds were out in a large field. The snow that fell last month is now being rapidly removed, and we hope to have the streets ready for Easter visitors. Festivities continue at the Hydros. A fancy dress ball was given last week at BLOBSON's, the hit of the evening being Mr. SOFTLEY as *Queen Elizabeth*.

TATE's Hot. Bath available. Gas in all bedrooms. Opposite pub. laundry.

I have not yet decided upon my home winter resort.

TAXATION OF SUBURBAN
"VALUES."

(A Hint to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.)

SIR MICHAEL, spare the aching backs
Of those poor sheep already shorn;
On him insensate lay your tax,
. Who, thinking to exalt his horn,
Christens his little box of bricks
"San Remo"—meaning "number six."

The bliss that wraps his soul around
Whene'er he views that blessed name,
Should still in lesser sort abound
Though he were mulcted for the same;
And cabby might blaspheme the less,
Threading that stony wilderness.

O Chancellor, consider well
These leagues on leagues of virgin soil,
Which at a word you might compel
To yield such rich and easy spoil;
So shall these dreary wastes of stone
For all their hideousness atone.

SUGGESTED PUBLICATIONS.—Mr. HEINEMANN advertises a novel by MARGARET L. WOODS, entitled *Sons of the Sword*. Happy start for a series: say, *Daughters of the Dagger*, *Brothers of the Bomb*, *Aunts of the Arquebus*, *Cousins of the Cannon* (which might be a military-ecclesiastical story of the "Church militant"), *Relatives of the Rapier*, *Mothers of the Musket*, and, perhaps, a nautical tale of life on board an armour-clad, entitled, without alliteration,

A SON OF A GUN.



Second Horseman No. 1. "ULLOAH, DANNY, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKIN' FOR?"

Second Horseman No. 2. "PERKISITES. GUV'NOR'S JUST BEEN OVER 'ERE. 'E JUMPS SO MUCH 'IGHER THAN 'IS ORSE, THERE'S ALWAYS SOME SMALL CHANGE OR SUMMAT TO BE PICKED UP!"

THE FAD THAT FAILED.

"FATE cannot touch me, I have lunched to-day," he said with simulated hilarity as he came up to me in the club smoking-room.

"How?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "I had *purée* of porridge, *consommé* of potatoes and cauliflower *au naturel*. There was something else too of which I know not the name. It looked like green peas wrapped up in porridge, and I declined it. It is a novel sensation. I feel full and empty at the same time."

"What did you do it for?" I demanded.

"I am become a vegetarian," he answered with the air of an early martyr.

"Why?" I asked in surprise, for I had always imagined him to understand the art of dining as well as any man.

"Because," he said, "I do not wish to catch the small-pox, and vegetarians do not catch it."

"Who said so?" I asked again.

"The President of the London Vegetarian Association," he replied. "He said that 'if people would only put their lives in harmony with Heaven's eternal laws of health, there need be no fear of contracting small-pox.'"

"Oh!" I said. "Do you like your diet?"

"I hardly know," he said, thoughtfully. "I feel as if I was becoming emptier every moment. But it is a great thing to be in touch with the eternal laws of health."

"You say that," I assured him, "much as a man who had been drifting about in an open boat in mid-Atlantic for a week, supporting life on one ship's biscuit and a pint of stale water, would mention a life on the ocean wave! Give

it up, and come and have a chop with me. Afterwards you can go and get vaccinated if you are afraid of small-pox."

"I couldn't possibly," he declared. "The President said he hoped vegetarians would do all in their power to counteract the false doctrine that people could be saved from one disease by the inoculation of another!"

"It was very foolish of the President," I suggested.

"Not at all," he returned, warmly. "Besides, I do not want to die yet. Did you see that a Battersea Borough Councillor said that there were more deaths from vaccination than from small-pox?"

"I never did hear much good of Borough Councils yet," I replied; "but I have often heard better things than that. Come and have a chop."

"I think," he said slowly and sadly, "I should like to watch you eat one, but I must not partake myself. Still, I feel so horribly empty that I may take a little bread and cheese."

We left the smoking-room and found a corner table in the dining-room. I ordered my chop and other things, and his eyes grew wistful.

"What do you think of the President's theory?" he said.

"Nothing at all," I replied, shortly.

"And of the Borough Councillor's?"

"Less," I said.

"After all, I think I shall get vaccinated this afternoon," he said, with the air of one who yields an outpost of his creed in order to confirm the inner defences.

Then my chop came, and I began to eat with appetite. He watched in a silence that became almost painful. Suddenly, however, his mouth opened, and he called out in a loud voice, "Waiter! bring me a chop, several chops, and no vegetables!"

THE PERFECT OAR.

(Respectfully dedicated to the Presidents
of the two University Boat Clubs.)

ONCE on a dim and dream-like shore,
Half seen, half recollected,
I thought I met a human oar
Ideally perfected.
To me at least he seemed a man
Like any of our neighbours,
Formed on the self-same sort of plan
For high aquatic labours.

His simple raiment took my eyes :
No fancy duds he sported,
He had his rather lengthy thighs
Exiguously "shorted."
A scarf about his neck he threw ;
A zephyr hid his torso ;
He looked as much a man as you—
Perhaps a trifle more so.

And yet I fancy you 'll agree,
When his description 's ended,
No merely mortal thing could be
So faultlessly commended.
I noted down with eager hand
The points that mark his glory ;
So grant me your attention, and
I 'll set them out before ye.

His hands are ever light to catch,
Their swiftness is astounding :
No billiard-ball could pass or match
The pace of their rebounding.
Then, joyfully released and gay,
And springy as Apollo's,
With what a fine columnar sway
His balanced body follows !

He keeps his sturdy legs applied
Just where he has been taught to,
And always moves his happy slide
Precisely as he ought to.
He owns a wealth of symmetry
Which nothing can diminish,
And strong men shout for joy to see
His wonder-working finish.

He never rows his stroke in dabs—
A fatal form of sinning—
And never either catches crabs
Or misses the beginning.
Against his ship the storm-winds blow,
And every lipper frets her :
He hears the cox cry, "Let her go !"
And swings and drives and lets her.

Besides, he has about his knees,
His feet, his wrists, his shoulders,
Some points which make him work with
ease,
And fascinate beholders.
He is, in short, impeccable,
And—this perhaps is oddest
In one who rows and looks so well—
He is supremely modest.

He always keeps his language cool,
Nor stimulates its vigour
In face of some restrictive rule
Of dietary rigour.

And when the other men annoy
With trivial reproaches,
He is his Captain's constant joy,
The comfort of his coaches.

When grumblers call the rowing vile,
Or growl about the weather,
Our Phoenix smiles a cheerful smile
And keeps the crew together.
No "hump" is his—when everything
Looks black his zeal grows stronger,
And makes his temper, like his swing,
Proportionately longer.

One aim is his through weeks of stress :—
By each stroke rowed to aid work.
No facile sugared prettiness
Impairs his swirling blade-work.
And, oh, it makes the pulses go
A thousand to the minute
To see the man sit down and row
A ding-dong race and win it !

Such was, and is, the perfect oar,
A sort of river Prince, Sirs ;
I never met the man before,
And never saw him since, Sirs.
Yet still, I think, he moves his blade,
As grand in style, or grander,
As Captain of some Happy-Shade
Elysian Leander. R. C. L.

THE ROAD TO THE WOOLSACK.

I HAVE received so many applications from candidates for forensic honours to give an opinion upon the *modus operandi* of securing success in the Law Courts that I have determined to devote some of my scanty leisure to addressing the Editor of the leading paper patronised by Bench and Bar on the subject. My correspondents do not desire to be litigants save as agents, in fact they are all anxious to become members of one of the four Inns. Some of them are rather impatient and deprecate delay. One gentleman, who has not yet become even a student, asks me if there "is not some short cut to fame?" Well, I would rather not venture a decided opinion upon the subject. If one becomes personally interested in a Chancery suit, one rapidly secures an insight into the assessment of costs and subjects of a kindred character that may be of great service in the march to prosperity later on. I myself have had such an experience. Some ten or twenty years ago I became a party to an action for administering an estate. I was so active in watching the various parties that when payment of expenses was ordered on further consideration my name appeared in half-a-dozen bills of costs. Not only did I get a good notion of the procedure in chambers, but also obtained a healthy incentive to further work. But it is only right to admit that when the suit commenced I had a

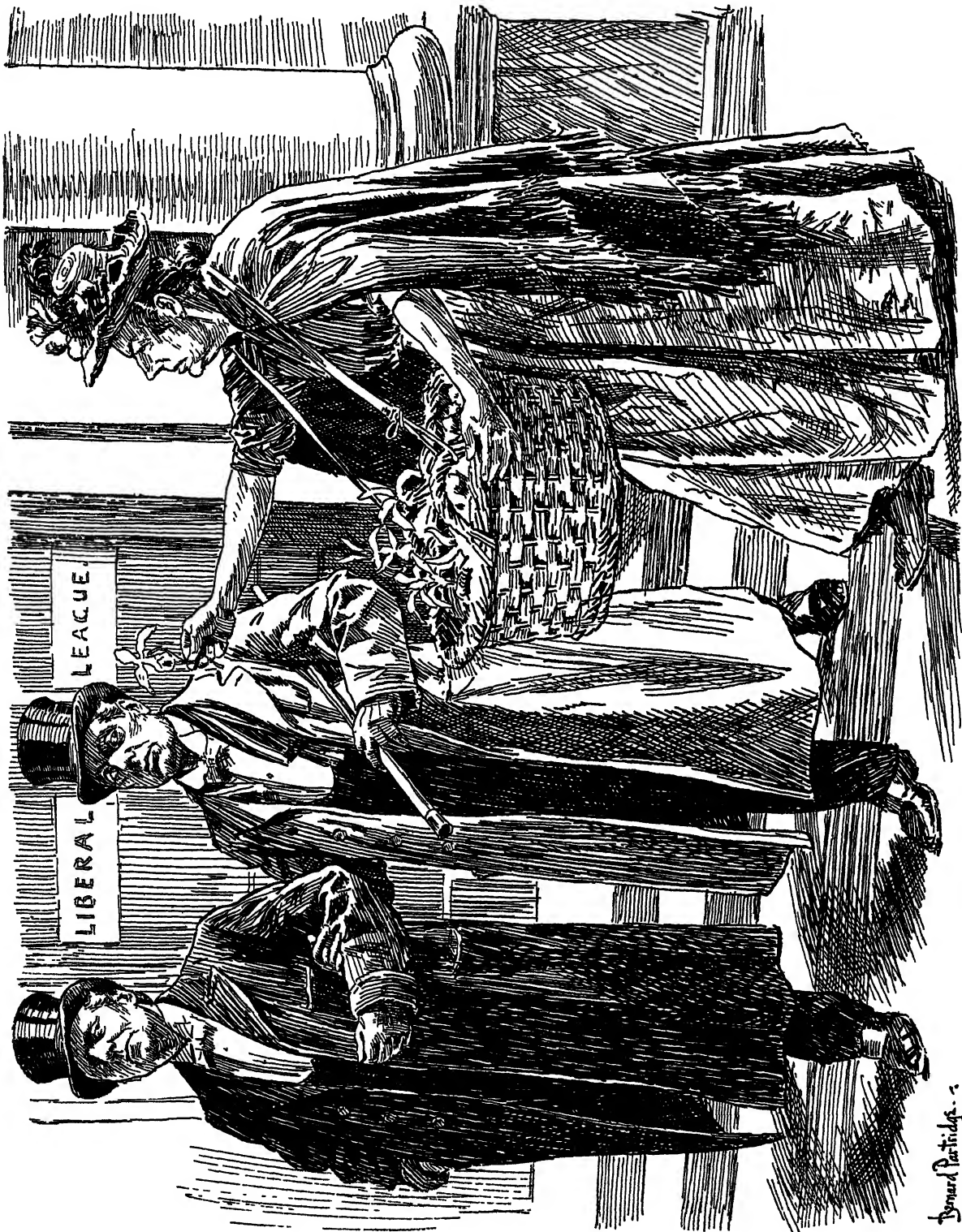


["The after-dinner Ping-pong player is sighing for the invention of a coat . . . to meet table tennisian requirements."—*Evening News*.]

THE ABOVE IS A DESIGN BY MR. PUNCH'S FASHION-PLATE ARTIST. THE CELLULOID BALLS, IN PLACE OF BUTTONS AND SHOE BUCKLES, AND THE DECORATIVE BATTLEDORES, WOULD BE VERY EFFECTIVE. THE DESIGN OF THE CAP, TOO, WILL BE APPRECIATED BY THOSE WHO CANNOT KEEP THEIR HAIR ON OR STRAIGHT WHILST PLAYING.

fair competence, but towards its close became poorer. However, it was most interesting to notice the dwindling of the estate in satisfying the clamours of the solicitors. It was certainly the rule that suitors might come and suitors might go, but the *corpus* must remain for ever—to satisfy the *protégés* of the taxing master.

The *esprit de corps* of the profession was certainly—from a forensic point of view—delightful. Whatever the wrangling might be in matters of detail—such as the interests of the parties litigating—the one basis of action (all things being equal) was the protection of the funds in Court for the purpose I have indicated. Whomever or whatever a solicitor might represent, when it came to a question of security for expenses, the stern cry of the lawyer was very properly (from a purely professional point of view) "hands off."



WANTED—AN EMBLEM!

Tactful Josephine (to R-s-b-ry and Asq-ly). "T'ree y'are, GENTS! YOU'LL WANT A NICE FLOWER FOR YOUR BUTTON-'OLE, 'AVE ONE O' MY ORCHIDS!"

Bernard Partridge.

I hope, on some future occasion, to point out how easy it is for the student to be called to the outer Bar, to secure the patents of a King's Counsel, and to ascend the Bench, and ultimately become Lord Chancellor. But on the present occasion I have occupied the valuable space placed at my disposal by introductory remarks. I will content myself by answering one of the many questions put to me by stating that I have never allowed myself to become Lord Chancellor because I conscientiously object to mixing up law with politics.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump Handle Court.

THE SONG OF A FIRESIDE RANGER.

I've donned a cloak and leathern hose
And a feathered hat of felt,
A rapier keen at my side is seen,
And I've pistols in my belt;
I am ready for either open war
Or the sudden veiled attack;
And I laugh at the frowns of sullen
clowns

Who menace behind my back.
For I'm off to the land of stern romance
Where arrogant heroes ride,
With WEYMAN, WEYMAN, STANLEY WEYMAN,
WEYMAN at my side.

I've donned a "frock" and a "chimney-
pot,"
And gloves of faultless fit,
For I seek the haunts where fashion
flaunts

And airs its grace and wit.
The fickle fair who dally there
With swains of high degree
But ope their lips and out there slips
A sparkling repartee.

Then it's oh! for the glittering, glad-
some world

As we hail a passing fly,
Just HAWKINS, HAWKINS, ANTHONY
HAWKINS,
ANTHONY HOPE and I.

I've donned "me Sabbath suit o'
blacks"

And a plaid of sober hue,
That I may confer with the "Meenister,"
And the "Auld Licht" elders too.
I've learnt the sense of "ben" and
"but,"

And have also learnt to love
Brave-hearted Jess, whose tenderness
Was born of Heaven above.

And it's oh! for the welcome lights of
Thrums,

Where tears and laughter blend,
With BARRIE, BARRIE, J. M. BARRIE,
BARRIE for guide and friend.

I've donned a Norfolk suit of grey,
And a canvas helmet too,
For I'm off to a land of burning sand
With *Captain Good* and crew.



WHAT TOMMY OVERHEARD.

Mrs. Jinks. 'THAT'S SIGNOR SCRAPESKI JUST PASSED. HE PLAYS THE VIOLIN LIKE AN ANGEL.'

Tommy. "MUMMY, DEAR, DO THE ANGELS SAY 'DAM' WHEN A STRING BREAKS?"

We have chosen a long-named Zulu chief
To share our joys and woes,
And there isn't a tongue the tribes
among

But one of the party knows.
Then it's hey! for the subterranean
stream

And the queen of a thousand years,
With HAGGARD, HAGGARD, RIDER HAGGARD,
To raise and quell our fears.

I've donned a somewhat motley garb
From cupboard, drawer, and shelf,
Wherever stored—for I'm off on board
Of the *Ship that Found Herself*.

I mean to land on India's strand,
And the sights of Simla see;
To crack a joke with the jungle folk,
To carouse with *Soldiers Three*.

So it's oh! for a cruise with vivid views
Of a bright Imperial realm,
With KIPLING, KIPLING, RUDYARD KIPLING,
KIPLING at the helm.

I've donned my "slacks" and a sailor
cap,
And a rare old pilot coat,

And early o'clock I'm off to a dock
Where *Many Cargoes* float.
My heart grows light at the welcome
sight

Of the skipper's discontent
As off we steer in an atmosphere
Of ambiguous compliment.
Then it's oh! for the cook and the cabin-
boy,

As away from the wharf we steal,
With JACOBS, JACOBS, jocular JACOBS,
JACOBS at the wheel.

Again the garb of a gentleman,
For I go to join the throng
Of heroes fair and debonair,
Or silent, brave and strong.
Be it Afric's coast, or France, or Spain,
Or Russia's waste of snow,
With never a fear of a journey drear,
I gird myself and go.

Then it's oh! for the womanly, high-
souled girl,

And the rogue who is underhand,
With MERRIMAN, MERRIMAN, H. S.
MERRIMAN,
MERRIMAN in command.

THE RIVAL CREWS AT PRACTICE.

(By Our Own Nautical Retainer.)

SECOND NOTICE.

A CHANGE has to be recorded in the Liberal Combination. On his return to the boat at 7, ROSEBERY had announced his intention of setting a private stroke of his own to the bow oars. As a result, not unforeseen by him, the handle of his oar naturally came into repeated contact with the broad of Stroke's back. This process, which had given promise of proving a source of secret satisfaction to No. 7, who had taken the precaution of casing his knuckles in light kid gloves, had its painful counterpart in the constant bombardment of ROSEBERY's back by HARCOURT at 6. The undoubted gravity of this welter oarsman, as he plunges forward, differs materially from that of the small elephant in the problem, whose weight as it advanced along the inclined plane was for convenience permitted to be regarded as negligible.

Accordingly, on his own initiative, 7 has now replaced Bow, the latter shifting to 3, 3 to 5, and 5 to 7. At his new thwart, with nobody to ram him behind, ROSEBERY enjoys a certain freedom from inconvenience, and from his point of vantage, with the rest of the boat in front of him has greater facilities, as an independent oar, for offering comments on the behaviour of the crew generally. At the same time the difficulties of the bow side, who are expected to take their time from him, are increased by the fact that he is outside the range of their vision. The device of a small hand-mirror affixed to the outriggers of 3, 5, and 7, is to enable them to cope with this difficulty, and gather some vague premonition of what Bow is going to do next.

Appended are the names and latest weights of the crew in their new order of rowing. It will be observed that their recent exertions have somewhat reduced both Stroke and Bow, the latter especially, owing to his having enjoyed a lengthy period of comparative luxury and inertia. On the other hand, No. 6, who, since the retirement of ROSEBERY to the bow thwart, finds a narrower field for his fighting energies, is gaining daily in weight. Cox also has put on a few pounds, having modified his training exercise, which at one time took the form of a sharp run across country in full policeman's uniform. The rest of the crew remain stationary, with the exception of ASQUITH, in whose case the anxieties of his new position are beginning to tell upon a fine physique. These anxieties are largely due to the fact that his stroke is set him from behind, and that the eccentricities of Bow, so far from being always conjecturable beforehand, despite the hand-mirror, are often only to be recognised by the ensuing shock which the boat sustains.

	st.	lbs.
Bow. Lord Rosebery	12	6
2. Mr. Bryce	9	10
3. Sir E. Grey	11	7
4. Mr. Morley	10	0
5. Sir H. Fowler	12	4
6. Sir W. Harcourt	17	13
7. Mr. Asquith	12	7
8. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman	14	1½
Cox. Mr. Lloyd-George	4	9

Mr. SPENDER, one of the Liberal coaches, is still optimistic, and contends that notwithstanding an apparent divergence of styles, the crew is actually characterised by inherent uniformity. This view, however, is not shared by the *conoscenti*.

Passing to criticism in detail, we may say that Bow is a showy oar, but not a sound worker. He is inclined to sugar when there are no spectators on the bank. He

brought a great reputation from Eton, and would make a good figure-head in any race for which the other crew had scratched. But he has no staying-power for a stern chase. He rather prides himself on a tendency to dig, and is often heard to shout, "More spade work!"

BRYCE at 2 has the advantage of a cosmopolitan experience. He has rowed on the Great Salt Lake (Utah), the Orange River, and the Holy Roman Marshes.

Of No. 3 great things have been predicted. He has a pretty, taking style. But he has not yet proved his watermanship in foul weather. He is obviously uncomfortable in his present surroundings, and it is thought by many that he would be better suited with a seat in the rival crew.

No. 4 has scarcely enough stamina for the Westminster course. He is an honest worker according to his lights, but lacks both *elan* and adaptability. He has an air of abstraction when paddling, as if his heart were elsewhere, and occasionally lets his blade get up behind his ear like a quill pen. Though he has said of himself, "I am a stern, cold oar, and range apart," he really belongs, as we have seen, to the bow end of the boat.

FOWLER at 5 is hereditarily nonconformist, and has full play for his individuality in the present so-called combination.

No. 6 is a veteran challenger, and would sooner compete with the members of his own crew than nobody at all. The immense trampling capacity of his feet is of incomparable service when once they get fixed on the stretcher, but they are apt to break loose and crash through the frail shell of a racing craft. He still sits his full weight, if he does not actually pull it; and the support of his mere presence in such close neighbourhood is the sole remaining source of Stroke's confidence. Since the migration of ROSEBERY from 7 to bow, No. 6 has given his knuckles a well-merited rest.

ASQUITH, the new 7, has a good rowing head and is what is popularly known as a brilliant oar. But it has been generally doubted whether his moral force is equal to the exigencies of a tight struggle. Originally of Spartan habits, he has of late years developed a taste for social ambitions, which has played havoc with his training. His prospects indeed are not what they were. Placed, so to speak, between the devil and the deep sea, with a Stroke (in front) whom he declines to follow, and a Bow (behind) that by the nature of things he cannot follow though he would, he can no longer hope, in the near future, to be in the winning boat, and the most that he can achieve is to assist with the rest of the bow oars in pulling the stroke side round.

Stroke, whose private attitude towards his crew is marked by protestations of unimpaired amity, has made a fair show of adapting himself to the variegated time of the men behind him. His methods are the methods of humanity, and he would not willingly displace the smallest insect on the surface of the water. In consequence, he rows rather light, and once very nearly gave vent to an expression of refined contempt for the habit of digging.

Coxswain LLOYD, who has assumed the second name of GEORGE, tutelary saint of England, from motives of patriotism, has drawn most of his experience from Wales. As a result, he handles his lines in the somewhat rough manner of a professional harpoonist. He also makes a point of keeping his rudder hard against the bow-side oars. In this way he raises a lot of water, which is suggestive of the spouting of a cetacean. Though limited in stature, it would greatly annoy him to be mistaken for a Liberal Imp.

In conclusion, it may be said that the dissensions in the Liberal boat, which at one time aroused a certain interest, have now come to be considered tedious to the verge of stupidity; and in regard to the issue of the contest between the rival crews, the public remains fixed in that attitude of indifference which is commonly associated with a foregone conclusion.

O. S.



FEMININE PINPRICKS.

Elderly Spinster. "AH, DEAR JULIA, YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW I DREAD TO THINK OF MY FORTIETH BIRTHDAY!"

Julia. "WHY, DEAR? DID SOMETHING VERY UNPLEASANT HAPPEN THEN?"

A WELCH RARE-BIT AT TERRY'S.

THE case of a nervous man becoming well-nigh distraught under the overwhelming impression of having been the immediate cause of a friend's death, and frantically assuming a disguise which shall assist him in escaping the attentions of the police, is not a novelty on the stage. Several variations on this theme will occur to the playgoer's, or play-reader's, mind, notably *L'Homme Blasé*, or, as its English title is, *Used Up*, in which CHARLES MATHEWS as *Sir Charles Coldstream* has never been, and never will be, surpassed. The Baronet thinks he has caused the death of a blacksmith, and the blacksmith thinks he has killed *Sir Charles*, both having wrestled and tumbled out of window into the river together.

In *The New Clown*, by H. M. PAULL, Lord Cyril Garston, a namby-pamby, effeminate little person, gives his friend Captain Trent what Mr. PENLEY's simpering curate would call "quite a nasty knock," which causes him to lose his balance and fall into the river, whereupon Lord Cyril imagines he has been the cause of the Captain's death, and one Thomas Baker turning up, who is on his way to fulfil an engagement as a clown in a travelling circus, Lord Cyril, for a consideration to Baker, assumes the name of Baker, and, disguised as clown, takes his place in the ring.

Mr. JAMES WELCH, with his quiet, natural humour, is excellent as the highly sensitive little aristocrat masquerading as the new clown; and Mr. CLARENCE BLAKISTON plays to the life the rather bounding *Honble. Jack*, as in the previous piece this same actor had given a curiously close imitation of the manner and appearance of Mr. GILLETTE as the now famous

Sherlock Holmes. *En passant*, it must be said, and with truth, of Mr. BLAKISTON, as Polly Eccles said of her father, that, "he may have his faults, but he's a very clever man." The disreputable Thomas Baker finds a most amusing impersonator in Mr. GEORGE SHELTON; and Mr. JOHN WILLES is precisely the stolid landlord of a riverside inn. The sisters Maude and Winnie Chesterton are airily played by Miss JANET ALEXANDER and Miss BEATRICE IRWIN.

Miss NINA BOUGICAULT gives us a perfect miniature portrait of the impulsive, tender-hearted Rose, niece of the circus-proprietor, making of her such a character as CHARLES DICKENS might have imagined.

But the gem of the piece, for which unstinted praise is due both to author and actor, but especially to the latter, is the characterisation of Mr. Dixon, circus-proprietor and ring-master, and its perfect impersonation by Mr. EDWARD SASS. His perpetual reiteration of "Now, my lad," and "You know what I mean," in various tones, his professional "airs and graces," which have become part and parcel of his nature, are delightfully portrayed.

Two more of the *dramatis personæ* are quite worthy of honourable mention, the one being Boy (no name mentioned, simply "Boy" *tout court*), by Master LEONARD PARKER, and the other is "The Performing Donkey" (not mentioned in the bills), a real live, highly-trained circus ass, belonging to Mister SASS, whose scene with Mr. JAMES WELCH is one of the funniest in the piece. The introduction of this donkey as one of the principal characters is in strict keeping with the locality in which the action of the piece takes place, namely, "Bray."

MR. PUNCH'S NATIONAL DRAMAS.

AFTER the Homeric blank verse drama with which *Mr. Punch's National Theatre* opened its season, something lighter seems to be required. The next play, therefore, will belong to the modern Political genre of which Mr. ANTHONY HOPE is the inventor. It is called:—

TOMLINSON'S TABERNACLE.

ACT I.—SCENE—Sir JOHN MUDDLETON's study in Carlton House Terrace. Mr. VANTROMP, his secretary, is discovered at a large desk opening letters.

Vantromp (glancing at these as fast as they are opened, reading a sentence, and then casting them aside impatiently). "Mr. TOMLINSON's political attitude"—Bah! . . . "After reading Mr. TOMLINSON's speech"—Pish! . . . "No one can observe Mr. TOMLINSON's views"—Pshaw! (*Opening more rapidly.*) . . . "Mr. TOMLINSON's patriotism." . . . "Mr. TOMLINSON's force"—Tut! . . . TOMLINSON . . . TOMLINSON!

Enter Sir JOHN, a mild, kindly, rather helpless creature.

Sir J. (rubbing his hands genially). Ah, good morning, VANTROMP! Any letters?

Van. A few, Sir.

[*Pointing to heap.*]

Sir J. And what are they about, eh?

Van. Nothing special, Sir—except TOMLINSON.

Sir J. TOMLINSON? Ah, yes. Very satisfactory, his return to political life. He's a force, an undeniable force.

Van. Yes. But on which side?

Sir J. On our side, of course. There are little differences, no doubt, subtle divergences. But Unity, my dear VANTROMP, Unity! Practically, we are agreed on all points.

Van. Indeed? I hadn't been able to discover that.

Sir J. But his speeches, my dear fellow . . .

Van. Wouldn't it be as well to make sure?

Sir J. Perhaps it would. I'll drop in on him at luncheon and sound him. It's just on half-past one. [*Exit cheerily.*]

(*Curtain.*)

ACT II.—SCENE—Mr. TOMLINSON's dining room in Mayfair.

Luncheon is on the table. Enter TOMLINSON and Sir JOHN.

Sir J. Very unceremonious, my dropping in on you in this way, my dear TOMLINSON.

Tom. Not at all, Sir JOHN. Delighted to see you. Will you sit there? [*They sit. Luncheon is served.*]

Sir J. Delightful day, isn't it?

Tom. Very pleasant. Try one of those cutlets.

Sir J. Thank you. Thank you.

Tom. (to footman). Put the things on the table, MANTON. You needn't wait. [*Exit MANTON.*]

Sir J. Your cutlets—er—remarkably good.

Tom. My dear Sir JOHN, you have not come all the way from Carlton House Terrace to talk about my cutlets.

Sir J. (with an uneasy laugh). No—er—that's true.

Tom. (ruthlessly). What have you come to talk about?

Sir J. (hesitating). Well—er—it's about your metaphors.

Tom. Metaphors?

Sir J. Yes—there's a sort of—er—efflorescence about them—don't you think?

Tom. Upon my word, I don't know that I do.

Sir J. Of course we all desire the Unity of the Party.

Tom. No doubt—if there's anything we're united about.

Sir J. (uneasily). He! He! Very good. But I thought if there were less—er—efflorescence there might be—er—more Unity. Eh?

Tom. I'm sorry you think so. By the way, I don't admire your metaphors either.

Sir J. Indeed?

Tom. Shall I give you instances?

Sir J. (hurriedly). No, no, I think you'd better not. It would hardly tend towards Unity, would it?

Tom. My dear Sir JOHN, let me be plain with you. I'm all for Unity so long as it means that you agree with me. But if by Unity you mean that I have got to agree with you, I don't care about the prospect.

Sir J. (tearfully). This is very unexpected, very unexpected. (*More sternly.*) I must, however, put to you one question. Do you speak as one in the Tabernacle or outside it?

Tom. (disgusted). Another metaphor! I'm outside it.

Sir J. (in a burst of tenderness). Ah, my poor friend! That lonely furrow again!

Tom. No. Spadework. And I'm not alone, either.

Sir J. (wringing his hands). And I thought we were such a United Party. [*Exit mournfully.*]

(*Curtain.*)

ACT III.—SCENE—Sir JOHN's study. VANTROMP still at his desk writing.

Van. Four o'clock! (*Yawns.*) The chief's a long time over that luncheon. [*Returns to his writing.*]

Enter Sir JOHN. He looks less cheery than he did earlier in the day and sinks into chair limply.

Sir J. I've seen TOMLINSON.

Van. Pleasant luncheon?

Sir J. Not at all.

Van. (glancing at clock). It lasted some time.

Sir J. Less than an hour. I've been walking since, trying to collect my thoughts.

Van. TOMLINSON not very genial?

Sir J. He breaks with us definitely.

Van. Didn't you reason with him? Didn't you point out the necessity of Unity, the moral beauty of agreeing to differ? Didn't you show him that in politics the difference between black and white was more apparent than real?

Sir J. I did all that. But it was useless. With revolting cynicism he said that his conception of Unity was my agreeing with him, not his agreeing to differ from me.

Van. Monster!

Sir J. (almost weeping). And after all my speeches too! After I've proved again and again in public meetings that our views, though apparently contradictory, were in reality identical. It's heart-breaking!

Van. (with great disgust). This comes of cleaning one's slate!

Sir J. (ruefully). I shouldn't have minded his cleaning his slate. But I object to his breaking it over my head. I call such proceedings methods of barbarism.

Van. (much alarmed). Hush! Hush!

Sir J. I use the phrase in a political sense.

Van. (frostily). I think, perhaps, it would be better not to use it at all in future.

Sir J. Perhaps you're right. But it's a deprivation. I own it's a deprivation.

Van. Indeed, I think it might be more prudent to avoid all figurative expressions just now.

Sir J. (in a burst of emotion). So I suggested to TOMLINSON. "Let us give up metaphors," I said. But he didn't agree with me. He didn't seem even to want to agree with me!

Van. Surly fellow!

Sir J. But there, I can't trust myself to speak of it. I shall go and lie down. And remember, VANTROMP, I'm not at home to anyone. Mind, to anyone!

[*Exit in a flood of tears.*]

(*Curtain.*)

THE ROYAL VISIT TO DEVONSHIRE.—Their Majesties, it is reported, on their return from the West, expressed themselves highly delighted with the manner in which they were received by the *crème de la crème* of Devonshire society.

PLEASURE PLUS PROFIT.

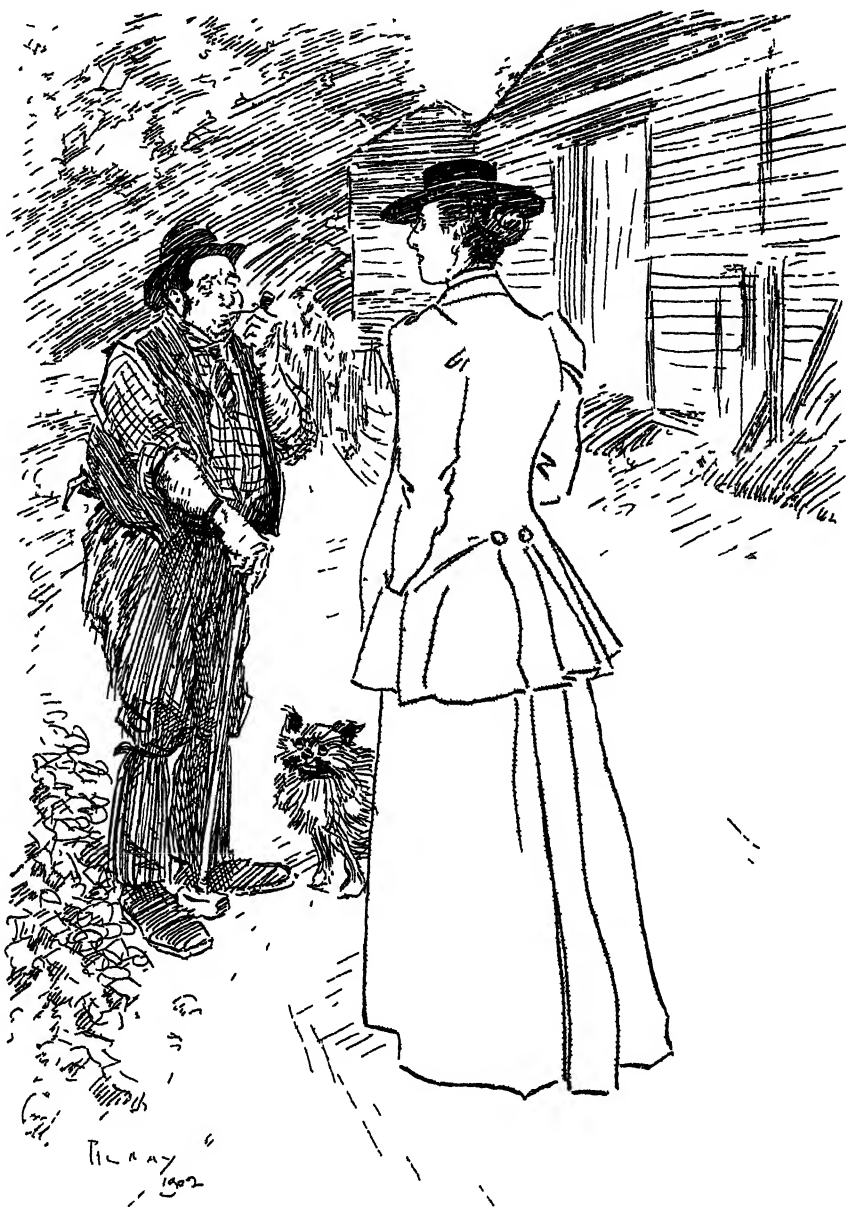
THE Bulgarian Bandit Co., Limited, beg to call attention to their arrangements for providing authors with enjoyable Easter vacations. Absolutely free accommodation is offered for literary men and women, as all expenses will be met by public subscriptions and Government grants. And those who avail themselves of this opportunity will be able subsequently to dispose of their work for prices hitherto beyond their wildest dreams. At the present moment, for example, twenty-five American publishers are bidding against one another for the privilege of obtaining copy from Miss STONE. The moral, for all writers desirous of increasing their incomes, is obvious.

We have chartered special steamers for our clients, leaving London once a week, and parties can be promptly kidnapped on the frontier between the hours of ten and six (Saturdays, ten to one). The operation will be performed painlessly by experts. If a grand dramatic kidnapping is required—which can be worked up afterwards into a striking article—a small fee is charged. This includes brandishing of swords, firing of guns, hire of a few Turkish soldiers to be put to flight, and attendance of a competent photographer.

The patrons of the Bulgarian Bandit Co. will be comfortably lodged in highly eligible caves. It is undesirable to describe their exact situation, but they are in the midst of most picturesque scenery, and are fitted with every convenience, including all the literary journals, typewriters, and rhyming dictionaries. The diet, consisting principally of figs and fried goat, is noted for its tonic properties. The poems and stories written upon it have a unique flavour, highly esteemed by editors.

While it is impossible to allow our clients to conduct their own correspondence, other than letters relating to the dispatch of ransom, a bandit of superior intelligence is prepared to act as the literary agent of authors taking up their abode with us. He will be in direct communication with all the best publishing houses, and will either sell poems and descriptive sketches to the utmost advantage, or, if events should unfortunately make this necessary, will edit an author's work for posthumous publication, together with a preface describing the fortitude with which he met his end.

The scale of ransom will be by arrangement. It will be due within one month of capture, and we offer a liberal discount for cash. Should it be not forthcoming within a further



Miss Prim (with the welfare of the working man at heart, and a strong antipathy to tobacco, sweetly, to labourer resting). "NOW, MY GOOD MAN, YOU KNOW WE SHOULD ALL TRY TO GIVE UP SOMETHING IN THE PENITENTIAL TIME OF LENT." (Engagingly.) "WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO GIVE UP SOMETHING? EH?"

Labourer (stoutly). "YES, MARM, I SHOULD."

Miss Prim. "I'M SO GLAD! AND WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO GIVE UP?"

Labourer (readily). "WORK!"

period of three months, we shall be compelled to put the author to death, in order to meet expenses. In this case, however, he will be allowed to compose his own epitaph. Our ransom-rates are studiously moderate, comparing most favourably with those of any other bandits or brigands.

Poets and dramatists will be welcomed, as well as novelists, compilers of time-tables, and other writers of fiction.

Should any attempt at a premature "rescue" be made by military forces, authors will be expected to aid in repelling the attack by reciting portions of their own works.

Owing to the impossibility of obtaining ransom for them, we must decline to receive critics as our guests.

Since the number of our visitors is sure to be very large, all who wish to be kidnapped about Easter should write to secure a cave without delay.



Aged Criminal (who has just got a life sentence). "OH, ME LUD, I SHALL NEVER LIVE TO DO IT!"
Judge (sweetly). "NEVER MIND. DO AS MUCH OF IT AS YOU CAN!"

A CITY IDYLL.

[The *Academy* invited its readers to turn some prose of a well-known Canon into sonnet form. "This suggests," says a contemporary, "new possibilities in the production of verse, founded on the principle of the division of labour."]

In gold "no movement" at the Bank to-day!
 Yet silver "shows a fractional advance";
 De Beers are "weak on further sales from France";
 In Kaffirs "prices tend to fall away."

Consols—now quoted ex—again betray
 A languid tendency; men eye askance
 Home rails, which to investors give a chance
 Who venture common courage to display.

Abroad stagnation reigns, but "Spanish Fours"
 Are pressed for sale and show "a slight decline";
 One sixteenth lower they put down Mysore;
 Discounts "close firm" at two-three-quarters fine;
 Then a wild rumour of some Boer defeat
 Gives a faint spurt to "business in the street."

"THE LITTLE LESS, AND WHAT WORLDS AWAY!"

"General OSMAN PASHA, son of the Kurdish chief, BEDRAHAN PASHA, was to-day sentenced to death by the Criminal Court. The sentence will be commuted to one of interment (i.e.) in perpetuity."—*Westminster Gazette*, March 6.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Papa says that Lord ROSEBURY has given the Bannermaniacs a nasty knock, and please I want to know if the Bannermaniacs are the people that sing songs in the park on Sundays, and carry such lots of lovely banners, *all different*. I thought they were called teetotalums.
 Your little friend,
 EILEEN.

NEGLECTED!

"THE King has decided that eighteen representatives of the ancient Cinque Ports shall be invited to assist at the Coronation." Thus was it stated in the *D.T.*'s "Day by Day" column. The list is headed by Dover and ends with Margate. What a snub for Ramsgate! GEORGE THE FOURTH embarked at Ramsgate for his beloved Hanover, and an Obelisk commemorates both his departure and return. Thenceforth Ramsgate was "Royal Ramsgate." The Duchess of KENT and her late Majesty before she was Queen resided in Ramsgate. The oldest inhabitants can point out the Royal Residence, and an inscription is, we believe, still extant on the little dairy whence was brought every morning the fresh milk for the Duchess's and the Princess VICTORIA's early breakfast. And now is "Royal Ramsgate" to be left out in the cold, while Margate is honoured with an invitation to the Coronation? Oh, too cruel! Sir WOLLASTON KNOCKER, Registrar of Cinque Ports, must be informed by a deputation from Ramsgate that this sort of thing isn't "up to the knocker" at all.

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

(A Scene in the Near Future.)

Stage Manager (to Assistant). They are calling for the Author. Is the iron curtain down?

Assistant. Yes, Sir.

Stage Man. And the emergency exits open?

Assist. Yes, Sir.

Stage Man. Is the Author in his coat of mail?

Assist. Yes, Sir. Two supers are holding him.

Stage Man. I think we might venture to put him in front. I insured his life last week.

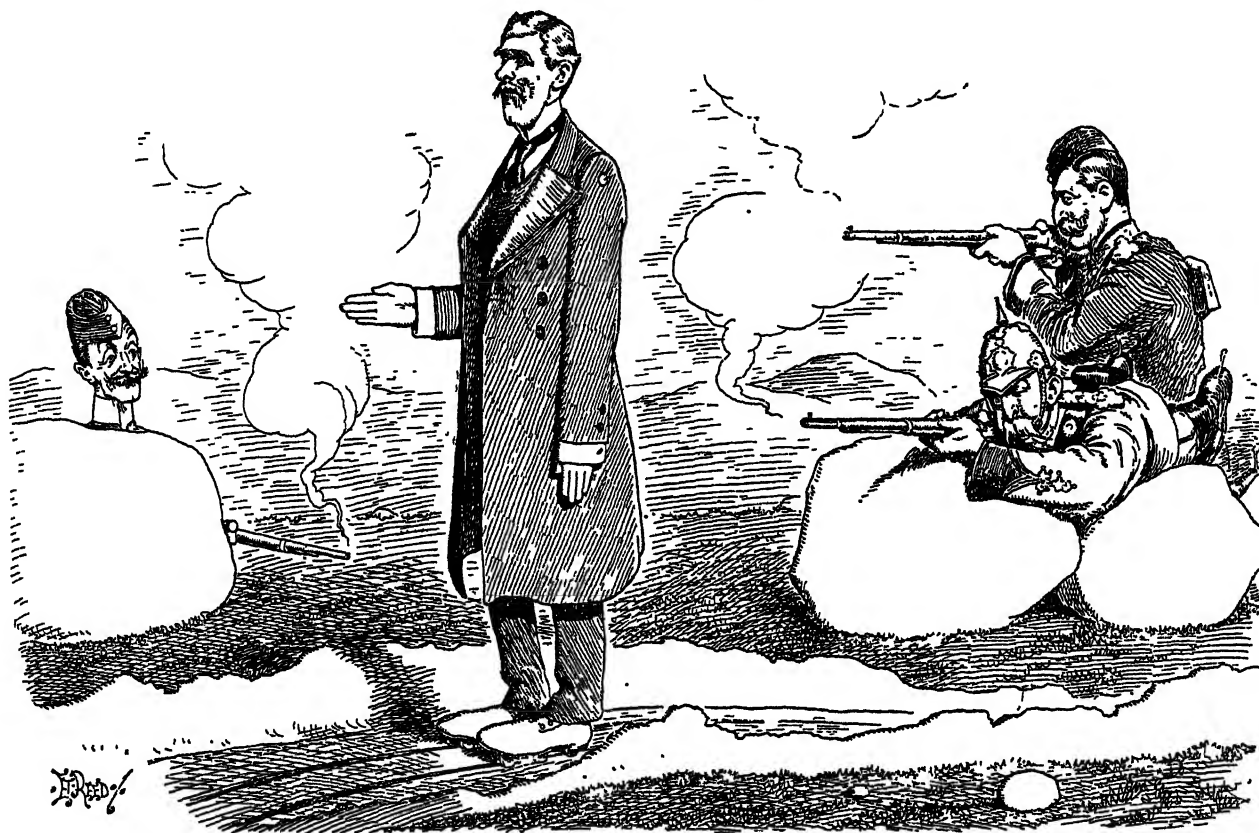


THE KING'S SHILLING.

LINE RECROISSANT (with shilling from SERGEANT BR-DE-CE). "WHAT! A SHILLIN' A DAY CLEAR! ALL RIGHT, GUVV'NOR, I'M ON!"
VOLUNTEER (aside). "AH! EXTRA HALFPENCE FOR HIM, EXTRA KICKS FOR ME!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE AUTOMATIC CASE-HARDENED "RUNNING-MAN."

For testing the shooting efficiency of the Volunteers.

Mr. B-bby Sp-ne-r.

House of Commons, Monday, March 3rd.—No man enjoys a joke more heartily than CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES. He can make 'em and take 'em. But there are some things that are no joke. One is, getting behind a fellow's back in his constituency and attempting to stab him. This happened at King's Lynn the other day when the CAP'EN hove in sight and mustered his constituency on the quarter-deck. The CAP'EN a dangerous customer to play tricks with. Quick as lightning his supple hand was on the wrist of his assailant whom he dragged forth into light of day.

To-night assault more openly renewed in House. Good Ministerialists can't understand a man marching under Government flag having a mind of his own and presuming to exercise it.

"Some of 'em," growled the old salt, in moment of rare irritation, "haven't got the mind to begin with."

ST. MICHAEL, unimproved by the companionship of All Angels, tried on little game with Committee of Supply; submitted innocent looking Vote of £100, which, carried, would include unauthorised appropriation for war services of a round million. The CAP'EN's eagle eye

Mr. Br-dr-ck.

pierced the cunningly-woven device. Rising with patriotic intent to expose it, he was greeted with impatient clamour from below gangway to his right. Slowly turning, he surveyed the riotous throng. He spake not a word; only looked them up and down. But there was ominous quivering of the mailed fist; audible, tremulous movement of the timbered adjunct that does duty for the leg "left in Badajos' breaches" when his assailants' grandfathers were puling in the nursery. Effect remarkable. Silence suddenly fell over noisy throng.

Having thus by a glance quelled incipient mutiny, the CAP'EN went on demonstrating irregularity of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, whose look of boyish innocence is worth an extra £500 a year to salary of Financial Secretary to the Treasury, persuasively replied. The CAP'EN said no more; like DON JOSÉ and, by odd coincidence, the German Chancellor, what he had said he had said. After a while ST. MICHAEL, conscience-stricken, interposed, and withdrew the Vote, thus triumphantly vindicating the CAP'EN's prescience and judgment.

Col. Sir H-w-rd V-ne-nt. Col. D-nny.

Business done.—London Water Bill read second time and sent to Joint Committee.

Tuesday night.—DON JOSÉ in fine form to-night. His blazing indignation shrivels up the CHANNINGS and other conies ("the conies are but a feeble folk"). HUMPHREYS-OWEN moves vote of censure on Government for, of all things in the world, their infinite and costly solicitude for the abandoned Boer families gathered within the fold of the Refugee Camps. HUMPHREYS-OWEN the mildest man that ever cut a fellow-countryman's throat with insinuation or accusation of cowardly cruelty. Taken altogether, is of the best type of this peculiar class of citizen. White-haired, snow-bearded, soft-voiced, low-spoken, with countenance of almost sheepish kindness, if his head lacks something in clearness of intellectual vision his heart is all right. Even his heart has no room for recognition of the humane services of his brethren at the front, weary with overwork, tireless in endeavour to make things comfortable for the nation's strange guests. He has no cheer for Tommy Atkins sharing his rations with the

frowsy fraus, or helping to bring about the state of things described by Mrs. FAWCETT (who certainly did not go forth to bless the Camps) wherein the Boer children are "happier than they ever were in their own homes."

"Since war began," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "there has never been seen to the credit of a nation so fine a thing as these homes on the veld, sheltering the wives and children of the men we are fighting. That they add a cost of £180,000 a month to the burden of the war is nothing. It is the conception of the generous idea, its painstaking carrying-out, that make it unique in the world's history. Fancy I can see NAPOLEON's face had the idea been suggested to him in Italy or in Spain. Don't remember it recommending itself to our own CROMWELL in Ireland. Not certain that WELLINGTON in analogous circumstances would have welcomed it. Voluntarily to relieve the foe of the embarrassment of home-cares and camp followers was not part of his plan of campaign."

DON JOSÉ, bubbling over with honest indignation, defended men and officers at the front besmirched by the hands of brethren comfortably regarding scene from antimacassared arm-chairs in best parlours at home. Touch of comedy given to almost tragic episode by the regular, automatic uprising of meek-visaged HUMPHREYS-OWEN, explaining that he hadn't said something no one had attributed to him. It is hard on a man in the full flow of impassioned speech to be interrupted by a mildly-spoken person who obviously has not caught the drift of his remarks. At first when interruption came, DON JOSÉ, checked midway in sentence, turned and glared at the irrelevant gentleman as if he would have consumed him with the fire of his anger. Something so pathetic about Member for Montgomeryshire—he looked so like an elderly moth dazed in the sunlight—that DON JOSÉ relented, suffering his inconsequential buzzing, not gladly but with marvellous restraint.

Business done.—ST. JOHN BRODRICK explained latest phase of Army Reform. Tommy Atkins will have shorter service and higher pay.

Thursday night.—Rather a painful scene in House on Tuesday night when ST. JOHN BRODRICK was introducing Army Estimates. Spoke disrespectfully of Volunteers. If it had been the Equator, HOWARD VINCENT wouldn't have minded; the Volunteers are *une autre paire de manches*. Is not he the representative, almost the embodiment, of the Volunteer Corps? Would next have SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR speaking slightly of Member for Central Sheffield.

To tell the truth the gallant Colonel

is a little ruffled in temper just now. Ever full of patriotic ardour, he offered to take the part of the Champion at forthcoming Coronation. The mediæval person, with his coat of mail, his gauntlet and his Norman-English, all very well in his time. That time gone by. A much gallanter figure would be the Colonel of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, in his becoming grey suit, mounted on a bay charger. Proposal snubbed, just as if it had been a fresh plan of Protection submitted to CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. On top of this disappointment comes ST. JOHN BRODRICK sneering at the Volunteers, telling funny stories to their belittlement. More than a Knight of the German Crown and the Crown of Italy (not to drag in Central Sheffield) could stand.

Whilst BRODRICK spoke there suddenly opened from the rear what, in a moment of guilty fright, he took for discharge of a Pompom. Only HOWARD VINCENT rebuking ill-timed frivolity. BRODRICK nervously declared he hadn't meant anything. H. V. not to be put off with phrases. In deepened voice renewed protest. BRODRICK attempted to continue his speech. H. V. barred the way. Excitement grew on crowded benches. Wasn't this a military offence? Might a Colonel of Volunteers, on parade as it were, beard the civil Head of the British Army?

Irish Members sat up alert, attentive. Supposed this wasn't matter for the police; that an arm of the Service reserved for them. What here seemed most appropriate was the marching in of a corporal's guard, and the marching forth, under arrest, of the mutinous Colonel. Happily storm blew over. Only temporary surcease. To-night Colonels and Captains of Volunteers, under command of H. V., made attack in force on SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, who finally capitulated. Explained, after the manner of *Benedick*, that when on Tuesday he poked fun at the Volunteer he did not think he would live till Thursday to recognise in him the pink of military perfection, the worthy comrade of the veteran soldier.

"Nor did I," muttered Colonel HOWARD VINCENT, V.C., furtively withdrawing charge from a six-barrel revolver made in Germany.

Business done.—House got into Committee on Army Estimates.

Friday night.—Day by day through the revolving seasons F. C. G. delights the world by his sketches in the *Westminster Gazette*. For freshness, originality, humour, and piercing point, the series is unrivalled. In *Froissart's Modern Chronicles* (FISHER UNWIN), he excels himself. Has carried out with delightful effect the happy

thought of environing men of the twentieth century with the costume and other circumstance of the fourteenth. The combination, more especially in connection with DON JOSÉ, can, especially now it is done, be easily imagined. Next to DON JOSÉ, F. C. G. delights in the MARKISS, who here grandly figures drawn from picture in a stained-glass window.

Is not alone successful in admirable facial portraits. By certain subtle strokes he reproduces, with touch of caricature that does not mar the faithfulness of portraiture, familiar gestures and attitudes. Like all effort of high art it looks easy enough when done. Is really outcome of long, patient study. To draw men in the House of Commons, whether with pencil or pen, it is necessary to live in the place, be impregnated with its atmosphere. These conditions F. C. G. has for many years fulfilled. By this time he knows every look or gesture of the principal subjects of his study.

Where all is good it is hard to particularise. The MEMBER FOR SARK especially delights in the cartoon showing SIR JOSEPH DE BIRMINGHAM promising Old Age Pensions to the People, (JESSE COLLINGS as the squire is delicious); SIR JOSEPH and others rejecting the counsel of SIR GLADSTONE LE GRAND (observe the face and attitude of Mr. COURTNEY); and a small but delightful sketch of Irishmen fighting, with marvellous portraits of WILLIAM O'BRIEN and TIM HEALY.

Business done.—Still in Committee on Army Estimates.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



"FATHER has his faults, but he's a very clever man," is a line in *Caste* with which *Polly Eccles* always used to fetch the house. It is evident from MR. WALTER FREWEN LORD's article, "An Apostle of Mediocrity," in the *March Nineteenth Century*, that he is a very clever man. It is also evident that he has his faults as a critic. The article is a long indictment of THACKERAY—for what? For not doing what he never professed to do. The charge urged at such length against him is that he did not truly "represent the social life of his century," but merely certain types of it, in many cases "ludicrous or disreputable" types. The reply is that—unlike BALZAC—THACKERAY did not aim at picturing the social life of his century. He was a satirist: and a satirist naturally dwells chiefly upon the seamy side of things: that is his vocation: nor is he tied to strict accuracy—to exact presentment of the facts. There



PING-PONG AT THE BROWNIE CLUB.

is onesidedness, there is exaggeration, there is caricature, in THACKERAY's satire, as there is in all good satire. It is the keen and vivacious railing of an accomplished man of the world "who, without method, talks us into sense." Mr. LORD's indictment might be urged with equal reason—or unreason—against ARISTOPHANES, JUVENAL, SWIFT, POPE, and all the great masters of the art. And to say that is to indicate sufficiently that Mr. LORD has his faults as a critic—though he is a very clever man.

Cecil Rhodes (BLACKWOOD), by HOWARD HENSMAN, is a somewhat matter-of-fact narrative of one of the most notable careers of the nineteenth century. It is written from the outside point of view, containing none of those touches possible only to a biographer who has studied his subject from intimate personal acquaintance. Happily the topic is so fascinating, the points of interest so wide, that even work frankly done on this plan cannot fail to be attractive. To a considerable extent the book is a record of the later history of South Africa. There are several illustrations, including a pretty picture of Groot Schuur, Mr. RHODES's residence near Cape Town. My Baronite sees again the spacious stoep where, far into nights of South African summer, he has sat listening to CECIL RHODES talking—not about gold or diamonds, or even a trunk line of rail from Cape Town to Cairo, but of English literature in the reign of QUEEN ANNE and the statecraft that marked the makers and rulers of the early Roman Empire. THE BARON DE B.-W.

AUTHORS AT BOW STREET.

IV.

ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP, an American, who described herself as a Verulamianiac, and gave an address at Ham Common, was charged with ignoring *Lee's majesté*, in that she had alleged in public prints that Mr. SIDNEY LEE could do wrong, and that SHAKSPEARE was BACON. She was also charged with *miehing mallocko*, an old indictable offence dating from the reign of Queen Mab.

The prisoner asserted in Gay and Bird-like tones that she had never heard of Mr. LEE. Very likely there was no such person. She had no doubt that if she were to examine one of his books she would find evidence of other authorship.

She would repeat with even more emphasis her old assertion to the effect that after reading SHAKSPEARE's first folio at breakfast she found distinct traces of BACON on the leaves.

The first folio being produced in Court, Mr. LEE denied that it contained traces of BACON. The marks, he contended, were the result of margarine.

Mr. J. HOLT SCHOOLING, statistician, said that he had carefully counted all the italics in the twenty-six first folios of SHAKSPEARE which Mr. LEE had placed at his disposal. The total was 15,641,616. These figures, it will be seen, can be divided into 1564 and 1616, the birth and death dates of WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. (*Sensation.*) The contention set up by Mrs. GALLUP that this was the precise number of hairs on Queen ELIZABETH's head and in Lord BACON's beard had been proved to be unsound on the authority of Mr. TRUEFIT, who declared that the entire annals of capillary literature went to establish 750,403 as the maximum number of hairs on an individual head, and 240,718 in a beard. (*Applause in Court, which was at once suppressed.*)

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, Professor of Singing, was next called. He declared emphatically that BACON never agreed with him.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON, Baconian expert, affirmed that if any of his young men offered copies of the *Temple Shakspeare* in place of rashers, his customers would all leave him.

Mr. W. H. MALLOCK gave evidence on behalf of the prisoner. His attention, he said, had first been drawn to the



TIME'S REVENGES.

Bill Sikes (with grim satisfaction, being unaware that the paper refers to Judge Koch, late of the Transvaal Bench, and recently taken prisoner in the field). "ERE, MITE, I'LL TIE A PENN'ORTH O' THAT!"

interesting theory by a letter in cipher, which he had received from her. After obtaining the key from the *De Augmentis*, he discovered her missive to run as follows: "You ask, 'Is life worth living?' To which I answer, It depends on the liver—and BACON!"

After further evidence, the Bench found Mrs. GALLUP guilty on both counts, and sentenced her to read through the *Dictionary of Rational Bi-Hography*.

GEORGE EARLE BUCKLE, 49, who described himself as editor of the *Times*, was charged with entering Swinford Old Manor, the residence of Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, burglariously, with felonious intent.

A constable having proved the arrest, the prisoner was asked what he had to say for himself.

He thereupon entered upon a long statement. He said that his motive in entering the Laureate's abode was one of pure curiosity. The desire to see if Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, the "A. A." who wrote to the *Times*, really had in his desk better verses than *The Islanders*, was quite irresistible. It was a feeling, he felt confident, that he shared with thousands. He therefore procured a dark lantern, a suit of khaki and a domino, and filling his flask with JAMESON'S Best, he hurried to Ashford. After a round on the local links to compose his nerves, he approached the house. Having observed from the last bunker that the Royal Standard was floating over the donjon keep, he recognised the necessity for supreme caution. Eluding the seneschal—who was surreptitiously tasting the new pipe of Malmsey, which had just arrived from the Windsor cellars—he rapidly and silently made his way beneath the raised portcullis to Veronica's bower, and was just breaking open her ormolu escritoire when the poet

rushed in fresh from spade work amongst the savoy, and dislodged him with a well-directed bunch of Neapolitan triolets.

Mr. BUCKLE, his efforts frustrated, at once left the neighbourhood, and five days later was run to earth at Printing House Square by a Scotland Yard sleuth-hound.

The Bench dismissed the case, expressing their lively admiration of Mr. BUCKLE's public-spirited enterprise.

AU VOLEUR!

In view of recent robberies on French railways it may be useful to suggest a few rules for travellers from Calais to the South. No longer can the initials of the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée be interpreted as meaning "*Pour la mort*." It would be more accurate to say at the present time "*Perdre la monnaie*," except that, unfortunately, it is not only the change that goes, if one goes for a change, but bank notes and all. As for the "N" of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, it may well mean "*Néant*," or "nothing," which is what you have in your pocket at the end of the journey.

If you are travelling in an ordinary compartment the golden rule is never to fall asleep. If you run a pin into the calf of your leg at regular intervals of five minutes you will easily keep awake. Only you must exercise great care, if you become at all fatigued and drowsy, not to run it into your neighbour's calf. A Frenchman, especially an elderly one, would be likely to show unreasonable irritation on such an occasion.

If, on the other hand, you are travelling in a corridor carriage, the golden, nay more, the diamond rule, is always to get out last. It is true that some difficulty would be caused if all the passengers insisted on doing this, but by steadfastly refusing to do otherwise you may be left behind somewhere, or carried on beyond your destination, but you cannot have your pocket picked.

These are elementary precautions. If during the journey any fellow-traveller should make any remark to you—such as "*Pardon*," or "*permettez, monsieur*," or "*il y a un courant d'air*," or "*oserai-je vous offrir un journal*"—you will at once reply in English, tapping your coat pocket, in which you have placed a flask or other small object bulging out just enough, "I don't speak French, and I don't know what you are talking about, but here I have my revolver." This *crescendo*, so as to emphasise the last word, the only one the Frenchman would understand. If this statement should be misunderstood as a threat and bring you into the hands of the police, you have only to produce your pocket-flask to show that it was all a mistake. The first remark



He. "HOW DO YOU DO, Mrs. WEST! I'VE BEEN INTENDING CALLING ON YOU FOR SOME TIME; BUT SOMEHOW I'VE BEEN SO BUSY I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO."

She. "I'M DELIGHTED TO HEAR IT, MR. HARDUPP. I HOPE YOU'LL CONTINUE TO BE BUSY!"

of any stranger being met in this way, it is improbable that anyone will get so far as to offer you a cigar. Should this happen, you have only to snatch his whole cigar-case and throw it out of the window, which might possibly cause some slight unpleasantness, even though you explained that it dropped out by accident, but would certainly save you from being drugged. You would, of course, do the same with any sandwich-box, fruit-basket, flask, wine-bottle or other refreshment case, though here again your fellow-traveller, if irritable, might protest.

It has been thought that perfect safety could be ensured by wearing a Life Guard's breastplate and a diver's helmet. Though an excellent protection, these articles of attire might not be altogether comfortable for a night journey, and might feel a little warm beyond Marseilles.

There is only one absolutely sure system, and that is to put your bank notes into your boots, made very large for the purpose. Even then you must exercise some care, and, if you go in the sleeping-car, you must take your boots into bed with you.

OUR MISTRESS THE MAID.

IV.

I CAME home one evening to a deserted hearth: GWEN and Nig had fled. I was not without an inkling of the truth, as for the past week our evenings had been spent discussing the *impasse*, for it was no longer only Nig that was cut in the passage. AUGUSTA would not give warning and we could not give notice, so our imaginations had been at work to devise some other method of depriving ourselves of her society. Should I be seized with an unaccustomed patriotism and go out to South Africa at the request of Lord KITCHENER to play TYRÆUS to our despairing troops? Should GWENDOLEN, who had never known a pain, be ordered by the doctor to winter in the South of France? Should we suddenly inherit those unclaimed millions which family tradition suggested were ours? Admiring the plausibility of all these inspirations, we had been quite unable to decide which merited the palm of victory; but I now gathered that some crisis had hastened GWENDOLEN'S award.

While I pondered these things, a letter written at Victoria arrived from GWEN. AUGUSTA'S mood of aggressively silent martyrdom had become intolerable, and GWEN, uncertain of Nig's reception elsewhere, had gone to seek refuge with LYDIA (a doggy friend, who lived in a remote village three miles from a station). She was not to return until assured of AUGUSTA'S departure from London.

Determined to take the bull by the horns, I swallowed a glassful of Dutch courage and strode across the passage to the kitchen.

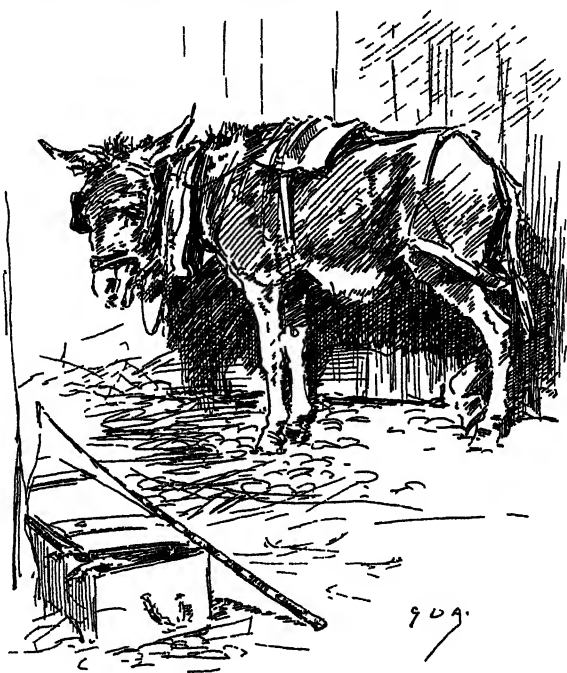
"AUGUSTA," I began, "I—I—I—the fact is, I've had a letter from your mistress."

AUGUSTA looked at me in some surprise, and I had an unpleasant feeling that she thought I had been drinking. To corroborate my words I held up the letter.

"She says—that is to say, your mistress says—that she has had to leave the house, AUGUSTA, because you have been so—so—well, so melancholy lately."

I was painfully conscious that I was not putting my case so strongly as I could have wished, and also that AUGUSTA'S suspicion was rapidly becoming conviction. I waited for her to

FAMILIAR PHRASES ILLUSTRATED.



"TAKES A LOT O' BEATIN'!"

make some remark, but she would do nothing to help me.

"We've been so—so—so—, because you've been so—so—so—. What I mean to say is, here's a month's wages and your fare to Scotland, and your mistress says you are to go home to-morrow."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at her feet AUGUSTA could not have looked more surprised.

"I don't understand, Sir," she began, and burst into floods of tears.

"Well, you see," I faltered, beginning to feel that I had been a brute. "Your mistress is rather a—rather a—rather a—"

"I love her as a sister," sobbed AUGUSTA, "or I would never have come so far from home, and if you hadn't suited me I would have left long ago."

"Oh!" I was fast becoming even less articulate. "Yes, yes, to be sure, of course you would. D—don't! please don't do that!"

The sobs became louder. I patted her gently on the back.

"Look here, AUGUSTA! I'll tell you what I'll do. As soon as I can, I'll go off to your mistress and talk to her, and try and bring her home, and Nig too."

"The d-d-dear wee doggie that I l-loved!"

"Well, well, never mind! Have a drop of brandy and go to bed like a good girl. We'll see what to-morrow brings forth."

In the morning a second letter arrived. Finding that LYDIA was away from home, GWEN had been obliged to seek shelter in a wayside inn.

I took a holiday and hurried off in search of my family. The rain poured down in torrents, and I found GWEN and Nig shivering opposite each other on either side of a cheerless smoking fire. Nig had not a bark left in him, and as for GWEN, she could only gasp, "When is the first train home?"

Our three-mile walk to the station was trudged in muddy silence. When at length we got into our carriage and the train started, GWENDOLEN asked me, "Is she gone?"

"N-n-no, not exactly. You see—"

GWENDOLEN sighed.

"She was frightfully upset, GWEN. I hadn't the heart to send her."

GWEN leant back in the carriage and closed her eyes. "I suppose I'll have to do it after all."

When we got home, I opened the door noiselessly and smuggled GWENDOLEN into bed. From this coign of vantage she thought she would be better able to tackle AUGUSTA.

"Send her in, JACK. I mean to be very dignified."

Presently, I heard hysterical sobs bursting from the bedroom, and when AUGUSTA at length withdrew I went in to learn what had happened.

For some time GWENDOLEN was speechless. In the convulsed and quivering heap before me I sought in vain for any trace of the promised dignity.

"Have you done it, dear?" I whispered gently.

"O JACK, she stroked my hand and t-t-told me not to m-m-m-mind. She says she's g-g-going—"

"Going? Of course she's going."

"T-t-t-to stay!"

In the City.

Friend (utterly astonished, to despondent S. African (reputed) Millionaire). You—hard up for the "ready"!! My dear fellow, absolutely, I can't realise—

R. S. A. M. (cutting in quickly). Just so. I can't "realise."

A "SPORTING AND LITERARY" correspondent writes: "Sir, in the *King* appeared last week a capital picture representing 'Ambush II. with Anthony Up.' Please, Sir, who is 'ANTHONY UP'?' Is it intended for 'ANTHONY HOPE'?" [We would rather not express any opinion.—Ed.]



"EYES RIGHT!" OR, WHAT WE NOW EX-SPECS TO SEE.

[ARMY ORDER. SPECTACLES PERMITTED.—"Officers and soldiers of the Regular Forces are permitted to wear spectacles or glasses on or off duty."]

EXCEPTING OCCASIONS WHEN GRAND MILITARY SPECTACLES ARE NECESSARY, THE ABOVE "ORDER" SEEMS RATHER A SHORT-SIGHTED POLICY.

THE ROAD TO THE WOOLSACK.

(Anent the Choice of an Inn.)

WHEN the mother of Young Hopeful has convinced herself that her boy is destined to obtain the highest forensic honours, her husband (if a wise man) will do his utmost to comply with her wishes. It is not his duty to point out that, although a boy of thirteen can use the science of cross-examination to screen himself from punishment, it does not necessarily follow that he must sooner or later land himself on the Bench. If Young Hopeful himself takes kindly to the maternal project, Paterfamilias had best put a good face on the scheme and further it to the utmost. The first step towards the Woolsack is the studentship of an Inn of Court. As all the legal (and most of the lay) world knows, there are four Honourable societies who guard the gate to the Outer Bar. They are equally good. It is said that those who love our "swarthy fellow-subjects" will find them in greater abundance in the Middle and Inner Temples. Still, both Lincoln's and Gray's (especially on grand nights) are not without turbaned representatives of British lands beyond the seas. The eloquence of these gentlemen when asked to respond on Call night is not unlike TENNYSON'S "Brook"—it threatens to flow on for ever.

The Lord High Chancellor in embryo will find the Temples possibly gayer than the other Inns. The present Benchers are distinctly fond of balls and more or less amateur theatricals. Those who love to hear the words of SHAKESPEARE—a deceased Worthy loyally believed in Gray's Inn to be BACON—pure and simple, have frequently the chance of

trying that experiment. With the assistance of a Stage society they will be able to realise how absolutely unnecessary are scenic accessories to an



"WHAT TO DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS."

(Especially the Plain Ones.)

A SUGGESTION TO COMPANY PROMOTERS. FORM A SYNDICATE, AND SEND THEM TO BE CAPTURED BY BRIGANDS. PROFITS SURE TO BE ENORMOUS.

[Vide "Pleasure plus Profit" in ours of last week. Our artist now adds a suggestive illustration for the "Bulgarian Bandit Co." Circular.]

appreciation of the works of the national and semi-anonymous Bard. There are in the Temple Gardens suitable grounds for lawn tennis, and in King's Bench Walk the Inns of Court mess room welcomes the student who occasionally substitutes *arms* for the *toga*.

Lincoln's Inn, once the toast of the Equity Bar, has its excellent Common Room, and dear old Gray's still boasts an *esprit de corps* that not even the frowns of Queen ELIZABETH and a nineteenth century revival of the "Maske of Flowers" could destroy.

And here I must break off, as the valuable space placed at my disposal is exhausted. But, as I have been writing of the initial step to the Woolsack, I may perhaps be permitted to recommend the purchase of a wig and gown—I would add, for the sake of economy, second-hand. I have in my mind's eye a set that, although venerable in years, has still seen but little wear and tear outside the Robing-room. The owner has only used it for ceremony—to bow to the Judge on his Lordship entering the Court, and to repeat the salutation on the announcement of the adjournment. I would willingly cancel—on the receipt of an equitable offer—my present resolution to bequeath it as an heirloom.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump Handle Court.

WHERE would the Emperor of RUSSIA stay when visiting Paris?—Of course at the Palais des Beaux Arts.

SONG OF L'ALLEGRO; OR, THE HAPPY VACCINATIONIST.

"Haste thee, lymph, and bring with thee," &c.

TWO OF OUR CONQUERORS;

OR, ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND PHILLIPS THE GREATER.

At last the Sole Lessee of the St. James's Theatre has had the courage of other people's opinions and produced the play that he has fearfully and jealously guarded in his pocket from long before the time when Mr. TREE first heard of *Herod*. Familiar with the written work, which has already come to be regarded as a classic, the first-night audience did not go to prove a novelty, but just to find whether *Paolo and Francesca* would emerge from the test as the great poetic drama which its many lovers had declared it to be, and whether Mr. ALEXANDER and his carefully-selected company were capable of a right interpretation of its unquestioned beauty. Let it be said at once, with certain reservations, that the public was justified of its sanguine hopes.

What flaws were discoverable, not in technical construction—for Mr. PHILLIPS knows his stage-craft—but in the general design of the play, were largely confined to a part of the second and third acts. One may afford to overlook the common criticism that the scene at the wayside inn savoured of comic opera even more on the stage than in the book. This trivial defect had its more than sufficient compensation in the moral purpose it achieved: to show, namely, how between two forms of lawless passion there may be a wider difference than even between the lawful and the lawless. The heartless amours of these men who love and ride away are here used to point a just contrast with that other kind of love, the high, fatal passion of noble natures that are the sport of destiny. It is the same contrast that is enforced in *Francesca's* great lines to *Nita* of the shallow conscience: "O NITA, when we women sin."

But it is in the inconstancy of his attitude towards the fundamental idea of destiny that Mr. PHILLIPS seems at fault. From the first he arranges his scheme in a Greek atmosphere of overshadowing doom. Of *Paolo* he says:—

"His kiss was on her lips ere she was born."

Fate throws them together; against his will he woos. And by the Hellenic standard which he sets up the author was bound to abide. Yet in the very heart of his work he shifts his ground and makes his play, for the time, a play of character. Destiny no longer brings the lovers together. *Paolo's* natural place is at the war—conveniently located almost in the suburbs of Rimini. It is his own pusillanimity which turns him back from his soldier's task. Of his free will he is guilty of behaviour that would have been discreditable even in a Provençal troubadour, and to-day would be regarded by Mr. BRODBROOK as unworthy of "an officer and a gentleman." Small wonder that, so doing, he loses our respect and sympathy. Nor have we much of these emotions to spend on the woman who has so little high-heartedness that she can tolerate the return of this runagate who would choose to die in her arms rather than his own. And in the event we miss to enjoy that purification of the spirit, by pity and terror, which the sage of Stagira promises as the just reward of an audience that sits out a first-class tragedy.

My friend Mr. PHILLIPS has not yet invited me to assist him in amending this part of his play; but, should he take this desperate course, I would have *Paolo* knocked on the head in an early skirmish, off the scene, and brought back insensible to the castle. I would have him commit himself in a spasm of delirium, under the nose

of *Giovanni*, thus obviating his somewhat improbable confession in *Pulci's* drug shop. I would have him affectionately nursed by his sister-in-law, and make a swift recovery in time to satisfy, roughly, the demands of the Unities. It should be all destiny, and nobody else's fault in particular.

A notable effect of the performance was to establish the protagonistic importance of *Lucrezia*. She is found to be the chief figure in the play. Miss ROBINS acted the part with an appreciation of its possibilities that was perhaps greater than her power of execution. Her tendency was to over-accentuate. But she had to sustain the two most exhausting ordeals of the play; first, in *Lucrezia's* long and passionate protest against her childlessness—too long and too unbroken at so early a stage while still her character was in course of comprehension; and, later, in the scene of her sudden *volte-face* from jealous hatred to motherly love of *Francesca*—too sudden to compel belief outside the written page. Her part, too, at the end, where she is the one most concerned to prevent the ruin which her own hand has devised, contains the purest irony (in the Sophoclean sense, and most comparable with the irony of *Deianira's* part in the *Trachinæ*); that of *Giovanni*, in his brotherly confidence in *Paolo*, being more obvious and commonplace. In the creation of *Lucrezia*, a character of his own inventing, Mr. PHILLIPS is at his dramatic best.

To the part of *Giovanni* Mr. ALEXANDER, sacrificing for once his own personal charms, so familiar in English evening dress, gave a performance that was too reminiscent of Sir HENRY IRVING's methods, but always workmanlike and often studiously unassertive. Mr. AINLEY was almost sensationally *Il Bello*; otherwise his performance of *Paolo*, played without offence, was only a negative achievement. The manner and appearance of *Francesca* was not convincingly virginal, and there was a certain lack of colour in Miss MILLARD's attempt to portray the sudden surge of Italian passion; but she was gracious and sensitive, especially in the arbour scene.

An intolerable absurdity on the first night was the sudden exhibition of Mr. ALEXANDER, at the second rise of the curtain after this scene, bowing in the garden between the two lovers whom we had left embracing in the obscure solitude of dawn, over the book of *Lancelot*. Plainly, one scented collusion, calling for the intervention of the King's Proctor. To me, an amateur in stage traditions, it is incredible that an actor-manager should put himself to such artistic pains as had their visible reward in the marvellously smooth working of the first night's performance, and then, for the poor joy of "getting a hand" (as I think they call it), should utterly ruin all sense of illusion by so fatuous an apparition. Mr. ALEXANDER's reputation surely stands in need of no such appeal to the worst passions of the pit. I can only hope that the National Theatre will have a departmental veto put upon this kind of conventional ineptitude.

Of the minor characters, Miss HALSTAN was vivacious as *Tess* of the Herby Pills, and Miss BRAITHEWAITE played *Francesca's* maid very naturally and with a nice discretion. But among the women-folk, the *bella testa* of the piece, under its wealth of natural hair, belonged to Miss GWENDOLEN LOGAN, playing the too slight part of a peasant girl somewhere in the corner.

A few otiose lines have been expunged from the text, notably the remark of *Malatesta* over *Francesca's* corpse:—



PULCI'S PILLS FOR PALE PAULOS.



SO YANKEE, YOU KNOW!

Prince Henry. "GUESS I'VE HAD A REAL BULLY TIME, AND MADE THINGS HUM.

German Emperor. "WHAT A BEAUTIFUL LANGUAGE! YOU SHALL TEACH IT TO ME—TO-DAY!"

"I did not know the dead could have such hair"—a phrase that irresistibly recalled the painful capillary attraction of the death-chamber scene in the *Bel-Ami* of GUY DE MAUPASSANT. I observe, captiously, that the critic of the *D.T.*, omitting to correct impressions formed before the event, quotes this line as from the actual play. I observe also that the *Sphere* produced an illustration of an episode which occurred altogether off the scene, behind a subsidiary curtain. Of such are the perils that attend upon "intelligent anticipation."
O. S.

BRICKS WITHOUT CORNSTALKS.

(Being hints on Test-expansion for the guidance of Fleet Street journalists during Mr. Maclaren's next tour in the Antipodes.)

LIKE several of its predecessors the Test Match now in progress has been largely interfered with by Jupiter Pluvius.

The Englishmen have suffered terribly bad luck.

How far this may militate against our chances of ultimate success still remains a moot point. But it cannot be denied that if the Clerk of the Weather had arranged things differently the result might, and probably would, have been otherwise.

The present encounter between the Mother-Country and her Colonial offspring has now reached a very exciting stage. The umpires are inspecting the wicket from time to time, and it is generally admitted that the Englishmen are experiencing terribly bad luck.

(Note to Printer.—Here insert The Score; The Bowling Analysis; The Fall of the Wickets. These should occupy half a column.)

A DESCRIPTION OF THE GAME. (Copyright.)

Tuesday.—When the time for play arrived it was at once seen that the wicket was in a very bad condition, owing to the effect of the rain, which still continued to fall with such persistent energy that it was felt that there was but little chance of the not-outs (JONES and JESSOP) being able to resume their innings.

The umpires inspected the wickets from time to time.

Considering that they were likely to gain considerable assistance from the wicket, the Cornstalks, not unnaturally, felt jubilant about their prospects of victory.

On the other hand MACLAREN and his merry men, after a minute inspection of the sodden pitch, were somewhat doubtful as to their chances of obtaining the necessary runs. Throughout the match the Englishmen have been cruelly ill-treated by Fortune. Sun and



Smithson (the celebrated poet, novelist, playwright, &c.). "BUT, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, I REALLY DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU. I HAVEN'T BEEN WINNING ANY PING-PONG TOURNAMENT. I DON'T PLAY."
Miss Brown. "OH, BUT SURELY I HEARD OUR HOSTESS SAY YOU WERE THE MR. SMITHSON!"

rain seem to have conspired against them. The very same luminary which makes the pitch play as easily as possible when the Australians are batting, renders it almost impossible to score on when the Mother-Country is at the wickets; while the rain, which is now minimising the British chances of an almost certain win, had earlier in the contest nullified all the efforts of our best bowlers, and rendered the pitch so easy that the Colonials had no difficulty in piling up a gigantic score.

Rather earlier than the ordinary luncheon interval, the umpires having inspected the pitch, it was decided to proceed at once with the meal, whereupon JESSOP, JONES and KELLY divested themselves of their pads and gloves.

COMMENTS ON THE MEAL.

JESSOP (not out, 16) at once set to work and adopted forcing tactics. A drizzling rain was still falling.

Seeing the condition of the wicket, he proceeded to play a very good knife

and fork, regardless of consequences. Nothing seemed to come amiss to him, until at last he got his leg in front of a plate of scalding soup, from the hand of a careless waiter, and was forced to retire. This was terribly bad luck for England. It was not as if he had been playing the waiting game himself.

Meanwhile JONES (not out, 2) had made two successive cuts off the joint, and appeared to be quite at his ease, when TRUMBLE tempted him with a sloe-gin, and he succumbed.

MCGAHEY, who had been waiting with patient determination, followed, and at once began to make up for lost time, when NOBLE sent him down a bumper, and he retired to the dressing-room, after helping himself to a hard-boiled duck's egg.

LATE NEWS. (Copyright.)

(N.B.—This is the original theme: the variations will be found above.)

Australia, Tuesday. Test Match. Rain all day. No play.

AUTHORS AT BOW STREET.

V.

HENRY RIDER HAGGARD, yeoman, was prosecuted by the Aborigines Protection Society for deserting *Ohm Slumpingas*, a Zulu chieftain.

Sir HENRY CURTIS, K.C., who prosecuted, showed that Mr. HAGGARD, finding it impossible to obtain local labour for his Norfolk farm, had imported *Ohm Slumpingas*, a Zulu of extensive dimensions and great personal strength; but after luring him to England with the most flattering offers he had turned him adrift without a friend or a bead.

Mr. HAGGARD, who conducted his own defence, stated that on abandoning farming as a bad job, he had employed *Ohm Slumpingas* on his Norfolk estate as a game-keeper, but that serious trouble with the Master of the Bungay Beagles had arisen owing to his having killed a hare with an assegai, while his peculiar attire had excited protests from the County Council. He had accordingly paid him a year's salary in lieu of notice, and recommended him for employment in the Kaffir Circus. Here *Ohm Slumpingas* had forestalled his own hammering by the use of a knobkerrie, and on his release from Holloway had started business as a local colour-man and was now doing a roaring trade in supplying materials to war novelists. Mr. HAGGARD attributed this action entirely to his refusal to give *Ohm Slumpingas* any orders; dusselbooms and sjamboks being entirely inappropriate to the methods of high farming practised in Norfolk.

Messrs. LONGMAN AND STRONGI'RH'ARM, Mr. HAGGARD's publishers, who were called for the defence, deposed that owing to the conditions of modern warfare there was no further demand for the hand-to-hand combats of which *Ohm Slumpingas* was so notable an exponent. They considered that Mr. HAGGARD had treated *Ohm Slumpingas* with a loyalty that was little short of suicidal, considering the man's violent temper. They understood that a summons had been taken out against him for assaulting the Secretary of the Cromer Golf Club, where he had played in the Strangers' Handicap and had been disqualified for using his famous "woodpecker" on the greens.

Cross-examined by Sir HENRY CURTIS, they admitted it was true that Mr. HAGGARD had used the phrase "and then a strange thing happened" more often in connection with *Ohm Slumpingas* than with any other of his creations.

After a brief consultation the magistrates found Mr. HAGGARD guilty of desertion, and sentenced him to write a novel in his earlier manner.

EDWARD FREDERIC BENSON, 34, Gilt-edged Satirist, giving addresses at Dodona, and Barton Street, Westminster, was charged with committing sundry social solecisms.

Lady GROVE, called for the prosecution as an expert witness, said that she had made a special study of Shibboleth, and drew the attention of the Court to the current *Cornhill Magazine*, her article in which had given it a *cachet* that it had lacked ever since the days of THACKERAY. Her attention had been called to the prisoner's novel, *Scarlet and Hyssop*, just published, and it was her pained surprise at some of his violations of the conversational decalogue that had led to the present proceedings. Thus, in this novel, which purported to be an accurate chronicle of the smartest society, she found a scandalous swarm of vulgar misrepresentations. Mr. BENSON makes *Lady Ardingly* say "your husband" in addressing a friend. This is unpardonable. In really smart society such relationships are never insisted upon in this coarse way. Again, as an instance of the prisoner's indecorous, indecent and indelicate inaccuracy, he alludes to "the Row," whereas, in smart society, people say "Rotten Row" or nothing. Having read *Scarlet and Hyssop* more hurriedly, if possible, than it deserved, she would not positively charge him with saying "easy chair" instead of "arm

chair," or "dress suit" instead of "evening clothes," or "mantel-piece" instead of "mantel-shelf"; but she could accuse him with all the indignation at her disposal of making his heroine say that she left "town," whereas MACAULAY's callowest *ingénue* knows that it should be "London." (*Sensation.*)

LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE, alias "OUIDA," for the defence, said that she had devoted with impunity an industrious career to the perpetration of crime similar to that for which Mr. BENSON was now in the dock, in comparison with which criminality Mr. BENSON's guilt was no more than the innocence of a *Babe B.A.* With Mr. BENSON's impeachment of the vulgar and vivisectioning plutocracy she had every sympathy, and she was held in bondage by the continual regret that the days of golden-whiskered guardsmen sipping *crème de menthe* from its native pewter and winning the Varsity boat race with a lofty slashing stoke, had passed into limbo with the GREAT VANCE and GUY LIVINGSTONE.

The prisoner, who wore an Albanian fustanella, pleaded Kleptomania. He added that, owing to his long sojourn in the Thessalonian highlands, where he had been conducting researches for the Greek School, he had perhaps lost touch with Mayfair. He was ordered to attend a course at Lady GROVE's School of Deportment in Waterloo Place.

FREE LIST! O LIST!

(To all Theatrical Managers, per Mr. Punch.)

SIR,—At one time, not so very long ago, there was a perfect craze among certain faddists for combining Church and Stage in such a way that they should assist one another somehow,—how I don't know, unless the clergy were to give their "church services" to the stage whenever such a scene as the christening of baby Bess in *Henry the Eighth*, the burial of *Ophelia*, or the marriage ceremony in *Much Ado* might seem to admit of it.

And how should the Stage reciprocate this "benefit of clergy?" Well, Sir, it seems to me that they could do so most effectively, thus:—In all churches, though the majority of "sittings" are paid for and secured by the year, just as one takes a box or stall at the opera for the season, there is also a fair proportion of seats absolutely free, a notice being conspicuously exhibited announcing the fact, and adding, in some instances, that if seat-holders are not in their places by a certain given time, such places will be given to the first comer. Last Friday night I observed at least ten persons arriving quite twenty minutes late! I trembled for them when I saw the fire that gleamed in the Alexandrian eye! Let Theatrical Managers set aside so many seats in every part of the house which shall be absolutely free, equivalent, that is, to the "free seats" in Church. Isn't this an excellent idea? After all, does it in any way differ, except in the matter of form (of course I would not suggest their being merely "benches"), from the old "Free List," which could come in at any time for nothing?—except when there was an overwhelming success, and then the manager having naturally said, "O hang the Free List!" the "Free List" was accordingly "suspended." This was quite fair. When the business slackened the "suspended" were let down easily from their state of suspense, and once more occupied their seats. I merely throw out this as a suggestion, that being in my line of business.

Yours,

CHARLEY CHUCKEROUT.

P.S.—By the way, the old "Free-enlisted men" were not "privileged," as a rule, unless for a *quid pro quo*, which took the shape of exhibiting the theatre bills in some conspicuous part of their shops or other places of business.



Gorgeous Stranger. "I SAY, HUNTSMAN, WOULD YOU MIND BLOWING YOUR HORN TWO OR THREE TIMES? I WANT MY FELLOW, WHO HAS MY FLASK, TO KNOW WHERE WE ARE, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

ON SATURDAY MORNING EARLY.

On Saturday next at half-past eight—
I mustn't be half a second late—
I'm going out at the garden gate

When the dew is glittery-pearly.

I'm going, I'm going, I don't know where,
But I think I shall find some others there,
On Saturday next if the sun shines fair,
On Saturday morning early.

Perhaps it's the home of the big tom-tit,
Or the land where the little blue fairies flit,
For Daddy he said I should visit it,
And go for a treat alone, too,
In a marvellous carriage with golden springs,
And six white horses with twelve white wings,
And a coachman all over curls and things,
And a footman all of my own, too.

Or perhaps I shall go to the doll-country,
Where the dollies are all as big as me,
And all have raspberry jam for tea,
With huge thick slices of *some* cake:
It might be sponge, or it might be bright
With cherries, and iced as smooth and white
As the pond when the feathery snow falls light,
Or it might be, possibly, plum-cake.

What fun it'll be to see Boy Blue,
And Jack and the stalk that grew and grew,
And Puss in Boots and his Marquis too,
And giants and giantesses;
And wonderful gleaming golden towns,
And Kings with sceptres and swords and crowns,
And Queens with fur on their satin gowns,
- - And beautiful young Princesses!

And if I should see Red Riding Hood
And her grandmamma in the dark old wood,
I shall run away, as a good girl should,
For fear that a wolf might meet her.
But grandmamma will perhaps explain
If teeth, when they bite you, give you pain,
And how she ever got out again
When the wolf had managed to eat her.

And, oh, I shall find where the roses go,
And the golden crocuses all aglow,
And where the little white daisies grow
When they vanish away together;
And the place where the pretty blue-bells stay,
And the pinks and the tulips bright and gay,
When they go away and "Goodbye," they say,
"Goodbye for the winter weather."

I must take my funny dog *Buff*, the Skye,
With his little short legs and his ears cocked high,
And his long rough hair, and his hidden eye,
And his face like a great grey pansy.
Doll JANE I shall leave on the nursery floor,
For she doesn't go travelling any more:—
Since her head got squeezed in the bedroom door
There's not very much she can see.

So I'm ready, I'm ready! I've packed some socks,
A bonnet, a bib, and two holland frocks,
And a pair of shoes in a brand-new box;
And I've given my Mummy warning.
I shall take a mug and a fork and spoon,
And the musical box that plays one tune,
And I'll hurry away—but I'll come back soon—
On Saturday next in the morning.

R. C. L.

THE MYSTIC HATS.

[MR. ERNEST CRAWLEY, in the *Mystic Rose*, shows that the instinct which prompts "Arry and 'Arriet" to exchange hats on Hampstead Heath, or a boy and girl among the Hairy Ainus of the Far East to wear each other's clothes after betrothal, owes its origin to the belief that "mutual inoculation" by means of dress breaks the taboo that keeps the sexes separate.]

WHEN I tikes the ostridge fevver wot's adornin' of yer 'ead,
And claps upon yer kiss-me-quicks me billycock instead,

You may think, like uvver folk,

As it's jes' a little joke—

Then you ain't no anthypollygist, like me, but jes' a moke.

For I'm doin' wot them 'Airy Ainus do, Liz;
I'm a-brykin' down the bloomin' ole taboo, Liz—

The hobstacle as parts

Two fythful lovin' 'earts,

An' keeps yer 'Arry far awy from you, Liz.

Yus, that's the hinner meanin' of this simple little hact:
We inoculites each uvver wiv each uvver, that's a fact;

Then there's somethink goes inside,

An' we ain't no more afride

Ter think about each uvver as a bridegroom an' a bride.

Then come along! Change 'ats, Liz! Well, I never!

Why, s'elp me, ain't I 'andsome in a fevver!

An' ain't you jes' a crock

In a bloomin' billycock!

O Liz, yer mine for hever an' for hever!

"COATS AND COLLARS."

SCENE—*The Theatre Monopole.*

TIME.—1903 A.D.

The stalls are filled with young men in fine linen, with spotless white kid gloves, and faces like nice clean sheep. They sink into their seats as though they were afraid of bending something, and discourse in passionate whispers concerning a new style of shirting and the latest pattern of open-work socks. As the curtain rises, Lord ALGY is discovered trying on a frock-coat.

Percy (in the stalls, whispers). I say, that's rather good! What? Coat doesn't fit him a bit. Bet he has a row with the tailor fellow. By Jove! this is exciting.

Bertie. S-s-h! I want to look at the other fellow's trousers. (*Adjusts opera-glasses and stares intently for a few minutes, then turns to PERCY.*) Won't do, old man, positively won't do. Scheme of colour all right, but cut too full over the pockets. Spoils the whole effect of the creation.

Percy. There I don't agree, old man; a little fulness there gives an effect—but, I say, look at this! (*Enter a minor character in a ravishing riding suit.*) Isn't it a dream? And the boots! Look at the boots! Laced up the sides, and with blue riband too!—Oh, never mind what they're talkin' about. What's the name of the man who supplies the clothin'? Here we are, SNIPPE AND SNIPPE, Bridge Street. BERTIE, I'm there to-morrow, and you must come too, dear old boy. Since you wore that last suit of yours for a whole day it's become positively indecent. But do look!

[*He leans forward and with difficulty restrains little shrieks of excitement as the glories of the wardrobe are unfolded.*]

It doesn't much matter what the play was all about. But there seemed to be something about a younger son and a stern parent. The younger son wouldn't marry the proper girl, so the stern parent casts him off and bids him go forth into the world and earn a living. Having changed into a travelling suit, he stands centre, and, with the lime-light on the crease in his trousers, says a few scorching

words. The aged parent retorts by turning his back and trying on a new dressing-gown, and the curtain falls to respectful applause.

Percy (taking a quinine lozenge). I say, this is something like a play. Rotten good I call it. But d'you know, dear old BERTIE, I think the old man was wrong about that dressin'-gown. Not at five in the afternoon! But perhaps it was the author's idea to make one think—eh, what?

Bertie. P'raps; you never know what these authors are up to. But those boots, PERCY, those boots—hullo! here's CLAUDE. Silly ass, late as usual. I say, CLAUDE, you missed a suit in the first act that would have made you gasp.

Claude. Just my dashed luck. Is that the bell?

[*The pillars of the drama throw away their cigarettes and return to their stalls.*]

In the second act all the characters meet in a fashionable restaurant. Beautiful young male persons parade about from table to table, smooth their hair with easy abandon, and show off the fall in their backs. Even the waiters' clothes fit.

Percy (whispering critically). I say, BERTIE, see that fellow to the right? his left lapel is out of drawing and his shirt bulges. Think he's the villain?

Bertie. Shouldn't wonder, you can never tell what these authors spring on you. By Jove! that's something new in coats over there—no tails and short sleeves. PERCY, we must have one. Who's the maker for this Act? FLUTTER and FLUTTER, eh? Good men those, shall give them a turn.

The action of the play now recovers itself. There is a little incidental comic relief when a clumsy waiter spills some *sauce piquante* over the aged one, spoiling a magnificent twill coat cut loose to the figure and trimmed with braid. The younger son, who by this time has made a large fortune as managing-director of a tailoring establishment, is recognised by the stern parent. The latter humbles himself and asks for his son's help in floating a new company. He promises to think it over, and, putting on quite a new thing in overcoats, swaggers off.

Bertie. I'm worn out. I shan't move this time. D'you know, I turned quite faint when the sauce went over the old fellow. Never saw anything so thrillin' in my life. Wonder what they'll wear in the next act? I say, quick, PERCY, see that fellow in the box? Deuced clever chap. Invented a new waistcoat-improver. Made no money out of it, as the thing didn't sell, but shows he's not afraid of work—what?

The curtain rises on the shooting-box of the stern parent in the Highlands. The younger son arrives in a sporting suit specially designed for him by a prominent Academy exhibitor. One of the stalls faints at the sight, and is fanned back to life by strong-nerved attendants. Subsidiary interests of a forged cheque, two or three love affairs and an elopement are cleared up, and the curtain falls with the younger son leaning gracefully against the half-open door, while the last of a lurid sunset plays on his new scheme of knickerbockers.

Bertie (as he lights a cigarette in the portico). Rippin' play, PERCY—what?

Percy. Rather, but dunno how the actor fellows stand it. Must be a fearful strain on their nerves. I feel used up, simply watchin' it. Good-night, old fellow. Must get home to bed. Tryin' on to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

NOTICE.—"To my friends at I intend taking on Undertaking. Anyone requiring my services will find me prompt at all times."—*Cambria Daily Leader.*

TRIOLETS.

I.

Who'd have thought she'd be here?
 It's so awkward to meet her.
 She saw me, I fear!
 Who'd have thought she'd be here!
 Why, it's nearly a year!
 How on earth shall I greet her?
 Who'd have thought she'd be here!
 It's so awkward to meet her!

II.

I've asked for a dance,
 But I doubt if it answers.
 Just to make an advance,
 I've asked for a dance.
 Now was it by chance
 She selected the Lancers?
 I've asked for a dance,
 But I doubt if it answers!

III.

"Shall we dance, or sit out?
 They've got plenty without us."
 (What is she about?
 Shall we dance or sit out!
 Great Scott! I could shout!
 But the crowd's all about us.)
 "Shall we dance, or sit out?
 They've got plenty without us."

IV.

And so, in the end,
 We had supper together.
 After all—an old friend!
 And so, in the end—
 No! I will not pretend
 That we talked of the weather!
 And so, in the end,
 We had supper together.

V.

She said but "Good-night!
 I shall see you to-morrow?"
 When all had come right,
 She said but "Good-night!"
 And my heart was so light
 It forgot the long sorrow.
 She said but "Good-night!
 I shall see you? To-morrow?"

Too BAD.—In these matter-of-fact days why rob us of a single picturesque or romantic pleasure? Why dock us of a "show"? The Coronation ceremony of the Dymoke championship "is not to be revived!" Alas! Alas! "For O! for O! the Hobby-horse is forgot!" Is that the reason? Surely there must be a supply of hobby-horses always ready in Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS's Pantomime property stables, Drury Lane (stalls always full), so they've only to apply in that quarter. Or is there something in the name? Cannot "Dymoke" be revived? The "Dy" may be off, but cannot the "moke" be found on which the champion could



A BIG ORDER.

Stout Party (to waitress). "PUT ME ON A PANCAKE, PLEASE!"

ride into Westminster Hall? Why not substitute the performing donkey with the two comic acrobats inside, and DAN LENO for champion?

POLITICAL POSSIBILITIES.

(Jottings from the Daily Megaphone).

THE 99th sectional split of the Go-Ahead party took place yesterday, when the "Crawl-on-the-Ground" Club was formed, with Mr. VIRGINIA CREEPER, M.P., as its President. This club is intended to counteract the influence of the "Fly-up-in-the-Air" League, of which Mr. WHIZZLER is the leading spirit.

Mr. TRIMMER, M.P., who belongs to about five-and-twenty sectional clubs in order to conciliate opposing factions in his constituency, was interviewed the other day with the idea of eliciting from him an explanation of how he could belong to both the "Crawl" and the

"Fly" clubs. The gentleman in question pointed out that all the best insects can do both.

We regret to learn that Mr. TRIMMER, shortly after his interview, was attacked in the street by an infuriated dilemma, and before he could escape was impaled on its horns.

As the number of leaders in the Party now exceeds considerably the number of the rank and file, it was decided by the last leader (No. 52), after a futile attempt to elect his followers, to have recourse to force. Meeting two independent members of the Party the other day, leader No. 52 pounced upon them and read a series of his speeches upon the "Go-ahead Programme." When they recovered consciousness they found themselves in the leader's private marquee, secured to the ground by guy-ropes and tabernacle pegs.



Patient (ex-pugilist). "I SAY, BILL, YER'VE BIN AN' BROUGHT ME TO SEE A FEATHER-WEIGHT!"
Friend. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MITE. LOOK AT 'IS 'ED! JUST YOU WITE TILL 'E STARTS THINKIN'!"

THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN.

THE *Daily Chronicle* recently reported a speech of Dr. STÜBEL, Director of the German Colonial Department, on the subject of the Cameroons, which must have greatly cheered those persons who had been shocked by stories of barbarities committed by Germans on natives in that part of the world. It was true, said Dr. STÜBEL, that "several whites had been placed under arrest or imprisoned for ill-treating natives," but the report that a negro had been impaled "was surely an exaggeration!"

This is certainly a most interesting example of Parliamentary apologetics, and it must be extremely comforting to the relatives of the poor black to know that his impalement has been exaggerated. Meantime, the next speech on the Cameroons by the Director of the Colonial Department will be looked for with the liveliest interest. It will probably run more or less as follows:—

Herr SCHRUMPF has spoken of a native who was shut up for three days in a hut without food, and died of starvation. The probabilities are all against such a story being true. Herr TEUFELSDROCK says that two natives were recently tied to a tree and flogged to death. The facts are not correctly stated. The men were flogged and they subsequently died. That is all. Again, with regard to Baron VON PUMPERNICKEL's account of horrible tortures to which natives have been subjected, I consider it unlikely that any considerable number of men have actually been mutilated. The story of a man who was roasted over a slow fire is inexact. The slowness of the fire has been greatly exaggerated.

HORATIO'S PHILOSOPHY.

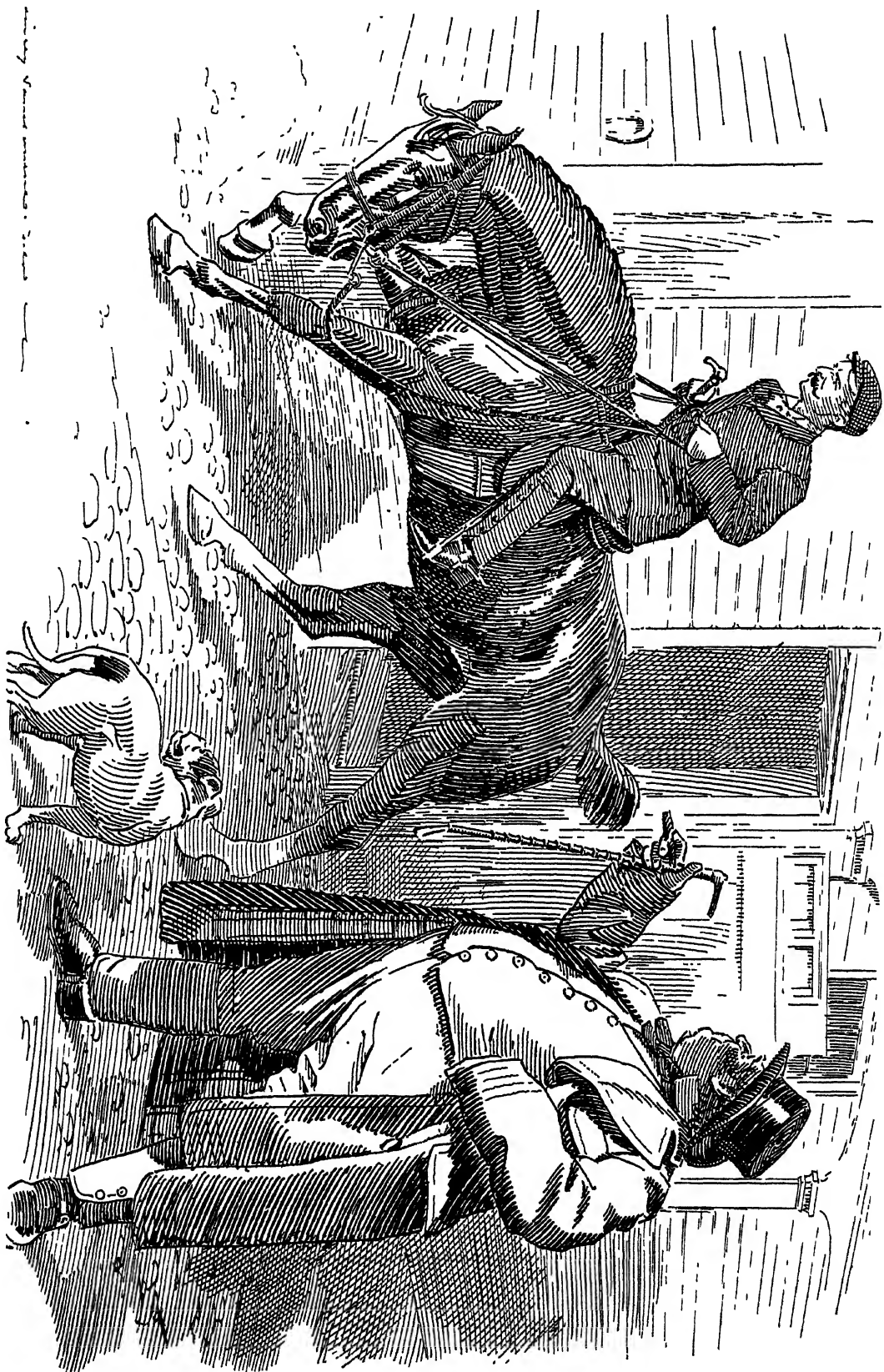
Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY writes in the *Sun* of the 10th inst.:—"And now I think I'll run down to the country, on this glorious spring day, and have a chat with my dear dumb friends (there is no paradox in that phrase, believe me), who would have welcomed me just as warmly had I lost the case."

HORATIO the bold, after gaining his suit,
 Goes down to the country to rest and recruit;
 And there, as the chief of his joys, he intends
 To chat with his dumb but affectionate friends
 (Who had welcomed him, so he assures us, no less
 Had the verdict been given in favour of Hess).
 Now it's very consoling, no doubt, to arouse
 In pigs adoration, devotion in cows,
 And the love of a donkey, expressed in a bray,
 Soothes a suffering soul in a wonderful way;
 But the heartiest solace a farm can produce
 Is the egg of the plump and auriferous goose,
 And better than kindness of oxen or wethers,
 A handful of pigeon's delectable feathers.

The Inferior Sex.

First Small Scholar. Please, Miss, we've got such a beautiful cat, and she's just had some kittens.

Second ditto. Please, Miss, our cat's a beauty, too; but (regretfully) he doesn't lay.



THE IRISH HORSE.

JOHN BELL (to GEORGE VANDERMERE on "Ireland"), "THAT'S THE WAY, GEORGE, RIDE HIM ON THE SNAFFLE!"
GEORGE VANDERMERE. "RIGHT YOU ARE, JOHN! I DON'T WANT TO USE THE CURB, IF I CAN HELP IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE EFFECT OF MR. DAN LENO'S VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—No. 1.

CAREFUL OBSERVERS HAVE NOTED A MARKED CHANGE IN THE DRESS AND DEMEANOUR OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN EVER SINCE.

["MR. DAN LENO and Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL were among the visitors to the House of Commons last evening."—*Daily Telegraph*, March 14.]

House of Commons, Monday, March 10th.—"Man and boy I've sat in House of Commons for thirty years; have seen and heard many things in my time; remember nothing so painful as the ghoulish ecstasy of Irish Members to-night at news that the gallant METHUEN, after two years' hard fighting day and night, is wounded, defeated, a prisoner, his men dispersed, his guns and baggage captured. The despicable thing about the performance was its safety. Had these gentlemen been in any public hall or any open street in Great Britain where the news of the disaster was followed by jubilant cheers and clapping of hands there would have been vacancies in many boroughs and counties in Ireland. In the House of Commons they are quite safe.

"Next to outbreak of malignant spite that in the persons of its Parliamentary representatives dishonours a brave and chivalrous nation, nothing more remarkable than the self-restraint of English and Scotch Members. When, above the shouting in the Irish camp, SWIFT MAC-NEILL was heard clapping his hands, there were deep, angry shouts of 'Shame!' That was all. Neither hand

nor foot was raised; wherein, considering the circumstances, the House of Com-



Exuberant Loyalty of an authority on Constitutional Law—who, by the way, has presumably taken the Oath of Allegiance—on hearing of a disaster to British Arms at the hands of the King's enemies.

mons establishes a difference with any other legislative assembly in the world. Think what would have happened in the Italian chamber if narrative of reverse in Abyssinia had been cheered by a small minority. Consider the probable proceedings in the Corps Législatif if news of a check in Cochin China had been followed by applause on any of the benches. Contemplate the consequences in Congress at Washington if a group of Members had clapped their hands with joy on hearing of disaster to the flag in the Philippines.

"In the House of Commons to-night Englishmen and Scotchmen, with exception of the instinctive cry of shame that rose to their lips when the Irish Members gleefully danced round the dead and wounded on the veld between Tweebosch and Palmietkuil, sat in proud, pained silence."

Thus the MEMBER FOR SARK, in the longest speech I ever heard him introduce into conversation.

But, as he says, the circumstances are exceptional. From beginning to end the scene intensely dramatic. Usually when something big takes place at the

front, rumour reaches the House before the **SPEAKER** takes the Chair. To-night not a whisper of good or evil went round. When **BRODRICK** approached Table it was evident from his manner that he had portentous news. Instantly crowded House was hushed in attitude of strained attention. Who could tell? It might be a message harbinger of peace.

The opening sentence of **KITCHENER'S** despatch dispelled illusion. With soldier-like directness he went straight to the point. "Bad news about **METHUEN**"; then, blow after blow, fell the grim story. **METHUEN** wounded and a prisoner; guns and baggage taken, mounted troops in flight for four miles with the Boers riding hard at their heels.

This quite too much for the Irish gentry. They also nearly died—of laughter. The most moving episode in striking scene was where **BRODRICK** came to read the list of killed and wounded. British Members, baring their heads, leaned forward breathless, fearing to catch the name of some old friend or comrade. Even when spared this shock, there was sharp feeling of pain at the thought of all the syllables would mean in some quiet home.

Meanwhile the Irish Members had quite a merry quarter of an hour.

Business done.—Great clearance of Estimates through Committee of Supply.

Tuesday night.—House drifted into one of those pools of stillness that contrast with its experience of the Roaring Forties. A good time for Ministers in charge of Estimates. Some of us remember when to get one Vote after a sitting that, beginning at four in the afternoon, saw the morning sun rise, was accounted fair business. To-night money voted with both hands after briefest speeches. True, divisions frequently taken; that obviously from desire to seem to be doing something. Also had wholesome effect on vast majority of Members wandering about precincts. Maximum of thirty remain in House and vote little purses of from two to eight millions sterling. Three hundred lounge outside, chatting in Lobby, reading newspapers, smoking or brooding over what they will have for dinner.

Seems friendly to bring them occasionally within touch of business. So challenge division. Bell rings, the stray three hundred come in, nothing loth, the call providing agreeable change from doing nothing in other forms. Moreover, it will add one division to their personal record; may come in useful to confound inquisitive constituents of the *genus* who are always wanting to know Where was **MOSES** when the candle went out? Where was their hon. Member when question came on in House of

Commons touching the salary of the Chaplain of Lewes Gaol?

"Why, I was there!" says the hon. Member triumphantly, holding up the Division List in which his name figures.

Well if the constituent doesn't pursue enquiry as to the Member's view of bearings of the question. Not for him to wonder why the Chaplain fobs £500 a year, while the Gaol doctor draws only £100. His but to go into the Division Lobby and vote "Aye" or "No" as the Whips indicate.

Business done.—Piles of money voted on Army and Navy Estimates.

Friday night.—Occasionally, out of the soul-searing verbosity, angry recrimination, baseless insinuation that characterise speeches in Irish camp, there flashes upon the conscience-stricken House lurid light disclosing the hopeless condition of Ireland. To-night it was the hand of **JAMES JOHN SHEE**, Member for West Waterford, that uplifted the torch. In his name there stood on the Paper a cluster of six questions, forming a sort of tragedy in as many acts. The scene is a place called Tallow, which **MR. SHEE** alluded to as if it were Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, or other familiar centre of life. At Tallow (wherever it may be), "on the 24th ultimo, two pigs belonging to **MR. ALEXANDER HESKIN**, one of the traversers in the recent conspiracy case," were taking the air. No thought of evil crossed their mind. Grunting amicably at each other, they may, for aught man knows, have been commenting on the scene in the House last Monday, or, peradventure, with nearer personal interest, discussing the vexed question of **BACON** *versus* **SHAKESPEARE**.

Their conversation, whatever it may have been, was interrupted by "the police." **MR. SHEE**, a master of phrase, puts it that way. There may have been two of the constabulary; there may have been forty. Mention of "the police" infers overwhelming force, as who should speak of "the Law" or "the Army." However that be, the pigs, seeing resistance was hopeless, submitted to be personally conducted by the police through the shocked streets of Tallow and immured in the pound. **MR. HESKIN**, informed of the outrage, set forth to the rescue. The heartless owner of the pound refused to free the pigs, "although **MR. HESKIN** offered his name and address." Apparently moved by remorse, the pound-keeper, later, privily resorted to the Police Barracks, and "was directed by the Head Constable not to give up the pigs until the police should be present."

For three bleak February days the pigs, riven from home and its tender attachments, lay in the pound. The

distracted owner moved heaven and earth for their release. He couldn't move the police. Finally, the head-constable and two of his uniformed myrmidons, doubtless followed by as many of the citizens of Tallow as could be spared from pursuit of urgent business, marched down to the pound. It seemed now that all was well. The two pigs would run into the arms of **MR. ALEXANDER HESKIN**; some patriot, taking advantage of the distraction of the moment, would heave a pewter-pot at the police; peace and amity would once more reign under the hoary ruins of the Round Tower of Tallow.

But no. Ireland, epitome of man, never is but always to be blessed. Before release of the pigs might be accomplished, "Mr. **ALEXANDER HESKIN** was called upon to pay seven shillings in the pound." In England twenty shillings is usually demanded; but that is neither here nor there. It certainly does not lessen the guilt of the police, or detract from the interest of a story told in sixteen printed lines of a folio Question Paper, and gravely replied to, after painstaking enquiry, by the Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

And **JOHNSTON OF BALLYKILBEG** says Irish Members in the first Parliament of the new century have no sense of humour!

Business done.—Debate on Congested Districts. **HORACE PLUNKETT** listening under the Gallery.

DREAM-CHILDREN.

["Miss **EURETTA D. METCALF** is a literary prodigy who composes and writes poems, novels and magazine articles in her sleep."—*Chicago News*.]

O FOOL of Fleet Street, sorry hack,
Who toil the long night through
With aching heart and breaking back,
How much I pity you!
Pale author, frowning o'er your plot
With fancy all run dry,
Why live you so laborious? Not
So I.

I toil not, neither do I spin.
Sheer waste of time it seems
To spend the sunny seasons in
Excogitating themes.
I never hunt for copy; no,
Nor rack my empty head
For plot or dialogue. I go
To bed.

And when I wake, my soul is rich
With masterpieces ripe—
Such stuff as dreams are made of—
which

I only have to type.
No need for me to toil and plod,
Nor ponder problems deep—
HOMER himself could only nod:
I sleep.



Hostess. "OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH, MR. NIGHTINGALE. WHAT A LOVELY SONG!"
 Vocalist (pleased with himself). "I USUALLY FIND IT GOES DOWN VERY WELL."
 Cynical Old Gentleman. "IT WENT DOWN NEARLY A SEMI-TONE THIS TIME!"



A SERIOUS CASE.

Cool (reading from daily paper). "LAST NIGHT'S OFFICIAL STATEMENT SHOWS THAT THERE ARE FIFTY THOUSAND CASES OF INFLUENZA IN THE METROPOLIS." *Nervous Parliamentarian.* "OH, MARY! AND HOW MANY ARE THERE IN A CASE?"

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

["We must take care lest our sense be outweighed by our sensibility."
Mr. Chamberlain.]

OH, a statesman's sensibilities are fine,
For he wishes to be gentle and benign,
And the passion of his heart
Is to play the pretty part
Of an angel of beneficence divine.
In his eagerness he scarcely can withhold
From providing cosy pensions for the old,
And his tender heart is wrung
When he thinks about the young
Who are perishing of hunger and of cold.

But Sense says, "No! such things must go.
With all this war taxation
'Twould be absurd to breathe the word
Domestic legislation."

When he thinks about the war, it is with pain
That so many gallant foemen have been slain,
And he doesn't care a rap
For "the feather in his cap,"
And he weeps for gentle KRUGER, LEYDS and STEYN.
For his soul is filled with love and pity pure,
And an altruistic longing to secure
For the bitterest of foes
All the blessings that he knows,
And to shake the friendly hand of Brother Boer.

But Sense says, "No! cut off the flow
Of any feelings tender;
Be firm, my son, and stick to un-
Conditional surrender!"

ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO IRELAND.

SORR.—Regarding the recent controversy in which Mrs. GALLUP declares that BACON was the author of SHAKSPEARE's plays, I'm sure she's right. Take, for instance, *Othello*—it is evidently an Irish piece, and SHAKSPEARE never knew a word of Irish in his life. O'THELLO is as Irish as the O'GORMANS or the O'SHAUGHNESSYS, as anyone can judge for themselves, and JAGO is not a foreign name at all. There are JAGOS in Ireland, Cornwall, and Devon. MONA DESMOND is Irish to the backbone, and what does SHAKSPEARE do? He alters the names into Italian. CASSIDY becomes *Cassio*, and then he blacks O'THELLO's face, so that BACON shouldn't know him, and coolly produces the piece as his own!! If SHAKSPEARE could steal a deer he wouldn't be above appropriating a piece of BACON.

Yours truly, ANDY MURTAGH.

THE LIVERPOOL DOCK LABOURER'S WINDFALL.—One HENRY ECCLES hoarded gold to the amount of £10,000 which at his death ought to go to his brother, JOHN ECCLES, seaman, whose whereabouts, it appears, is difficult to discover. Should the lucky man not appear within statutable time, then, if the late TOM ROBERTSON'S *Caste* be still about the country, on tour, there must be several representatives of *Eccles* who might arrange to divide the amount in equal proportions.

PROMOTION.—Mr. ROBERT LLOYD, brother to the Brecon ping-pong champion, has been promoted to the rank of Quarter-master-Sergeant.—"*Country Intelligence*" in *Brecon County Times*.

MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY LIMERICKS.

TIME was when the great ANDREW LANG
Had the deuce of a critical fang:
Never was such a biter
To maul a new writer
Who wasn't a friend of A. LANG.

But none of us now feels a pang
When he reads the remarks of A. LANG,
Discoursing of MARYS
And Crystals and Fairies,
A chastened, benevolent LANG.

We shall never have done with HALL
CAINE,
He's sure to be at it again!
For years and for years
We shall stop up our ears
To deaden the noise of HALL CAINE.

THE SENSE OF HUMOUR.

HE was an ordinarily mild and inoffensive little gentleman who had lived for many happy, uneventful years in farther Chelsea, when a volume of theatrical anecdotes came into his hands. In this he read of delicious practical jokes played with unflinching success by VIVIER and SOTHEBY, and of how that great comedian, J. L. TOOLE, brought confusion to a baker's shop displaying in the window a sign, "Families supplied," by requesting that three girls and a boy should be sent round as soon as possible.

"This," he said, "is the exercise of true wit." Then he went out, still chuckling.

In farther Chelsea, where custom is drawn by halfpence from the needy, stands an eating-house which endeavours to attract the hungry by pasting on its front this dubious message, "Everything as nice as mother makes it."

"The very place," said the little gentleman, and entered.

"I can have a meal?" was his first query.

"Yes—straight through," said the woman behind the counter, pointing to an inner partition of the shop.

"And everything as nice as mother makes it?" he asked.

"That's in the window."

"But how nice does mother make it?"

"Jim," said the woman, calling into space, "here's a cove wants to know how nice mother makes it," and she laughed.

"Garn," came a beery voice; "must be balmy on the crumpet. Turn 'im out."

Nothing daunted, the little man went on: "Supposing she doesn't make it at all nice? Supposing she makes it very nasty, what then?"



Tommy (unwillingly studious, to favour the Auntie, who considers "the dear boy so overworked").
"OH, AUNTIE, I'M SO BAD!"
Auntie (with tender sympathy). "WHERE, DEAR?"
Tommy. "IN MY FRENCH."

[Gives way, and sobs.

No answer.

The woman went on frying onions, but her eye gleamed.

"What if I don't remember any mother? What if she never made anything at all? What if—"

He got no further, but found himself thrust violently through the door to the pavement outside, while a voice admonished him: "'Ere, you, don't come interfering 'ere—if yer wants a sausage and mashed, say so. If not, get out." And as he retreated hastily, though with dignity, the voice followed faintly: "Bedlam—that's the place for the likes of you—Bedlam."

The discomfited little gentleman had walked nearly a mile before his recovery was completed by a sign, hung over a boot shop, which caught his eye. "Wear PARKINSON'S Boots," ran the legend.

The little man fairly leaped into the shop.

"Why?" he asked, in mild enquiry.

"Beg pardon, Sir," said the assistant who had hurried forward to greet him. "Why should I wear PARKINSON'S boots?"

"Because they are the best, Sir. We use nothing but the best leather."

"What's the matter with my own?" The assistant glanced down.

"Uppers want mending and heels levelling, Sir. Do you a perfect boot for fifteen shillings."

"But supposing PARKINSON'S don't fit me?"

"We keep all sizes, Sir."

"Yes, but I don't know that I care about wearing another man's boots."

"Of course, Sir, if you prefer to go

on buying boots like those you've got on; but," with a deprecatory smile, "we can turn you out a much better article for fifteen shillings."

"But my name is PETTIGREW, and I don't think it would be legal for me to wear PARKINSON'S boots—it looks like robbery."

"Robbery?" said the assistant sharply. "Our prices are as low as they can be for sound wearing qualities. If there's nothing further to-day, Sir," holding open the door, "good morning!"

"Some people," said PETTIGREW to himself, as he waited for his homeward 'bus, "have no sense of humour. I wonder how TOOLE managed it?"

"A Hard Case."

ORPHEUS, a talented musician, is privileged to enter the land of the departed and recover his deceased wife, on the understanding that he must not look round at her on their way out. This condition he complies with, but on emerging discovers that the lady thus irrevocably revived is not his wife, but his wife's mother. What should "O" do?

THE VERY LAST OF THE DANDIES.

THERE'S fear in Belgravian martows,
For Rumour declares (and she knows)
That when we've demolished the Aros
A raid will be made on the Beaux.

THE new curate (Rev. SPOONER), who is *dans le mouvement*, gives out Hymn No. 175, "Ponquering Pings their titles take."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Mastery of the Pacific (HEINEMANN) is the happy title of Mr. ARCHIBALD COLQUHOUN'S latest contribution to the knowledge of mankind. Like his earlier efforts the book is enlightened by encyclopædic knowledge, communicated in always lucid, occasionally picturesque, language. After a prefatory chapter telling the story of the Pacific, he describes in succession the work and position in the Pacific of the United States, Great Britain, Holland, Japan, Germany, France, Russia and China, each severally operating in this vast, attractive region. For an ordinary writer any one of these subjects would suffice for a volume. Master of each to the smallest detail, acquainted with the bearings of the question studied on the spot, Mr.

COLQUHOUN condenses his information and the lessons of his experience into the smallest space. His history of the United States in the Philippines, a mere fragment of the book, is the best that has yet appeared in this country. Points of resemblance between the American occupation of the Philippines and our task in South Africa are curiously close. My Baronite notes that they are carried to the extent that in the United States there are pro-Filipinos as with us there are pro-Boers. Mr. COLQUHOUN recognises as among the most significant features of the situation the advances of Russia and the United States towards confronting each other in the Pacific. The handsome volume is illustrated with maps and considerably over a hundred illustrations from original sketches and photographs.

The latest instalment of BLACKWOOD'S "Modern English Writers" is *Thomas Henry Huxley*, contributed by Mr. EDWARD CLODD. There is a preliminary chapter devoted to consideration and elucidation of "the man." But the volume is chiefly devoted to an epitome of HUXLEY'S contributions to the march of modern science and the trend of modern thought. For those who, like my Baronite, have not time or opportunity to study the many volumes of HUXLEY'S collected essays and his longer works, this handy little volume will be invaluable. Mr. CLODD, master of his subject, knows how to pick and prune. Dealing with abstruse, momentous topics, he manages to convey to the student an immense amount of valuable matter conveyed in an alluringly small package.

Our Mr. REED'S *Prehistoric Peeps* (BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.)



COMPENSATION.

Saron Intruder (to Irish Country Vet.). "I SAY, MIKE, WHAT'S THIS BILL OF YOURS FOR TWO PUN' TEN FOR?"
Vet. "FAIX, 'TIS RAYSONABLE ENOUGH. ISN'T IT FOR CURING YOUR MOTHER'S OULD MARE TILL SHE DIED?"

is a thing of absurdity and a joy for ever! In all Mr. *Punch's* varied collection of artistic gems there is nothing like it. It recalls neither the inimitable airiness of DICKY DOYLE, nor the quaint eccentricities of BENNETT. It is *per se*, and this unique collection will afford perpetual entertainment for innumerable evenings both to politicians and to those ignorant concerning political personages. It must not be looked at during the daytime in "this work-a-day world," or no business would be done. And, mind you, it will be valuable as a reference for the portraiture of various celebrities, literary, artistic, and Parliamentary. The contemporaneous caricaturist, when reprinting his designs in book form, should always consider posterity and give the names of the persons

caricatured. Not a few celebrities have already passed away since Mr. REED commenced his *Prehistoric Studies*. Posterity runs up the price, and the kind-hearted artist—they are all kind-hearted—will rejoice in the prospective value of a work that may enrich his heirs and give additional lustre to the name they bear. The story of our own country from day to day or week by week, as told in caricature, is invaluable; and, apart from this, the striking originality and the genuine *vis comica* of these pictures differentiate them from all other contemporaneous work professing to illustrate the social life and Parliamentary "features" of our time.

The Baron notices that a second edition of *Mexico as I Saw It* (HURST AND BLACKETT) is issued this week, writ by Mrs. TWEEDIE, author of *Through Finland in Carts*. Has not seen last-named book, but supposes that the "carts" named were *carts de visit*.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

In the Neighbourhood of St. James's Street.

Tom (inspecting theatre-bill of "*Paolo and Francesca*"). I say, 'ARRY, ole man, 'ow d'yer pernounce these 'ere nimes? 'Arry (with all the modest condescension of a superior person). Well, I'm free to admit I ain't much of a French schollard, but I should say it were pernounced "*Polo and Frank Chester*." O' course it's a kind o' sportin' piece. Tom (satisfied). Ah, I see.

[Exeunt into nearest house of refreshment]

SOMETHING LIKE MANAGEMENT!

["It is said that, encouraged by the success of Mr. ALEXANDER's experiment, some of his fellow-managers contemplate the introduction of further reforms."—*Daily Paper*.]

It was on a fine spring evening in the year 1903 that Mr. Punch's Representative made his way to the Coliseum Theatre, intent on seeing *The Emperor's Elbow*, a new and successful comedy. Arriving, with his wonted punctuality, some ten minutes before the time when the curtain was announced to rise, our Representative was a little surprised to find the vestibule of the theatre absolutely empty, save for a strong force of attendants, each of whom wore a revolver-case.

"One moment, Sir," said the official in the box-office; "you cannot enter until your registration form has been filled up. I must trouble you for your name, age, profession, and date of last vaccination."

"What—what in the world has that got to do with you?" gasped the Representative.

"Our invariable rule," replied the official, calmly, "made by the Manager of the Coliseum in the interests of the public. Can't be too careful whom we admit into the theatre, you know. Age—profession—thank you. The vaccination took well, I hope? Ah, quite so. That is all I want, thank you. JAMES, you may show this gentlemen into cell No. 151."

"But my ticket is for stall B 29," objected Mr. Punch's Representative.

The box-office manager smiled. "Yes, and you shall occupy it presently," he said. "Is it possible that you have not heard of our new rule? Anyone who does not arrive in time to take his place half-an-hour before the rise of the curtain is imprisoned in a padded cell until the end of the first act. Remove the gentleman, if you please, JAMES."

The attendant named tapped his revolver-case significantly, and our Representative made haste to follow him. He led the way to a small underground cell, the walls of which were covered by portraits of the manager, and by an announcement that the upholstery, air cushions and leg-irons were supplied by Messrs. Snooks' Emporium.

"The leg-irons," explained the attendant, "are reserved for those of our patrons who try to resist the new rules by force. In your case, Sir, I am sure they will not be necessary. Nor shall I have to trouble you with a visit from our hairdresser."

"Hairdresser?" exclaimed our astonished Representative, raising his hand to his ambrosial locks, lightly toned with pearly grey, "I should think not! What do you mean?"



A BORN STRATEGIST.

Tommy's Mother. "WHY, YOU HAVE GOT YOUR RIBBON ON THE WRONG ARM, TOMMY!"

Tommy (who has been recently vaccinated). "AH, MUMMIE, YOU DON'T KNOW THE BOYS AT MY SCHOOL!"

"Well, Sir, it was found that gentlemen with a great deal of hair, brushed high, somewhat obstructed the view of the stage. So we have a rule that if your hair rises more than a quarter of an inch above the level of your skull it must be trimmed before you are allowed to take your place in the audience. When the first act is nearly over I will fetch you your felt slippers and gag."

"Felt slippers? Gag? Do you mean that you expect me to wear them?" cried Mr. Punch's Representative with unaffected indignation.

"Certainly, Sir—it's one of our new rules—framed solely in the interests of

playgoers. The felt slippers will prevent your damaging other persons' toes as you pass to your seat. The gag will check any inclination you may feel to talk during the performance. We allow you to remove it, of course, between the acts. I will fetch these articles for you presently."

"Don't trouble," said our esteemed Representative, hastily, "don't trouble. The fact is—I am not very well, and I think I'll go home. I'm an old theatre-goer, and these new rules of yours are—er—a little upsetting, you know. 'All in the interests of the audience?' Ah, yes, no doubt—no doubt. But I think I'll go home, all the same."

STYLE AND THE OAR.

To sit upon a seat
 With the straps about your feet,
 And to grasp an oar and use it, to recover and to slide,
 And to keep your body swinging,
 And to get the finish ringing,
 And to send the light ship leaping as she whizzes on the tide ;
 To make the rhythm right
 And your feather clean and bright,
 And to slash as if you loved it, though your muscles seem
 to crack ;
 And, although your brain is spinning,
 To be sharp with your beginning,
 And to heave your solid body indefatigably back ;
 Not to be a fraction late
 When the rate is thirty-eight ;
 To be quick when stroke demands it, to be steady when
 he's slow ;
 And to keep a mind unheeding
 When the other lot are leading,
 And to set your teeth and brace your back and just to make
 her go.
 And when she gives a roll
 To swing out with heart and soul,
 And to balance her and rally her and get her trim and true ;
 And while the ship goes flying
 To hear the coxswain crying,
 "Reach out, my boys, you'll do it!" and, by Jupiter,
 you do !
 To seek your bed at ten,
 And to tumble out again
 When the clocks are striking seven and the winds of March
 are chill ;
 To be resolute and steady,
 Cheerful, regular, and ready
 For a run upon the Common or a tramp up Putney Hill ;
 To sink yourself and be
 Just a unit, and to see
 How the individual withers and the crew is more and more ;
 And to guard without omission
 Every glorious tradition
 That the ancient heroes founded when they first took up
 an oar ;
 In short, to play the game
 * Not so much for name or fame
 As to win a common honour for your colours light or dark—
 Oh ! it's this has made your crew-man
 Such a chivalrous and true man
 Since the day that Father Noah went a-floating in the Ark.
 R. C. L.

AN EVENING'S TIVOLITY.

AFTER an excellent dinner at the Sibyl Hotel, not far from the Temple, our noble host, LUCULLUS, conducted us in his chariot to Tivoli, the Tivoli, "where, by Hercules!" he exclaimed, "you will see some marvellous wrestling, and, by Tibur-Thames and Apollo, you will hear discoursed much catching music." In the unavoidable absence of DANIELENO DEURIOLOANO, there is provided for the Tivolian patrons a capital and varied entertainment. It is to be regretted that we were not in time to hear "Miss MARIE WILTON, Comédienne," just for "auld acquaintance" namesake, and equally sorry were we on finding that we were too late for the performance of two clever "Duetists and Dancers," the Sisters ASQUITH. We missed the name of HERBERT CAMPBELL-BARKERMAN from the exceedingly liberal programme issued

by the Tivolian management. A charmingly graceful show is that of the "Japanese Cherry Blossom Company" of *chanteuses et danseuses* led by Miss MARGUERITE FISH, a singing, dancing, and quaintly fascinating little sole whom the management are very fortunate to have caught. Following in her wake comes Mr. ALBERT WHELAN, set down in the bill as a vocalist, though had he been described as a "double whistler" (nothing to do with JAMES McNEILL of that artistic ilk), it would have been more correct and more exciting to the curiosity. His issue of "double notes" is wonderfully clear and harmonious, and his imitations excellent. Down as "19," and a remarkably fine girl for her age, came the Imperial ALEXANDRA DAGMAR, who, in the most good-natured and condescending *bonne enfant* manner, proceeded to delight her devoted subjects with a topical song entitled "*Dolly Grey*," which was rapturously encored.

No. 20 was intended to be "the hit of the evening," though, as a matter of fact—it being purely a wrestling match—no hit could possibly be made. GEORGES HACKENSCHMIDT, "the champion wrestler of the world," engaged in three bouts with three separate first-rate *bond fide* champions of other worlds (for there are "more worlds than one"), each one of whom gave Master-Champion GEORGES a considerable amount of trouble. Queer to see how they approached one another, bending suspiciously, ever on the alert, eye to eye, nose to nose, each holding out his right hand, palm open upwards, as if offering some alluring morsel as a bait for the other to fall into his grip. Not otherwise did Mrs. BONN, in the old song, entice the ducklings with "Dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed." Then, when each attempted to clutch and grip—"to have and to hold"—the other, and as each, illusive, escaped, and came down, as an item of luggage is labelled, "this side up—with care," both champions might have muttered, with *Macbeth*, apostrophising the imaginary dagger,

"Come, let me clutch thee!
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still;"

until at last they tumble first into each other's arms, then on to each others backs, their heads alternately disappearing and re-appearing; up they come, silently wriggling, down they go, struggling and striving, the excitement of the audience increasing at every round, until partisans all over the house begin to shout advice to their man and to express themselves so strongly that, were it not for the Referee crying "Time!" and closing the strife, it seemed as if there would have been a considerable probability of the entire audience emphasising their opinions in private and personal single hand-to-hand wrestling matches. "Time!" Quite so. Eleven p.m. And so ta-ta to Tivoli.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

VERY soon will be held the Royal Academy Sessions at Burlington House. Hundreds of prisoners will anxiously await the sentence to be pronounced upon them by the Committee of Selection, every member of which is, in his judicially artistic capacity, a sort of Judge JEFFREYS or "Hanging Judge." From this body, as the old song has it, "A dreadful ar-ray" of R.A.'s, are chosen the executioners, to whom is entrusted the carrying out of the final irrevocable sentence. Only those who have been present at a criminal trial, or who have seen the drama of *Le Juif Polonais* (with Sir HENRY IRVING as *Mathias*) can realise the awful solemnity of the proceedings under the presidency of Chief Justice Sir EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A. Yet how merciful is this Judicial Bench! The hopelessly condemned are permitted to go away unhung! While those about whom the evidence is doubtful are allowed to remain in a state of suspense (oh, the torture of it!), until their final doom is pronounced, when they are either hung or banished.



NO SPRING CLEANING.

Mrs. Campbell-Bannerman (the "Char"). "AIN'T YOU GOIN' TO 'AVE NOTHIN' DONE THIS YEAR! THE PLACE IS IN A SHOOKIN' STATE!"

Mr. Braddock (the Butler). "WELL, WE'RE DOIN' A LITTLE WHITEWASHIN',—BUT WE WILL NOT HAVE THE CARPETS UP!"



A HIGH STANDARD.

"HINTELLIGENT! BLESS YE, THAT THERE DOG 'E BE MOST AS OLEVER AS I ARE!"

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

My Baronite honestly confesses he has not read Mr. BERNARD CAFES' *Plots* (METHUEN). Attracted by the name of the publisher, who habitually turns out good work, he took up the volume and found it further enticing by reason of the titles of successive stories. But he came a cropper on the second page. Here is a sentence descriptive of one of the characters in the first tale: "Another evolution, only less negative, was of a certain desperate pugnacity that derived from a sense of the inhuman justice conveyed in the fact that temperamental debility not only debarred him from that bold and healthy expression of self that it was his nature to wish [What?], but made him actually appear to act in contradiction to his own really sweet and sound predilections." Dazed by this blow, my Baronite staggered through a few more pages, till he came upon the hero, whose "soul seemed to pant grey from his lips; his face was bloodless and like stone; the devils in his eyes were awake and busy as maggots in a wound." Then my Baronite softly laid the book on the table and stole away on tiptoe.

Among the host of Transatlantic writers who have recently dealt with the history of our Colonies in what are now known as the United States of America, Miss MARY JOHNSTON, says my Nautical Retainer, has a place apart. If we except the author of that remarkable novel, *Cardigan*, there is no one to compare her with but herself. Though her new book, *Audrey* (CONSTABLE), misses something of the fine piquancy and high masculine daring of her last—*By Order of the Company* (which also had its setting in Old Virginia)—it has a more rounded perfection and the author has here kept more closely within the limits of her powers, whose range is still astonishingly wide. No braver tucket ever heralded an adventurous pageant than the opening chapter of *Audrey*.

Yet the book is less a romance of adventure than a moving study of the inter-relationship of three characters. *Audrey* herself is so wayward a child of nature, and is placed in an environment so remote from common experience, that we have to accept her on trust as the pure creation of a charming fancy. But it is when we refer the hero to the familiar standard set up by other popular romancers that we best appreciate Miss JOHNSTON's distinction of draughtsmanship. His youthful, irresponsible self-indulgence; his imperturbable *sang-froid*, his distraction of spirit between two types of woman, one commanding his complete respect without his love, the other his love without, at first, his complete respect; the dawn and growth of this desired complement to his passion; these features and developments go to make up a figure of irresistible fascination. Other characters, such as that of *MacLean*, who loves well because he hates well, are drawn with nice discrimination. If Miss JOHNSTON has a fault it lies in a tendency to abuse her unquestionable gift of scenic description by the over-elaboration of her background. Her narrative is also marred at times by a trick of rhetorical inversion—a negative placed after its verb, a verb placed before its subject in a dependent sentence. She is singularly free from Americanisms, but she allows herself to indulge in one example of a very noxious habit now prevailing among her countrymen: "trees that had been felled *lest they afford cover*." Our cousins must learn the distinction between the past and present tenses of the subjunctive mood. The coloured illustrations in *Audrey*, both for delicacy of drawing and refinement of subdued harmony, are an exquisite addition to the charm of the book. I commend it with absolute confidence to the readers of *Punch*. No Easter holiday should be attempted without it.

(*Nihil obstat*)

BARON DE B.-W.

OUR LAST LINE OF DEFENCE, IF NOT DEFIANCE.

[After Campbell. *Being the Views of a Private of the Inns of Court ("Devil's Own") Volunteers.*]

"LIGHTS out!" rang our bugles; the weather was drizzly,
And deep lay the dark round the Devil his Own,
As we flung ourselves down on our bedding at Bisley—
The sleepy to slumber, the wakeful to groan.

I could hear the low curse of the Common Law sentry,
Our shield from the peril that prowleth by night,
As I dozed with my section of militant gentry
In skirmishing order, undressed by the right.

With a smile on my conscience—the outcome of duty—
And blisters that burned at the back of my heel,
I evoked recollections of laughter and beauty
In scenes where I once had a succulent meal.

And I thought of the dear ones that urged me to spare a
Brief respite of leisure from legal routine
For a cursory trip to the blue Riviera
Or Fontainebleau's woods at the first of the green.

Had I carelessly yielded to feminine clamour
And placed before England's my personal gain,
I could now have been basking in Italy's glamour
Or haunting the splendid Alhambra (in Spain).

But my ear had been closed to the voice of the charmer,
My breast was as basalt, my will like a rock;
I would up with my rifle and on with my armour
And out on the warpath at six of the clock.

For I thought, "What if France, at the Easter vacation,
With Ministers loafing in various lands,
Should arrive overnight, and from Cannon Street Station
Ask London at breakfast to hold up her hands?"

"But if only they hear that our corps is in fettle
Scarce thirty miles off from their line of retreat,
They will certainly shrink from essaying the mettle
Of us who have never acknowledged defeat.

"Yet 'tis we that Officials regard as a burden,
A raw, ineffective, civilian police;
They would stint us and starve us, forgetting the guerdon
Rome gave to her loyal, if amateur, geese.

"But we want no reward for the service we bring them,
Who, safe in our keeping, lie warm in their beds;
And our single and lofty revenge is to fling them
Live coals from the kitchen to wear on their heads!"

So I dreamed till the blast of the blatant reveille;
Then rose from my pallet, one uniform ache,
And repaired to parade with a vacuous beille
For England and home and my honour at stake. O.S.

A POINTLESS NOSE.

(At the Duke of York's Theatre.)

WHEN Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES got *The Princess's Nose* out of his own head and took it in hand, was it not evident to the talented but persistently wilful holder thereof that the point, previously manifest to his own unclothed eye, had become entirely obscured? Did he think that by tweaking the Princess's nose, causing its possessor to suffer acutely, he could bring tears to the eyes of a sympathetic audience?

This nasal idea evidently seized upon HENRY AUTHOR and stuck to him as persistently as did the head of King CHARLES THE FIRST to Mr. Dick. The obsession was too strong for

him, and with the yielding French heroine (was she in a play by OHNET?) he must have exclaimed (for it is evident from the dialogue that he was thinking a good deal in French)—

"Ah! je n'ose point! C'est trop fort pour moi!"

Now the Princess herself has a pretty little tip-tilted nose, "turned up" at the idea of snuff, of which commodity she gives a sufficiency, or *quantum snuff*, both to her faithless spouse and her treacherous friend. This *bourgeoise* Princess is cleverly played by Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, who seems puzzled to know what precisely to make of the character. And the whimsicality of it all is, that it is not the Princess's nose that suffers, but the nose of the wicked lady who was plotting to put that of the Princess out of joint! So here is an unexpected twist given to somebody else's nose and not that of the *Princesse de Chalençon* (née, or *nez*, LANGRISH)! From this point to the finish, tragedy vanishes, comedy fades away, and farce prevails.

The plot, diagnosed, would occupy too much time and space; simply told, it is that the Princess with the tip-tilted nose discovers that she has got two "wipers" in the house; one being *Mrs. Malpas* (well represented by Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON), and the other, *Mr. Eglinton-Pyne* (a difficult part amusingly rendered by Mr. COSMO STUART). *Mrs. Malpas*, who attempts to put the Princess's nose out of joint by flirting desperately with the *Prince de Chalençon* (a perfect performance by Mr. HENRY IRVING of an imperfectly conceived character) under the very nose of the Princess, gets her own nose flattened out like a pancake all over her face (as was *Pat Murphy's* after a Donnybrook fight) in a carriage accident. Mr. GILBERT HARE as *Sir John Langrish*, the Princess's uncle, to whom she goes when in difficulties (quite an exceptional case this of a Princess "going to her uncle's"), does nothing in particular with consummate skill; and the same may be said of Mr. VIBART as the chatty doctor, Mr. PAWLE as the idiotic *Mr. Malpas*, of Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON as the scandal-loving old lady, and of Miss ETHELWYN ARTHUR-JONES, whose rendering, it is fair to add, of an odiously ridiculous type of young lady, belonging rather to the period of the æsthetic craze than to the present day, is decidedly clever.

It is a mistake on the author's part to show a country gentleman, "so English, you know" as is *Sir John Langrish*, acting towards even such a cad as *Mr. Eglinton-Pyne* proves himself after the fashion of a French aristocrat of the Louis Quinze period; for this he does when, instead of quietly telling the butler to "see *Mr. Pyne* safely out of the house," he summons a game-keeper and two of his men to act as "chuckers-out" and, three bullies to one flabby little man, soundly to thrash the wretched creature who, in his way, is a variant of THEODORE HOOK's *Jack Brag*. The indignant old Louis Quinze Marquis, treating *Mr. Eglinton-Pyne* as mere *canaille*, would have summoned his *domestiques* with, "*Ici et promptement, vous autres! Qu'on me jette ce drôle à la rue, après l'avoir bâtonné comme il faut!*" "*Alors, Irène (Vanbrugh) poussa un cri d'horreur,*"

"—Ah! pitié, pitié, mon oncle!"

"For which overhaul" your GUY CHANTEPLEURE, *cher Maître HENRI ARTHUR*, "*et quand on l'a trouvé, notez-le bien!*" comme dit *M. le Capitaine Cuttle*.

By the way, as the story is modern and we are shown the manners and customs of quite a modern country house party, how is it that, where the nose is so prominent, "Bridge" is not in evidence? Might we not have had some music introduced into the Amateur Theatricals, say from *Nosé in Egitto*? or could not the Princess have given us "a little thing of her own" to an accompaniment on the "gay catarrh"? In answer to such questions, HENRY AUTHOR

will probably reply by imitating, figuratively of course, the action of INGOLDSBY'S little vulgar boy who

"Put his thumb unto his nose and spread his fingers out."

Allowing that HENRY AUTHOR knows his own business best, it may be fairly asked whether, if *The Princess's Nose* had had a turn on the grindstone, it could not have been considerably shortened and sharpened?

Well-meaning critical friends might have jocosely "pulled HENRY AUTHOR'S leg," but he would still have kept firm hold of this nose until it came off, as it did on the first night, and he will subsequently find himself with a piece on his hands. But what does it matter? Our HENRY AUTHOR has so excellent a record with his *Liars*, *Rebellious Susan*, *Dancing Girl*, and other plays, that no doubt it will not be long before he "follows his nose" with a big success.

PHILLIPS v. HALSBURY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Can you allow me space wherein to prove, what has long been suspected by Baconians, that the plays attributed to Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS were really written by Lord Chancellor HALSBURY? The chain of evidence runs thus:—

1. Lord HALSBURY, Lord Chancellor: cf. Lord BACON.

2. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, self-styled dramatist and ex-actor: cf. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

3. The ingrained tendency of Lord Chancellors to write other people's plays.

4. The antecedent improbability that Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, who for six years mixed with none but travelling actors, and then (see JOHN LANE'S biography) became an army coach, should have acquired that knowledge of kings, heroes, heroines, nobles, palaces, &c., displayed in *Ulysses*, *Herod*, and *Paolo and Francesca*.

5. *Per contra*, the intimate and protracted association of Lord HALSBURY with Royalty, peers, and all manner of magnates, including JOSEPHUS.

6. The extraordinary resemblance between the Prologue to *Ulysses* and the proceedings of a Cabinet Council.

7. References in the above-mentioned plays betokening a knowledge of law which it is impossible that Mr. PHILLIPS could have acquired. For example:—

(i.) "And yonder sack" [*i.e.* Woolpack].
Herod, p. 114.

(ii.) "Sire, if this insolence unpunished go,
We soon shall lack all reverence below"
Prologue to Ulysses.

—a clear allusion to contempt of court.

8. Reference to "a sort of war" in *Herod*, p. 124, where we read "I have outspanned life."



She. "IT'S VERY GOOD OF YOU TO COME WITH ME. DO YOU ALWAYS SEE PEOPLE HOME THAT CALL AT YOUR HOUSE?"

He. "I GENERALLY DO IF THEY'RE GIRLS. 'Oos, YOU SEE THEY NEED A MAN TO LOOK AFTER THEM, 'SPECIALLY IF IT'S A BIT LATE."

9. The remarkable fact that there are precisely the same number of letters in HARDINGE GIFFORD and STEPHEN PHILLIPS. I am, dear Sir,
Faithfully yours,
GALLOPING BESS.

ANOTHER AMERICAN TRUST?—At the Inter-University Sports on the 21st Cambridge lost the odd event to Oxford and Coe. If the Coe. (from America) had been absent, the result would have been Oxford four events, Cambridge five; but as he was there his Weight (so to put it) turned the balance.

To Correspondents.

A "YOUNG STUDENT" writes to ask "Who was Cactus?" CACTUS was one of the flower of the Roman Patricians. He was known as a Sprig of Nobility. His motto was "*Sic Romanus tu scis*," and he flourished a good deal about 25 A.U.C. [*Vide Dr. Punch's Classical Dictionary of Quite Proper Names.*]

"SHAKESPEARE" asks, "Was *Othello* a Yorkshire Moor?" There is hardly anything in the text to warrant such an assumption; but, on the other hand, SHAKESPEARE'S silence as to Yorkshire has to be reckoned with.—Ed.

RUGGERSOCCY.

"Now, if you're ready for the poem," said Humpty-Dumpty.

"Please begin," said ALICE.

"Well, don't interrupt," said Humpty-Dumpty, "because it ought to go straight on. It's like this."

'Twas Britig, and the islish boves
Did scrove and pimmage in the scrog,
All sweasy were the muddidoaves
And the line-umps outwog.

"It's very difficult," said ALICE.

"Don't interrupt," said Humpty-Dumpty.

"But, please, what's Britig and the other things?"

ALICE asked.

"I should have thought everybody would easily understand," replied Humpty-Dumpty. "'Britig' means any time or place, because the sun never sets on the British Empire. And 'islish boves' are a sort of John Bulls that play football on an island, and they scrag and shove and push and scrimmage in all weathers, sun, cold, rain, or fog, or all four together, which is 'scrog'; and then they all get sweltering and greasy and muddy, and the umpires on the touch lines keep waving flags; that's why it says they 'outwog.' And the rest of it is quite simple; so don't interrupt again."

"I'll try not to," said ALICE. "How does it go on, please?"

"Like this," said Humpty-Dumpty.

"Beware the Ruggersoc, my son,
The feet that kick, the arms that clutch,
Beware the foul-foul bird and shun
The flukious kick-in-touch!"

He took his typal yost in hand;
Long time the gamesome foe he sought;
So rested he by the dumdummy tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in khakish thought he stood,
The Ruggersoc, with eyes of flame,
Came piffing by in bulegous mood,
And footled as it came.

"What ho! what ho!" and to and fro
His typal yost went snickersnack,
He left the Ruggersoc for dead
And went gig-lamping back.

"And hast thou slain the Ruggersoc?
Come to my arms, my kiplish boy!
O rudyous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He gloatled in his joy.

* * * * *

'Twas Britig, and the islish boves
Still scroved and pimmaged in the scrog;
All sweasy were the muddidoaves
And the line-umps outwog.

"Well?" said Humpty-Dumpty after a long pause.

"Is that all?" asked ALICE, as she put her hand politely in front of her mouth.

"All!" cried Humpty-Dumpty. "Can't you see that we've got back to the place we started from?"

"Then he didn't really kill the Ruggersoc?" ALICE asked.

"Nothing like it," said Humpty-Dumpty. "He only broke his typing machine against the Ruggersoccy's nice hard head, that's all."

"I think it's a very beautiful poem," said ALICE.

GEMS OF THE FIRST WATER-COLOURISTS.

(Selected specimens for the guidance of visitors to the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours, Piccadilly. Eighty-seventh Exhibition.)

43. "Entrance to Dunkerque Harbour." By EDWIN HAYES, R.H.A., R.I. One of the best. Just that Haze about it that reminds one of the place.

49. "Portrait of Mrs. H. H." Not silent "H," but a speaking likeness. Shall we have, also from the Hand of HAL HURST, R.I., portraits of "Signor C. C.," "Doctor D. D.," "M. F. H. on his G. G." and then a striking one showing a Naiad just entering the water, and a Dryad with towel, just after the bathe, entitled, modestly, "O! O!"? Then on to 512, "Portrait of a Lady," also by HAL HURST. "What, HAL! How now, Mad Wag?" Why this invidious distinction between 49 and 512?

160. H. G. HEWITT's "Wasted Melody" is full of humour. The poor blind minstrel is piping at the broken-down door of a dilapidated cottage. Not a soul to listen to him. It is a sad picture for any actor to contemplate, as it may forcibly remind him of some unlucky occasion when he "played to an empty house."

192. TOM BROWNE, R.I., who is one of "the Elect," shows a young Dutchman and his young Dutchesse in rather misty weather. He is giving her some of his *sauce hollandaise*, and she is "not taking any, thank you." It might be appropriately called "Our Young Dutch."

27. "Enthroned" is a puzzler, by J. EDWARD GOODALL. Does it represent "The Lady of Banbury Cross" (she doesn't look particularly cross—"more in sorrow than in anger") as she sat for her portrait, "with rings on her fingers," while awaiting the arrival of an expert chiropodist to tell her what on earth that great blue excrescence is on a toe of her right foot?

220. A charming picture by CHARLES P. SAINTON, R.I., called "The Fairy's Hunt." But what is this child-fairy hunting? Or is it a babe being hunted by fairies? Is it a mortal babe at all, or is it only symbolical of a "little spirit and water?"

225. As near perfection as possible are these "White Horses" from Neptune's stable, by HELY SMITH, wild and restive, yet well broken.

251. "For All the World to See." W. H. C. GROOME depicts a lover cutting his lady's initials on a tree "while she waits." Suggestive of future bride-Groome?

264. This is simply first-rate. Every one knows—or if they don't they ought to know—the fish market at Boulogne, and the fisher-women, from the age of ninety downwards. Here they are, a pair of mer-women, *affiché'd* by DUDLEY HARDY, R.I., all alive O! The old one up to any amount of wrinkles in the trade, the buxom middle-aged one ready to give as good as and better than she gets, sell her fish and enjoy her lark, as the case may be. And then the fish! The artist has caught them perfectly. These fish and these fisher-women ought not to be long in the market!

348. Excellent is MAURICE RANDALL's "A South-Wester." None but an uncommonly good sailor can behold this unmoved.

373. Once more ashore with JAMES ORROCK, R.I. O'er-rock, far away from sea coast, walking leisurely, trotting, and coming to the gentle "Amble, near Warkworth" ("well worth the wark") "in Northumberland." Delightful, restful, sweet!

451. Two equestrians, a lover and his lass, mounted on one horse, encounter a stilted comedian, or, to be accurate, a mountebank on stilts, followed by the drum and pipes. On this, GORDON BROWNE, R.I., colourist and humorist, comments with the quotation, "Thou com'st in such a questionable shape!" Perhaps the subtle artist intended

us to understand that these *two spectators retained their seats* during the performance.

496. After the above exciting scene how pleasant it is to settle down with EDMUND G. WARREN, R.I. "*On the River Dart, near Holne Chase, Devon.*" A haven of perfect rest. And having hither come, we take the rest and leave the remainder. Go early in the morning, if fine weather, for the water-colours seem far fresher then, and at all events the eyes—that is if you mind your eyes—are clearer.

WINTER AND THE POETS.

SOME to soft Spring bring adjectival praise,
Others to Autumn with her dropping dews,
Others delight in Summer's widening days;
Only do we inclement Winter choose.
Not for his frosty breath or lucent snows,
His slippery ways, his crisp and nimble airs,
Or for his playful habit every time
We venture forth of touching up our nose,
But that a charter for a verse he bears—
In winter one expects a little rime!

THOUGHTS ON SHOW SUNDAY.

(By One who has to be in Fifty Studios at the same time.)

March 21st.—Next Sunday is "Outsiders' Show Day," when one particularly wants to be out of town to see if there are any primroses in the railway cuttings on the Dover line—and there are several dozen invitations for that afternoon on the mantelpiece marked "Pictures, 3 to 6 o'clock" . . . Well, duty calls, whether here or in South Africa, and a "drive" must clearly be organised, or a circular tour round London, or something Boyle-Rochean. Let me see, where are the chief objectives? Tite Street (Chelsea), Pembroke Gardens, Bedford Park, Adelaide Road, Eton Avenue, Haverstock Hill, St. Paul's Studios, Orme Square, Abbey Road, William Street, Bedford Gardens, Maida Vale, King's Road, Sutherland Avenue, Victoria Street, Brunswick Square, St. John's Wood, Little Holland Road, The Avenue (Fulham), Finchley Road, Bolton Studios, Pembroke Studios, Onslow Studios, Stratford Studios, and a score of other coteries. This will require management. With a quick cab, a sketch plan of the route, a fair wind and an occasional pick-me-up, I think we may reckon on twenty seconds with each artist.

This will mean, on an average, four



Loafer. "ANY CHANCE OF A JOB O' WORK 'ERE, MISTER?"

Foreman. "NO. WE'RE NOT WANTING ANY MORE HANDS NOW."

Loafer. "WELL, THE LITTLE BIT O' WORK I'D DO WOULDN'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE!"

seconds for each picture. Which is, in certain cases, quite long enough.

A few of these precious moments must be deducted for salutations, personal enquiries, condolences on bad hangings, abuse of the British climate, tea, cigarettes, skirmishes with children and critics, platitudes, comments on the painter's brilliant past and still more glowing future, parting jokes where advisable, and not more than three allusions apiece to the Coronation.

It would be as well, meanwhile, to pick up a few fresh flowers of art-jargon, "values" and "tonality," "key" and "genre" having had their

day; also to make sure of the difference between the Glasgow and Newlyn schools, and to look up Barbizon, Cinquecento and so forth, in the encyclopædia.

A good deal of horse-power, not to speak of foot-pounds and shoe-leather, promises to be used up over this *Rundreise*, which would be obviated if only the artists would pool their shows and hold a combined private view, say in Olympia.

On second thoughts, *can* one do justice after all to so many geniuses in one afternoon? . . .

Ah, here is the Continental *Bradshaw* and the circular of Easter excursions!



Rector. "WHY, DOCTOR, WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO? I THOUGHT THE MEET WAS DOWN AT THE CROSS ROADS."

Doctor. "WELL, THE FACT IS, I'VE GOT A PATIENT UP HERE THAT I MUST SEE AND THE HOUNDS ARE CERTAIN TO COME THIS WAY."

Rector. "I SEE. KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE, EH?"

THE AUTHOR'S GUIDE.

(V. "*Literary Year Book, 1902*," *passim*. With grateful apologies to Mr. W. S. Gilbert.)

If you're anxious for to shine in the literary line and to live upon your pen,

You must write up racy pars on our operatic stars and our leading public men,

You must pierce their penetralia, indulge in personalia and give us spicy stuff—

The truth of it don't matter if it's only idle chatter that is impudent enough.

And everyone will say,

As you go your inky way,

"If he can take a hansom cab when a 'bus must do for me, Why, what a very singularly smart young man this smart young man must be!"

Having trained imagination by this course of education, you will take with eager zest

To the universal fashion, writing tales of plot and passion with a strong love interest,

You will pile up lots of pathos, high as Pelion on Athos, while a murder always tells,

But the *sine qua*, my friend, is the usual happy end to the tune of marriage bells.

And everyone will say,

As you go your conventional way,

"If he can think of sensational plots which never would occur to me,

Why, what a very singularly fertile man this fertile man must be!"

You must never publish aught that's provocative of thought, nor labour the finishing file

To endanger your position by the very least suspicion of distinction in your style,

You must never vex your noddle with a classic for a model, nor revive the dead, dead past,

No, and never, never write any syllable which might, by a freak of fortune, last.

And everyone will say,

As you go your ephemeral way,

"If he can write from an empty brain, which would very much appeal to me,

Why, what a very up-to-date kind of youth this kind of youth must be!"

THE CONTRACTOR'S LOT.

WHEN the enterprising B-BGL's busy bergling,

And contracting daily, daily doth expand,

He loves to hear the oxen fall a-gurgling,

As they drag the bullock-waggons through the sand.

His delight he can with difficulty smother

When the War Office has business to be done—

Ah, take one consideration with another,

A contractor's lot's a very happy one.

When the War Office has business to be done,

The contractor's lot's a very happy one.

AN INVALID EXCUSE.—Mr. JONES regrets that he is unable to accept Mrs. BOREHAM's kind invitation to luncheon for this day three weeks, as he is engaged to attend a funeral on that date.

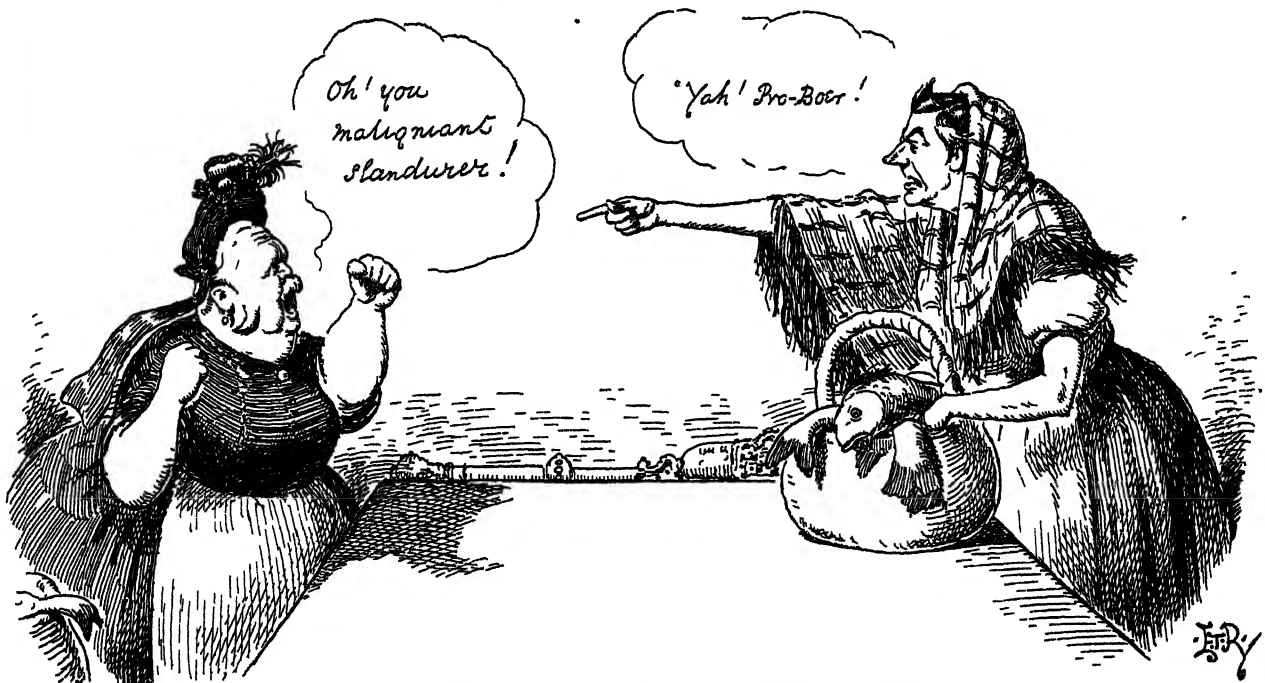


AU REVOIR!

ARTHUR BELFRAGE. "YOU TWO STAY WHERE YOU ARE. WE'LL PICK YOU UP AGAIN WHEN WE COME BACK."

SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE AMENITIES OF DEBATE. TWENTIETH CENTURY.

House of Commons, March 17th.—Well known that it is the duty of an Opposition to oppose. The necessity weighs heavily upon the Party in the House of Commons. His Majesty's Opposition could almost be happy if it were not that from time to time sense of duty and of the fitness of things suggests a Vote of Censure. Immediate, inevitable result is to close up Ministerial ranks, while fresh fissures are riven in their own. Not since the famous CAWLEY resolution was moved has House been in such doleful dumps as to-night. Yet if ever opportunity was provided by a Government for a united, well-led Opposition to smite them hip and thigh, the story of the War Office Contracts creates it. To-night, as heretofore, not a voice is raised on Ministerial side (save from the Treasury Bench) in extenuation, much less defence, of the great Hungarian Horse Deal or the bargain with the Cold Storage Company.

SARK, watching DON JOSÉ listening to BRODRICK making the best of his case, whispered, "TOBY, *mio*, I would willingly give to the poor a quarter's cheque of JESSE COLLINGS's salary to see DON JOSÉ sitting on the other side of the Table, ready to spring up and reply to the War Minister on the whole case. I don't believe the Ministry would survive his speech a week. He has his compensations; but they must be large indeed to console him for not being in

Opposition during the past two years. He is, alas for Liberalism, on the other side."

Attack on Ministerial position led by CAWMELL-BANNERMAN. A very good speech he made; moderate in tone, judicial in manner, convincing in citation of indisputable facts. But no wave of enthusiasm ran along Opposition Benches. When he sat down, House, by no means crowded, emptied; at nine o'clock, progress of debate on Vote of Censure, moved by Leader of Opposition, was nearly stopped by count out.

Business done.—C.-B. moves for Committee of Enquiry on War Office Contracts. Government reply, "Why, certainly; sort of thing we ought to do, dear boy. No one more anxious than we for full enquiry; only *not just yet*. Wait till the clouds roll by. Then, as ROSEBERRY says, we shall all be in such a state of jubilation that no one will care about trifles like the Hungarian Horse Deal or the Cold Storage Company with its more than a million profit on a year's transactions. If they do care, nothing practical can result from enquiry made at that epoch. Might just as well appoint Committee to enquire into the cause and effect of the last eclipse of the moon. We've nothing to hide; nothing to fear from full enquiry; we are in fact dying for it. Only *not just yet*. Wait till the 'sort of war' is really over. Then, if any of you are still alive, come and ask for

Committee or Commission, and you shall have either or both."

Tuesday night.—The MEMBER FOR SARK is old enough to have sat in the House with the father of the present Financial Secretary to the War Office. In fact he confides to me that he was the inventor of a little joke that had much vogue in the mid-seventies. FRED STANLEY, as the sixteenth Earl of DERBY was styled twenty-seven years ago, held the very office his son and heir now adorns. As Financial Secretary to the War Office F. S. was put up to make his maiden official speech in connection with the Regimental Exchanges Bill. A modest man, abashed by his prominence, he floundered fearfully. DIZZY sat behind with arms folded, head bent down, but eyes anxiously fixed on the form of the younger son of the statesman who had done much to establish his own fortune. When the callow Minister seemed to be in imminent danger of finally sticking in the mud, DIZZY's voice (so the story ran), was heard encouragingly quoting, "On, STANLEY, on!"

No need for such incentive in case of the STANLEY who to-night, after interval of more than a quarter of a century, stands at the Table, spokesman of the War Office. Rather is suggested the second clause in the famed last words of *Marmion*, "Charge, CHESTER, charge!" as more in Lord STANLEY's way. If criticism be called for it would be in direction of

friendly advice to stem the torrent of his speech. Too often it flows down like the waters of Lodore, making it difficult to catch the full purport of his remarks. This mannerism, born of constitutional habit, that endears him to both sides of the House. He is almost cholericly honest; fans consuming fire of scorn for anything mean or low. His grandfather was known as the "RUFERT of debate." Our Lord STANLEY is the Heavy Dragoon of the Question Hour. Heavily armed, fully accoutred, mounted on a steed not made in Hungary, he rides at and rides down Members opposite who, under thin disguise of a question, attempt to insinuate personal charges against soldiers in the field or officials at Pall Mall.

To-night essayed his longest speech in debate. A hard task to extenuate War Office complicity in contracts, whether for dead meat or live horses. STANLEY's untutored speech more effective in this direction than the more elaborate harangue of his chief at the War Office or of his Commander in Downing Street. A bluffly-spoken, shrewdly-argued discourse, displaying business-like contempt for theological differences as influencing Meat Contracts, or racial prejudices coming between a Department and the cheapest horses in the market. Almost persuaded the House that, with ST. JOHN BRODRICK in Pall Mall and KITCHENER in Pretoria, "all's right with the world."

Business done.—Vote of Censure moved from front Opposition Bench swiftly runs up Ministerial majority from normal level of 130 to actual record of 155. "There is an old constitutional axiom that the king can do no wrong. Seems to me," says SARK, "to be now transferred to the Ministry. Certainly, judging by votes of Commons, it appears that the Government can do no wrong."

Thursday night.—Few things more striking than the business-like fashion in which the House sets itself about the process of suspending a Member. Might justifiably write on its business cards, "Suspensions made whilst you wait." JOHN DILLON having in emphatic language conveyed his impression that an observation falling from the lips of the Colonial Secretary was lacking in the quality of veracity, the SPEAKER "named" him before he quite knew where he was. PRINCE ARTHUR was at the table moving the resolution ordering his suspension, and the House was cleared for a division.

Talk about the changeableness of an April day, it's nothing to the possibilities of the House of Commons. One moment we have DON JOSÉ quietly showing cause for his faith in the future of South Africa; the next JOHN DILLON

is on his feet saying bad words, and the thronged floor of the House is tossing in tumult, like the sea on which a cyclone has swept down.

Next to the suddenness of the outbreak is the completeness of the return to common-place calmness. Interrupted by the remark hinted at, DON JOSÉ, halting midway in a sentence, resumed his seat. Meanwhile there was the violent scene; the uproar of cheers and counter cheers; the division and the suspension of a Member. DILLON having



The Heavy Dragoon of the Question Hour.
Lord St-n-l-y.

retired amid frantic cheers from his compatriots, DON JOSÉ again appeared at the Table.

"As I was going to say when I was interrupted," he remarked, just as if a fly had settled on his nose, he had stopped to brush it off and was now continuing his speech.

Business done.—JOHN DILLON suspended.

MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY LIMERICKS.
AN ingenious person called CROOKETT
Ascended to fame like a rocket,
His Minister (Stickit)
Was such a good trick, it
Expanded the publisher's pocket.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.
"THE following have satisfied the
examiners for the degree of Bachelor of
Music, Pt. II. . .
H. HUMM, B.A., non-collegiate."

THE COMMON COMPLAINT.

["A man cannot be happy in politics."—Mr. Barton.]

"Bid politics go,
If you want to be happy."
'Tis a Premier's *mot*,
"Bid politics go!"
And he ought to know.
So remember, old chappie,
Bid politics go,
If you want to be happy.

"Bid Art a good day,
If you want to be happy."
So painters all say,
"Bid Art a good day,"
For she wears you away.
So remember, old chappie,
Bid Art a good day,
If you want to be happy.

"Never dip pen in ink,
If you want to be happy."
So writers all think,
"Never dip pen in ink,"
If you do, you will sink.
So remember, old chappie,
Never dip pen in ink,
If you want to be happy.

"Avoid stock and share,
If you want to be happy."
Financiers declare,
"Avoid stock and share,"
For money means care.
So remember, old chappie,
Avoid stock and share,
If you want to be happy.

"Eat mash while you may,
If you want to be happy."
Contented pigs say,
"Eat mash while you may,"
'Tis the only safe way.
So remember, old chappie,
Eat mash while you may
If you want to be happy.

THE FREAKISH HIPPODROME.

AMONG recent attractions at the London Hippodrome has been a one-legged cyclist. Forthcoming performers who guarantee to give the audience a turn include the following stars:—

ST. LEGER, the armless ping-pong champion, who will play three matches simultaneously blindfold.

CALMADY, the legless jockey, in his unparalleled equestrian act, when he will bestride fourteen bare-backed Basuto remounts abreast.

LOONEY, the idiot impersonator, who will give imitations of all the leading actor-managers.

ULULO, the deaf baritone, who will sing (in a different key from the accompanist) at 3 and 8.



Papa (reading paper to Mamma). "MAN HALF-FILLED IN A GLOVE FIGHT."
 Jessie. "POOR MAN! I WONDER WHICH HALF IT WAS, BOBBIE?"
 Bobbie. "WHY, THE TOP HALF, SILLY. THEY MUSTN'T HIT BELOW THE BELT!"

MR. PUNCH'S REPRINTS.

[Fired by the private example of the *Times* and *Globe*, Mr. Punch has explored the archives of our leading journals and reviews, and has much pleasure in publishing the results of his labours among the old files (*labor imae*).]

From "The Spectator" of 878 A.D., April 1st.

THE situation in Athelney is no doubt serious, but we see no cause for screaming. The news which arrives as we go to press, that King ÆLFRED has lost an entire convoy of cakes, need not be taken to argue strategic inefficiency on the part of the Commander-in-Chief. No great man is free from weakness. The most splendidly fearless man the present writer ever knew was tortured by the consciousness that he had no calf to his leg. We are therefore quite unconvinced by the arguments of those who clamour for the supersession of ÆLFRED by Prince BURHRED. In the first place it is by no means certain that the sacrifice of the convoy may not have been a skilful ruse. Indeed, one of the despatches states that the provisions in question were quite uneatable, whence one may infer that the Danes, who are notorious for their voracity, will not have indulged their appetites with impunity. Secondly, these hasty changes savour of panic. To adopt a homely metaphor, because the bootboy has come late one morning, you don't give his job to the lady's maid. Depend upon it, ÆLFRED has good reasons to show for his apparent negligence. Meantime, we shall continue in and out of season to insist on the urgent need of enrolling all able-bodied serfs in village archery clubs, on the understanding that any man who can hit a crow at fifty yards on Sunday afternoon shall be entitled to an old-age pension of ten groats a week, to commence at the age of 65.

From "Truth" of 1066, September 20th.

The statement that the Duke of NORMANDY will cross from St. Valery to Pevensey, which has been made in some uninstructed quarters, is of course dictated by crass ignorance. I have the best authority for announcing that he will take the Dieppe-Newhaven route. It has been stated also that the King resents the Duke's visit as inopportune, and will be at no pains to disguise his true feelings. This again is the usual farrago of rubbish which one has come to expect from so-called official organs. As a matter of fact King HAROLD welcomes the Duke's approach, and entertains not the shadow of enmity towards him. The story that the King will advance to Hastings to meet him is, however, pure invention.

From the "World" of 1419, November 10th.

CELEBRITIES AT HOME.—No. 003.

Sir Richard Whittington at the Mansion House.

A pull at the massive bell-handle of the private door of the official residence of the Chief Magistrate elicits a triple bob major, easily recognisable as the historic peal that bade our host to "turn again." It is quickly answered by a stately footman, and one has hardly had time to admire his fine development of calf before one is ushered into his Lordship's ante-room. Here all is bustle and life: franklins and scriveners passing in and out, mercers waiting to display their wares; on the left a pardoner chatting with a sumpnour; on the right a reeve exchanging gossip with a manciple. At last our turn comes, and we are shown into the presence of the thrice-elected Lord Mayor. Our host, by whose side his famous cat, just recovering from her eighteenth family, greets us with a friendly claw, is a man in the prime of life, pleasant in manner. We note that he is dressed in pink fleshings and that he carries a bundle on a walking stick over his back; and we are in no way surprised when he breaks into a coon song and dance. While he is thus performing we have leisure to examine the room,

and to notice on the wall a charming oil sketch of Lady WHITTINGTON, better known perhaps by her maiden name of ALICE FITZWARREN, and a series of Kitcat portraits of her husband's feline Egeria at various stages of her nine illustrious lives. On the mantelpiece . . .

(*cetera desunt.*)

From the "Matrimonial News" of 1542, February 14th.

Elderly widower wishes to meet with young lady to soothe his aching heart. Is of the highest rank, inclined to corpulence, aged fifty. Has already been married seven times, but still retains illusions. Will send portrait (by HOLBEIN) if return guaranteed. Address, H. R., Hampton Court.

From the "Daily News" of June 21st, 1815.

(By Our Military Critic.)

Though the official despatches claim a great victory for the Allied Forces at Waterloo, it simply leaps to the eyes of anyone who can read between the lines that the action has been both costly and indecisive. As we have constantly had occasion to point out during the Peninsular War, the Duke of WELLINGTON is no strategist, and had it not been for the heroic bravery of the Belgians, the British army would have been annihilated by the French. Holding as we do that this war is a crime, and that timely submission to NAPOLEON would have saved the country from incalculable misery, we cannot conceal our chagrin at the escape of our Commander-in-Chief from well-merited disaster. As for the defeat of the Old Guard—*Sapristi!* we flatly refuse to believe it. As we go to press a cheering rumour reaches us that WELLINGTON is a prisoner at Versailles.

THE TRUTHFUL YOUTHFUL GENERAL PRACTITIONER.

AN article in the *Lancet* on "The Study of Minor Ailments" reveals the inexperience of "the young practitioner, fresh from hospital work," in these trifling complaints. "He is called upon to deal with some common ailment of which he has often heard, from which, indeed, he may have suffered, but to which he has never had his attention directed during his days of pupillage." For the use of such medical men we venture to give the following dialogues, suited to various ailments. As we are not experts it is possible that some unimportant inaccuracies may be discovered in the medical terms:

SCENE—The consulting-room of Mr. AIKEN PAYNE, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., "at home 2 to 4 daily." Enter a patient, a young lady, limping.

The Doctor (*bowing gravely*). How do you do? Please sit down. You need not describe your symptoms. From the way you walk I see at once that you are suffering from spasmodic malformation of the *tendo Achillis* complicated with gangrenous secondary dislocation of the big toe. You will, of course, agree to the amputation of your foot?

Young Lady (*aghast*). Oh, how dreadful! I had no idea of such a thing. Do you really mean it? I thought it was a very bad chilblain.

Doctor (*more gravely*). I will examine the foot. Ah, now I see it, I believe you are right. There is nothing to be done.

Young Lady (*horried*). Nothing to be done? Is my case hopeless? Shall I be a cripple for life? Tell me! Tell me! Let me know the worst.

Doctor. Oh, no! There is nothing to be done, because the chilblain will go away of itself. I know that from experience. So glad to reassure you. Good-bye!

[Exit young lady, wreathed in smiles.]

Pale Man (crawling in). Doctor, I'm awfully bad. A mere wreck. I've such a pain in my forehead.

Doctor. Indeed! This is serious. It indicates capillary enlargement of the anterior valvular lobe of the brain. I fear trepanning will be necessary.

Pale Man (anxiously). Trepanning? What's that?

Doctor (soothingly). A very ordinary operation. The removal of a portion of the skull—

Pale Man (starting). What? Scalp me? Wretched creature that I am, to have gone on with an illness with such an awful name, and supposed it to be a mere bilious attack!

Doctor. Let me look at your tongue. I am inclined to believe your supposition was correct. A little medicine will make you quite well again.

Pale Man (eagerly). Oh, thank you! You have saved me. (*Pressing five guineas into the doctor's hand.*) You must allow me to increase the usual fee. Thank you so much. Good-bye! [*Exit.*]

Elderly Lady (tripping in, holding her elbow). Oh, doctor, I know it is going to rain, my elbow is so painful.

Doctor. My dear Madam, pray sit down. This is a very remarkable case. You are evidently suffering from acute internal inflammation of the superior biceps, complicated with pulmonary neuritis of the jugular vein. The amputation of your arm—

Elderly Lady (screaming). Oh dear! oh dear! Amputation! Goodness gracious me! Mercy on us! I thought it was only a touch of rheumatism.

Doctor. My dear Madam, now you mention it, I think you are right. Put a piece of flannel round your elbow, and forget all about it.

Elderly Lady. Oh, dear me! That is a comfort. How clever of you to discover it. Really science is wonderful. I will come again if I feel at all unwell. Good-bye!

[*Trips off to recommend the doctor to all her friends.*]

Red-faced old gentleman walks in slowly, chokes, and then moves his lips. No sound is heard.

Doctor. My dear Sir, your case needs instant attention. It is clearly a sub-cutaneous enlargement of the uvula, inducing chronic suffocation. And I should be inclined to diagnose, in addition to this, peripheral prolapsus of the arteries in the cesophagus.

[*Old Gentleman, purple in the face, again moves his lips without uttering a sound.*]

Doctor. I presume you would consent to the immediate resort to tracheotomy?

Old Gentleman (by a supreme effort shouting in a faint whisper). Tracheotomy be hanged! Got a confounded cold. Lost my voice.



A PARTHIAN SHOT.

He (after a quarrel, bitterly). "I WAS A FOOL WHEN I MARRIED YOU!"

She (quietly, about to leave the room). "YES; BUT I THOUGHT YOU WOULD IMPROVE!"

Doctor. Indeed? Your view may be the right one. Let me look at your throat. Have some hot gruel when you go to bed. Your complaint is not unusual. I have had it myself.

[*Old Gentleman shakes hands heartily, nods and smiles, and presses ten guineas into the doctor's hand as he goes out.*]

A STILL MORE "AMAZING OFFER" TO TOBACCONISTS.

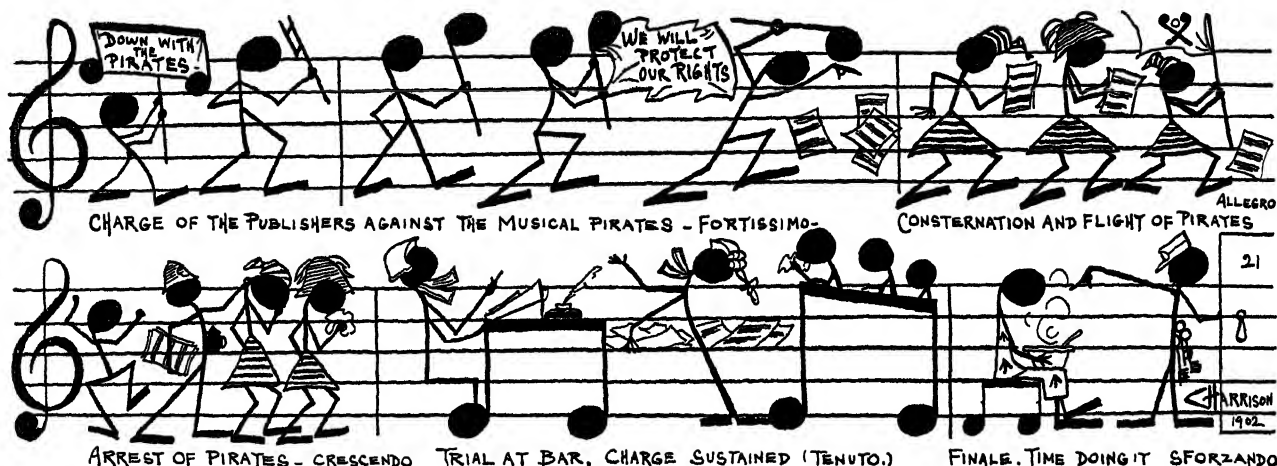
[*"Remarkable developments are taking place in the tobacco war. One well-known firm offers to distribute among the customers purchasing direct from them, for a period of four years, the total net profits on their goods sold in the United Kingdom, together with an annual sum of £200,000."*—Daily Paper.]

AFTER many years of deep meditation (during which we have lived upon the public), we have decided, without any thought of the insanity of our conduct,

to make the following stupendous offer to our customers:—

Commencing on the 1st of April next we intend to adopt all the male tobacco-nists in the United Kingdom. We shall not ask them to sell our cigarettes—indeed, we would rather they did not—nor do we prohibit them from selling those of any other firm. But, as an inducement to them to assist us in reaping absolutely no profits from our business for the next fifty years, we offer an income of £1,000 per annum to all tobacco-nists who suspect us of ever having sold cigarettes with a picture in each packet. To any man, tobacco-nist or no tobacco-nist, who can prove that we are not cutting off our nose to spite our face, we offer a bonus of £10,000,000 (to be deducted from the reserve fund of past profits).

Yours faithfully,
THE FIFTEEN-A-PENNY TRUST, U.S.A.



MUSICAL PIRACY.

(A selection from an old score, which it is to be hoped will soon be paid off.)

THE ROAD TO THE WOOLSACK.

(Anent Popularity as a Student.)

It is assumed that Young Hopeful has found the necessary sponsors and has entered an Honourable Society. He has either passed the preliminary exam. testing his acquirement of the rudiments of the education of a scholar and gentleman, or has been exempted therefrom for academical reasons. If he is at the University his connection with an Inn of Court will give him the advantage during term time of an occasional visit to the great metropolis to "eat his dinners" and to indulge in even livelier recreations. The first step to the Woolsack will have been taken, and, as his treasurer will assure him when he assumes for the first time a barrister's gown, "the road to success leading to the very highest forensic honours is now open before him." His next care should be his demeanour in relation to his fellow members—for benchers, barristers and students are all members—at his Inn.

He will meet his fellow members in Hall, in the Common Room, and in the Library. His conduct in Hall will perhaps be the most important, for when in Hall he is under the direct supervision of the Masters of the Bench, whose good word, individually and collectively, may be of considerable value to him later on. It may

perhaps be convenient at this point to refer to the varieties of students flourishing in the Inns of Court.

The "shoppy" student is a young gentleman who, in and out of season, is given to discussing the cases of the

hour. He backs his opinion against that of the Master of the Rolls, and is seldom "inclined to agree" with the rulings of the Lords of Appeal. To some people—chiefly those unconnected with the law—he is a very intelligent young man; to others—chiefly members of the Bar—he is an unmitigated idiot and bore.

The "comic" student is quite an acquisition on Call or Grand nights after the Masters of the Bench have retired to discuss their dessert in another place. He conveys funny messages to "Mr. Senior," asking that worthy gentleman's decision on absurd points of bar etiquette; he has been known to obtain some concession in honour of BACON's birthday, when he has—as he has admitted subsequently—been profoundly ignorant of the date of that interesting anniversary. In addition to this he occasionally contributes to the light literature of the day.

The "leal and loyal" student knows all the traditions of his Inn. He drinks the proper toasts when the loving cup goes round, and is great upon moots, masks, and celebrations of a kindred character. To some people—the minority—he is perfectly delightful.

With other samples I will deal in my next.

Yours truly,

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump Handle Court.



A QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE.

Mistress (after a heated discussion with argumentative Cook). "ARE YOU THE MISTRESS OF THIS HOUSE, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW?"
Cook. "No, MA'AM, I AIN'T—BUT—"
Mistress (triumphantly). "THEN DON'T TALK LIKE AN IDIOT!"



A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

"I WAS SO SORRY TO HEAR A FOX HAD BEEN STEALING YOUR POULTRY AGAIN. HOW UNFORTUNATE FOR YOU!"
 "OH, WE CAN BEAR IT, MISS, THANK YOU KINDLY. YOU SEE THE SLOPESHIRE HUNT COUNTRY COMES UP TO OUR FARM ON ONE SIDE, AND THE JOWLERS ON THE OTHER, SO WE MAKE A CLAIM ON BOTH, AND THEY EACH PAY FOR THE OLD HENS!"

NAPOLIANA.

"Vedi Napoli e poi — ?"—*Old Proverb.*

[*"Lord ROSEBERRY is going to his villa at Naples as soon as his political duties permit of his leaving England."*—*Society News.*]

NAY, tempt me not until my task is o'er!
 The little rift within the Party's lute
 Must show a wider aperture before
 I don my sailor-suit.

ASQUITH has need of me! One cannot tell
 But what, were I across the estranging sea,
 He'd play the Honeysuckle to the spell
 Of busy Campbell-Bee.

Give me a few more days with voice and pen
 To make the Liberal cleavage trebly sure—
 Then Naples! then the crown of labour! then
 The *far niente* cure!

Land of the azure sky and lucent air!
 (Well-known to fame through Mr. FILDEN, R.A.),
 My sanatorium, my rest from care,
 My milky Wei-hai-Wei!

Ah, sweet, in any case, when feeling slack,
 Here to imbibe the balm of southern May,
 And watch the Capri steamers, there and back,
 Plough the cerulean bay!

But sweeter far, outstretched at full extent,
 To taste the honest labourer's ease of mind,
 Knowing that you have left a monument
 Of patient toil behind!

Was such the thought that in his bosom leapt,
 NAPOLEON's, when, with nothing much to do,
 From Elba's isle his eagle glances swept
 This self-same tideless blue?

How did the climate suit his active ways?
 Did he repose on work's accomplished weft?
 Or say, when asked about his latest "phase,"
 "I have a couple left"?

Myself, like him, have wreathed my conquering brow,
 Done time in exile, lying very low,
 And am in act of working off, just now,
 My Hundred Days or so.

He loved the big battalions; so do I;
 Which ends the parallel between us two;
 For, till I get them, I refuse to try
 My luck at Waterloo.

Besides, I have a solace in reserve—
 Always my villa on the Baiae shore
 To shield me should the fighting shake my nerve,
 Or grow to be a bore.

O. S.

COMMON COMPLAINT AMONG THE REJECTED OF THE ROYAL
 ACADEMY.—*Angina Pictoris.*

To all "good judges of traitors" we recommend the new
 game of Russian Scandal, based on GRIMM's *Fairy Tales*.

ISLE OF WIGHT RAILWAY GUIDE.

OUR Special Commissioner, after spending several months, not to mention a needless amount of money, on the Isle of Wight, has at last prepared a simplified time-table of the trains from Ryde. He has not yet investigated the return trains. He says it takes time, as almost every mile of railway belongs to a different company.

	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Ryde (Pier Head) - -	7.59	8.1	C	2.59	3.1	4.45
Ryde (Pier Foot) - -	8.10	8.12		A		H
Ryde (Esplanade) - -	8.15	Stop		3.15		H
Ryde (First turning on left) - - - -	A			3.20		H
Ryde (Centre of town) -	8.25	11.29		3.25		H
Ryde (End of town) - -	8.30	B	12.56	3.30		H
Brading - - - -	9.0		D	4.0		J
Bembridge - - - A.M.	11.45		3.50	Ch'ge trains.		B
Sandown (dep.) - 6.40	9.11	Stop		E		K
Newport (arr.) - 7.25	K					8.50
Cowes (arr.) - - 8.18		P.M.		F		10.21
Newport (dep.) - 7.20		6.50				8.49
Freshwater (arr.) - B		10.1		G		11.25
Shanklin - - - -	9.45			6.56		L
Ventnor - - - -	10.10		Direct train to Bembridge.	7.30	3.15	B

A Stops to put down through passengers from Helsingfors, Sorrento, Seville and Brixton.

B Time of arrival uncertain.

C Starts from Ryde (Pier Head) on the fifth Saturday in the month.

D Stops on alternate Mondays, except in Leap year.

E Train shunted here for engine-driver's tea.

F Passengers for Cowes proceed *via* Portsmouth, Eastleigh and Southampton.

G Passengers for Freshwater proceed by sea *via* Cherbourg.

H Stops to set down through passengers from Vancouver, Buenos Ayres, Mogadore, Mandalay and Clapham Junction.

J Does not stop for anyone. Passengers must change and proceed *via* Portsmouth, Oxford, Liverpool, Bristol and Southampton.

K This train remains here, but another starts soon after, and arrives at the following stations sooner or later.

L Arrives about 6.59 if it has ever started.

Our Commissioner states that these are all the trains now running. He has, however, heard rumours of a train which started from Ryde (first turning on the left) at 9.27 P.M. about a month ago, and is now believed to be somewhere between Newport and Freshwater. As this train appears to be untrustworthy it is not included in this time-table, which is intended to be absolutely correct and complete.

FARES FROM RYDE (PIER HEAD).

	Single.			Return.	
	1 cl.	2 cl.	3 cl.	1 or 2 cl.	
Town (any part) - - -	2 6	2 5	$\frac{1}{2}$	9 9	
Brading - - - -	4 2	4 1	1	15 4	
Bembridge - - - -	7 6	7 5	$1\frac{1}{4}$	27 6	
Sandown - - - -	11 4	11 3	$1\frac{1}{2}$	34 2	
Newport - - - -	15 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	15 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{3}{4}$	55 3	
Shanklin - - - -	16 2	16 1	2	66 2	
Ventnor - - - -	18 9	18 8	$2\frac{1}{2}$	80 9	
Cowes - - - -	25 4	25 3	$2\frac{3}{4}$	100 7	
Freshwater - - - -	33 1	33 0	$3\frac{1}{2}$	110 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	

Note.—There is no third-class. Holders of third-class tickets to Town (any part) are allowed to walk. Those having third-class tickets to any other part of the Island,

except Sandown and Freshwater, are allowed to travel in second-class carriages by the train leaving Ryde (first turning on the left) at 9.27 P.M. except on alternate Bank Holidays. Passengers with third-class tickets for Sandown and Freshwater are similarly allowed to travel by the train leaving Ryde (Pier Head) at 4.45 P.M., but only on the fifth Tuesday in the month. Holders of through tickets from Nijni Novgorod can travel by this train on any day.

SMOOTHING IT OVER.

(A Ballad of Party Unity.)

If you're formed to be a Smoother you will act upon the plan,
Which is very right and proper, of attaching man to man;
And you'll prove that their attachment is perspicuously clear
When they grip each other tightly by the hair or by the ear.
From their closely linked embraces
And the flushing of their faces
You infer they love each other, having made their battle cease
Not so much by stopping fighting as by saying it is peace.

If the principles they rave about your party forces scatter,
Stick to non-essential details—they're the only things that matter;
And whene'er your varied sections take to pummelling with fists,
You can reconcile their quarrel by denying it exists.
All this truculent commotion
Shows affection, nay devotion;
And when I curse my enemy you soothe me, and reply
That he spared me half an eyelash after gouging out my eye.

If a statesman, while declaring he's averse from party schism,
Has denounced our warlike methods as the ways of barbarism;
If another quite as fervent has declared with equal zest
That such methods are the mildest, the humanest, and the best—

From this internecine ruction

There is only one deduction:—

So you strike an equal balance both of eulogy and blame,
And announce these adverse statements as demonstrably the same.

If in accents of conviction A. pronounces that it's flat
That the Home Rule dose is poison and he'll never swallow that;

And if B., with ardour blazing, says he never will give up
Taking draughts of Home Rule nectar till he's fairly drained the cup,

Then, by adding here a little

And subtracting there a tittle,

You arrive at the conclusion that the hostile A. and B.
In their attitude to Ireland fundamentally agree.

And lastly, when two gentlemen are parted very far,
You can make them be united by declaring that they are;
For there's nothing so attractive as the short and simple toil
Of commingling pints of vinegar with equal pints of oil,
Or of setting sturdy fellows

To apply themselves with bellows

To the task of making liquid scientifically rare

By adding to its volume and inflating it with air. "Tis."



THE HAUNTED MAN.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. "NO HOLIDAY FOR ME! TOO MANY FIGURES ABOUT!"

DECEPTIVE VIEWS.

(In the Paddock at Aintree.)



"SURELY THAT GREAT FAT MAN IS NOT GOING TO RIDE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. METHUEN has added a new joy to the *Sentimental Journey*. He has included it in his "Little Library," a series of books for the pocket (the one nearest the heart) designed to contain some of the famous works in English and other literatures, in the domains of fiction, poetry and *belles lettres*. Other samples of the beneficent work already published are two volumes that contain SUSAN FERRIER's novel, *Marriage*, which most of us have heard of and all may now read. My Baronite notes and appreciates the subtle touch whereby STERNE's work has preserved for it the appropriate appearance of age by reason of the type and the yellowing tone of the paper on which it is printed. Eighteenpence will buy any one of these masterpieces of English literature, never before so agreeably presented.

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD has, among novelists, struck a fresh trail in *Lazarre* (GRANT RICHARDS). It tells the story of the last Dauphin of France, of whom all that sober history knows is that when the crash came he was removed to the Temple prison, according to some authorities died there, according to others was secretly spirited over to the United States. Miss CATHERWOOD adopts the latter version, and round

fact or fable weaves a story of rich human interest. Possibly here and there much writing makes the narrative a little obscure. On the whole the moving story is admirably told. In *Lazarre* she has created a figure which in spite of its squalid surroundings is, by reason of nobility of nature, king-like in its bearing. If it had been possible to the BOURBON to be as honest and generous-minded as the fugitive *Lazarre*, the history of France would have to be rewritten. The story is prettily set in a framework that vividly reproduces the scenes and manners of France in the early days of the Empire, and, even more elaborately, wild North America at the same epoch.

The Baron notes, for the sake of his holiday friends, a first-rate number of the *Cornhill Magazine* for April. Especially to be recommended for perusal, as being both amusing and instructive, are "A Londoner's Log Book," "Madame de Maintenon," and "A Few Conversationalists," whose witticisms seem so delightful in print. A "conversationalist," that is, some one who has the reputation for being a brilliant conversationalist (the epithet "goes without saying," as what host would invite you to meet a party of dull conversationalists, specially selected?),



"THE TAILOR MAKES THE MAN."

is, as a rule, disappointing. He may not be in his usual "form"; or he may be served up at the banquet stuffed full of "chestnuts," or his wit may be mere rudeness and you yourself may be the object of it; or he may engross the entire conversation and not give you a chance of telling your one solitary "sparkler" which has been for many a year wont to set the table in a roar. Commend me to this number of the *Cornhill*, quoth

THE BARON DE B.-W.



A PING-PONG STUDY.

THE TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE-BEE.

(By Our Own M. Maeterlinck.)

[Those luckless persons who have never read M. MAETERLINCK'S *Treasure of the Humble and Life of the Bee*, will probably fail to grasp the profound philosophic meanings underlying the following fragment. Admirers of these works of the Belgian master, on the other hand, will obtain extraordinary gratification from its perusal.]

It is not my intention to write another treatise on Bees. These little creatures are of many varieties. There is the Domestic or Hive Bee, concerning which I have already written something. There is the Banded Bee, the so-called Carder Bee and the Carpenter Bee. There is also a B in both.

It is of none of these that I shall speak, but only of the Humble-bee, the great hairy, noisy creature that we all of us know so well. The Humble-bee builds its nest under bushes or in tunnels underground, and does not dwell in hives. And here, on the very threshold of our enquiry, as it were, we are met with a profound question. Why does it not dwell in hives?

We cannot say. It works aloof in a great mysterious silence whose words escape us. Perhaps there is no speech so eloquent as silence. On the other hand, perhaps there is no silence so eloquent as speech. I do not know. But I have sometimes lain awake when no one was speaking and not been able to hear a word. Others may have had the same experience. Our ears are all attuned to the noise of this world. They cannot hear the great Silences. And yet the Silences are there all the same.

These things are a mystery. For many years I have observed the Humble-bee. It is, in fact, the Bee in my Bonnet. But I have never yet understood it. I have followed it to its dwelling and tried to learn its sorrow, but I have not found it. Can it be that there was no sorrow to find? Perhaps these are things of which we must ever be ignorant. Some of us are like men beating with their hands upon a great door that they may not open. Others are like men pressing with all their might upon a door, and when they open it there is nothing on the other side. Our

real life is not the life that we live. Will the day ever dawn when we shall be what we are?

It is questions like these that present themselves to us with such insistence. We stretch out our hands to them and they do not heed. We cry to them and the tears run down our cheeks, but they do not answer.

Our friends, perhaps, cannot understand why we are thus moved. A few of them will seek to comfort us. Some will ask the cause of our tears. But we dare not tell them. Or if we do they fall away from us and we are left alone with our grief. Thrice happy, indeed, if even the gift of solitude be not denied us. I have known some men who, having been observed to pursue these investigations, *are never permitted to be alone!* An attendant, unseen perhaps, yet within hearing, is ever at their side watching lest they do themselves a mischief.

But this leaves our original question still unanswered. Why do Humble-bees not live in hives? Those who have read my earlier work on the Bee will feel no surprise on learning that it is from the loftiest motives. There is in the honey of the Humble-bee something poisonous, something inimical to man. I have known many in whom it causes headache and dizziness. It follows, therefore, that the Humble-bee will not dwell in man's hives because her honey disagrees with him.

There are some who are dissatisfied with the form of this syllogism. To them the motives of the Humble-bee must remain obscure. But to us they will shine with surpassing radiance. Let us reflect on this beautiful trait in these little creatures. Do they act in obedience to instinct, or does instinct act in obedience to them? Does the cart draw the horse or *vice versa*? Is Invention the daughter of Necessity or only her niece? We cannot tell. Thought is like a bird hopping from place to place seeking food. But it is only occasionally that it lights on the worm of Truth.

I have said elsewhere that each one of us is controlled by his Star. Is it so with the Humble-bee? We are as yet at the beginning of our knowledge of such things. Man, even with the best astrological training, has a difficulty in recognising his Star. This is because the Stars are always altering their places. Or, perhaps we alter our places and they stay still? Is the Humble-bee more fortunate in this respect?

Over these things, too, there is a veil. Yet sometimes, when we have dined, perhaps, and in moments of exhilaration, the veil seems to lift and we see. Occasionally we even see double. Our brain whirls. We can scarce stand upright. We cry aloud for joy and pain, and have to be supported by our friends. Some of us even see snakes and a great black dog. Then all is dark and the doctor is sent for.

What are these visions that we see? Are we more real than they, or are they more real than we? Is it we who are the cause of them, or are they the cause of us? Do two and two make five, or do they only appear to do so?

It may be doubted by some whether it is worth while to keep bees at all if the pursuit gives rise to these harassing problems. To bee or not to bee—that is the question, as a great poet realised more than three centuries ago. Perhaps it was to prevent such investigations from being pressed too closely that bees were furnished with stings.

Filial Youth (hesitatingly, being fearful of breaking the parental heart). Well, Mother, I've volunteered. We're off to the Front next week.

Spartan Mother. How many shirts will you want, my boy?

THE BOER "GENERAL'S" LAY.

["A South African Colonist" writes to the *P.M.G.* of March 21, saying that a Boer maid-servant at Pretoria gave notice to her mistress in order that she might go to a Concentration Camp, alleging that she "did not see why she should work for a living when in such a camp she would be well looked after and have nothing to do but enjoy herself."]

Almachtig! no more work for me!

The *vrouw* must do without me!
I'll take Boer leave to-day—you see
I've got my wits about me!

Why should I scrub and slave and wear
The hated servant's *kapje*,
When all my *meisje*-friends take care
To go where they'll be happy?

JOHANNA reads the fashion-page,
BET plays her concertina,
While SANNIE'S going on the stage,
And sings duets with MINA.

They do not toil the whole day long,
Nay more, they've got a permit
To play a game that's called "Ping-pong"—

A long-*veld* want they term it!

The simple *Khakis* offer thus
Board and amusement gratis,
All through a mortal dread of us
(And pro-Boers too) they say 'tis!

The Concentration Camp will give
A change I greatly needed,
Where like a lady I shall live
With all my wishes heeded!

The war, I hope, will last some while—
A year or more I'd stay for;
It will be *mooi* to live in style
That *rooineks* shall pay for!

If that Miss HOBHOUSE could but call,
The fun would be still richer!
This first of April, one and all,
What tales of woe we'd pitch her!

THE FALL OF EVE.

["All women are so busy writing mediocre books, painting mediocre pictures, and playing mediocre golf, that the race is just going to the dogs."—Miss *Arabella Kennedy*.]

O for the day when girls were girls—
Not rude athletic Vandals—
In crinolines, Jane Austen curls,
And sandals!

They did not to the golf-god bow,
Nor cultivate a passion
For holes and bunkers, as is now
The fashion;

They did not "scorch" in purple hordes,
Nor court untold disasters
On tandems perched behind their lords
And masters;

Nor struggle upwards, faint and weak,
With palpitating blouses,
A burden to themselves and eke
Their spouses.



IN A BAR, NEWMARKET.

Seedy Individual (to Knowing One). "D'YER WANT TO BUY A DIAMOND PIN CHEAP?"
Knowing One. "'ERE, GET OUT OF THIS! WHAT D'YOU TAKE ME FOR? A JUGGINS?"
S. I. "GIVE YER MY WORD IT'S WORTH SIXTY QUID IF IT'S WORTH A PENNY. AND YOU CAN 'AVE IT FOR A TENNER."
K. O. "LET'S 'AVE A LOOK AT IT. WHERE IS IT?"
S. I. "IN THAT OLD GENT'S TIE. WILL YER 'AVE IT?"

They did not paint mild daubs to vex
The souls of Claudes and Titians,
Nor fill their own chaste vestal ex-
hibitions

With "still-life studies"—pears and
plums,
And grapes, and endless posies
Of lilies, white chrysanthemums
And roses.

The socks they did not scorn to
darn,
Nor left undecked the bonnet
Because they needs must write a yarn
Or sonnet.

Within their sweet domestic pale
No culprits were descried who
Would write a mediocre tale—
As I do.

MR. PUNCH'S REPRINTS.

II.

From the "Pall Mall Gazette" of 1858.

ASTERISKS.

THE late Protector was one of the CROMWELLS of Huntingdon, a well-to-do family who derive their name, though not their blood, from my old friend THOMAS CROMWELL, WOLSEY's jackal. NOLL, as we used to call him, was the second son.

Strength of a kind he had, but more obstinacy. His voice was clear and powerful. He uttered the famous words, "Take away that bauble," like a bull.

CROMWELL has been likened to JULIUS CÆSAR, but unjustly. I knew CÆSAR well. The two men had nothing in common save ambition and a large nose.

SIMON DE MONTFORT, I think, resembled NOLL more closely, making allowance for SIMON'S ineradicable aristocracy. As he said to me before Lewes, "Noblesse oblige."

CROMWELL had warts on his face.

He liked music.

His son RICHARD is an ass.

I decline to know him.

From the "Times" of 1602.

O'est magnifique—et c'est la guerre! In other words, "Todgers's can do it when it likes." Briefly, *Hamlet*, the new play produced last night at the Globe Theatre, is superb. SHAKESPEARE has done many things in his time but never anything more *séduisant* than this. *Autre temps, autres mœurs!* And the modern manner bids farewell to the noisy declamations of Mr. MARLOWE and his school. *Eheu fugaces! T'ambourlaine* is no more; *voilà* the new *régime*. In *Hamlet*, which was admirably staged by Mr. BURBAGE, we have what is known in the jargon of the day as a "problem play," the *leit-motif* of which may be sufficiently expressed in the old pathetic question, "Who killed Cock Robin?" ...

(*cetera desunt*.)

From the "Athenæum" of 1776.

The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, by EDWARD GIBBON, the first volume of which lies before us, is a pretentious effort to chronicle the events of the later years of the Latin hegemony. The author's style is voluminous and



GROSS IMPERTINENCE.

Bounder (presuming on short acquaintance). "I SAY, MISS, WHAT A STRONG BIKE YOU MUST REQUIRE TO CARRY YOU!"

Lady Bokerst (indignantly). "WHY? I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW."

Bounder. "BECAUSE I SEE YOU ARE JUST ON FIFTEEN STONE. HA! HA!"

ornate, and is too much disfigured by antithetical trickery. We might approve of his conclusions were it not that he misspells the name of CORNELIUS UMBO in the second footnote on page 93, and on page 421 he credits SPLENDENTIUS MENDAX with forty-five treatises, whereas he wrote but forty-four. Such errors witness only too eloquently to the slovenliness and want of responsibility that so frequently mark the work of the literary men of the day, and prove that Mr. GIBBON'S case is no exception. Other volumes, we are informed, are to follow, but having detected the spurious character of the author so damningly, we can hardly be expected, in spite of the aristocratic encouragement lent by Lord SHEFFIELD to the undertaking, to profess any interest in the announcement.

From the "Sphere" of 1728.

A LITERARY LETTER.

A great fuss is being made about the brilliance of *The Dunciad*, Mr. POPE'S new book, but I have no hesitation in pronouncing it a disgrace to letters. There are, of course, plenty of idle, satirical persons in London who, always pleased to see worthy things debased, will applaud Mr. POPE in his rude attacks on a number of highly-deserving authors; but this does not make *The Dunciad* a good book. In a world which prefers humour to bibliography it is time that someone spoke out, and I am proud to be the one. Mr. THEOBALD is an honoured friend of mine, with whom I lunch and exchange first editions and CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S hairpins; and I protest with all my power against the unscrupulous treatment accorded him by Mr. POPE. That the charge of log-rolling will therefore be brought against me matters nothing, for I have already said, and will say again, that without log-rolling life in London would not be bearable.

From "Home Chat" of 1000 B.C.

Aunt AGNES has been asked the question, "What to do with the cold mammoth?" by so many readers, that she can no longer postpone a reply.

She therefore writes as follows. "In a small and well-regulated family a mammoth can, by careful husbandry, be made to last several months. At first it can be broiled or roasted in the nearest crater, or in any convenient geyser. After all that is needed has been eaten of the hot meat, boiled or stewed, it should be allowed to cool slowly. It may then be potted for breakfast use; or it may be shredded for pemmican; or it may be petrified for corridor use in our restaurant cars. The bones are equally serviceable in the settlement of Tribal difficulties or at the hustings. Finally, remember that Mammovril defies influenza."

"THE GIRL FROM —"

AFTER *The Girl from Maxim's* we are threatened with *The Girl from Jay's* (for mourning performances only, we suppose), which seems to suggest a period of commercial titles. A few hints may be serviceable to dramatists:

The Infant from Vickers Maxim's.
The Uncle from Attenborough's.
The Nephew from the Hôtel Cecil.
The Goose from Poole's.
The Swan from Edgar's.
The Blackie from Buszard's.
The Toreador from Liebig's.
The Pickle from Lazenby's.

To be in the fashion, the Haymarket play might be re-named *The Frocks from Paquin's*, and the Shaftesbury farce might enter on a new period as *Are you a Fortnum?*

AN ELEGY

ON THE LATE KING OF PATAGONIA.

["GUSTAVE LAVIARDE, otherwise known as ACHILLES I. King of Auracania and Patagonia, was sadly interfered with by the Government of Chili, so he retired to Europe and started an office for the sale of Auracanian and Patagonian Orders, his Lord Chamberlain being a publican in the quarter of Paris in which he lived."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

THE generous man will not deny
 Few monarchs' paths in life were
 stonier
 Than that one which was trodden by
 ACHILLES, King of Patagonia.

When he was crowned his subjects
 cheered,
 The bells were rung in every steeple,
 From which it certainly appeared
 He was the Father of his People.

But envy of his peaceful sway
 And of his just administration
 Inflamed in a disastrous way
 The rulers of the Chilian nation.

They drove ACHILLES from his throne
 To Paris, where his days were ended,
 And all impartial men will own
 Their action cannot be defended.

A credible informant says
 This conduct on the part of Chili
 Was much discussed for several days
 Both in Pall Mall and Piccadilly.

It shocked the virtuous English breast
 From Clapham Common to Belgravia,
 And moved all classes to protest
 At such unprincipled behaviour.

For when the strong oppress the weak
 On either side of the Pacific,
 You hear the British conscience speak,
 And then its language is terrific!



CLEANING THE SLATE.

He. "YOU REALLY MUST GIVE ME A DANCE, MISS BROOKS—IN FACT TWO."
 She. "I'M SO SORRY. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. MY CARD IS QUITE FULL."
 He. "OH, DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT THAT. I'LL GET YOU ANOTHER."

So votes of sympathy were sent
 (As happened to Armenia lately),
 But, though exceedingly well meant,
 They didn't help ACHILLES greatly.

He therefore made the best of things
 In Paris, where he lived contented—
 Like many other exiled Kings—
 In an *apartement* that he rented.

Lulled by the siren city's hum,
 Far from his former kingdom's
 borders,
 He made a modest annual sum
 By selling Patagonian Orders.

The prices for the various ranks
 Suited alike the rich and thrifty;
 A knighthood fetched a hundred francs,
 And other decorations fifty.

New Peers he made of every class,
 Counts, Barons, Viscounts he created;
 His Order of the Golden Ass
 Was very much appreciated.

And so ACHILLES died in peace,
 Chastened by Fate but not dejected,
 His neighbours wept at his decease,
 For he was very much respected.

Grief-stricken thousands came to gaze
 Upon his corpse with lamentations,
 Their manly breasts were all ablaze
 With Patagonian decorations.

And many a king I have in mind
 Will wait a longish time until he's
 As much regretted by mankind
 As Patagonia's ACHILLES!

St. J. H.



Flower-seller. "I'D PUT MY 'AT BACK A BIT, IF I WAS YOU, CAPTAIN."

Customer. "WHAT D'YE MEAN?"

Flower-seller. "WELL, IT MIGHT KEEP YER TIE DOWN."

HINTS TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

I.

MR. PUNCH is aware that quite a number of books on the art of public speaking are in existence, but, however varying their methods, one grave defect is common to them all. They advise the tyro to study carefully the speeches of DEMOSTHENES and CICERO, of BURKE and MACAULAY, with the implication that he should adopt them as his models. Now, in every way, this is shockingly bad advice. DEMOSTHENES and CICERO had a certain fluency, no doubt, but the world has made a great deal of progress since their days. And why trouble about BURKE or MACAULAY? Their styles are quite hopelessly out of date. No, the young speaker who wishes really to

succeed must copy the illustrious orators of his own age.

To come at once to a practical example. Professor PERRY HELION is lecturing on Astronomy at the local Athenæum. You are invited to take the chair, which means, of course, that you will have to propose a vote of thanks to the Professor at the conclusion of his lecture. How will you prepare for your task most effectually? By reading CICERO or BURKE? Of course not. For such an occasion you cannot do better than select the First Lord of the Treasury as your model. Therefore you will cross your legs peacefully and go to sleep during the lecture; at its close you will rise slowly, and, in a sad, sweet voice, will speak somewhat as follows:—

"The duty, ladies and gentlemen,

which, as I apprehend, it is incumbent upon me to perform, cannot be discharged without some brief allusion to the far-reaching possibilities suggested by Mr.—Mr.—" (*To a member of the audience:* "What is his name?—HELION? Ah, thanks")—"suggested by Mr. HELION's paper. Whether, indeed, an equitable ratio of the gold to the silver currency"—("Eh, what?" *to a member of the audience, as before*)—"is a question which, since my friend opposite tells me that Astronomy and not, as I momentarily fancied, Bi-metallism, is the subject immediately before us, I need not pause to discuss. As a humble student of philosophy, I appreciated to the full the lecturer's remarks upon the last transit of Venus—if it was Venus. And the undoubted fact that Venus itself is a satellite of Jupiter suggests some deeper thoughts which—but the lecturer assures me that I am mistaken. Venus, as I am now informed, is *not* a satellite of Jupiter. Ladies and gentlemen, I am a child in such matters. But the lecturer, whom we may regard in the light of a permanent official, will be able to supply all legitimate information, having regard, of course, to the importance of the interests at stake. My position, I confess, is one of some difficulty. The vote of thanks which it was my duty to submit would be regarded, as I supposed, in the light of a non-contentious motion. Though sensible of some disappointment, I feel bound to defer to your wishes, and therefore withdraw it unreservedly."

Such a speech as this will go far to win you fame, and people may say that you're a second BALFOUR.

Or they may say—other things.

A REVOLUTIONARY RUMOUR.

[A morning paper suggests that there are signs of a reaction against table-tennis.]

ALAS! and is it even so?

Since all things change, must ping-pong go?

Henceforward in what channels
Shall sportsmen turn their energy
Who "muddled oafs" disdain to be,
And shrink from foolish flannels?

What other pastimes shall incite
To emulation and delight

The circles that are tip-top?
Shall champions future glories win
With marble or with spilikin,
Or records beat at whip-top?

Perish the thought! such musings seem
The fancies of an idle dream;

Still in its grasp despotic
Shall ping-pong hold us, well content
Until some genius shall invent
A craze more idiotic.



A ROYAL HOLIDAY.

FATHER NEPTUNE (to HIS MAJESTY). "WHERE TO, SIR?"
KING EDWARD. "OH, A LITTLE CRUISE IN HOME WATERS."



A SPOILT STORY.

Brown (in the middle of tall shooting story). "HARDLY HAD I TAKEN AIM AT THE LION ON MY RIGHT, WHEN I HEARD A RUSTLE IN THE JUNGLE GRASS, AND PERCEIVED AN ENORMOUS TIGER APPROACHING ON MY LEFT. I NOW FOUND MYSELF ON THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA!"

Interested Little Boy. "OH, AND WHICH DID YOU SHOOT FIRST—THE LION, OR THE TIGER, OR THE DILEMMA?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 24th.—Long time since the Dook had such serene hour as passed this evening in seat over clock, long associated with pleasant presence of the KING while still PRINCE OF WALES. Condition made happier by reflection that it came by way of unanticipated reward for observance of duty. Education Bill brought in to-night. In ordinary course the measure would be introduced by the Dook's interesting colleague, the Vice-President of the Council. By accident, equally regretted on Treasury Bench and Council of Education, JOHN O' GORST is laid on his back in his home by the Backs at Cambridge.

In such circumstances PRINCE ARTHUR undertook to introduce the Bill: been sapping at it for a fortnight. Nothing he dislikes more than facts—unless it be figures. Education Bill bristles with both. On his feet to-night, with unaccustomed sheaf of notes before him,

he realised conception of the good man struggling with adversity. Things occasionally got mixed: secular work, primary teaching, voluntary schools, local rating, municipal control, twopenny rate, County Councils, School Boards, Imperial grant, parental liberty, educational efficiency—these were the headlines of his notes. Occasionally got piteously astray. At one crisis discovered he was sending the parents to school, and advocating with generous eloquence the liberty of the children to say whether their studies should be limited to purely secondary education, or whether they (Father and Mother) should be drafted into voluntary schools benefited by the provision that these institutions shall receive rate aid strictly in proportion to the secular work accomplished.

Began his exposition with pathetic appeal to Members not to interrupt with questions. "Later in the evening," he said, looking at the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who instinctively assumed the expression and attitude of the sacrificial lamb, "my

hon. and learned friend will reply to any enquiries that may suggest themselves."

Had not got far before ROLLIT, forgetful or heedless of this appeal, rose to put a question. Roar of angry execration filled the Chamber. ROLLIT stood, his lips dumbly moving, perspiration beading his brow, threatening to course down his cheek and disarrange the symmetry of his semi-ducal waxed moustache. After a few moments' contest—it seemed a quarter of an hour—he dropped speechless into his seat.

PRINCE ARTHUR's kind heart touched; his instinctive courtesy shone with mellow light. At pains to help ROLLIT out of the pit into which he had wilfully fallen; insisted upon knowing what he would have said had he been permitted to speak. Nodded reassuringly at him; passed him a paper containing extracts from the Bill. Smiling in friendliest way, he said, "I know what my hon. friend was about to observe. He will find full explanation there."

Turned out he was entirely on the wrong track. ROLLIT sat with dazed

look studying the paper which had nothing to do with his point, whilst PRINCE ARTHUR, hopelessly at sea, staggering under sail like a ship that has struck a derelict in mid-ocean, drifted far astern to pick up thread of his interrupted discourse.

The little incident worth more than a triumph of lucid explanation. Who but PRINCE ARTHUR would thus have come to the assistance of another in difficulties directly due to disregard of a personal appeal?

The Dook, up in the Peers' Gallery, missed this pretty scene; sat wide awake till PRINCE ARTHUR completed his preliminary review of history of the question. Dully there fell on his ear the remark, "Now I ask the House to pass to the subject of higher education." The Dook's head dropped in attitude of devotion. So he sat attentive for a full hour. Disturbed by noise which at first he took to be SWIFT MACNEILL again addressing a meeting "within a few miles of Edinburgh," Opening his eyes he found PRINCE ARTHUR stretched in attitude of grateful relief on the Treasury Bench, whilst the House cheered plucky effort to explain the still obscure.

Business done.—Education Bill brought in and read a first time.

Wednesday afternoon.—Quiet time; Lobby nearly empty; most Members, including C.-B., gone off for Easter Holidays. Comptroller of His Majesty's Household, on duty in the Whips' seat by the door, seizes opportunity to look through two more volumes of *State Trials*, just brought out by DUCKWORTH, edited, as were the others, by H. L. STEPHEN, one of Her Majesty's Judges in the High Court of Calcutta. The present inheritor of the Viscounty of Valentia, descended to his branch of the family when the Annesley Altham and Mountmorris titles lapsed, heard in boyhood of the strange case of the Annesley heir. Has also studied it in *Peregrine Pickle* and as presented by CHARLES READE in *The Wandering Heir*. Mr. STEPHEN has gone back to records of the case tried before the Barons of the Court of Exchequer in Ireland, opening the 11th November, 1743, running through a full fortnight. It proves afresh how stranger far than fiction is truth.

Among other tragedies, related chiefly in the language of witnesses who appeared before the tribunals, are that of the murder of THOMAS THYNNE, for which Count KONIGSMARCK was put on his trial; the story of Earl ESSEX and his rebellion, in which one "Sir WA. RAWLEY" appears; and the trial of Lord BYRON, "the wicked Lord," whose brother was grandfather of the poet. On the 26th of January, 1765, the wicked Lord and other gentlemen of County Nottingham

met, according to weekly custom, to dine at the Star and Garter Tavern in Pall Mall. A quarrel took place at the table. Lord BYRON beckoned out Mr. CHAWORTH. "The waiter showed them into a room on the floor below that in which they had dined, and left them there together with a poor little tallow candle, all they had for light except a dull fire." It was sufficient for Lord BYRON, after brief fight with his dinner companion, to shorten his sword and fatally stab him. *Eheu!* The good old days!

VALENTIA still breathlessly reading the story when the cry "Who goes home?" broke the stillness of the Lobby. The SPEAKER had left the chair and the Easter Holidays had begun.

Business done.—Adjourned till Monday week, 7th April.

FAMILIAR PHRASES ILLUSTRATED.



WILLIE SHAKESPEARE SAVING HIS BACON.

O SI SIC OMNES.

[The local authorities of the Rhine and Moselle districts have been ordered to prohibit all advertisements that would mar the scenery in their districts.]

The epitome of travel
Is to worry, yawn and cavil
At the boredom of the journey all the day,

And in almost every region
There are pretty near a legion
Of devices for distraction on the way.

Tourists of a foreign nation
Have their "cars of observation"
To compel them from the shelter of their rugs,

But the happy, happy Briton
The expedient has hit on
Of enjoying an analysis of drugs.

For an advertising frolic
Shows the terrors of the colic
And its cure upon the summit of a hill,
Or conceals a lovely river
With a remedy for liver,
And the merits of a liniment or pill.

Now, I'd like to preach a sermon
On the methods of the German
As evinced upon the Rhine and the Moselle;
If advertisements were shifted
We should find that we were gifted
With a little bit of scenery as well.

Let the hideous and chronic
Panegyric on a tonic
Decorate the sweet security of streets,
Leaving Nature, quite unaided,
For the seedy and the jaded
In her solitude's unspeakable retreats.

THE ROAD TO THE WOOLSACK.

(Anent Popularity as a Student.)

HAVING treated of two classes of the student tribe, I will now come to the average "good sort of chap" student. He does not particularly insist upon his connection with his adopted profession, but keeps in touch with his brethren. He joins the I.C.R.V., takes tickets for anything going on, and puts in an occasional but pleasant appearance in Hall and Common Room. He is liked by Bench, Bar, and the permanent officials. To quote a popular comic opera, "he does nothing in particular, but does it well"—on the whole the best model for a just-joined student who wants to be popular.

And now, to allow time for the process of digestion, I pause in my "hints for guidance." But I think it right to say that I have had great difficulty in dealing with the would-be purchasers of my robes. I have received tenders for them, ranging from one-and-fourpence—evidently despatched by a droll—to the higher figure of £11,867 4s. 3½d. The letter containing the last proposed purchase bore the Hanwell postmark and therefore is open to hostile criticism.

Until the question of the robes is decided, I prefer to keep my fee book out of the market. It is as good as new, and contains a single entry. I shall reserve, however, the right to remove the page with its inscription. It is interesting to me as a record of my maiden brief. It has rather a sentimental than a financial value. The debt recorded has, long since, been barred by the Statute of Limitations.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump Handle Court.



THE EFFECT OF THE VISIT OF MR. DAN LENO AND MR. HERBERT CAMPBELL TO THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—No. 2.



Attentive Friend. "REGGIE, OLD BOY, I'VE JUST LOOKED IN TO ASK HOW YOU ARE, AND HOPE YOU HAVE GOOD NEWS FROM YOUR WIFE, EH? SHE IS ALL THE BETTER FOR HER STAY AT CANNES?"

Devoted Husband. "WELL, OLD FELLOW, I REALLY CAN'T TELL YOU, FOR SHE DOESN'T SAY MUCH IN HER LETTERS; BUT I PERSONALLY HAVE DERIVED GREAT BENEFIT FROM HER PROLONGED STAY IN THE SOUTH!"

THE VERY LATEST AT THE ZOO.

"WILD horses shouldn't drag me there," is a familiar form of expression. But "Wild horses *did* drag me there," that is, the announcement that "wild horses" had arrived and were on view at "the Zoo" was an attraction so powerful that, throwing up every other engagement, I determined, at all hazards, to hurry away to the Gardens and see these fiery untamed steeds. To prepare myself I read HADJI'S account of the Amazons, I refreshed myself with *Mazeppa*, and regarded with admiration

that wonderful picture, of which I have a very inferior print, representing poor *Mazeppa* bound to the plunging Tartar—someone had caught a Tartar for him with a vengeance—and eyeing with an affectingly pleading expression, yet with something of the connoisseur-in-horses about it, the other wild buck-jumpers all very much startled and wilder than ever. Then I had a look at ROSA BONHEUR'S horses "rightly struggling to be free," and by this time, having grasped the subject of "wild horses" generally, and my temperature being up to boiling heat, I

dashed off in the best cab obtainable (would that a wild horse, at a shilling a mile and something extra for the driver, had been in the shafts!), and at last drove up, in as fine style as the broken-down-come-up-will-ye-horse could show, to the gates of the Zoo. To find a keeper, to adjure him by all he held sacred to indicate the whereabouts of the wild horses, and to inquire sympathetically after their health, was the work of half a second. For him to reply took about a minute, and then, disregarding bears, vultures, leopards, tigers, lions and seals, I sped downwards through the tunnel and up again t'other side, avoided elephants, monkeys, cats, parrots, snakes and hippos, and at last came upon a muddy path with two planks laid along it for foot-passengers. Evidently along this path had been led, blindfolded of course, the plunging, kicking, snorting, biting, savage steeds! Now I should see them in all their native ferocity! Now I should gather some idea of what *Mazeppa's* feelings must have been on beholding the sort of snorting, rearing, Hanwellian steed on whose back he was to be cruelly bound with ropes and thongs.

Aha! the cage at last. A place strongly railed in—well, not so strongly as I should have expected—and—dear me! Let me look at the label. . . . Yes—no mistake about it. . . . "The Wild Horses." What a marvellously soothing effect must the civilised treatment they have received at the Zoo have had upon their savage natures! Wonderful! Here they are. . . . The wild horses! . . .

As my object is to send everybody who may be really interested in wild horses to view these latest arrivals, expecting to see them

"With flowing tail and flying mane,
Wide nostrils—never stretched by pain . . ."
"The wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,"

I will not by any attempt at realistic description discount the agreeable surprise in store for them on beholding some seven or eight ragged-looking unkempt polo ponies considerably out of condition, their lack-lustre eyes taking no notice of spectators or of one another, but quietly and contentedly nibbling at such tufts of grass as they could, in a connoisseur-like way, select from the mud and mess in which they were moving.

So I left them and visited the amusing seals just at their dinner-hour, and afterwards was just in time to catch the performing penguin at supper.

"For O, for O, the Hobbyhorse is forgot!" I mean the horse that was once upon a time my hobby, the wild horse, ever associated with the bare-

backed steed to which *Mazeppa* was bound in Lord Byron's poem and in the ancient equestrian melodrama at ASTLEY'S, once the pride and glory of the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge Road! Of this wild horse "as he appears" I can only say that he is

"Slack and slow,
His savage force at length o'erspent,
The drooping courser, faint and low . . ."

And so forth. As to low, if the ex-wild horses that I saw stood more than four and a-half hands, then my two eyes deceived me. However, let everybody interested in wild horses lose no time in repairing to the Zoo to see these new arrivals. After a course of superior feeding, such as they will receive here, they may regain their original wildness, or at least may come to know the sort of thing that is expected of them.

PRE-CENTAUR.

POLITICS IN NURSERYLAND.

(By Mr. Punch's Fancy Reporter.)

At the monthly meeting of nursery imps held the other evening in the toy district of Kiddy-minster, the painful story of Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog was discussed in all its bearings by the members.

She had no business (urged a prim-rose-coloured doll) to have neglected keeping an account of the impoverished condition of the cupboard. He blamed her severely for her want of forethought and preparation. Not being related to her in any way he could only speak as an outside critic of her domestic abilities, and these, he thought, sadly lacked efficiency. The cupboard ought to have been kept well stocked with metaphors. (Frantic cheers from three blind mice.) It was true metaphors required a certain amount of assimilation, yet, failing a bone, a metaphor would serve excellently as food for the dog—food for reflection at any rate. Personally, he held Mother Hubbard in the highest esteem, but as a domestic economist he considered her a fraud.

A small China terrier then rose to say that, while agreeing with the necessity of blaming Mother Hubbard, he thought the previous speaker had failed to go deep enough. There were two points he wished to raise: first, that such cheap and unwholesome food as metaphors be excluded from the pantry, and that bones alone be kept, as he believed strongly in acting *pro bono publico*. (Interruptions, someone calling out, "Sit down, pro-bone.") The second point was, he would advocate the policy of the open door. ("Hear, hear," from all the toy dogs.) This would give the dog freedom of access. (Shouts of "What



C. L. SPINKS

Lady (district visiting). "YOUR WIFE IS ALWAYS HARD AT WORK, AND YOU SEEM TO BE ALWAYS IDLING. DO YOU EVER DO ANYTHING TO SUPPORT YOUR HOUSE?"

Ruffian. "YUS. OI LEANS AGIN IT!"

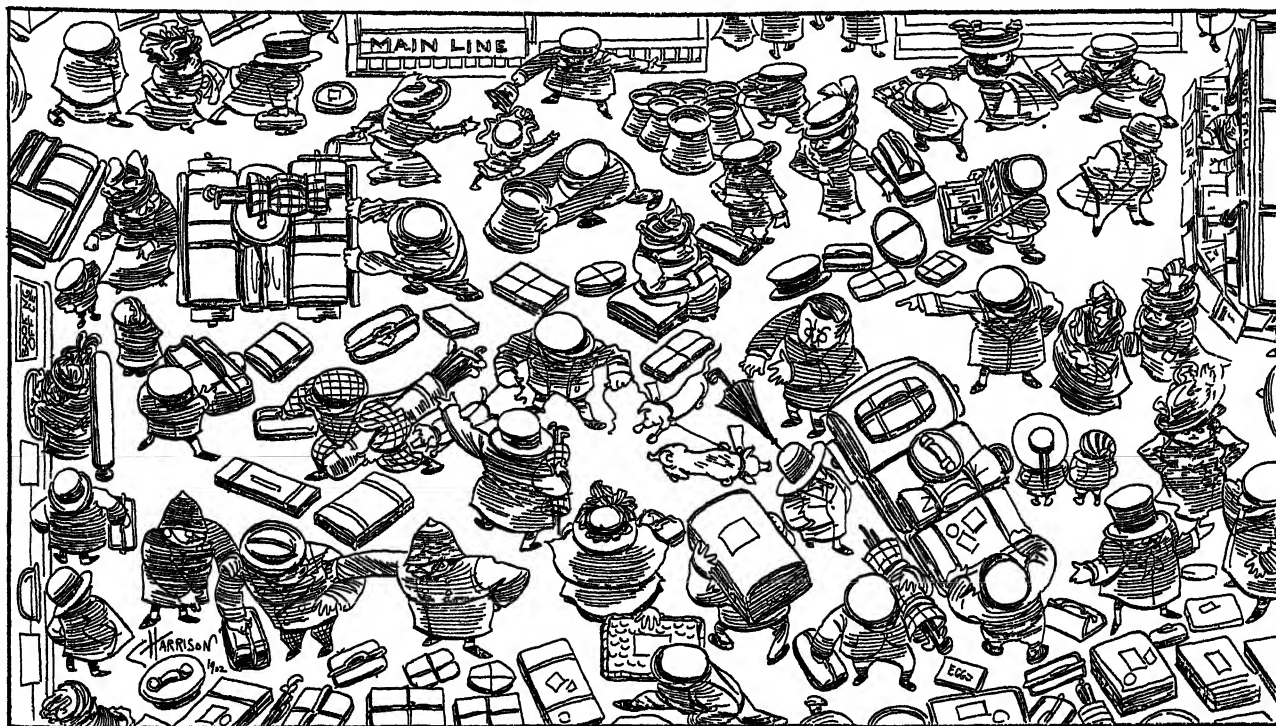
about one dog one bone?" and other discordant cries.)

A Welsh Rarebit (from the Doll's House kitchen) then strongly advocated an extension of the terrier's policy. Why only bones? Why not chops and steaks for the dogs? And why shouldn't Mother Hubbard allow her dog to eat at table with her as well as have a control in the domestic arrangements. Where were her family? No mention had been made of them. Possibly she had made away with them

and was now trying to starve the dog. They distrusted the name of Hubbard so much that they felt she could do no right.

Master Boy Blue was understood to say that the age of the lady was largely responsible for the sordidness of the episode. He would suggest that Master Hubbard (he believed such a one existed) should control domestic arrangements.

The meeting was still proceeding when our reporter fell asleep.



SKYLIGHT VIEWS.—A RAILWAY STATION.

A DETECTIVE DIARY.

(Scribbled on the blank pages of a Counsel's fee book.)

Monday.—Really an excellent idea. Things so quiet in chambers that "criminal investigation" seems promising. Chance later on of publication. *Sherlock Holmes* fictitious. My adventures absolutely real. Better than wearing a wig and gown daily, with nothing whatever else to do in the way of more active employment.

Tuesday.—Papers full of bank robbery. Must disguise myself. Blue spectacles. As well to keep my identity concealed. Never do for a member of the Bar to act as a detective. Visit the bank premises. Criminals have way of haunting the scenes of their crimes. Believe I have discovered the man. Red hair, brown coat and blue spectacles. Stealthily follow him. He disappears when I reach my rooms. Enough for to-day. Intend to continue my pursuit, if possible, to-morrow.

Wednesday.—Look out of the window and there is my man, in black wig, green



Mrs. Dorset (of "Dorset's Sugar and Butter Stores," Mile End Road). "WHY ON EARTH CAN'T WE GO TO A MORE DRESSY PLACE THAN THIS, 'ENERY? I'M SICK OF THIS DREARY 'OLE YEAR AFTER YEAR. IT'S NOTHING BUT SAND AND WATER, SAND AND WATER!"

Mr. Dorset. "IF IT WASN'T FOR SAND AND WATER, YOU WOULDN'T GET NO 'OLERDAY!"

coat and blue spectacles. Shadow him. We go together to all parts of town. Camberwell, the Tower, Brixton and Shepherd's Bush. I lost sight of him on returning to my rooms.

Thursday.—Real good luck! As I look out of my window I recognise my bank-breaker. Yellow wig, white coat and blue spectacles. More shadowing. We visit Kensal Green, Chiswick, and Dalston. Lose sight of him on arriving at my rooms.

Friday.—A strange coincidence! He is again looking up at my window! This time disguised as a parson. Ecclesiastical get-up, and the invariable blue spectacles. Shadow him as before. Visit Brighton and Margate. On return to town he vanishes in his customary manner. Determine to seize him to-morrow.

Saturday.—Outside my rooms as usual. Rush up to him and arrest him. He arrests me, and as he has hand-cuffs he has slightly the better of it. Appears he is a detective himself! Am waiting patiently to be bailed out!

THE GREAT BUN COMBINE.

Sensational Offers.

ENGLAND v. AMERICA.

THE great Bun war has begun. The Anglo-Saxon Bun Combine (American capital and British labour) has taken up the challenge flung down by the Imperial Bun Combine (British capital and British labour). The Imperial Combine has presented every baker in the United Kingdom with a diamond ring. The Anglo-Saxon Combine has countered by offering a bonus of a small motor-car for each Anglo-Saxon bun sold.

EPISODES OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Great interest is being taken at Ballykilbeg in the fierce contest now proceeding between the rival Combines for the trade of Mrs. BRIDGET MALONEY. Mrs. MALONEY has already received a grand piano, a herd of swine, two Regent Street costumes, and three sacks of potatoes, but is still wavering between the two Combines. She sells between two and three dozen buns a week, and at present divides her orders. At the time of wiring there is an unconfirmed report that in consideration of a life annuity of £300 Mrs. MALONEY has decided to give her adhesion to the Anglo-Saxon Combine. It is rumoured also that she has expressed her intention of retiring from the cares of the bakery business.

The Imperial Combine has offered to present six battle-ships to the Government conditionally on Imperial buns only being used at the House of Commons refreshment bars. To secure the same privilege the Anglo-Saxon Combine has offered either to pay off the National Debt or to bear the expense of cleaning Ludgate Hill Station. It is said in Parliamentary circles that if the Government accept the offer of the Imperial Combine, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE will move the adjournment of the House to call attention to the fact that the brother-in-law of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's butler is an Imperial baker. The right hon. gentleman's integrity will be made the object of hostile insinuations.

The great serial which the Anglo-Saxon Combine is said to have secured from Mr. HALL CAINE, *The Hot Cross Bun Maker, a Story of the Proletariat*, will be published in *Household Words* every Good Friday till further notice. It is understood that Miss MARIE CORELLI has in preparation a unique story, *The Chief Baker, a Romance of Two Buns*, for the Imperial Combine.

A rumour is in circulation to the effect that the Imperial Combine has secured for six months the entire advertising columns of the *Times*, the *Athenæum*, the *Police Gazette*, and the *Quarterly Review*, and that the



He. "THE LAST TIME I PLAYED FOOTBALL, I REMEMBER MY FACE GOT SO KNOCKED ABOUT—WASN'T LIKE A FACE AT ALL IN FACT—I THOUGHT IT NEVER WOULD GET BETTER."
She. "AND DID IT? I MEAN—ER—OF COURSE I SEE IT DIDN'T—ER—ER—I MEAN—"

Anglo-Saxon Combine has retaliated by purchasing all available space in the *Daily News*, the *Newmarket Turf Marvel*, the *Manchester Guardian*, and the *Licensed Victuallers' Herald*. No fewer than four-and-twenty advertising agents have secured country houses for the purposes of entertainment.

The Imperial Combine yesterday dispatched fourteen thousand telegrams to British Bakers. They all ran as follows: "England expects every man to take the Imperial bun." On the other hand, ten million Anglo-Saxon hens rise every morning to lay Anglo-Saxon eggs for the manufacture of Anglo-Saxon buns.

If the buns sold each day by the last-named Combine were placed side by side they would cover an acreage

equal to that of the County of Buckingham. If placed lengthways they would pave a road from London to Moscow. The Anglo-Saxon directors deny emphatically that they employ foreign labour. Every applicant for employment has to furnish his pedigree back to the Wars of the Roses in order to prove that there is no foreign blood in his veins. It is true that the head of the Combine was not born in England, but he is lineally descended from the Good Samaritan and his only object in life is to confer benefits upon English bakers.

Latest Telegram.—The statement that the rivalry of the two Combines is likely to confer any advantages on the general public is unfounded. At the time of wiring the price of the standard Penny Bun was still a shilling the dozen.

IN MEMORIAM.

Cecil John Rhodes.

BORN 1853. DIED MARCH 26, 1902.

Lo, while the dawn of every heart's desires,
Herald of Peace, comes up the sombre sky,
Paling the night's wide ring of smouldering fires—
He was ordained to die!

His work was Peace, though such should needs be wrought
Only of hideous War's informing breath;
And now another Peace than that he sought
Is his by grace of Death.

Judgment is stayed; so large he seems to loom
Upon the moment's too immediate sight;
The years that lie within the future's womb
Shall weigh his worth aright.

This much we know, that through the shifting scenes,
Triumph or ill-report, his end the same,
He strove to compass, by whatever means,
The patriot's single aim.

This much were granted by his dearest foe—
That hoarded wealth for him possessed no lure,
Who kept from lust of self and worldly show
His private honour pure.

His was the great heart hid in homely guise,
His the imaginative force that reads
The fate of nations clear as other eyes
Foretell to-morrow's needs.

He played with half a continent for stake,
Unmoved alike by present praise or scorn,
Scheming his sanguine projects for the sake
Of peoples yet unborn.

To stretch the bounds of Empire broader still,
To make at last two kindred peoples one—
Such was the labour which, for good or ill,
Dying he left undone.

Time may complete or mar the work he planned;
Himself, beyond the care of earthly fame—
The mountains guard him sleeping in the land
To which he gave his name. O. S.

BELLES LETTRES.

THIS week has been a very busy one, trying to find someone to write about, which is so difficult, as one scarcely knows anyone she meets. But the south of Spain and Biarritz and the sea-side and the Riviera are emptying now, and people are rushing back to London. The holidays have been long, and so they have had a good rest, if only the sun had shone. I have heard of very few Easter parties. Lord and Lady NIBLOCK had a large family one at Fozzlehurst, and so, I think, had Lord and Lady HIGHBORNE, but Lord and Lady INTHEWIM had no party, as Lady INTHEWIM has been advised to take the rest-cure. She has improved a very little lately, but I hear she is still no better than she ought to be, if she is to be well by the Coronation. Lady CHARITY ALAMODE, who helped to sell at the Distressed Industries Sale, has gone to Lord and Lady NEVERGIVENNY's,

where she will remain till she comes back. Lady CHARITY worked very hard on Monday, as indeed everyone did, but it was not a very good sale, and such an ugly house, and one missed several faces one knew this year, though the Princess was so kind, and bought such a quantity of things, and stayed a good long time.

There were a good many big dinners last week, in spite of the measles. Lady HIGHBORNE, Lady SWANSDOWN and Mrs. CREVASSE all had them. Mrs. BENTON JORKINS had a very smart one, and a very good concert after; but most people wandered about between Lady HIGHBORNE's, Mrs. RENTWIT's and Lady CEEBURY's, as they all lay close together. Lady HIGHBORNE looked so well in her well-known, but always becoming, red velvet. Mrs. CAMBERLEY, I heard, looked cold in pearls, but someone told me she was ill and did not go there at all. Several people brought their daughters, and there were a good many young men, which made some people stay late, as there was a band and a rumour that there might be dancing, but I think it turned out a false report. Lady MATCHEM, Mrs. QUIVERFUL and Lady JANE MARIGOLD were some of those who stayed, I hear; so was Lady ISAK DE WALTON, as well as Baroness KISSINGEN and the HOOLIGAN girls, who were all there. Lord PRIMBERY also gave a large man's dinner on Friday, but the party broke up rather earlier than was expected, and several of the married men went on to Grosvenor Place, where there was another man's party.

Mrs. O'DEAR's cotillon on Wednesday was, I hear, charming, though it was just a little crowded with three rows of chairs round the room, and the greatest difficulty in getting in and out. Mrs. O'DEAR looked so handsome herself in a stomacher of amethysts with wisteria sprays. There were a good many girls but more married women. Lady THEO GRADY, Lady RUBY CONNE's daughters and Lady HORSE-LEECH's were there. Lady SERPENTINE and Mrs. LYTTEL SLAM, Baroness ROSENBOCH and Mme. DE TROUVILLE were some of the married women. Mr. "Pip" ONLOOKER, who so seldom goes to balls, made his reappearance after his journey to Timbuctoo. Lady WESTBOURNE had a small boy and girl party before the ball, and they all walked on after. She was in black, I think, anyway she was in very good looks. Mrs. PATCHIT was looking so pretty, so was Mrs. KENSINGTON GORE (who is taking out a very handsome Miss VIEWLESS, a niece), as well as the five Miss DE WALTONS. I think that is all the gaiety of last week, except that I heard of several supper parties, and Lady AURORA NIGHTSBRIDGE has begun giving her Sunday suppers again.

There is much illness about and a great deal of the fashionable indigestion. Mr. GOODE TUCKIN has gone to Scotland to join Mrs. TUCKIN and her daughter, who both went to Strathpeffer last week after their large dinner-party, I hear. Someone said Lady HASBIN was going to Puffgate-next-the-Sea, when she was well enough to travel, which will, I hear, not be for some time. Puffgate has become a very favourite place for Society invalids and Sunday change of air: it is so healthy and bracing. Mr. and Mrs. CAVENDISH-BIRDSEYE, Lord and Lady WESSEX, Mr. "WAT" MANNERS and Lady "MOTA" KERR, are just a few who are there, but I hear it is quite crowded.

The QUEEN, who has been driving a good deal lately, quite quietly, passed me only the other day at the Marble Arch. She is enjoying her Easter holiday immensely, I hear. I had such a very charming day at Brighton on Easter Monday, where the house the FIRES have taken was pointed out to me by such an intelligent working man. "Yes 'm," he said, "that's the 'ouse, and I 'ave the honour to drain it." I thought it so nice to come across that sort of loyalty in these days of cheap education and so-called Society journalism. I think this is all my news.—Yours ever,

VERA.



TWO OF A TRADE.

The Two Pirates (aside—together). "ONCE ON BOARD THE LUGGER, AND THE GYUEL IS MINE!"
Bird's-eyed Susan. "UNHAND ME, VILLAINS! I WILL SELL MYSELF TO NEITHER OF YE!"



OUR LOCAL POINT-TO-POINT.

He (on the Cob). "HULLO, OLD CHAP! OUT A VOLUNTARY?"

He (on the ground). "VOLUNTARY, DO YOU CALL IT? ABOUT THE MOST INVOLUNTARY THING I EVER DID!"

MORE CONCENTRATION CAMPS
AND FOREIGN OPINION.

"At the present time many valuable species of big game in South Africa are threatened with total extinction. . . . It is proposed, in view of the necessity for immediate action, to establish regulations upon drastic lines for their preservation. It is suggested that camps should be formed."—*Laffan.*

"STORIES of British brutality in the new concentration camps continue to reach us. The unfortunate captives are reported to be denied every vestige of freedom. A wretched hippopotamus has been beaten with whips for several hours merely because he had leant against the fence of his kraal, made a hole in it, and walked out. The sufferer, who endured his torture patiently, was at length induced to go back, was fastened with chains to a tree, and left without medical attendance for many hours. . . ."—*Die Schamlose Zeitung.*

"The story of the young gorilla in the camp at Taalbosch is, unhappily, only too true. Being discovered in the officers' mess-tent playfully breaking up the fittings, he was overpowered by superior numbers after a gallant resistance, bound hand and foot and cast into an iron cage. We are glad

to say that in the struggle seventeen of the brutal British were put out of action. The animal refuses all food, fearing, with only too much reason, that his foes may resort to poison. . . ."—*Das Tagesschimpfwort.*

"One asks oneself, can these things be true? And yet they are on the best authority. The case of the lions at the Dummkopje camp goes from bad to worse. A brutal soldier, finding one of them engaged in eating another brutal soldier, discharged his rifle at the lion. Happily he missed his aim, and the captive was able to eat both brutal soldiers. Then a mob of fierce yeomen blazed at the poor victim in the middle of his dinner (what a refinement of cruelty!) until he breathed his last. It is high time that Europe. . . ."—*Le Menteur.*

"The new concentration camps are a disgrace to civilisation. A young koodoo, suspected of communicating with his friends on the veld, is now eking out a miserable existence on hay and water. The crocodile that ate the quartermaster-sergeant has been done to death without even the form of a trial. . . ."—*Le Scandale.*

BY DEPUTY.

As SHAKESPEARE could not write his plays
(If Mrs. GALLUP's not mistaken),
I think how wise in many ways
He was to have them done by BACON;
They might have mouldered on the shelf,

Mere minor dramas (and he knew it!)
If he had written them himself
Instead of letting BACON do it.

And if it's true, as BROWN and SMITH
In many learned tomes have stated,
That HOMER was an idle myth,
He ought to be congratulated;
Since, thus evading birth, he rose
For men to worship from a distance:
He might have penned inferior prose
Had he achieved a real existence.

To him and SHAKESPEARE some agree
In making very nice allusions,
But no one thinks of praising me,
For I composed my own effusions:
As others wrote their works divine,
And they immortal thus to-day are,
If someone else had written mine
I might have been as great as they
are!

MR. PUNCH'S NATIONAL DRAMAS.

No. III.—O TELEPHONE !]

By S-d-n-y Gr-ndy.

[Some dramatic critics have declared that this is not an original play of the talented author's, but merely an adaptation from the French. On this point *Mr. Punch* offers no opinion.]

ACT I. SCENE—*The PARKINSONS' drawing-room at Lower Tooting. A French window at back, across which curtains are drawn, gives on to garden. On wall is a telephone. Time, evening. Mrs. PARKINSON is discovered in a wicker chair and a highly nervous state, listening intently. ARABELLA, her daughter, lounges in another wicker chair, absorbed in one of the cheaper magazines.*

Mrs. P. (looking apprehensively towards the window). I'm sure there's someone in the garden!

Arabella (without looking up from her reading). Lor! Ma, how you do fidget!

[A sound is heard of someone trying the window.]

Mrs. P. (starting up). He's trying to get in. I can hear him.

Ara. Nonsense, Ma. It's the wind.

Mrs. P. (fussily). Don't be absurd, ARABELLA. It was not in the least like the wind. Listen! [Strains her ears.]

Ara. (unmoved). All right. It's a burglar then. Have it your own way.

[There is a moment's pause. Then a faint tapping is heard on the pane.]

Mrs. P. (screams). Ah! There it is again. Hark, ARABELLA!

Ara. (looking up crossly). What is it, Ma? I wish you wouldn't bother so. How can I read if you will keep interrupting?

Mrs. P. You're very undutiful, BELLA. (Sobs.) And how you can sit there and read a silly tale when we may both be murdered at any minute I can't think!

Ara. (putting down magazine and preparing to rise). Shall I see who it is?

Mrs. P. (alarmed). Certainly not. I forbid you to move that curtain. Who knows what dreadful person may be behind it?

Ara. Very well, Ma. [Returns to her magazine.]

Mrs. P. (complainingly). If only your Papa were here!

Ara. (without looking up). You'd better send for him. He's only at the office.

Mrs. P. What would be the use of that? We might all be killed before a messenger could get to him.

Ara. (nonchalantly). Why not telephone?

Mrs. P. (jumping up). Telephone! The very thing. (Rings up violently.) And I do think, ARABELLA, you might have thought of that before. (To telephone.) Are you there? Put me on to 8345 Gerrard, please. . . . No! Not 18345. I said 8345. As quick as you can, please. (Sound of a pane of glass breaking. Mrs. P. drops receiver and squeals like a frightened rabbit.) ARABELLA! He's forcing his way in. Oh, we shall be murdered, I know we shall, etc., etc. (A ring is heard at telephone, Mrs. P. snatches up receiver again.) Saved! Saved! (To telephone.) JOHN, JOHN, come home at once!

(Curtain.)

ACT II. SCENE—*Mr. ROBINSON's study at Hampstead. R. is at telephone L. Mrs. R. is dozing comfortably over the fire.*

R. (at telephone). Eh? . . . Yes. . . . All right. . . . No. . . . Very well. . . . Good-bye. . . . Yes. . . . Good-bye. . . . (Rings off and returns to seat by fire.) Dash that

telephone. I've a good mind to have it cut off altogether. That's the third time I've been rung up to-night. And always about nothing.

Mrs. R. But think how useful it is to me, JOHN! Why, it saves me all my shopping. I order everything through it!

R. Does that explain the mutton to-night?

Mrs. R. Well, perhaps it had been hung a little too long. I'll telephone to the butcher about it in the morning.

R. Much better go round and see him.

Mrs. R. Oh, no, JOHN! I can scold him just as well here. And it's far less trouble. [A ring is heard at telephone.]

R. (without moving from his chair). Confound! That's the fourth time!

Mrs. R. Hadn't you better see who it is, dear?

R. No. Let 'em ring.

[Bell sounds again.]

Mrs. R. (putting fingers in her ears). Do go, dear. I can't bear the noise it makes. And it may be something important.

R. Not likely. (Rises leisurely and goes to instrument.) Well? Eh? . . . "JOHN, JOHN, come home at once!" What's all this? Who are you? . . . MARIA? (To Mrs. R.) Who the deuce is MARIA? (Turns to telephone again.) What? Someone breaking into your house? I can't help it. Better telephone to the police. . . . Eh? . . . No telephones at London police stations? So much the worse for the police. . . . What's that? They'll murder you in a minute? Very sorry, my dear madam, but I don't see what I can do. . . . Come at once? Where? Lower Tooting? Nonsense! Shouldn't think of such a thing. . . . I'm very unkind? Brutal to leave a wife to be murdered? Well, 'tisn't my wife. . . . Eh? What? . . . Certainly not. . . . No. I'm not your husband. . . . Oh, I see. . . . Wrong number? Will I kindly come all the same before they're all murdered. Of course not. Never heard such a request. Woman must be mad. Ring off!

[Hangs up receiver and returns to armchair. (Curtain.)]

NOTE.—For the purposes of unity Act III. is contemporaneous with Act II.

ACT III. SCENE—*As in Act I. Mrs. P. still at telephone in agonized attitude. ARABELLA still reading calmly.*

Mrs. P. (at telephone). What do you say? . . . (To ARABELLA.) Don't make that chair creak, ARABELLA. I can't hear. . . . (Turning to telephone again.) Who am I? I'm MARIA. Some one's breaking into the house. . . . What? You can't help it? Oh, JOHN, how can you talk like that! . . . Better telephone to the police? But you know the police stations have no telephones. (Noise of fumbling at window.) Help! Help! They'll murder me in a minute. . . . Very sorry, are you? What's the use of that? Come at once. At once! . . . Come where? To Lower Tooting of course. . . . You won't? Well, JOHN, you are unkind! . . . Eh? . . . Yes, I call it brutal to leave a wife to be murdered in this way. . . . Not your wife? (To ARABELLA.) ARABELLA, do you hear that? He says he isn't my wife!

Ara. Perhaps he isn't, Ma. They may have switched you on wrong at the Exchange. I know these telephones!

Mrs. P. Impossible! (Returning to instrument.) Eh? . . . What? . . . Not my husband? I see. . . . Wrong number. . . . But please come all the same before we're all killed. . . . You won't? . . . Ring off? Brute! (Flings down receiver and turns with shriek of fright to window which opens at this moment, admitting man.) Who's that? Why, it's you, JOHN. What a fright you did give me, coming in by the garden in that way.

[Falls into husband's arms. ARABELLA reads on unmoved. (Curtain.)]

HINTS TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

II.

As a second exercise in the art of oratory, you cannot do better than imitate the classic style of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. And, if you are really anxious to make progress, mind that you neglect no opportunity of practising your art. The difficulty of collecting an audience can easily be overcome if you use your chances properly. For example, let us suppose that you attend the annual meeting of your club. The accounts are passed and the routine business run through with almost indecent haste. At the end there is a slight pause. The Secretary catches your eye and nods. You know what he wants, and your natural inclination is merely to murmur "Beg to propose vote of thanks to the Chair." This would be quite wrong; it would be throwing away an excellent opportunity for making a speech. Instead, you will rise from your seat, advance to the Secretary's table—which you must thump emphatically at the end of every sentence—and begin as follows:—

"In the course of a somewhat protracted existence, Mr. Chairman, seldom or never have I approached a task in any measure analogous to that which at this moment lies before me with so strong, and, I may add, so overpowering a sense of indignation. (*At this point your audience will open their eyes.*) It may be that I am the victim of some error, it may be that the duty of listening to the absurdly farcical proceedings which have been enacted within the past few minutes has temporarily obscured the percipient faculties of a brain normally adequate for the due discharge of such activities as fortune or chance may assign to it. (*Take breath here.*) But, Sir, if this be not the case, if my intellectual powers are not even momentarily clouded, if I have rightly interpreted the inclination of the Secretary's head towards the vicinity of that seat which at a moment comparatively recent was occupied by myself—if this be so, Sir, I can only say that his proposal, thus tacitly made, is one of the most monstrous, most outrageous, and most humiliating (*thump the table hard as you utter each of these adjectives*) which has ever been submitted, in my recollection at least, to an assembly of gentlemen presumably sane and hypothetically intelligent. It is suggested—ay, and more than suggested—that the business of this meeting may now, with some fitness, be terminated. (*Here you may expect applause.*) It is even implied that after a formal and possibly undeserved expression of gratitude to you, Sir, for the manner in which you have presided over our



INDIRECT ORATION.

"OH, IF YOU PLEASE, MUM, THERE'S NO MEAT FOR DINNER. THE BUTCHER 'AS BEEN AND GONE AND NEVER COME THIS MORNING!"

so-called deliberations, we shall have discharged those duties which our club, our country, our empire (*three more thumps*) expect of us. That most unwarrantable supposition I repudiate utterly. What! while the state of domestic politics in China compels forebodings of the most gravely significant kind, while the site of the North Pole remains yet untrodden by human foot, while the retail price of latakia is advancing by leaps and bounds, are we, a representative assembly of responsible and educated citizens, to disperse before we have had an opportunity of expressing so much as the briefest opinion, severally and collectively, upon matters

so vast, so vital, so momentous? To this abominable conspiracy of silence I, Sir, at least, will be no party. Sir, the total revenue from the Chinese customs during the past ten years . . ."

(*You can complete the rest of the speech for yourself. Or, possibly, your audience will do it for you.*)

Mr. Punch's Political Limericks.

WHEN the sexton shall in a church-close bury
The brilliant, the versatile ROSEBERRY,
We shall say: Never one
Of our statesmen has done
Such deeds as were not done by ROSEBERRY.

THE XYLONITE LOVER.

[According to a writer in *Cassell's Magazine*, it is impossible to conceive a pastime more conducive to matrimony than Ping-pong. "The serve over the net; the watching of the ball as it careers along the carpet to some dark and distant corner, necessitating two pairs of hands to seek for it; the frequent and fatal use of the word 'love'; the offer and glad acceptance of lemonade when the encounter is over; all these lead but to one goal—the goal of matrimony."]

I.

It is not mine to serve with stately grace
The celluloid into my lady's face;
To win no game with skill to me is given,
I will not play at all unless I'm driven.
It is not mine,
It is not mine to send with easy grace
The light ball bounding,
The white ball bounding in my lady's face.

II.

Not mine in endless rallies to repel
The thousand artful strokes she knows so well;
Not mine my *suit* victoriously to press
(My valet does this when 'tis in a mess!)
Not mine with futile,
Not mine with frantic racquet to repel
The curly service,
The cunning service that I know too well

III.

But mine it is to scramble in her train,
The search in darkened corners to maintain,
And lemonade to fetch with deference,
And call the score, oft "love," with look intense;
The grateful liquid,
The blameless liquid fetch with reverence,
My pingful worship,
My pongful worship thus to evidence.

A ROMAN HOLIDAY.

On the Appian Way.

WE are with a guide, voluble after the fashion of guides all the world over, and capable of speaking many languages execrably. His English, no doubt, is typical of the rest. "Datt-e building dere," he says, "is de Barze of Caracalla."

"The *what*?" says my companion.

"De Barze of Caracalla—vere de ancient Romans bayze demselves in de water—same as ve go to Casino, zey take a barze, morning, afternoon, ven zey like."

"It must have been a large building," I venture, ineptly.

"In dem dere barze," he retorts, impressively, "sixteen honderd peoples all could chomp in de water same time!"

"Jolly good splash they must have made," says A.

The guide pays no attention, but continues:—

"Dem dere barze not de biggest. In de Barze of Diocletian four thousand peoples all could chomp in de water same time. In all de barze in Rome forrrty thousand could chomp in same time."

"I wonder," says A., "how they got 'em all together and started them jumping?"

"Vell, dey not all chomp togesser every day same peoples, but ven de barze all full den forrrty thousand chomp in same time."

At the Bosco Sacro.

"Now," remarks the guide, "I tell you fanny story—make you laugh. Ven dem eight honderd robbers founded Rome dey live on a 'ill and dey haf no religion. Den come de King NUMA POMPELIO: he say 'dey most haf religion,' so he can goffern dem better. Den 'e go to diss bosco, and ven he come back he tell dem robbers he haf seen de Naimp Egeea—"

"The Nymph *Egeria*," A. intervenes, with superiority. "Vell, I say de Naimp *Egeea*. He say he haf seen her, dat she haf appareeted to him, and so dey get deir religion." A. laughs dubiously.

"Yes," concludes the guide, "dat iss a fanny story."

By the Circus of Maxentius.

"Diss is de Circus of Massenzio. He build 'im ven his son ROMULUS die. No, diss is not de same ROMULUS who founded Rome, but anosser one, a leetle boy, de son of de Emperor MASSENZIO. He die ven he vos a leetle boy. In dem days it not permitted to make sacrifice of men, so dey build a race-course instead: it is de same ting, for some of de charioteers always get dem killed, and MASSENZIO tink dey go play wiz ROMULUS."

In the Catacombs.

"Ven de *martiri* condemned to dess and dey kill dem, dey safe some drops blood in a leetle bottle and dey put dem bottles in de valls. Dere iss a bit, you see. SAN SEBASTIANO 'e vos condemned to de arrows—dey shotted 'im—and afterward dey smash his head on a column. Dere is de column."

"What was that you were telling us about CARACALLA just now?"

"CARACALLA he no like 'is brozzer GETA—so he kill 'im. Den he make 'im a god and tell peoples to vorship him, and 'e say 'I did not like my brozzer ven he vos a man, but I like him very moch ven he is a god.' Dat is anosser fanny story."

MR. PUNCH'S REPRINTS.

III.

From the "Queen," 500 B.C.

THE signs of the times point to woad still being the only wear for the coming season, and the West-end houses are stocking it freely. The fashionable hue will remain unchanged—a deep, rich, Ricketty azure; but if, by any sad and unforeseen chance, court mourning is found necessary, the STEPHENS' blue-black variety will be substituted. Muffs, gloves and stockings of the same material are *de rigueur*, and may be obtained of DICKINS, INDIGO JONES & Co. We may add that the above enterprising firm has engaged the Blue Alsatian Band, conducted by Mr. HENRY J. WOAD, to play during afternoon tea in the show rooms.

From "M. A. P." of 1780.

Among literary magnates of the day none is so deservedly popular as Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, the lexicographer. Robust in figure, handsome of countenance, natty in attire, he is as well known in Fleet Street as Temple Bar itself.

I remember the first time I saw him, as he walked carelessly westwards from Bolt Court, touching the posts as he passed. I was then a raw Irish lad, new to London life, and I shall never forget the brilliant smile that he threw to me. Subsequently we became close friends in the Press Gallery. Dr. JOHNSON is a superb talker (though never to the point of wounding an adversary) and a ready wit. His manners are courtly yet winsome, especially at table, where he is a model for literary diners-out.

From "The British Weekly" of 1814.

RAMBLING REMARKS.

Various statements have been made in the usual uninstructed quarters concerning the authorship of *Waverley*, the successful novel just published by Messrs. ODDER AND THINNER, but they are, of course, wrong. Some say, for instance, that Mr. WALTER SCOTT, the poet, an Edinburgh legal light of some brilliance, is the writer of the book. I happen, however, to have better information, which I shall



Uncle George (who has been helping himself to a seat). "I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'VE TAKEN UP PAINT SO SUCCESSFULLY, MY BOY. AND, IF I WERE IN YOUR PLACE, I'D STICK TO IT FOR ALL I WAS WORTH!"

divulge at the proper time. All that I propose to say at present is that supporters of Mr. SCOTT are on the wrong tack. When the moment is ripe the author's agent, my good friend and colleague, Mr. A. PINKER WATT, will doubtless make the disclosure. I understand that the competition for the author's next work is very keen, and many American publishers—with a zeal for lucre which in others I cannot too cordially deprecate—are on their way across the Atlantic to secure the American rights, and my Christian friend, Major POND, is also coming in the hope of booking some lectures from the Great Unknown, as well as from the Duke of WELLINGTON and the Regent.

From the "Daily Mail" of 2002 A.D. (a preprint).

March 31.

We have good reason to believe that an ultimatum has been addressed to this Government by that of Monaco. War is always a serious, a terrible thing, but we unhesitatingly say that if the Ministry keep a bold front they will have the entire country at their back. What we have written we have written.

April 1.

The situation still remains acute, but we earnestly trust that the Government will think twice, nay ten times, before they plunge the country into a bloody war with so wealthy, so well-equipped, and so warlike a nation as that of Monaco. It is true that in numbers we have a slight superiority, but the Prince has the fastest aerial automobile in the world, and the ferocity of his croupiers is notorious.

"OH, MARY, GO AND FETCH THE SUPPER BEER."

(A piece of corrected Kingsley.)

"OH, MARY, go and fetch the supper beer,
And fetch the supper beer,
And fetch the supper beer,
Across the Strand for me!"
The pirate buses came from far and near,
And all alone went she.

The beastly fog came down upon the Strand,
And o'er and o'er the Strand,
And round and round the Strand;
As far as eye could see,
The blinding fog came down and hid the land,
And never home came she.

Oh, what can be the meaning of the crowd—
The eager peering crowd,
The roughly jostling crowd—
A broken jug to see?
Was never maiden yet that swore so loud,
Nor half so long as she.

For language such as this they ran her in,
To Bow Street ran her in,
To Bow Street ran her in,
And fourteen days did she.
Still cabmen see her fetch the supper beer,
Though not—no! not for me.



SCENE—Chancery Lane "Tube" Station.

First Lift Man. "A GOOD TIME COMIN' FOR ME, MATE. WHAT O, FOR A BIT OF A CHINCE!"

Second Lift Man. "WHAT'S UP THEN?"

First Lift Man (in impressive tones). "GOT SHIFTED TO THE BANK—BEGINNIN' MONDAY!"

THE ROAD TO THE WOOLSACK.

(Anent Cramming and Crammers.)

THE old notion of "eating your dinners" to the degree of Utter Barrister is, or should be, exploded. Nowadays the Inns of Courts examiners carefully perform the responsibilities of their charge.

To the list of text-books furnished by the student's coach I would suggest the addition of the *Comic Blackstone*, should that admirable work of erudition have been overlooked. With the *Comic Blackstone* at his finger's end, a candi-

date for a pass is "safe as judges' chambers" if the examiners are blessed with a sense of humour. And if they are not blessed with a sense of humour, a pass in any case would be a difficulty.

There are coaches and coaches. Perhaps the best is he who makes the selection of "answers" on the suggestion of the recurrence of "colour" at Monte Carlo. For instance, "The Rule in *SHELLEY'S Case*" is a *pièce de résistance*—sometimes in more senses than one—in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn when the Bar Examination is "on." It comes up about four times out of every five papers. But the fifth exam-

is zero as far as *SHELLEY* and his remarkable case are concerned. Then the coach who has learned his work in the neighbourhood of Monaco ignores *SHELLEY* when the time arrives for his case not to turn up. When I had to prepare for the Bar my tutor devoted most of his spare time to pricking the questions of past examinations, and I frankly admit that I owed my successful flooring of the papers to the assistance I received at his hands. I knew exactly before the event what it was essential for me to know, and what I might with confidence avoid. Looking back, I do not see that I suffered much by my partial acquisition of judicial knowledge. Within a month of my call, I had forgotten everything I had ever learned. And I think I may add that, if I had retained all that I had acquired, I should not have found any advantage in my practice: nay, more, I will go further. Everyone knows the amount of my practice. Had that practice been multiplied a hundred-fold, the practical result would have been the same.

Since I commenced these hints to beginners I have received several suggestions, some of considerable practical value. A Lord Justice of Appeal who does not give his name says that he thinks something can be done by hypnotism. "Would it not be possible," asks his Lordship, "for a candidate to be put under mesmeric influence, and then prompted by suggestion how to answer the queries put to him?" I am much obliged to his Lordship. The J. A. cautiously continues, "The only drawback I can imagine is the hypnotic prompter turning out not only an ass but a silly ass. Should the hypnotic prompter play a practical joke the result might be disastrous. What would the examiner think and say were the hypnotised candidate to begin drinking the ink with relish as first-rate champagne, while smoking his pen under the impression he was enjoying a first-rate cigar?" I thank his Lordship for his valuable caution.

And now, having come to the limit of the valuable space allotted to me for my description of the Road to the Woolsack, let me say that I should be glad to coach any candidate for forensic honours. As my chambers are limited—I have the habitation of a window recess—I fear I should have to ask my pupil to look in through that window from the outside. In fine weather the prospect would be distinctly pleasant, and when it rained I should be only too pleased to grant my pupil (I do not venture to put the substantive in the plural) the usufruct of an umbrella.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump Handle Court.



John Tenniel

BACK TO WORK.

ARTHUR BLAIR (Captain of St. Stephen's School, to Masters CHAMBERLAIN, HOBBS, and BROWN). "I SAY, YOU CHAPS, BEASTLY SHORT HOLIDAY! WHEN'S THE NEXT?"

RUS IN URBE.

'Tis Spring-time! From the alley dark,
Where sunshine never enters, hark!
That hapless prisoner, the lark,
Pours forth his sweet wild carol;
A maddening thought within him stirs
Of hill-tops where the windmill whirs,
And breezy downs of golden furze
In April's brave apparel.

So, too, through windows dim and dun,
The prisoned clerk beholds the sun
That plays about in frolic fun
On inkpot, desk and ledger;
Feels the fresh warmth and longs to see
Green field, blue sky and budding tree,
And thinks that it were bliss to be
A ploughman or a hedger.

He hastens home at evening, bent
On garden joys, his shillings spent
On seeds and seedlings, well content
To follow father ADAM;
And thus, all office cares forgot,
With careful spade and water-pot,
He delves the small suburban plot
Of brick and bare macadam.

"Here, here," thinks he, "the Marshal
Niel

Her orange glory shall reveal;
A crimson rambler here shall steal,
And here shall bloom tea-roses:
Upon this porch, now black with grime,
Shall sweetest honeysuckle climb
To mingle fragrance with the thyme
When evening softly closes."

But what does sweet returning Spring
The poor imprisoned songster bring?
A turf whereon to beat the wing
He may no longer fly on;
While he whose fancy sees a blaze
Of blossom after many days
Will smile if haply he can raise
A dingy dandelion.

"LA VILLE LUMIÈRE."

If the Parisians put up many more illuminated advertisements, cocoas and toothpowders, newspapers and music halls spelling out their names letter by letter all along the Boulevards—the Place de l'Opéra is so full of them that there is hardly any space left for another gleaming word—"La Ville Lumière" will become the flash-light city. It is already *La Ville Vacarme*. Add a few more tramcars with gongs, a few more automobiles with bells, a few more bicycles with horns, and the Parisian in the street, the *flâneur du Boulevard*, will be quite unable to hear himself speak. He will still hear the newspaper sellers, for no noise on earth, not even siren whistles, artillery, or thunder, could drown the yells of "*Paris Sport, La Presse, Le Soir*," which are absolutely *hors concours* as



OUR YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS.

Thoughtful Boy (contemplating infant sister, and dimly groping after the mystery of the origin of existence). "BUT, MUMMY, SHE MUST HAVE WASN'T BEFORE SHE WAS. DIDN'T SHE?"

ear-splitters. Poor London, still the hapless victim of filthy, foreign, organ-grinding vagabonds, has risen up against the paper-yeller, but the Yeller Press of Paris remains unconquered. The Parisian will have to imitate the gestures of Marseilles or Bordeaux when speech becomes impossible. Dazzled by night and deafened by day, the *flâneur* must gradually vanish.

The French have always tolerated, or enjoyed, a considerable amount of noise. Day by day, as the din in Paris grows louder, one can still better understand why ALPHONSE DAUDET remarked the almost rural quiet of Piccadilly Circus. By degrees the Parisian will grow deaf. What is the use of ears if they only help him to get run over by communicating to his brain the simultaneous blasts and bangs of innumerable mechanical vehicles rushing in all directions? What is the use of ears, if they only tell him that *Paris Sport*

vient de paraître? Perhaps with the aid of ear-trumpets or gramophones or megaphones he may still be able to hear a little music, something with plenty of brass and drums, played *fortissimo*. It needs Mr. WELLS to "anticipate" what else may be audible in the Paris of the future.

Even underground, in the *Métropolitain*, there is no quiet. As the train goes along everything makes a noise, the wheels, the doors, the windows, apparently also the rails and the tunnels themselves. The air is rather better than in the Central London Railway, but the clatter is appalling. There is an official in every carriage. One may sometimes see an old lady ask him a question—no doubt the name of the next station, for the stations are covered with advertisements and the names are modestly minute. The official, accustomed to use his eyes rather than his ears, understands what she wants. His

mouth opens wide and his lips move, but one hears nothing. Then the old lady's mouth opens and her lips move, again unheard. Then the official bends down and his mouth opens yet wider close to the old lady's ear, and the old lady evidently listens with all her might, and no doubt asks him to speak up, for her lips also move, but it is to no purpose, and she probably gets out at the wrong station after all.

The effort to speak above the noises of the street has invaded the calm and decorous precincts of the Théâtre Français itself. There is a new piece by LAVENAN, *Le Marquis de Priola*, which is neither calm nor decorous. M. LE BARGY, in a *complet* of the most *chic* and a necktie absolutely immaculate, plays the hero, an aristocratic *Don Juan* of to-day. M. DESSONNES appears as his son, a young man. These two shout at each other, in a very elegant *appartement*, with such amazing loudness that their voices might even be heard plainly if they were in the street, and faintly if they were in the *Métropolitain*. It is needless to say that their acting is superb. It is only in the *Ville Vacarme* that they could forget the effect of such vociferation in any house supposed to be occupied by *les plus élégants mondains*, to quote the society paragraphs of the French newspapers. In a few minutes the servants of the Marquis would certainly rush in; the other *locataires*, convinced that fire had burst out or burglars burst in, would speedily follow, and even the police, from the street outside, would finally arrive to prevent an assassination. And it is only a dispute between two gentlemen, *très comme-il-faut*. M. COQUELIN *Cadet* assists with the full force of his lungs. Otherwise his part, of course admirably acted, seems entirely superfluous.

"AS ITERS SEE US."

["He is a Scotchman and therefore fundamentally inept."—*The Tiger*.]

AN, baist nae mair the bard o' Ay
That whiles was Scotland's glory,
An' dinna rave o' BRUCE the brave
An' Bannockburn sae gory;
But greet yer lane an' mak' yer maen
That ye are ca'd a Scotsman—
There's naught but scorn for him that's
born
'Twixt Tweed an' John-o'-Groat's,
man.

Nae poo'er hae we a joke tae sae—
Ye ken the auld, auld rumour;
We canna taste the flavour chaste
That marks the Cockney humour;
'Tis owre refined for oor dull mind,
Though greeted wi' guffaws, man,
By cultured wits that thrang the pits
O' Surrey music ha's, man.

Oor manners, tae!—my heart is wae
When I compare the races,
Contrastin' oor behaviour dour
Wi' English airs an' graces.
We Scots maun hide oor humbled pride
An' greet in sorrow.dumb, man—
We canna baist the perfect taste
An' canny tact o' Brum, man.
An' oh! ye ken, as beesness men,
In dealin' wi' an order,
We aye maun find corsels behind
Oor brithers owre the Border.
We vie in vain wi' English brain;
Hoo can we mak' a haul, man,
Until we start tae lairn the art
That's practised in the Mall, man?

SEMPER ALIQUID NOVI.

["The London season of 1902 is to be the motor-car season."—*Daily Papers*.]

A Page from Algy's Diary.

Sunday.—Church parade very full. Frightful congestion of motors round Achilles. Lady MAISIE looked ripping in brown leather strapped with buckskin. Like the new machine I picked up at TATTERSALL'S. Very easy paces.

Tuesday.—Poor old D'ARCY nearly had a beastly accident in the Row this morning. His motor got clean away with him and bolted right to the end before he could get a pull at it. Silly girl, actually riding a horse (dangerous things, horses), ran into him and got thrown. So stupid of her to come out like that, she might have killed D'ARCY.

Thursday.—Ordered a splendid coat at tailor's. Quite a new thing. Meant for going as fast as you please against the wind. Buttons up behind instead of in front; called the "Nathaniel," I believe. Splendid dodge, saves all draught. Went to the Duchess's Cotillon. Enormous success, especially the motor figure, when all rush round hissing and puffing. The presents were pins and brooches in shape of diamond motors.

Saturday.—Doctor just gone—fancy I'm in a bad way, but he hopes to save one of my legs and my right arm. Beastly motor blew up in Piccadilly this morning. Sent round to TATTERSALL'S to buy back some of my horses—in case I recover.

OLYMPIC CALM.

Probable Report of Questions and Answers in the House of Lords under the circumstances of Invasion.

Friday.—THE Viscount M. asked the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs whether the announcement in the daily papers that France and Russia had declared war against England was correct? The Earl of W. asked the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs whether

it was true that a French force had landed that morning at Dover and was marching on London?

Replying to both, the noble Marquis said that he had nothing official on the subject, as something seemed to have happened to the Calais-Dover cable as well as to the telegraph wires between Dover and London. He had, however, taken steps to inform the Postmaster-General of the breakdown, and had no doubt that he would see that it was rectified in due course. (*Ministerial cheers*.) He regretted, however, that the noble Lords had not given him due notice of their questions. The subject then dropped.

Monday.—The Lord C. asked the Under-Secretary of State for War whether the rumours now current, that the French had advanced as far as Sydenham, where they had taken up an artillery position and were now shelling London, were correct?

The noble Marquis, the Prime Minister, replying for the Under-Secretary of State for War, admitted having heard certain reports. He, however, wished to draw attention to a matter more important to their Lordships, namely, the deplorable tendency, distinctly on the increase in their Lordships' House, to ask questions likely to lead to discussion at a late hour. It was now nearly dinner-time, 7.15 p.m., and—

At this point a French shell fell through the roof. The subject then dropped. Their Lordships immediately adjourned.

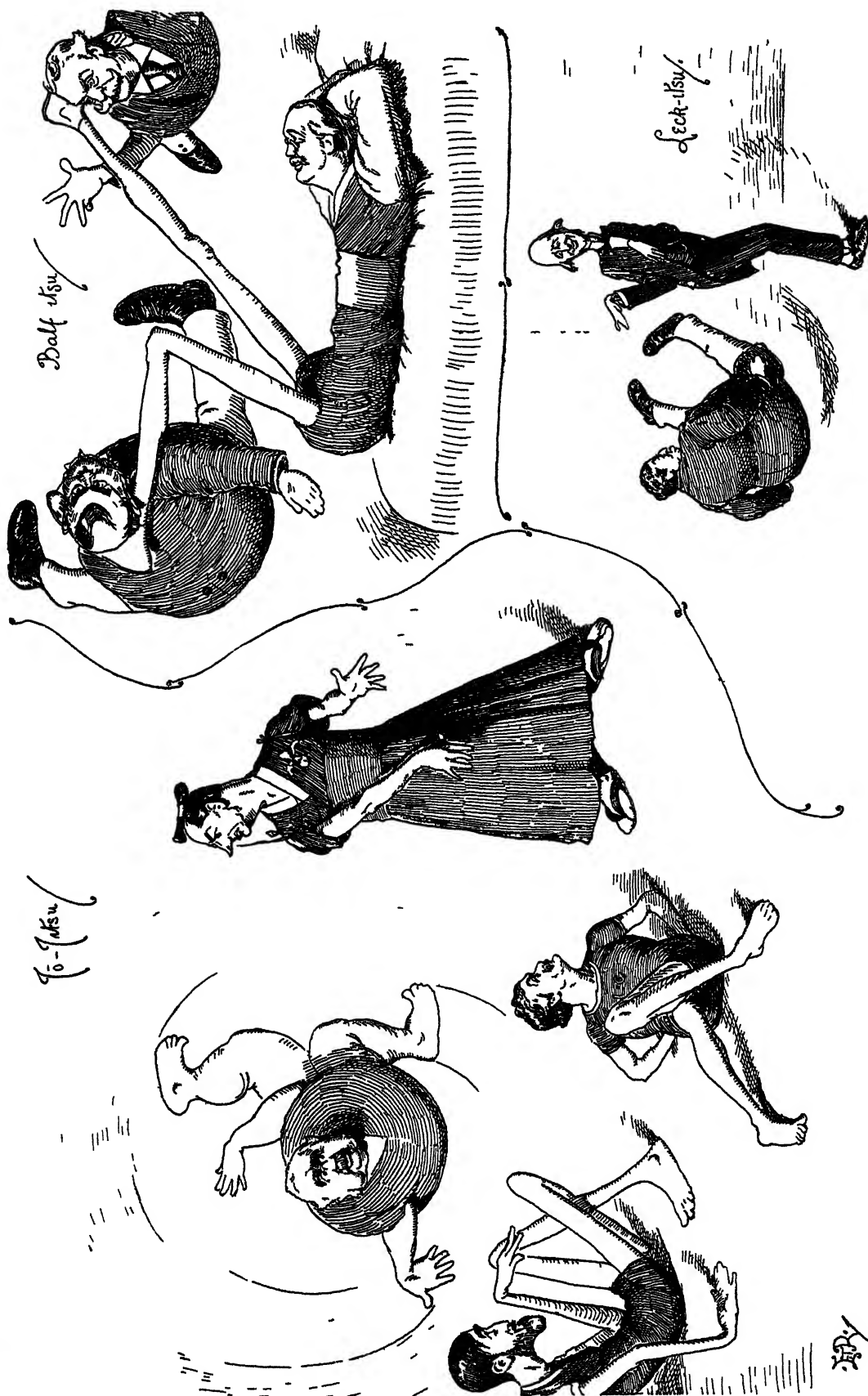
"THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING."

["Hitherto the War has stood in the way of the good time for authors and publishers that is always receding. Now it is the Coronation."—*Academy*.]

THERE's a good time coming
For the weary Grub Street hack;
No more each post shall bring a host
Of contributions back;
But appetising offers
From all the leading firms,
"If you possess an old MS.,
Pray, kindly name your terms."

There's a good time coming,
When I no more shall gaze
On dusty drawers containing scores
Of novels, epics, plays;
But bound in full morocco
Upon my shelves, my books
Shall glint and shine in some divine
Edition de luxe.

There's a good time coming
If only one knew when!—
Last year they swore it was the War
That hit us writing men;
'Tis now the Coronation;
Next year there will be some
Event sublime. That coming time—
Ah! will it ever come?



THE JAPANESE METHOD OF SELF-DEFENCE.

(As practised by some Professors of the Art.)

"President Roosevelt's trainer, Mr. O'Hare, is teaching him Jujitsu, the Japanese method of self-defence. Jujitsu consists in bending the joints of the arms or legs of an adversary in the direction opposite to that intended by nature. A small man who understands the trick can snap the elbow-joints of a man twice his size."—*American Correspondence.*
 Fired by this example, Mr. Ch-m-s-e-l-n, we understand, though abstaining from all other exercise, spends two hours daily with his trainer, Mr. D-u-l-n, in Jujitsu, the Birmingham method. A slim man who understands the trick can dislocate the hyphen of a Pro-Boer twice his circumference.
 Mr. B-u-r-n has created considerable surprise by practising his peculiar method of contortionist gymnastics and telescopic dislocation (Balf-Itan) on the Treasury Bench.

EXTRACT FROM DIARY OF DOMESTICATED GENTLEMAN.

"History repeats itself." Great truth this, freshly, but unintentionally impressed upon me this morning by brisk housemaid, who had clapped and dusted cherished old volume of *Observer* out of library window and down into garden below. Recovered it, broken-backed, but happily still legible, and under date of January 15, 1756, read as follows.—"I do not like having my house rendered useless to me under pretence of keeping it clean . . . All the morning long . . . I am entertained with the domestic concert of scrubbing the floors, scouring the irons, and beating the carpets; and I am constantly hunted from room to room, while one is to be dusted, another dry rubbed, another washed, and another run over with a dry mop. . . My apartment is stowed with soap, brickdust, sand, scrubbing-brushes, hair-brooms, rag-mops and dishcloths."

Across gulf of century and a-half I clasp this gentleman to brotherly bosom. Like him, I have my existence darkened by domestic orgy of purification. Belike he was the greater sufferer, for in his case, apparently, no restrictions of season observed. Yet to poetic soul something peculiarly revolting in selection of spring for said orgy. Why desecrate it? Why, just when genial influences of nature are renewing a man's youth and causing his deep-down goodness and sweetness to well up and overflow upon the domestic hearth, sweep him summarily off it, or, worse still (in case, like me, he is at the time irremovable), keep him ignominiously hopping about upon it by pursuing broom?

Have pointed out error to dear ANNA a score of times; but am always met by assurance that *this year* operations so trifling compared with previous ones—in which painters or paperers more deeply involved—that I shall scarce be aware of disturbance. But spring-cleaning most insidious thing. The spotlessness of one chamber seems to convert every mote upon its neighbour into a beam: the new mat cries aloud for fresh chintzes, and the fresh chintz positively screams for whitewash on the ceiling.

First warning of approaching chaos is a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, upon my ANNA's brow. She is silent, distraught, loses interest in



Brown. "DON'T YOU THINK THAT MUSIC HAS CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BEAST?"
Jones. "YES. THAT'S WHY I HAVE PUT A BRASS BAND ROUND PLUTO'S NECK!"

public affairs, or, what comes to the same thing, in the extracts I read her from the daily papers; goes about with measuring tape in hand, and applies it suddenly in odd places; opens a cupboard or a drawer and sighs deeply into it. This is speedily followed by strong smell of turpentine and vision of stout, elderly, uncivilised-looking woman crouched somewhere on floor, and resembling misshapen mushroom. Time has then come when difficult for self-respecting man to face world. Everyone, from wife to scullery-maid, casts cold glances at him and manifests unreasoning desire to shunt him somewhere. He eats the bread of bitterness, badly cooked and unpunctually served, and is expected to be grateful. Why, indeed, should *he* have food? *He* is not spring-cleaning! The cleaners are passionately enjoying themselves; but it is part of the game to affect martyrdom and wither up the real sufferer with scorn.

Entrenching myself in own apartments, listen all day long to enemy mining closer, not covertly, but with noisy, insolent bluster. He chatters and clatters just outside my walls, bumps and thumps and drags things about overhead. Worst of all, in every direction, hear female contingent occupied in what it is pleased to call "knocking in tacks." That is precisely what it is *not*; it is badgering them, mashing them, beheading them, felling

them horizontally, denting and damaging everything within a wide radius of them, but it is *not* "knocking them in." From time to time refugee articles of furniture come cowering into corners of my library from neighbouring fallen strongholds. Then the window-cleaner glowers down at me from scaling-ladder, and the sweep's black battering-ram is thrust in through door—and I surrender.

Have made many suggestions to ANNA for lessening misery, first and best being that spring-cleaning should be abandoned altogether. In return for this, receive look implying I have ceased to be a human being. Then proposed that cleaning should be done in a single day by turning on extra hands: pointed out that it would come to exactly the same thing if, instead of employing one or two charwomen for a fortnight, had in twelve or twenty-four (allowing for Sundays) for one day. Obvious this—mere question of

arithmetic! A. retorted (foolishly, I thought) that houses weren't "cleaned by arithmetic," and asked where she was to find twenty-four charwomen; said they didn't "grow like blackberries." ("But they *do* grow remarkably like mushrooms," I murmured.)

Asked, too, where the dozens of pails and brushes and step-ladders were to come from (as if she couldn't have hired them—pity women have so little resource), and wound up with the statement that I was "really too absurd." She repeated this remark—a favourite with her, when pressed in argument—upon my next suggesting, merely as a *pis-aller*, of course, that the cleaning should be done by night, the family taking doses of chloral and going to bed with cotton-wool in its ears; adding her wonder that men could "make so much fuss about a *slight temporary inconvenience*." Heavens!

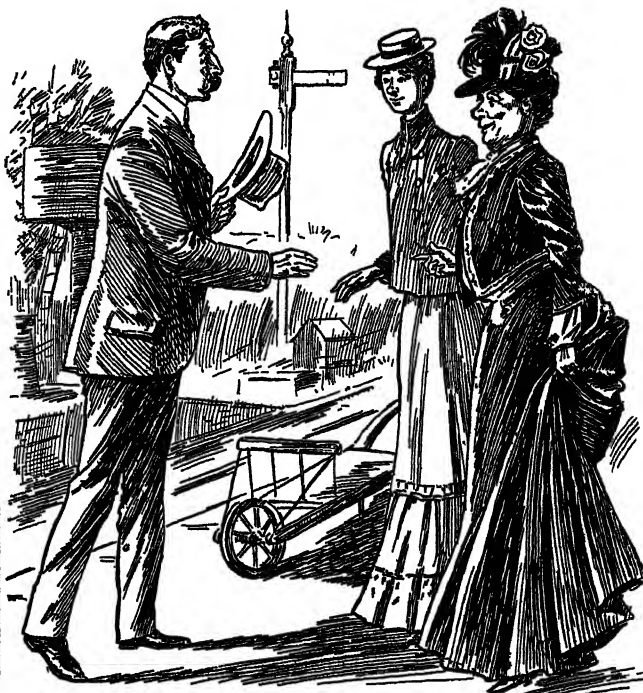
Mr. Punch's Political Limericks.

WHEN the session begins, Mr. BALFOUR,
Your pals must be sorry their pal for:

No golf and no Souls,
No nothing but BOWLES,
Which is such a dull game, Mr. BALFOUR

If the gifted and young Mr. CHURCHILL
Is to stay on his eminent perch, he'll

Shed some of the side
Which is hard to abide—
Yes—even in young Mr. CHURCHILL.



"OTHER TIMES, OTHER MANNERS."

WHEN TOMMY (JONES) USED TO CALL GLADYS (BROWN) HIS LITTLE SWEETHEART, AND THE YOUNG LADY'S MAMMA TOOK MENTAL NOTE OF THE SAME FOR FUTURE USE.

AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS JONES MEETS MRS. BROWN ACCIDENTALLY, ACCOMPANIED BY A YOUNG LADY WHOM HE DOES NOT RECOGNISE.
Mrs. B. "DON'T YOU REMEMBER GLADYS, MR. JONES? YOU USED TO CALL HER YOUR LITTLE SWEETHEART!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Burdett's Hospitals and Charities (The Scientific Press) is out for the current year. It is bulkier than ever, though its modest price remains stationary. The work is done with that thoroughness and mastery of detail that mark the literary achievements of Sir HENRY BURDETT. It not only tells all that it is useful to know about home hospitals and charities. It is a guide to American and Colonial Institutions. My Baronite highly recommends it to millionaires to take to bed with them and study through the otherwise dead unhappy night. They will get up in the morning with the pleased consciousness that they have obtained information enabling them, of their wealth, to bestow the greatest good among the most deserving number.

The Grand Duchess (HUTCHINSON) whom Miss FRANCES GERARD introduces to the English public is ANNA AMALIA, Duchess of Saxe-Weimar. Little is written of her in the big type pages of history. But she will live for ever as the centre of the Lilliput Court of Weimar, illuminated by the presence of GOETHE, SCHILLER, WIELAND, KLOPSTOCK, LESSING and HERDER. Miss GERARD has had access to the Grand Ducal Library at Weimar, a privilege valuable in itself, but handicapped in this case by the fact that it has somewhat overweighted the biographer with dry, uninforming details. My Baronite finds the work a catalogue rather than a biography. Still, there are materials out of which the reader may evolve his own idea of the Duchess and her surroundings. The publishers present two handsome volumes, illustrated by two-score portraits and pictures, the former taken from private collections in the old German town.

A Vision of Beauty Mr. JOSEPH HATTON calls his novel just published by Messrs. HUTCHINSON. The title is pretty, but scarcely descriptive. Had my Baronite been invited to

name the book, he would have suggested *Gambling, Murder, and Sudden Death*. But, as has been said aforetime, What's in a name? The story is full of go and colour, rattling along at a pace that lands the reader on the last page before he knows where he is. In the main it deals with the seamy side of society, the picture being varied by glimpses of pleasant homes and good people in a quiet Cathedral town. *Lady Lynford's* midnight adventure is a little *risqué*. But it is a strong situation dramatically described. Not satisfied with this, calling in the *New World* to redress the balance of the Atlantic and has another bedroom scene where murder is meditated and robbery committed. From these hints it will appear that any in need of a lively book should look up *A Vision of Beauty*.

The Ulysses Souvenir contains ten excellent reproductions, per Hentschel-Colourtype process, of M. CHARLES BUCHEL's life-like portraits, all, like sardines, preserved in oil, of the principal actors and actresses "in character," as they are now appearing in the classic drama by Poet PHILLIPS at Her Majesty's. Everyone is there except Mrs. BROWN-POTTER, who, after taking a brief flutter round and about, has returned to the TREE. Perhaps there will be a second edition of this ornamental and instructive handbook, wherein studies in Brown Pottery will be delftly introduced by M. CHARLES BUCHEL. As an illustrated book, for there is much interesting letterpress contained herein, it has well deserved this special notice from the judicious

BARON DE B.-W.

A NEROIC MEASURE.—The *Westminster Gazette*, in a paragraph on Coronation bonfires, announces that "it is intended to light up at least 3,000 eminences." We understand that this statement has created considerable apprehension in the best pontifical circles at Rome.

MY FRIENDS.

THEY are really an odious set of people. I should have mentioned it before, but having a low opinion of humanity in general I was charitable enough to think that other people's friends were just as bad. Of late, however, I have been furnished with credible evidence that my belief was unfair, that other people have friends who are kindly, sympathetic and helpful, and that my friends stand alone in their canting censoriousness, their callous brutality. Therefore I have determined to expose them.

Don't imagine that I am going to talk the commonplace cynicism about friends. If I had merely ingratitude and that sort of thing to complain of I should not say a word. I don't expect gratitude. In fact, I daresay a coarse set of brutes like my friends would not understand how much they owe me, because I have no influence to exercise or money to give away, and the wretched state of my nerves prevents my going to see people in distress and that sort of thing. Still, I do what I can. There are friends in whose beastly dull houses I stay for months at a time. There are friends whose infernal bad dinners I eat twice a week through whole seasons. There are friends in whose confounded draughty opera-boxes I sit night after night. Hang it, I even go to their silly balls and noxious suppers. There is no end to the obligations that (so far as my means permit) I put them under. But, as I said, I don't expect gratitude. All I expect is a little decent show of common human feeling. Now listen to my experience.

Want and sickness are the occasions on which one's friends have their chance. It is then that one distinguishes the true from the false. Well, all mine are false—the whole boiling. Take want. I'm always in want in a way; I want a whole heap of things I can't get. But a little time ago I really was in a bad state; my income was insufficient even for the ordinary comforts of life; it was almost necessary I should get some sort of work. What course did my friends take? Stand aside and leave me to my leisure? If they had done that I should simply have smiled bitterly. But the creatures were not content with passivity. They attacked me. Any number of them went about getting me "jobs" and "berths" you wouldn't give to a dog. My idea was to be secretary to a Cabinet Minister, or write an occasional article for the *Times*, or something of that kind. My friends invited me to go to some dirty office for several hours every day, or to teach little beasts of boys history and geography, or—but



A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

Landlady. "I HOPE YOU SLEPT WELL, SIR?"

New Boarder. "NO, I DIDN'T. I'VE BEEN TROUBLED WITH INSOMNIA."

Landlady. "LOOK HERE, YOUNG MAN. I'LL GIVE YOU A SOVEREIGN FOR EVERY ONE YOU FIND IN THAT BED!"

it is useless to relate their humiliating and malicious suggestions. I refused good-humouredly, and then they went about blackguarding me to one another and saying it was hopeless to help me. You see, what they desired was first to insult a man whose superiority they resented and then to get a little cheap credit by their pretended philanthropy. Swine!

Now take sickness. All this worry about getting work made me really ill, and I went to Bournemouth in search of health. I rather expected—so persistent was my trust—that my friends would send me hampers of fruit, champagne, cigars, and so forth. Not a bit of it: the few who took any notice of a kind of circular letter I sent round simply "envied me getting into fresh air" while they were seeing all the new plays and eating too much supper every night, great fat prosperous healthy brutes. But this was not the worst. I contracted a dangerous illness—mumps, in fact, a thing that never happened to anybody else, so far as I can hear, which was just my luck. When I was out of danger I wrote to every one of my friends I could think of and told them about it. At least (I said to myself) I may as well have the sympathy my illness will evoke. It will be some consolation to know that my friends feel for me. I allowed two days for my letters to arrive and the answers to

return, and on the second day when I was called I held out my hand impatiently. "No letters this morning, Sir." I sat up in bed with astonishment. But I reflected that of course there had been some accident in the local post office, so I waited for the ten o'clock post. No letters. No letters in the afternoon, a bill in the evening. . . . On the fifth day a friend sent me a heartless and ill-drawn caricature of myself with mumps. . . . On the ninth a friend wrote to say: "What funny things you think of!" On the thirteenth a friend wrote that he was seedy and wanted me to get him rooms at the hotel: he never mentioned *my* illness. . . . On the seventeenth a friend sent me an idiotic rhyme in which "mumps" rhymed to "what ho, she bumps!" . . . And that is all up to the time of my writing this.

There are friends for you! SWIFT was perfectly right when he said . . . But I'm sick of the subject.

EXTRACT from the minutes of the County Council of Tipperary:—Resolved unanimously "That this Council call on the Inspector-General of Police to withdraw any extra police force now stationed in and around Templemore . . . as we believe they are uncalled for and serve no useful purpose, *except for provoking breaches of the peace.*"



ON THE WRONG TACK.

Lord Stonebrook. "MISS PYLE, MAY I CALL YOU ANGELINA? IT'S SUCH A CHARMING NAME!"
 She "IT IS BUT IT'S MY SISTER'S NOT MINE!"

[And so was the money.]

THE ROAD TO THE WOOLSACK (Anent Clerks and Chambers)

HAVING successfully reached the distinction of Bar Commons in Hall, the newly-robed counsel may search for chambers and a portion of a retainer. As a rule it may be assumed that, unless the recently-created advocate has ample private means, he will have to rest satisfied with his name painted ninth on the list on the outer door. But for the sake of illustration I will assume that he has ample private means and can live in his Inn at his ease.

My type, Mr DUNUP-KORSTS (son of the celebrated colonial judge and grandson of the equally eminent solicitor whose surname he added to his patronymic) is untrammelled by considerations of economy and can command his chambers and his clerk. Say he proposes practising at the Chancery Bar and raising his voice in the Court of Appeal, then he should have his rooms in the best part of the Temple, or even on the sunshiny side of Lincoln's Inn. Probably he would be able to take over the belongings of his predecessor in the tenancy. It is not unlikely that he would find all he required, but in

going over the inventory he should make good the following possible omissions.

He should have two dozen yards of backs (the interiors are not absolutely essential) of law books, a bust of ELDON, and an assortment of BARTOLOZZI engravings of eighteenth century judges. The clerk to suit this set of chambers should be bald, clean shaven and smilingly silent. He should look like a blend of churchwarden, croupier and first-class "resting" provincial tragedian.

But say that Mr DUNUP-KORSTS turns his back upon Equity and patronises Probate, Divorce and Admiralty. His chambers should overlook the Temple fountain, or the Temple gardens. The yards of book backs as before, but the bust of ELDON may be omitted, and although old prints of a couple of judges are advisable, they should be coupled with any number of forensic caricatures from the pages of *Vanity Fair*. Clerk smartly up to date, something between a stable help and a youngish member of the Carlton.

Say that Mr DUNUP-KORSTS prefers work at the O.C.C. to labour in chambers or the Royal Courts, then he can

take rooms anywhere within a hundred yards of Carey Street. He may indulge in any kind of furniture that pleases him. His legal portraits should be exclusively the work of "Spy," and his literature should be less of "Notes" than rose-tinted journalism. Syphons and a Tantalus spirit stand may be *en evidence*. The clerk to suit these chambers should be a "professional first-nighter." He should know *Ruff's Guide* by heart and be able to "pick out the winners" of all the principal handicaps. In personal appearance he might pass for a pugilist of gentlemanly appearance belonging to some "junior" proprietary club at present innocent of an entrance fee.

I have had less hesitation in taking my friend Mr DUNUP-KORSTS as a type, as that worthy gentleman has turned his back upon the Bar to make a second fortune (he inherited the first from his grandsire) on the Stock Exchange.

In my next contribution to the leading forensic journal I hope to bring my hints to a conclusion by showing the direct route to the Woolsack in one simple lesson.

A BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR
Pump Handle Court.

THE COMITY OF NATIONS.

(An Apologue à la Kryloff.)

THERE once lived on Earth — never mind when or where—

A Lion, a Boar, and a truculent Bear,
And a sort of Fin-Beaver, a peaceable beast
That never molested his neighbours the least.

It fell out, so they say,
That some of the Lion-cubs happened to stray,
And were worried and mauled by the Boar,

Who swore
He'd drive the Lion himself from his lair
And annex, of the land, the Monarch's own share.

But the Lion at length
Woke and put forth his strength,
And rescued each whelp who cried out for help,
Till the Boar, too, began, badly beaten, to yelp
And squeal for assistance
To friends at a distance,
The Cock, sev'ral Eagles and Jackdaws, and Bruin,
To save him from utter and imminent ruin.

At a distance his friends
Stayed, making amends
By scattering mud at the Lion and raising
A Pro-Boar din in a chorus amazing.

Their zeal
In this frantic appeal
Was caused by regret that *they* couldn't steal
The wealth that the Boar had grabbed from the soil
Through the Lion-cubs' toil!

* * * *

Meanwhile
Brother Bear was at work in his usual style,
Devoting his labour
To hugging his neighbour
And squeezing his life out with leisurely care.

He said it was plain
There must not remain
A Beaver who couldn't behave like a Bear!
Although,
Years ago,

'Twas agreed that the orderly Beaver should dwell
Undisturbed in his home, he was thriving so well

That Bruin said, "No,
This invidious distinction of Nature must go!
Little Brother, I grasp
You with lingering clasp;
For your breath in my orthodox arms you may gasp;
But 'tis only my fun—

When the process is done,
There'll be nought left of *fins*, and no need of escape—
Your corpse will be ursine in finish and shape!"

* * * *

The Cock and the Eagles, the voluble Daws
Who vowed without pause
An unselfish and limitless love for the Boar,
What of *them*? Where were they? Were they, I implore,
As true in this case to Philanthropy's Cause?
Were *they* anti-Bears and pro-Beavers? Not much!
The Bear, in the first place, they dared not to touch,
And then, since the Beaver *had nothing they wanted*,

We may take it for granted
They spoke without sham
When they said, "For the Beaver we don't care a dam!"

* * * *

Hence I fear 'tis the case that Friendship indeed
Often rises from Jealousy, Hatred, or Greed! A. A. S.

VACCINATION CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. PUNCH, Sir,—This ancient town of Poddleton-on-Slosh, of which I have the honour to be Alderman, although small, does not believe in vaccination, and, with good reason, seeing that it has had its own tragedies, though it shrinks from writing to the papers about the same. But, feeling that the honour of the town is at stake, I take up my pen to let you know that we, too, have suffered. There is a man now to be seen any time in the market-place who has lost two fingers of his left hand in a mowing machine, as an infant, soon after he had been vaccinated, which, if one puts two and two together, is a plain warning, and he will tell you the same himself. But the worst case and most far-reaching is that of GILES and MARY SCROGGINS, now in Poddleton Union, and can be seen by any respectable visitor, who were persuaded by Dr. GREEN—he's gone away now, but he was here then—to be vaccinated soon after they were married. They both had bad arms, and one day she hit him accidentally with a broom, and he hit her back, and then they both took to drink out of revenge, and what is the result? They are now separated and live miserably on different sides of the union. Hoping that these stories may be of some little use, I remain, Yours respectfully,

JOHN BLOSSBY, Alderman.

Our correspondent in Ouseley-on-the-Sludge reports that the medical feud in this district has reached an acute stage. The doctor appointed by the local authorities to operate gratis on the inhabitants, having been the victim of a lampoon attributed to a rival who operates privately for payment, has apparently retaliated by publishing in the *Ouseley Independent* the following testimonials alleged to have been received by the gentleman with the private practice from his grateful patients. We print these *in extenso*.

A Countess writes:—"Your vaccination has taken excellently on my husband's arm. I now sign all the cheques. I am so glad I persuaded him to be done."

A gentleman who has just come in for a legacy writes:—"I can never thank you enough for attending to my aunt. She died, however, in four hours. Nothing you did could have saved her. She left me £1,000.

"P.S.—I have two uncles I have recommended to be done by you."

One of SANDOW's instructors writes:—"Your method increases the size of the arm almost as rapidly as ours."

A Stockbroker writes:—"I have recommended your method of vaccination to my numerous business acquaintances. It is splendid. It looks as if it was done with a revolver. Would you do my mother-in-law? You could not miss her."

A Backwoodsman writes:—"Dear Sir, you have taught me something! Yours truly, A CATTLE BRANDER."

An Artist's Model (for the Altogether) says:—"Since I was vacernated by you a moddle as bin took of my arm for the Chamber of Orrers at Madam Tussors. I will take jolly good care that your name is mensioned!"

A Burglar (who does not wish his name or address published) writes:—"I must congratulate you on the splendid manner in which you have vaccinated the Police force in my neighbourhood. I have not done so well for years. I really think that, as the police come so much in contact with the poorer classes, they ought to be vaccinated monthly."

Telegram from H. M. Inspector of Explosives.

"Forward some of your lymph. We are making experiments in new explosives."



NOT WANTED!

Member of the School Board (to the President of the Council). "BUT UNDER THIS NEW EDUCATION BILL WHERE DO I COME IN?"
Duke of Devonshire. "AS FAR AS I REMEMBER, YOU DON'T. YOU GO OUT!"

Bernard Partridge.

THE KING'S CRUISE.

["On Tuesday last His Majesty landed at Mount St. Michael, the home of the St. AUBYN, whose head, Lord St. LEVAN, went to meet the King in his family barge. His Majesty subsequently drove through Marazion and Penzance. By the way, it is an open secret that King EDWARD purposely designed this yachting cruise so as to find leisure for the task of drawing up a list of Coronation honours."—*Society News*.]

THE King sat on the rocky steep
That looks o'er sea-born Marazion,
Hard by that realm beneath the deep
Which ARTHUR once lived high and
dry on;*

Dimly he scanned the dancing bay,
Vaguely reviewed the vault of Heaven,
Or, in a listless, pensive way,
Addressed remarks to Lord St. LEVAN.

What is it corrugates his brows,
And turns his wonted smile so chilly?
Why was he so *distract* at Cowes,
So absent-minded down in Scilly?
Why does he skirt the Duchy's marge
Blind to the bunting's gay vermillion,
Or look as though St. AUBYN's barge
Had come to take him to Avilion?

What means it? Is he then the thrall
Of cares attached to kingly stations,
Ever immense and most of all
Upon the eve of Coronations?
Does he in some dark nightmare move,
A prey to incorporeal fancies,
Fearing the Abbey's pile will prove
Unequal to the circumstances?

I dare not probe the Monarch's mood,
Or trust to second-hand recitals;
But I am told he tends to brood
Over the task of giving titles;
If so, I let my pity loose
To think of him employed in rating
Merits so vast and so profuse
As to be almost suffocating!

Uneasy lies the head indeed
That has to solve these weighty ques-
tions,
And, might I serve my King at need,
Most gladly would I make sugges-
tions;

Ah! could I hope to point aright
The path his way may well be lost in,
I'd press the claims of BOWLES and
BEIT,

BANNERMAN, HARCOURT, CAINE and
AUSTIN!

O. S.

* The country of Lyonesse is identified by some as the region, at present submerged, between Land's End and Scilly.

PROSPECT OF HAPPINESS. — The Metropolitan Traction Company and Messrs. SPEYER & Co., of Boston, have agreed to "electrify the District Railway." Good! And then proceed to electrify the shareholders with announcement of a ten per cent. dividend! There'd be electricity for you!



HARD LINES.

Vicar's Daughter. "AND SO YOU'RE CRYING BECAUSE YOUR BROTHER TOMMY'S GOT THE MEASLES?"

Maud Emily. "YES, MISS. TOMMY 'E 'AS ALL THE LUCK! LAST YEAR 'E 'AD SCARLET FEVER, AN' THREE LUVLY MONTHS IN THE 'OSPITAL, AN' NOW 'E'S GONE THERE FOR ANUVVER GOOD TIME, AN' I NEVER 'AS NUFFINK, NOT EVEN MUMPS!"

CORPORATION, CORONATION
AND INDIGNATION.

THE Borough of St. Pancras has appointed committees to consider the question of public dinners to the poor. It is to be hoped that the result will not be poor dinners to the public. To "the Chairman of the Public Health Committee" ought to be delegated the task of fixing the toasts to be proposed on this occasion. Councillor BERNARD SHAW wanted to "trot out" vegetarianism. Probably it was only his strong wish to get at the root of the matter, whatever it

was. Although a vegetarian, there is not much that is green in the eye of Mr. B. SHAW, who, taking exception to some remark about "investing the festivity with a pauper taint," asserted that there were "many poor pensioners of the public infinitely more respectable than many of the celebrated personages who would be in Westminster Abbey at the Coronation." What a prolonged burst of applause would not this sentiment, if properly and effectively given by some suffering hero in a melodrama, have evoked from a crowded Drury Lane audience! 'Twas grand! 'Twas noble! Pshaw! Let me wipe away a tear!

A ROMAN HOLIDAY.

IN THE MUSEUM OF THE CAPITOL.

Enthusiastic American Young Lady (rapturously, to her father). Oh, isn't he just too lovely! It's *The Dying Gladiator*, Pa. I guess I knew him right away from the photograph. You know, Pa, the gladiators fought in the arena before CÆSAR, and they all shouted "*Ave, Cæsar Imperator! Morituri te salutant.*" We had a course on that in college from Professor PERKINS. BYRON wrote about him—no, not about Professor PERKINS, of course not; what made you think so?—about this statue—"I see before me the gladiator lie"—you know the rest, Pa, or if you don't, I guess you ought to. Well, this statue right here is *The Dying Gladiator*. (To the guide.) Now, don't you interrupt me. I know all you're going to say, and you're not paid to say more than I want you to say, anyhow. What? Not a gladiator? Who says so? Call it a *Gallo Morente*, do they—a dying Gaul? Now, isn't that too bad? I call it a dying gladiator, and I guess it's just going to be a dying gladiator all the time. Come along, Pa.

Middle-aged British Lady (to her daughter). Really, EMILY, I'm not sure we ought to have come here, and I've lost your father for the last ten minutes. He always seems to slip away from us. (Stopping before a statue of SILENUS.) Oh, oh! What a very coarse sort of person. Who can it be?

Daughter (referring to catalogue). SILENUS, mother.

M. B. L. (indignantly). SILENUS, indeed. One of those horrible Emperors, of course. What surprises me is that, if he had to disgrace himself by getting intoxicated, he should have had his statue taken at that precise moment. There's your father, EMILY. Let us join him at once and go away from this place.

IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

Tourists of all ages, sizes, sexes, and nationalities—Germans and Americans predominating—are twisting their heads upwards to inspect the ceiling. There is a flutter and rustle of "Baedekers" as of leaves in an autumn wind. The hoarse voices of many guides are explaining the beauties of MICHAEL ANGELO's work in various languages to a subdued accompaniment of "Herrlich!" "Kolossal!" "Epatant!" "Magnificent!" &c., &c.

Guide (impressively). Zis is de great maestro's *Capolavoro*, his chief work. 'E paint it for de POPE.

American Lady (interrupting). What did you say was the name of this chapel?

Guide. De Sistine Chapel, Madam.

American Lady (with determination). Well, then, all I can say is they've changed it. This ain't the Sistine Chapel. The book says we must turn to the right, and we've turned to the left. [Exit to find the genuine Chapel.]

IN THE OFFICE OF MESSRS. COOK.

A weary Italian polyglot clerk behind the counter is attending to a voluble American lady, while a string of British and American tourists are waiting their turn for attention.

Voluble American Lady. Now, see here. I want to do the round trip to Naples. How much'll that be? Now give me all the itineraries that everybody else has, for I'm bound to see everything there is to be seen. (Weary clerk produces tickets and itineraries, and makes calculations.) Mind, I want to know all the times of all the trains. Now, if I can't use this ticket to-morrow, can I use it some other day? And as to hotels, I want you to give me the name of a hotel where the cook understands how to boil asparagus. I want my asparagus cooked the way I have it at home. I want it skinned and the heads cut off, and boiled twenty minutes and then stood to drain. I told the waiter about it

yesterday, but I guess he don't understand English, for it came up to-day as bad as before. (Clerk vainly attempts to move her on.) Oh, and see here! If I do the Vesuvius trip on Monday morning, can I do the Pompeii trip on the same day, and how much will that save? Do it in dollars, please, for I can't calculate in this Eyetalian money. And see here—

[Left in possession.]

A BIG "BEN."

(At Drury Lane Theatre.)

"BEN," in theatrical parlance, is the short for "benefit," and certainly for the managing director, Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, and for the board of his co-directors, *Ben-Hur*, to judge from the rapt attention and the enthusiastic applause of the crowded house, ought to prove itself "Ben-Their" or "Their Ben" to a very considerable extent.

Had not this story, written many years ago by General LEW WALLACE, who, as a certain refrain has it, "has never done anything since," been so effectively dramatised by Mr. W. M. YOUNG, and had it not been placed on the stage with all the care here bestowed upon every scene and tableau by the present Druriolanean management, its chances of success might have been highly problematical.

The story skirts incidentally and with great circumspection certain scriptural ground, where, as a rule, dramatist and actor are considered trespassers. This scriptural interest in the play is not essential to the plot. Omit the *Magi's* vision of the Star in the East, represented in a beautiful and most effective tableau, a simple living picture without words; eliminate such portions of the dialogue as refer to contemporary events in Jerusalem; omit altogether the fourth act, since, in effect, the interest of the story, as a play, ceases with the great situation of the chariot race (admirably "staged," and cheered to the echo by the audience), and, cast as this play now is, we should still have a drama sufficiently interesting in itself, and with a sensational scene that alone would have attracted all London. It is absolutely true that there is on the Drury Lane stage just now enough horse power to draw the entire town!

The prelude, for which everyone should be seated by eight punctually, is a beautiful tableau. For the scenes by Messrs. RYAN, BRUCE SMITH, R. and C. CANEY and McCLEERY, there can be nothing but praise; though I think special notice must be made of Mr. BRUCE SMITH's effective treatment of "Tween decks of the Roman galley *Astræa*." The greatest credit is due to another "Ben," one "BEN TEAL" (quite a duck of a Ben, judging by the name) for his clever stage management, especially when dealing with crowds, of the play throughout.

Mr. ROBERT TABER, as *Ben-Hur*, alias "Judah the son of Ithamar" and Prince of Jerusalem (never heard of this title before, but that's my "inconceivable ignorance"), is admirable. Sometimes he reminds me of an early HERMANN VEZIN, and sometimes of a later GEORGE ALEXANDER; but, "for a' that and a' that," the man is ROBERT TABER "for a' that." Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE as *Ilderim* is an impressive Sheik ("I like his Sheik!") and Mr. BUCKLAW, as the Roman Tribune, with the rather Cockney sounding name of *Arrius*, is as gallant and ready-aye-ready a Roman admiral in command of the good galley *Astræa* as you'd ever ha' wish'd to meet off the Kentish Coast of Britain.

Messala, the wicked young Roman noble, finds an able representative in Mr. BASIL GILL, but it was some time before I detected his name in the programme, as it was frequently pronounced by his companions in the drama so as to sound like *Marsala*, and I was only too glad to find that no aspersion was meant to be cast upon the character of an excellent and wholesome wine which is still a favourite on the Continent. For this same *Messala*, posing as the friend



Artist (who has recommended model to a friend). "HAVE YOU BEEN TO SIT TO MR. JONES YET?"

Model. "WELL, I'VE BEEN TO SEE HIM; BUT DIRECTLY I GOT INTO HIS STUDIO, 'WHY,' HE SAID, 'YOU'VE GOT A HEAD LIKE A BOTTICELLI.' I DON'T KNOW WHAT A BOTTICELLI IS, BUT I DIDN'T GO THERE TO BE CALLED NAMES, SO I COME AWAY!"

of the guileless Israelite, is a villain of the brightest—reddest dye; so, as DIBDIN sings:—

"Too sure from this cankerous elf
The venom accomplished its end;
Ben, all truth and honour himself,
Suspected no fraud of his friend."

There is the story in four lines.

The most difficult and most trying part in the piece is that of "*Simonides*, steward to the house of Hur" who, having lost his legs after the first act, and being therefore incapable of obtaining any *locus standi* in the drama, has to play throughout the remainder of the piece in a chair, and thus has to be wheeled on and off the stage in every scene by a Roman bathchairman, or has to be carried about in a litter (with another litter-ary person, *Ilderim*, or Mr. CHARLES ALLAN, *Balthazar* the Egyptian, I forget which), conveying in every instance a dangerous suggestion to the public mind of the stuffed figure of Guy on the 5th of November, and, to readers of DICKENS, of that very objectionable character *Grandfather Smallweed*. But, despite all these drawbacks, Mr. J. E. DODSON comes out of it (never out of the chair except when called before the curtain, when he appears bringing his legs with him as his firm supporters) triumphantly. His is indeed a very remarkable performance.

MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER is a wickedly fascinating *Iras*, daughter of the excellent *Balthazar* (Mr. CHARLES ALLAN), one of the *Magi*, who, good pious widower, is much to blame for allowing his handsome daughter so much liberty. Miss

MAUD MILTON is dignified and pathetic as the mother of *Ben-Hur*, and Miss FLOSSIE WILKINSON plays with simple pathos the part of *Tirzah*, her daughter. Miss NORA KERIN is "sweet and twenty" as *Esther*, and Miss SITGREAVES makes the best use of her dramatic opportunities as *Amrah* the nurse.

The triumph of the drama is in its excellent rendering and in its admirable stage-management; and by the climax in the scene of the chariot race, which results in the union of the lovers and the overthrow of the villain (who is chucked out of his car), dramatic justice is satisfied.

In my humble opinion *Ben-Hur* would be as interesting, spectacularly and dramatically, were all scriptural allusions omitted; and doubtless, had the censor refused to license it as it stands, the expurgated edition would have been just as popular as this, and no one would have been "a penny the worse." These scriptural allusions and the two miracle-play tableaux are no more of the essence of this drama than would be speeches about the ancient Hebrew patriarchs if introduced into the dialogue of that classic work *Box and Cox*, wherein the *dramatis personae* might thereupon become *Ben Box* (a Hebrew journeyman at work at the Pyramids), *Cornelius Coxus* (a Roman Christian, a Journeyman pileumfactor) and *Berenice Bounceras* (an Egyptian *Custos Deversorii*). Personally, I do not think much would be gained by this metamorphosis, nor do I expect that Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS & Co. will try the experiment simply on my recommendation, even could I sign myself

Yours Ben-Hur-riedly,

"BEN JONSON."

THE BALLAD OF BO.

[In a recent book on ROBESPIERRE the author speaks of "a person of the name of Bo." He was a "representative on mission," a member of the National Convention sent by the Committee of Public Safety to direct operations in the provinces threatened by the Allies.]

I.

WHEN armies gathered in a flock
Fair France's freedom to destroy,
Agog to burn the land of Oc
And to denude the land of Oie;
When danger darkened o'er Poitou,
And Metz was menaced by the foe,
Who was it saw the country through?—
A person of the name of Bo.

II.

The men whose votes he sought to win
(Words of one syllable they knew)
By figures monstrous brought him in
(The other men polled only two).
One rival might have stood his ground;
There was, I think, a Marquis d'O;
But he had fled ere France had found
Her person of the name of Bo.

III.

"Aux urnes," they cried, "où Bo se bat!
C'est lui, O frères, qui fait l'appel!
Vive la République! Ça ira!
Fils de S. Louis, monte au ciel!
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
Il faut écraser le complot!
Envoyons donc à l'Assemblée
Le personnage au nom de Bo!"

IV.

The name was farcical, a quirk
To all appearance meaning nought,
Yet still his country minds the work
Her true two-lettered tribune wrought.
His birth was probably most vile,
His features coarse, his habits low,
Yet mother France has still a smile
For persons of the name of Bo.

ENVOY.

Prince, who adorned our Court when he
Flourished in that same long-ago,
Was yours the better part—to be
A person of the name of Beau?

A PLEASANT RUN.

"ARE you fond of running, Mr. SLOMAN?" said Miss RUSHFORTH to me the other day.

"Running?" I replied, "I never run. Why should I?"

"Oh!" she said, "we're going out with the beagles to-morrow. You might have liked to come too."

So after all I went.

It is perfectly true that I never run, except under compulsion to catch a train, and that hardly ever happens,



Mother. "YOU MUST PUT YOUR DOLLS AWAY TO-DAY. IT'S SUNDAY."

Little Girl. "OH, BUT, MOTHER, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. WE'RE PLAYING AT SUNDAY SCHOOL!"

because I am a neat, methodical old bachelor, and always leave myself plenty of time, which is a more advanced form of indolence than staying in bed half an hour longer and lacing up one's boots in the train when, and if, one has managed to scramble into it.

Of course I arrived at the station on this occasion in good time, and in neat clothes suitable for a country excursion. I perceived several shabby persons on the platform, and, just after the train started, saw the RUSHFORTH girls running through the barrier. They are usually dressed in the most charming manner, but they appeared that morning in dresses of strangely tasteless cut and far from new.

"A lovely morning, Mr. SLOMAN," they said, "we shall have a jolly day." So off we went to our destination, a village some miles away, and there all the shabby people I had noticed got out too.

"What's going on here," I asked my friends, "that brings all those people? They're so shabby, and yet they look respectable."

"Of course," said Miss RUSHFORTH, "they're going after the beagles, as we are."

I made no more remarks about clothes.

It really was a glorious morning, and we had a nice stroll out to a farm. Directly we got there the dogs came out, and started over a field with a

pleasant-looking fellow in a green coat running just behind them, and uttering a series of extraordinary cries. All the bystanders began to run, and putting on my best train-catching pace, I kept up with the RUSHFORTH girls, who were among the first.

But it is more difficult to run over a ploughed field than a station platform, and I began to get out of breath.

"I say," I gasped, "how much longer are we going to run like this?"

"Why, we haven't begun yet," said Miss RUSHFORTH.

Then we scrambled over two fences and through a gap in a hedge. It seemed a fair-sized opening, but something caught my coat as I was in the middle, and when I tried to grasp the obstacle I merely caught hold of some thorns, and then my hat tumbled off, and when at last I emerged with a tremendous gash in my neat coat, and a mass of mud on my trim hat, I began to understand why they all came in such shabby garments.

By this time the dogs and the people were ever so far away, running like mad, and some of them howling, and I was about to make another effort when they turned and came towards me.

"That's the dodge," said Miss RUSHFORTH as they came up, "if you only stand still or sit on a gate, the hounds are very likely to go in a circle and come back to you. Isn't it a jolly run?"

I don't quite know what I said, but I hurried along and tore my sleeve on some horrible barbed wire on one fence, and when I imitated the others and rolled under the wire of another fence I left a large piece of my unfortunate coat behind me.

By this time we had arrived at a wide ditch full of water. When my turn came at last to cross, the plank, which had grown shaky, turned on its side and shot me into the water. It was not deep, but it was slimy. I crawled up the sticky bank with some difficulty and perceived far away the fast-vanishing figures of the hunt. It was impossible to catch them, and I didn't want to.

Somehow I got back to the village and was wiped at the inn. Then I shivered in the train, and when I got back to my own station I ran against CHOLMONDELEY JONES, as smart as ever. No doubt I looked a pitiable object, like a half-drowned tramp.

"Hullo, SLOMAN!" said he, "where on earth have you been? Run over, eh?"

"No," I said, trying to appear unconcerned, for I don't like CHOLMONDELEY JONES and his grand airs, "I've been out for a nice run with the beagles."

I have not been again. And now I quite understand why all people who run with beagles come in such shabby garments.

AN ENTHUSIAST'S SPRING SONG.

I wait the coming of the Spring,
I watch its glorious charms unfolding,
And revel in the joys they bring
Once more, for my beholding!

The first clear note the cuckoo calls,
The nightingale's first tuneful
trilling—

Upon my ear their accent falls,
To new-waked rapture thrilling.

The daffodilly's primal burst,
The violet's initial splendour,
To each, while each is still the first,
My homage I must render.

Thus, every Spring's new-kindled fire
Has to my noble passion pandered,
And brought fresh records to inspire
My letter to the *Standard*.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"I enclose the following item of political news from the *Westminster Gazette* of April 8th:—

'As to the new Liberal League, Mr. LAWSON WALTON said . . . "They need not be such official ticklers as to denounce this form of assistance. They should welcome it and wish it 'God-speed.'" (Applause.)'

"Can you tell me what is the function of an 'official tickler'? Does he flatter the head or stroke the tail of a Party? Or does he direct the peacock's feather (Mafeking) branch?"



"A GREAT OPPORTUNITY"

A "CHARACTER" STUDY.

A NOVEL joy my pulses stirred,
The sun more brightly shone,
Upon the fateful morn I heard
Our servant, JANE, had gone.

With politics that maid of ours
Ne'er vexed her careless soul:
Not hers the secret of the Powers
For keeping China whole!

Her shocking treatment of the twins
I shall not soon forget;
Lo! the memento of her sins—
A broken bassinet!

She answered only side-door
calls,
Her manners were so blunt;
For none but polished "generals"
Can answer at the "front"!

Yet why recite the faults of her?
The hateful task I shun,
And since she has no "character"
I mean to give her one.

The plea of pity shall I spurn,
And send her forth forlorn?
Ah, no;—'tis some one else's
turn
To bear what I have borne!



A FAIR AVERAGE.

Visitor. "LADY EVELYN TELLS ME, DAN'L, THAT YOU HAVE HAD FOUR WIVES."
Dan'l (proudly). "ESS, ZUR, I 'AVE—AN' WHAT'S MORE, TWO OF 'EM WAS GOOD 'UNS!"

"LYNCH" LAW.

MR. ARTHUR LYNCH, the Nationalist representative of Galway City and former colonel of the Boer army, is suing the tenants on his West Clare property for arrears of rent. As "No Rent" now figures prominently in the Nationalist creed, *Mr. Punch* sought an interview with the gallant officer to enquire how he reconciled this discrepancy.

"Colonel" LYNCH, who is at present residing in France, showed himself quite willing to be interviewed.

"Is it meself ye're wishful to see, Sorr?" he began.
 "Yes, LYNCH is me name, and a fine name intoirely."

"It's about those rents of yours," *Mr. Punch* explained.

"Is it me rints ye're intrusted in?" he replied.

"Begorra, it's me that am intrusted in them too. 'Twas this way. When I was holdin' high command in Misther KROOGER's army I had no need to bother with tinants an' such. F'what wud I be doin' wi' me bits o' rints an' all the time drawin' me pay fresh an' fresh ivery month? Tell me that now. An' so the scurvy villains got into arrears."

"I see," said *Mr. Punch*, nodding.

"But afther I left His Honour's service, why the money began to rin low. So I wrote to me agint to send me some. Bedad, Sorr, sorra a guinea could he let me have!"

"Very inconvenient," *Mr. Punch* remarked sympathetically.

"So here was I with dhivil a coin about me, an' thim tinants o' mine down in West Clare fair wallowin' in gould that was mine by rights. F'what was I to do then, Sorr? I

vowed I'd have the law on the blayguardly spalpeens, an' I did."

"But I thought the Nationalist Party didn't approve of rent," *Mr. Punch* ventured to suggest.

"F'where will ye have got that notion from?" asked the gallant "colonel," with withering scorn.

"Doesn't Mr. O'BRIEN preach against the payment of rent?" *Mr. Punch* urged.

"Is it *payin'* rint, ye mane? Ye're right, Sorr. We don't approve of *payin'* rint. But *resaivin'* rint! That's another mather intoirely! I'm all against *payin'* rint to Sassenachs an' such. But to a pathriot like meself 'tis a tinant's *duty* to pay, and, begorra, I'll make him!"

"It's a delicate distinction," *Mr. Punch* suggested.

"Dhivil a bit, Sorr. I'm all for no rint meself so long as it's *other* people's tinants. But when it's me own 'tis not the same thing at all at all. 'Twould be a shameful thing if the man that had fought for KROOGER had to go without his rints because Misther DE FREYNE and other dhirty spalpeens couldn't get theirs. Ye see the difference, Sorr. 'Tis simple justice!"

"'Lynch' law, in fact?" *Mr. Punch* queried.

The ex-colonel of Boer irregulars laughed immoderately. "Sure 'tis from Oirland ye must be yerself," he declared.

"Or ye'd niver have thought o' that."

After which compliment *Mr. Punch* bowed himself out.

NAVAL PROMOTION.—"Chaplain: Rev. M. LONGRIDGE, B.A., to *Glory*."—*Daily Mail*.



THE STRONG MAN.

PROFESSOR H-O-K-S-B-O-H (to the audience). "MR. BULL WILL NOW LIFT THE ENORMOUS WEIGHT OF NEARLY TWO HUNDRED MILLION POUNDS"

ACTORS AT BOW STREET.

At the termination of the special literary session at this Court, reports of which have appeared in *Punch*, a dramatic session was held. The magistrates on the bench were Sir SQUIRE BANOROTT, Mr. W. S. GILBERT, Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, and Mr. JOSEPH KNIGHT. The following cases were disposed of.—

CHARLES WARNER, (004 Gerrard) was charged with installing and using a telephone with too much license, on the stage of Wyndham's Theatre.

Sir ROBERT HUNTER, who appeared on behalf of the Post Office, stated that Mr. WARNER's action was a distinct infringement of the settlement recently arrived at between the Government and the National Telephone Company, in that while an unlimited user he had paid neither the flat nor the toll rate. He understood, however, that the offence had been recently discontinued; and he would therefore be satisfied with a severe reprimand.

Sir HENRY FOWLER, who gave evidence on behalf of the National Telephone Company, deposed that the interests of that concern were seriously prejudiced by Mr. WARNER's action. Neurotic persons abstained from subscribing on the ground that if murder could be heard through a telephone, infection could be communicated. Besides, Mr. WARNER's method of using the telephone was highly improper. Telephone clerks had already begun to imitate his stentorian tones, and even his gestures, to the utter disorganisation of the exchanges and the fracture of several diaphragms. Many of the wires had corkscrewed under the stress.

At this stage of the proceedings a loud hissing was heard in Court, which the Bench threatened to have cleared, until it was explained by the Usher that it proceeded from the rapid transmission of the letter S from Signor MARCONI in mid-Atlantic, at a distance of 1,551 miles, on the hurricane deck of ss. *Campania*.

Order having been restored, Mr. WARNER was heard in his own defence. He indignantly denied that murder had been committed. The evidence was purely hearsay, and as for the danger of infection, his own Safe Cure rendered the entire company immune. In conclusion he solemnly warned the Bench that unless they took a humane and enlightened view of the case he would probably resort to *Drink* again. The Bench at once stopped the case, and Mr. WARNER left the Court before you could say *coupeau*.

The Chevalier BORINSKI, alias AUGUSTE VAN BRENE, a Polish magnate of romantic bearing and magnificent *chevelure*,



G. L. STAMP.

She. "TELL YOUR MOTHER I'M SO SORRY I HAVEN'T BEEN TO SEE HER LATELY; BUT THE DISTANCE IS SO GREAT AND THE WEATHER HAS BEEN SO BAD, I HAVEN'T DARED VENTURE."
He. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT. DON'T MENTION IT. SHE'D BE VERY SORRY IF YOU HAD."

was prosecuted by the Royal Humane Society for overworking a melody which was suffering from long-standing and incurable fracture.

Dr. BLAMPKIN stated that although the melody was extremely catching BORINSKI had failed to notify the authorities. In consequence of this negligence it was estimated that from first to last between two and three million persons had been injuriously affected in the region of the tympanum.

The Chevalier BORINSKI said that he had always understood England to be

a free country, and, as he was the author of the melody, he did not see why he could not break it as he liked. The fact that you played the same piece on five consecutive nights did not show that it contained any consecutive fifths. To prove the accuracy of his statement he challenged the Bench to give it a hearing in Court.

The Magistrates hurriedly dismissed the summons, on the understanding that the melody should be given a few bars rest every night, and be taken to see a Doctor of Music.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons,
Monday, April 7.

And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

Second term opens to-day. On part of some of the boys the pace has not yet brought them to the hall door. Among those who tarry is C.-B. The blinds have for a full fortnight been drawn at 6, Grosvenor Place, in signal of week-ending. Since CAWMELL'S disclosure in debate on New Procedure Rules, the neighbours ever look suspiciously upon the token. How do they know that C.-B., avowedly week-ending at Dover, is not, as he described the canny householder, lurking somewhere about the premises, avoiding either ASQUITH or HAROOURT, HENRY FOWLER or Cosmopolitan BRYCE?

Fact is, C.-B. is at Calais, storm bound. Put on his satchel and, in due time, turned his shining face schoolward; sight of the silver streak outside Calais sands gave him pause. Something painfully familiar about its unrest. The turbulent tossing for supremacy amongst the bigger waves, ending in impotent spreading out to nothingness, ploughing the level sands, recalls sad memories.

"Too like the Liberal Party for me," said C.-B., taking off his satchel and turning his still-shining face landward, "I'll wait till they've made up their little differences."

Pity his coming was delayed. Missed hearing HARWOOD, the Bowton boy, discoursing on Licensing Bill. Speech showed advantage of varied training. Member for Bolton, modestly conscious of oratorical gifts, hesitated between the Church, the Bar, and the paternal cotton mill. With three courses open to him, he, with Lancashire zeal, took them all. Began with the Church; passed Oxford and Cambridge exam., stopping at ordination. Served for three years as lay deacon in a Manchester church. Between the first and second lessons trained for the Bar; called at Lincoln's Inn. Thought of having a turn in the Navy; then there was the Army; mastered Soldier's Pocket Book; dreamed of NAPOLEON, WELLINGTON, and HOWARD VINCENT. Finally drifted back to the family cotton mill, and to-day manages its affairs.

Curious to trace in speech to-night diverse influence of unique career. Smoothed with the unction of the lay deacon, bristling with the points of the Chancery barrister, it was spun out to inordinate length as if it were drawn from a bale of cotton twist.

Business done.—Licensing Bill read a second time.

Tuesday night.—PRINCE ARTHUR, as everyone knows, is something over the average height. When he stands at the Table at periods of elation, and, after the fashion of the lamented General JACKSON, "thramples on the Saxon" opposite, his tall, straight, lithe figure conveys impression of commanding strength and vigour. Regarding him just now, whilst Big Ben tolls the quarter of an hour before midnight, he looks like a mentally worn-out, physically shrunken upper-form boy, who has been banded by the masters and bounced by the boys. Does not even presume to sit in the place of Leader; has drifted down nearer the end where Under Secretaries blush. Relapsed into old, long-abandoned attitude of sitting on his spine, with legs illimitably stretched out, head brought level with top of back of Treasury Bench. Over an almost sallow face broods cloud of vexation and utter weariness.

CHAPLIN pleases him not, nor TOMMY BOWLES either. As for DISRAELI the Youngest, a flash of anger momentarily lights his dulled eyes as he hears him scolding. PRINCE ARTHUR is not PEEL, nor is the Member for Altrincham BENJAMIN. Still there is a smack of old times, albeit travesty, in the middle-aged young DISRAELI rising from below the Gangway on the Ministerial side, fingering studied invective at the bowed head of the Leader of the House.

Trouble began at opening of sitting, when PRINCE ARTHUR described proposed changes in Question Procedure, which everyone acknowledges to be vast improvement on the first draft. It's the duty of the Opposition to oppose; not being able to say anything nasty about new proposal, gentlemen opposite, with one accord, abused PRINCE ARTHUR for his method of presenting it. REDMOND *ainé* blustered reproof after the manner of a retired wharfinger in his ancestral mansion in Bloomsbury Square blowing up his newly-acquired vassal, the footman. That a spectacle not without its consolation. PRINCE ARTHUR, of his extreme courtesy, accustomed to treat captain of Irish faction with a deference not always shown to blameless Leader of Opposition. This is the return for his chivalry, not the first time made in similar coin.

Cue taken up on Ministerial side. That the CAP'EN should hail him on the port beam and express disapproval of his steering, a matter too familiar to rouse emotion. Quite another thing when CHAPLIN, putting on air of chief mourner at demise of an esteemed Ministry, cries "Woe! Woe!" Last of all came CALDWELL also, at sight of whom PRINCE ARTHUR, throwing up his hands with

gesture of despair, capitulated, agreeing to postpone consideration of New Rule dealing with Questions.

That was at five in the afternoon. Now midnight draws on. The long interval filled with the noise of scolding voices addressed to the shrunken figure on the Treasury Bench.

Business done.—New Procedure Rules.

Thursday night.—After long endeavour the CAP'EN has shipped his crew; or, to use Parliamentary phrase, has formed his Party. In early days had some hopes of CHRISTOPHER THOUT. When on top of chagrin arising out of preference shown for Corporal HANBURY there came that snub in the matter of the Ball at Buckingham Palace, the plump fish seemed heading straight for the CAP'EN'S net. Pulled up short on sniffing it; headed nor-nor-east; the CAP'EN'S hopes blighted.

Disappointed about BARTLEY, the old salt angled for that other odd fish, JIMMY LOWTHER. Avocations in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, combined with engagements at Epsom, proved fatal to high hope. It is essential that the Party should always be on the spot. The CAP'EN, after all, is only human; must leave the House for dinner, or light refreshment. That's where the Party would come in, keeping a lookout till the old man came back. As things run, the CAP'EN'S nearly always on deck. Not a dry eye in the Strangers' Gallery when on Tuesday night he bewailed the loss of his Wednesdays.

"Hon. Members," said he, severely regarding frivolous Mr. CRIEPPS, "don't know what a comfort to me the short sitting of Wednesday is when I am fighting a financial Bill on the other four days of the week. Wednesday is bread to me. When you take it away and substitute Friday, you give me a stone."

Arrangements now made whereby intolerable burden will be lightened. CHAPLIN has taken the CAP'EN'S shilling. He is the Party. Pretty to see the CAP'EN furtively eyeing him as he put him through his paces. Promising start. Success testified by bringing up FERGUSSON lamenting the falling away of an old and esteemed colleague. As for PRINCE ARTHUR, he's growing so used to abuse from his own side that the going over to the enemy of ex-President of Board of Agriculture not worth lamenting.

Business done.—Slow progress with Procedure Rules.

OUR PAMPERED PETS.

"WANTED, an Invalid Carriage (for horse or pony) to lie full length in."—*The Lancet.*



THE HUNT STEEPLECHASE SEASON.

The Joys of a Gentleman Rider.

Owner (to G. R., who has accepted a chance mount). "HE'S A BIT OF A FORGER, SO WE'VE FILLED HIM UP WITH WHISKY. NOW, I WANT YOU TO GET ON BEFORE THE EFFECT HAS HAD TIME TO WEAR OFF, DON'T YOU KNOW."

A PARADOX.

["Dr. GARNETT . . . believes that the writers of to-day are paving the way for the approach of a grander and more brilliant literature than has hitherto been known."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

The age Elizabethan,
The Periclean age
No more shall hold their place of old,
According to the sage;
The stars of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
And SOPHOCLES shall set
Before the blaze of suns whose rays
Have not arisen yet.

And even now their heralds
Are here—a dazzling train:
G-Y B-THEY, J-HN STR-NGE W-NT-R, SW-N,
C-R-LLI, K-PL-NG, C-NE.
Nor wildly has the prophet
His rash conclusion drawn:
Most dark doth lower the murky hour
When nearest is the dawn.

PUT TO THE TEST.

[" . . . since unintelligent reading of the newspapers and parrot-like repetition of their contents threaten to become a national vice."—*A Weekly Review*.]

Clearly we must be on our guard against this terrible danger. For the future, then, it is to be hoped that no one will ever glance at a newspaper unless he feels certain that he can read it "intelligently." As a help to self-examination upon this important point, he may attempt to answer the following brief examination paper.

1. Who or what is an Aros? Explain this fully, with a diagram, and give short biographies of (a) the Mad Mullah, (b) Mr. FLAVIN, M.P., (c) Big Ben, noting the influence of each upon the others.

2. Translate into English:—

(a) "STEVENSON further materialised with effect."

(b) "A well-marked anti-cyclone of considerable depth." What, in your opinion, are the markings of a well-bred anti-cyclone? And how should it be fed for exhibition purposes?

(c) "A slight weakness in gilt-edged securities." How would you treat this ailment?

(d) "Whose kick resulted in the aggrandisement of the score by the major point."

(e) "A work of which the general get-up leaves nothing to be desired." How many times have you met this sentence in the last six months? Explain its bearing upon the BULLER controversy.

3. Translate (a) into (Parliamentary) Irish—

"Your remarks are not wholly consistent with strict accuracy"
(N.B.—The use of asterisks is



"LE ROI S'AMUSE."

IN A WEAK MOMENT CAPTAIN JONES VOLUNTEERS TO PLAY WITH THE BABY. THIS IS THE RESULT, AND THE WORST OF IT IS, ITS FATHER AND MOTHER THINK HE IS ENJOYING HIMSELF!

permissible in answering this question); and

(b) into (diplomatic) American, "Intervention is off, thank you."

4. Distinguish carefully between the following phrases—

(a) "We have reason to believe," "A persistent rumour asserts," and "We can state upon the very best authority." What sized type would you expect to find beneath each of these headings?

(b) "A regrettable lack of decision shown by the Leader of the House," "Balfour Bungles Badly." Deduce from these two sentences the respective prices of the journals in which they appear.

5. "Mrs. X. has returned to town for the season." Comment upon the inward beauty and significance of this phrase, and deduce from it—

(a) The result upon town of Mrs. X.'s return;

(b) The probable changes produced by a change of environment upon Mrs. X. Show that the charge for the insertion of this statement varies inversely with the amount of Mrs. X.'s income.

6. "An epoch-making book." State how many epochs have been created within the last three publishing seasons. (Fractional parts of a hundred need not be given.)

7. Give short lives of—

(a) The editorial staff of the *Daily Wire*;

(b) "Indignant," "Sweet and Twenty," "Briton," and "A Mother of Ten," whose letters figure in this journal.

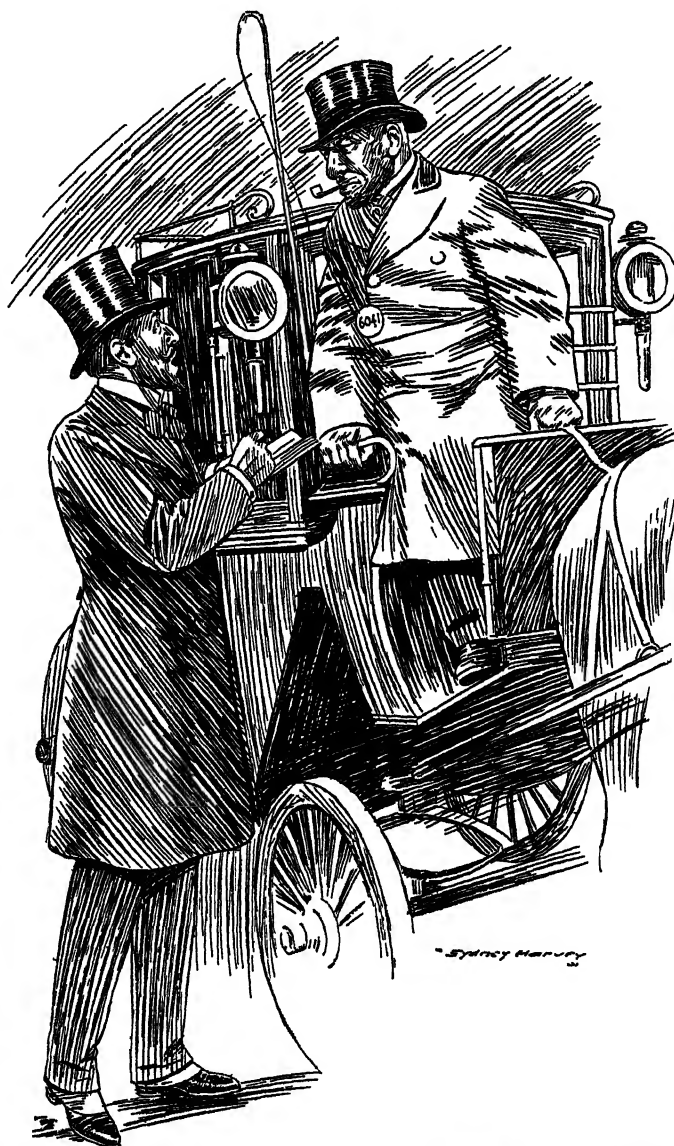
(N.B. The two parts of this question can be answered simultaneously.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Memories Grave and Gay (BLACKWOOD) are, happily, chiefly gay. Dr. KERR has the gift possessed by some of his maligned countrymen, notably Dean RAMSAY, of not only seeing a joke but of being able to convey its humour to others. Forty years engaged in school inspection in Scotland, he gleaned a rich harvest of good things. Among the multitude of stories he tells about the mistakes of children toiling with the pen at their daily task, my Baronite chiefly delights in one about the Protector. "OLIVER CROMWELL's eyes were of a dark grey," writes a budding MACAULAY in a far-off school. "His nose was very large and of a deep red colour, but underneath it was a truly religious soul." There is a wide charity in the "but," a desire to make the best of things, a keen perception of a leading characteristic, which promise well for the boy's future. Dr. KERR does well to re-print a sketch, contributed thirty years ago to one of the magazines, of an old Aberdeen shoe-maker, one JAMES BEATTIE who, whilst he went on cobbling, taught the little children of the neighbourhood to spell and read. Beyond these lighter touches the book contains much interesting information relating to education in Scotland.

Most of Mr. G. K. MENZIES' *Provincial*

Sketches (ALEXANDER GARDNER) have already appeared in *Punch*; but in their collected form they leave one with a fresh conviction of the author's versatility and ease of craftsmanship. My Nautical Retainer assures me that, for a poet of so obviously facile a pen, Mr. MENZIES is remarkably free from the faults of his kind—loose rhymes, halting rhythm, inversion of the natural order of words. Though his themes are attractively light, as they should be, he has had the rare good sense not to reproduce matter of a merely ephemeral interest. He is equally at home with University topics and the local concerns of Kinghorn, N.B. But while two or three others (notably Q. and Mr. GODLEY) have treated Oxford phases with an even happier touch, Mr. MENZIES stands alone as the laureate of Caledonian humour. As English Bard he is good; as Scottish Reviewer better still. How admirably he presents his Fifeshire hero contrasting the claims of "Lunnen" with those of the parish of his pride. Elsewhere he has paid a compliment to



Indignant Frenchman. "WHAT! YOU SAY FIVE SHILLIN' FROM THE MUSEUM BRITISH TO THE SQUARE RUSSELL; IT SAYS HERE ONE SHILLIN'!"
Confiding Cabby. "WHY, BLESS ME, SIR, IF THAT AIN'T LAST YEAR'S GUIDE YOU'VE GOT 'OLD OF'!"
[I. F. apologises profusely and pays.]

Cambridge by sometimes following his master, CALVERLEY, as all of his colour are tempted to do, a shade too closely. But as for his own University, I am not sure that Oxford (long suspected by its *alumni*, and now finally convicted by Mr. RHODES's will, of being the very navel of the universe) will be best flattered by having its affairs presented under the head of *Provincial Sketches*.

Lost Property (METHUEN) is a novel with a rare distinction. There is not in it a character with approach to gentility save a doctor, an eccentric philanthropist and her foolish husband. These are the only feeble folk in the book. For the rest the *dramatis personæ* are Londoners of the working class Mr. PETT RIDGE knows them thoroughly and sympathetically. With a fidelity severer than CHARLES DICKENS's, because less exaggerated, he reveals their manner of thinking and chronicles their conversation. The plot does not come to much, though there is a clever turn in the clearing up of its mystery. After all, the men and women (not forgetting two babes in arms) are the thing, and they are all flesh and blood. Aunt Watson is perhaps the best-drawn picture in the gallery. Some of her frank sayings are illuminating. Whilst my Baronite gratefully acknowledges the absence of

the kind of people appropriately described by the odious word "genteel," he recognises a genuine lady in the nameless waif and stray round whose life the story turns.

The Baron notices with high approval the continuation of the handy volumes belonging to the Georgian Meredithian period (ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co.), and welcomes affectionately *One of our Conquerors*, *Rhoda Fleming*, *The Adventures of Harry Richmond*, and that clever story with the cumbersome and absurdly sounding title of *Lord Ormont and his Aminta*, reminding the Baron of the Ancient Ballad of *Lord Lovel and The Lady Nancy Bell*; at least, such is the view taken of it by the Merrie Meredithian Student yclept the

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"'TIS TRUE, 'TIS PITY."—The Highland Regiments were indignant at the probability of trousers being substituted for kilts. They said that the War Office authorities must be actuated by a philosophy which is simply "al-trew-istic."



UNDER COVER.

"SO GLAD TO SEE YOU, MRS BAMSEY! AND HOW IS YOUR DEAR HUSBAND? WHERE IS THE COLONEL? I WAS ONLY SAYING THE OTHER DAY, 'I WONDER WHEN I SHALL SEE COLONEL BAMSEY!'"

Mrs Colonel B "YOU LL SEE HIM NOW, MY DEAR, IF I JUST STEP ASIDE, OR YOU WALK ROUND ME"

THE ROSE AND THE BERRY.

["Lord ROSEBERRY'S is a double personality. He is now at his Neapolitan villa."—*Daily Paper*]

Said the Rose to the Berry, "An ornament I,
Too handsome to use or consume,
Not a berry to stock a political pie,
But a rare and unmatchable bloom."

And the Berry replied, "Even beauty must pass!
Now I seek but the good of the State,
While you pose on the shelf in a specimen glass,
I load the Imperial plate"

Said the Rose to the Berry, "That's really not fair,
I am quite at my best on a shelf,
All exotics should live in a rarefied air,
And I know what I owe to myself"

But the Berry rejoined, in a tone of disdain,
"Such frivolity suits you but ill,
The country is calling, your duty lies plain,
So take up your work with a will!"

Said the Rose to the Berry, "A difference wide
In our natures I plainly discern,
But, since we're compelled in one house to reside,
I propose we play master in turn"

And the Berry replied, "I come fresh from the fray
My party stands pleased, but perplexed,
I've made speech after speech, but they wish they
What I really intend to do next" [could say]

Said the Rose to the Berry, "I do not deny
That *your* duty is certainly done,
My own's a more flowery path, so I try,
To live up to the South and the sun"

A POET IN THE POLICE COURT

LAST Thursday a very much wandering poet ("of no fixed abode") one BEN SWAFFIELD (no relation to *Ben-Hur*) was "charged before Mr CHAPMAN with being drunk and disorderly." He thus addressed his Worship in pleading guilty "to some extent" —

"Of the fact I put your worship in possession
That I am a poet by profession"

Mr CHAPMAN (odd that this rhymester should have been had up before a "Chapman") addressed him in very plain prose. It is a pity that the worthy magistrate was not inspired to deliver his sentence in the poet's own coin, as thus

I have not time to listen to your lays,
You'll pay ten shillings, or take seven days

Thus would rhyme and reason have been magisterially united.

THE ROAD TO THE WOOLSACK.

It is now my pleasing duty to conclude this series of contributions to the leading forensic journal. I promised to teach the student how to attain the dignity of the Lord High Chancellorship in a single lesson.

Of course it would be better if he commenced his career as the younger son of a Duke. But this is not absolutely essential to success. As a member of the Bar it may be taken for granted that he is a gentleman, or at least the heir to a millionaire. It is advisable that (after being well grounded in some excellent dame's school) he should enter one of the public schools of Royal foundation, preferably Eton or Winchester. If the younger son of a Duke, he may extend the list to Harrow, Westminster, Shrewsbury, Rugby, Marlborough, Cheltenham, Radley, St. Paul's and Felsted.

He should go either to Christchurch or Balliol, Oxford, or Trinity, Cambridge. If the younger son of a Duke, he might venture a term or two at Durham or Dublin. But this little excursion must not stand in his way so as to preclude a double-first or a Senior Wranglership.

When he leaves the University (if he is a graduate of the colleges to which I have referred, he will never call his *alma mater* "the Varsity") he may possibly find my poor suggestions serviceable in his selection of his Inn of Court and other matters connected therewith.

He will certainly join the Inns of Court Volunteers. When on outpost duty he will be careful not to betray the countersign to even the dearest and nearest of his colleagues, but will, if necessary, arrest him, and this, with further attention to his military duties, will secure for him the proud position of commanding officer. If he is the younger son of a Duke he can rest satisfied with the rank of a corporal.

It would be as well that my candidate for the Woolsack should take up literature and journalism. He should certainly edit two or three newspapers—a London daily must be one of them—and be a contributor on the reviewing list of some organ with a purpose. He should write or revise some ponderous volume on technical law. If he can make some subject absolutely his own so much the better. I deeply regret, personally, that I have never been able to secure a copyright in "*Briefless on Bankruptcy*." If the younger son of a Duke he can produce a play or two—his father or eldest brother can secure the theatre—and knock off a society novel. Of course, if he has ample hereditary means he must enter Parliament and, later on, the Cabinet. If the younger



A NICE PROSPECT.

Owner (to amateur, riding his first race). "Now, look here, old chap. This mare always bolts when the flag falls. But if you can only manage to keep her on the course, and make her rise at the jumps, you'll about win!"

son of a Duke he may remain only an un-portfolioed Minister. But whatever he is, he must be a first-class debater. He will leave Parliament, after filling the posts of Solicitor-General and "Mr Attorney," to take a high position on the Bench.

And now he comes to the most important part of his career. He must not lose touch of the great public. He must write constantly to the leading daily papers, preside over charity banquets and be in the stalls on every important "first night."

He must now, with the assistance of a daily paper of his own, form an important political party, and, in spite of his position on the Bench, shape the future of the British Empire.

Then, at the right moment, when Cabinets are tottering, he will give up the Lord Chief Justiceship to become Lord Chancellor. *Q.E.D.*

Another and simpler road is to omit the above and supply the deficiency by marrying the daughter of an influential solicitor.

And now, having come to the end of the valuable space accorded me, I conclude my hints with the promise that in the near future I may venture to supply notes on current cases of a forensic character. I shall do this to assist the student who knows too little rather than to aid the barrister who knows too much.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump Handle Court.

O WHAT A STORY!

(At Wyndham's Theatre "So the Story Ends.")

"Quite a one-actor play, yet not too full o' me,"
Might say CHARLES WYNDHAM as *Sir Edward Vülliamj*.
Dactyllic name, whereat rude youths might cry out
"Ere's the Right Hon'ble Neddy with his 'i'
out."

But *Vülliamj*'s sharp enough to make excuse
That for an extra "i" he has no use.

Two are enough for him, he's young at fifty,
Has made a fortune, somehow, being thrifty;
He lives, *en garçon*, and good *Mrs. Clemson*,
Carrying tablets which she makes her "*mems.*" on,
Acts as his housekeeper; Miss MEASOR plays her
So well, 'tis difficult to overpraise her.
His friend and neighbour is the *Earl of Farnham*
(A name pronounced as if it rhymed with BARNUM),
A country gentleman, an English type,
Who of good wine has cellar'd many a pipe.
As Mister ALFRED BISHOP plays the part,
His geniality wins every heart.

Sir Edward—is he bachelor or widower?

No. There's a wife. But how did he get rid o'
her?

He didn't. She's alive. Across the water
There's also (unbeknown to him) a daughter,
Who calls herself "*Miss Murray*," and this looks
As if she published,—oh, no—*she writes*, books.
She knows a lot, but, though so wise, is rather
Puzzled to know who was, and is, her father.
She, talking to *Sir Edward*, from her pocket
Produces a peculiar sort of locket
(You know what's coming now; the old, old, thing),
"Hall-strawberry-mark'd," a "locket"—and "a ring,"
Which, when *Sir Edward*, in great agitation,
Beholds, he grasps at once the situation,
Also the locket, and to *Lady Bab*

(Miss MARY MOORE) he hoarsely murmurs, "Cab!—
Brougham—coach—anything—I'm off to Paris
At once, to find out where *Miss Murray's 'Mar'* is!
Don't ask me why, it is in her behoof
And that of all concerned. I *must have proof!*"

Then gentle *Lady Barbara O'Hagan*
(To worship MARY MOORE one would turn pagan!)
Bids him "*adieu*" *pro tem.* Ends second act.
[The acting carries it, and that's the fact.]

Paris, Act III. Where, in police-bureau,
French as she's spoke the *Prefet's* men all know
And speak like natives, in the liveliest tones,
As in the latest play by ARTHUR JONES

Do his chief actors. Now then, who comes here?

Sir Edward first; then Mistress BERNARD BEERE,
As *Madame Sumont*, elegantly dressed,

Looking and acting at her very best,
Makes it as clear as day (this scene is good)

That *Eleanor*, *Miss Murray*, has the blood
Of our *Sir Edward* in her dainty veins,
Which, to explain, she, *Madame*, takes great pains,
So as to give him every facility

For calculating on the probability
Of her connected tale. (And yet the hearer

Would like the matter made a trifle clearer,
For, if she owns to having "done her worst,"

Mayn't she have been a wrong 'un from the first?)

Credat Sir Edward. He goes home again,
And *Madame* drowns her sorrows in the Seine.

Between Acts III. and IV. "one year elapses,"

And then, as every intellectual chap sees

Must be the case,—did I not 't would be dull o' me—
My *Lady Bab* becomes my *Lady Vülliamj*.

The author should be grateful for the cast.

As for the dialogue, from first to last

There's not a witty, scarce a humorous, line;

The players give it point: the acting's fine.

But for that scene in *Mrs. Dane's Defence*

This piece could never . . . h'm!—that was immense!

So ends my story of the play. Let's mingle

And drink success all round. Yours,

"ALFRED JINGLE."

ANTICIPATIONS.

(With suitable apologies to Mr. H. G. Wells.)

AN esteemed London daily paper has explained that it was necessary to continue the Association football match at Govan after the accident which cost twenty people their lives because "it would probably not have been safe to disappoint the crowd!" This extreme sensitiveness on the part of our athletic crowds to anything which interrupts their amusement may be expected to increase rather than diminish with time. Thus, in the year 1950 or so, the following paragraphs will probably figure in the sporting columns of our contemporary:—

At St. Andrews, in the monthly golf contest, Mr. McTAVISH unaccountably fozzled his drive on three successive occasions. A spectator was so disgusted at this exhibition of incompetence that he broke four of McTAVISH's ribs.

The County cricket match between Dorsetshire and Rutland at Oakham, yesterday, was the occasion of some grand scoring. An unusual incident occurred in the course of the afternoon. The Rutland captain was giving a fine display of batting, and as his side had secured a long lead he was considering the propriety of declaring his innings closed. It was, however, pointed out to him that it would be unsafe to disappoint the crowd which was evidently enjoying his hard hitting. He is, therefore, batting still.

In the lawn tennis tournament at Wimbledon on Tuesday, the amateur champion twisted his ankle early in the game and had to retire hurt. The public were thus cheated of what would have been an exciting struggle, and relieved their exasperation by hooting him as he limped to the pavilion.

In the great billiard match at the Olympian Hall yesterday a curious affair is reported. It was an all-in game, and one of the players had made thirty successive spot strokes. The spectators naturally grew weary of this tiresome method of play, and one of them struck the player violently behind as he was making his thirty-first stroke. This effectually prevented the continuance of such tedious tactics.

Great precautions are to be taken to secure the safety of the crews at this year's boat race. Last year, it may be remembered, the losing crew, who came in thirty lengths behind, were seized by the indignant crowd as they left their boat, and narrowly escaped drowning. This year the banks of the river at the winning-post will be guarded by cavalry, and a Maxim gun will be mounted at the "Ship" at Mortlake. It is hoped that the contest will be conducted without serious loss of life.

The final for the ping-pong championship at the Queen's Hall concluded yesterday amid scenes of great excitement. SMITH and BROWN, the unsuccessful pair, showed up very badly towards the end of the contest, and altogether gave such a poor display of the game that after it was over they had to be escorted from the building under police protection.



PEACE. "I WONDER IF THERE WILL BE A PLACE FOR ME AT THE CORONATION?"

CATCHWORDS FOR THE MILLION.

I.—"THE PEOPLE'S BREAD."

[In the following lines an attempt is made to reproduce the unreasoning but unshakable attitude of the rustic maid in WORDSWORTH'S *We are Seven*.]

A SIMPLE uninstructed clown

That hawks our daily tracts,
Content to pouch the casual brown—
What should he know of facts?

One such I saw, and stepped aside;
"What is your news?" I said;
"Speshul! The Budgit!" he replied
"TAXIN' THE PEOPLE'S BREAD!"

"But you prejudge events," said I;
"The staff of life may prove
Visibly unembarrassed by
Sir MICHAEL'S latest move."

I found his manner somewhat bluff;
"Ere, tike the bill," he said;
"Read it yerself, it's pline enough—
"TAXIN' THE PEOPLE'S BREAD!"

"You err, my friend; you have, in short,
No ground for righteous heat;
It is our duty to support
The cult of British wheat.

"And if our neighbours pay the score,
What cause to carp?" I said;
He simply answered as before,
"TAXIN' THE PEOPLE'S BREAD!"

Then I resumed: "But, were it so,—
Granted your point, what then?
Would you ignore, I want to know,
The common claims of men?"

"This war affects us, one and all,
By honour gained or lost;
Would you deny to great or small
A right to share the cost?

"And, save you touch their staple food,
How reach the mass?" I said;
But he replied (I feared he would),
"TAXIN' THE PEOPLE'S BREAD!"

"Or, take what pays a fair return—
Our Navy; you will note
It should be every man's concern
To keep the thing afloat.

"Insured in this, we hold," said I,
"The seas as in a vice;
And, were it sunk, we scarce could buy
A loaf at any price!

"How well the proverb, rightly read,
Answers our local case,
Where we are told to cast our bread
Upon the waters' face!

"But men are blind, and by their kind
Into the ditch misled!"—

"Twas wisdom thrown away, for still
He muttered, "Read the bloomin' bill,
"TAXIN' THE PEOPLE'S BREAD!" O.S.



First Workman. "WHY DON'T YER BUY YER OWN MATCHES, 'STEAD OF ALWAYS CADGIN' MINE?"

Second Workman. "YOU'RE UNCOMMON MEAN WITH YER MATCHES. I'LL JUST TAKE A FEW"—(helps himself to two-thirds)—"AND BE HINDERPENDENT OF YER!"

POSSIBLE DISEASES OF THE FUTURE.

PROBABLY a time is not far distant when fashionable crazes will be regarded as diseases pure and simple; when measures for their eradication will be undertaken as a matter of course by the various medical authorities. It will then be no unusual thing to read in the papers such items as the following:—

An epidemic of Ping-Pong has again laid hold upon London, and cases are continually being reported to the authorities. The recently discovered inocula-

tion against the disease is being more and more resorted to. The method, it may not be generally known, takes the form of keeping the patient upon the floor for hours together searching for celluloid balls. It is essential that, however much he may wish to rise, he be kept down; when he has succeeded after laborious effort in extracting a ball from under the piano, another ball should be inserted at the back of some large cabinet or beneath some heavy curtains. Should the above treatment be continued it will be found that a

nausea against Ping-pong in any form will begin to manifest itself in the patient, and in the course of a day or two he will be able to enter any drawing-room, however much it may reek with the disease, without becoming in the least degree infected.

An outbreak of Picture Postcard is seriously threatening the health of Southampton. The disease is at present rampant in Germany, and it is suggested that the contagion has been brought over in one of the many great Teuton liners calling at that port.

Later:—The ss. *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grossvaterliche*, of the Hamburg line, arrived in the Solent to-day and was observed flying the yellow flag. The Port Sanitary authorities at once went alongside, when it was discovered that several virulent cases of Picture Postcard were on board, the subjects crying loudly for these pasteboards in order to send them to their relatives. The vessel was immediately put into quarantine, and will so be kept for several days. In the meantime it will be thoroughly disinfected.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ANOTHER illusion gone! "I never knew a young gazelle but when I came to love it well it went and married a market gardener." My Baronite never knew a gazelle, young or old, remotely or intimately. The quotation is dragged in merely to assist in recording the fact that he has from youth cherished the idea that of all delectable territories the nearest approach to the Garden of Eden left to fallen man is Florida. Reading his *Blackwood* for the current month he finds an article in which the truth is told, and the Florida of fancy vanishes. "Failures in Florida" is the title of this narrative of the experiences of a settler. A keen sense of humour doubtless leads to some exaggeration. But underneath the story of everyday life is revealed the fact that Florida is a fraud. Apart from its information the article is worth studying for its literary charm. Not to spoil the pleasure of the full reading, only one passage shall be quoted. "The Florida frosts are tremendously severe. I have found a cup of tea poured out overnight frozen solid beside me in the morning." What this means in a country whose principal business it is to grow oranges, leaps to the eye. The number is full of good things. But this anonymous article, evidently written by a fresh hand, testifies to the singular and long-lived quality of *Maga* to attract new blood of precious quality to her venerable self.

In the graces of genial irony, writes my Nautical Retainer, Mr. G. S. STREET has scarcely a single living competitor; and his latest collection, *A Book of Stories* (CONSTABLE), admirably illustrates those gifts for which his delightful *Autobiography of a Boy* first won him notice. His style is fluent without effort, distinguished without affectation or pedantry. If his humour does not often compel to Olympian laughter, it is, on the other hand, never studied nor over-exquisite, nor strained for effect. He writes in the manner of a ready and accomplished talker. The range of his world is not a wide one, though he contrives cleverly to vary his types. But in his present book he seems to show a broader and more generous outlook on life than was found in an earlier volume—*Episodes*—which dealt almost exclusively with the seamier side of things. Within such limits as he still acknowledges, Mr. STREET's wit is like a rare wine that asks a nice and discerning palate. His vintages, unsuited to universal consumption, are small, but the cycle in which they recur is a cycle of Tokay. He is best in some of his shorter sketches, but where anything like a plot is required his work tends to become perfunctory; his ideas grow commonplace or else palpably impossible. He easily gets

tired, too, and goes in morbid fear, always unjustified, of boring his readers by prolixity. Either for this reason, or to save himself trouble, he likes better to portray his characters by cursive description and analysis than to let us form our judgment of them by their speech. Yet his dialogue, where it too seldom occurs, is almost always excellent in its nearness to nature. When his theme threatens to grow serious he is apt to shirk it, being a little self-conscious in the matter of sentiment, and fearful, like the typical Englishman he is, of inviting ridicule by emotional exposure. Accordingly, he sometimes keeps up a brave show of levity in defiance of the situation's demands. These however, are rather matters of temperament which do not affect the constant and abiding charm of his style.

MISS FRANCES POYNTER, though not a new novelist, is a fresh acquaintance of my Baronite's. If her earlier works are as good as *Michael Ferrier* (MACMILLAN), they are worth looking up. *Michael* himself, although a poet, is not peculiarly attractive, and there is something a little thin about the quality of *Miss Umfraville*. Having thus genially disposed of the hero and heroine, my Baronite has unqualified praise for *Miss Beaven*, one of those quiet, unselfish, untiring agencies who in difficult circumstances make homes happy. It is a skilful touch of unpremeditated art whereby Miss POYNTER, through this estimable but somewhat stolid medium, introduces *Colonel Umfraville*. He does not at any stage of the story bodily appear on the scene. He reveals himself in letters addressed to his daughter's companion and guide, a delightful flash of froth on the cup of other people's life. Another clever character-sketch is *Mr. Mills*, the prosaic, pragmatic M.P.

In *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (GEORGE NEWNES) Mr. CONAN DOYLE revives in modern fashion the touch of a vanished hand, the scratching of a pen that has long been still. Consciously or unconsciously, probably the latter, he produces for us effects analogous to those achieved by Mrs. RADCLIFFE. He wields the spell of her weird imagination, and, with the assistance of a modern detective, everything is in due time unravelled and the supernatural becomes the commonplace. As in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, in *The Hound of the Baskervilles* the candle goes out at the critical moment. Trust *Sherlock Holmes* for carrying about with him a supply of matches that will strike on the box or anywhere else. The highest compliment my Baronite can pay the romancer is to admit that the chapter of explanation is the most disappointing in the book. The trail is so cleverly laid, incident so generously supplied, and the thing kept going at such breathless pace, that when the enchanted reader is, as necessarily he must be, dumped down on the common asphalted unsympathetic earth, a feeling of dissatisfaction steals o'er the mind. With my Baronite it takes the definite form of strongly objecting to the phosphorus. It is a cheap device unworthy the art of the creator of *Sherlock Holmes*. But that is a detail. The story is a masterpiece of ingenuity, its narration a model of graphic power.

Should any of the Baron's gentlemen-readers be anxious as to the up-to-date state of their acquaintance with the French language, let them borrow, emphatically borrow, *La Vedette*, a roman written by YVETTE GUILBERT, recently published; and let them also purchase (this they need not borrow) some quite modern *Dictionnaire d'Argot*, and even then the Baron doubts if all the phrases and expressions so graphically used by the free-and-easy authoress (and songstress) will be found therein. That the book so loaned will be punctually returned, long before the guileless English reader shall have got half-way through it, is (unless the owner informs you that he has "no further use for it") a "cert" on which a hundred to one will be laid by the prescient and sporting

BARON DE B.-W.

ACTORS AT BOW STREET.

II.

Mrs. LANGTRY and the whole company recently performing in *Mlle. Mars* at the Imperial Theatre, were prosecuted by the Society for the Protection of Immigrants for cruelty to the French language.

Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, dramatic critic of the *Times*, speaking as usual in broken English, said that the pronunciation of the performers at the Théâtre Impérial was more *assommant* than anything at which he had ever assisted.

Mr. H. G. WELLS said that he was familiar with Mars. There was no reason why good French should be expected from anyone connected with it, whether Mademoiselle or Madame. His own experience of Martian dialogue was a prolonged ululation.

M. PAUL CAMBON, French ambassador at the Court of St. James's, stated that he had attended a performance of *Mlle. Mars*. He was not aware that any French was spoken in the play.

Mrs. LANGTRY, in her defence, reminded the Bench that she was a native of Jersey, where they spoke a *patois*. She had, however, spared no expense in providing every member of her company with a copy of *Hugo's French Journal* and *Ollendorff's Dialogues*.

On Mrs. LANGTRY undertaking to desist from these courses, and to revive the company's native powers of attraction at Mr. GRUNDY'S Degenerating Station, the case was withdrawn.

HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE was summoned by ULYSSES, a Greek islander, who claimed substantial damages for the injury to his reputation caused by the defendant's impersonation of him at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Herr EUGEN SANDOW, K.C., (lately chucker-out at Dumb-bell's bank), who appeared for the plaintiff, said that his client's name had become a household word for feats of strength and endurance. Judge then of his horror when, happening to look in at the Olympic pantomime at Her Majesty's, he found himself personated by a gentleman whose biceps was lamentably deficient and whose calf measurement could not exceed ten inches. He objected also to Mr. TREE's habit of placing his hand on his hip. ULYSSES never did things like that. Nor did he speak his winged words in that tone of voice. He claimed one thousand talents damages.

Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, a brawny Scot of military bearing, said that he had tested the genuine bow of ULYSSES in the grounds of the Toxophilite Society. The bow used at Her Majesty's was a flexible imitation and might have been pulled by PENELOPE.

FRIEDRICH BOGENBRUSTER, a German



"A WOMAN IS THE AGE SHE LOOKS."

Visitor (kindly). "HOW OLD ARE YOU, DEAR?"

Little Girl (with great dignity). "I'M NOT OLD AT ALL. GRANNY'S OLD, BUT MOTHER'S YOUNG AND DADDY'S YOUNG, AND I'M VERY YOUNG!"

waiter giving an address in Greek Street, and holding a certificate for veracity from Lord ROSEBERRY, deposed that ULYSSES frequently dined at the restaurant where he was employed, and thought nothing of a hecatomb of kid. Cross-examined by Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, K.C., he denied that by this phrase he imputed cannibalism to the plaintiff.

Mr. BIRRELL, in replying for the defendant, produced a menu of the last dinner of the Homer Khayyam Club, a gathering of devout Musclemen, at which Mr. TREE took the chair. His client not only partook of every dish, but made a long speech afterwards. Appearances were deceptive, and Mr.

TREE, though of willowy figure, was really a man of herculean strength. The weight and heat of the pillows required by him to fill the part of *Falstaff* were beyond the dreams of adiposity. He had also endured severe frosts with apparent equanimity. As for the plaintiff's scandalous depreciation of his client's physique, he had only to say that Baron LIEBIG had recently bestowed on him the Order of the Fatted Calf.

Judgment was given for the plaintiff, and Mr. TREE was ordered to take wrestling lessons with Professor CARKEEK, late of the Alhambra, the vanquisher of the Terrible Greek and the Vanishing Turk.

A ROMAN HOLIDAY.

IN THE HOTEL.

ROME is supposed to be inhabited by Romans. Desiring to do at Rome as the Romans do, I endeavour to discover Romans by whom example may be taken. Complete failure. Putting aside guides, who are cosmopolitan humbugs, and cabmen, who might be of any nationality, and artists' models, who are obviously got up for show, there is, so far as I can discover, no Roman in Rome. Two invading hordes, one German, the other American, have descended upon Rome and taken possession of it. Such natives as have not been slain are kept in rigorous confinement and are only allowed out for air in the dead of night. You can hear their chains clanking in the Corso, the Condotti and the Via Nazionale. In the daytime gutturals and nasals mingle mellifluously in every gallery, church, ruin and hotel throughout the eternal city. This, no doubt, a consequence of PRINCE HENRY's visit to United States. Populations of Germany and America, having agreed to meet rather more and less than half way, have pitched upon Rome. In the hall of our hotel I see one stray Englishman, with his wife, amidst a seething crowd from the Fatherland and the Home of the Free. He is irreproachably dressed, clean, well set up and carefully groomed—a little oasis amidst the fat, untidy Teutons and the thin, anxious Americans domineered over by their daughters. American girls in Rome are cut exactly to one pattern—not a shade of variety in fifty of them. Not Dana Gibson girls at all. Hair puffed out over the forehead like the peak of a képi; short, determined features with mouths that snap tight; shirt blouses; dresses knocked out with a chisel—there you have them. They read extracts from *Baedeker* to Pa at lunch. Pa shows only a moderate interest: "Guess we've seen them things, SADIE," he remarks, "we don't want to read about 'em."

IN NAPLES.

Dirt, confusion, yells; officious, extortionate cab-drivers lashing undersized horses up steep hills; beggars; vendors of coloured post-cards; herds of goats everywhere; carts drawn by curiously assorted teams, many by an ox, a mule and a pony harnessed three abreast; nurses in gorgeous raiment, their heads decorated with huge ribbons streaming down to the ground, enormous brass combs with shining knobs in their back hair—such is one's first (and last) impression of life in Naples. "See Naples and die" is all very well as a proverb; but your death, if it takes place, will probably be the result, not of æsthetic joy, but of incessant clamour, never-ending trouble with cabmen, and the sight of poor suffering animals urged to tasks beyond their strength by brutal Neapolitans.

FROM NAPLES TO ANYWHERE.

Here is a concise guide to railway travelling in Italy. In order to secure places arrive at station at least two hours before advertised time of starting. The train then starts an hour late. On the way the axle of your carriage catches fire and you are shifted, bag and baggage, to a compartment already full. This generally happens again. The train then arrives at its destination two hours and a-half late, officials and passengers all congratulating one another on having arrived at all. You spend another hour or so in securing your luggage, and eventually get to your hotel, having spent about twelve hours over a journey which should have taken six at the outside.

AT VENICE.

Delightful silence and repose. No cabs, no cab-drivers, no suffering horses. Everything gay, cheerful and light-hearted. You may die in Naples, but Venice is the place to live in. In St. Mark's, while we are drinking in the

gorgeousness of the mosaics, a queer old figure, garbed sacerdotally, and rattling a money-box, approaches and enters into conversation. "I am *molto vecchio*," he says, "*molto vecchio*. I have eighty-six years; but, ha, ha! I am cheerful yet. That is your wife? Yes—and there are *bambini* at home? Oh! two, are there? Well done, well done! Here is a blessed medal of St. Mark for one of the *bambini*. Oh, thank you, Signor, thank you—the two *lire* will go to the poor, and now I go to pray for you and the Signora and the two *bambini*—ha, ha!" They say I am like the Pope" (he strokes his wrinkled, merry old face), "but I am a boy to him. He has eight years more than I. Good-bye, Signor, I go to pray." Then we go out again to the pigeons and the glory of the Piazza.

THE OXFORD INNOCENTS.

[“ As the college authorities live secluded from the world, and so are like children as to commercial matters”—*Mr. Rhodes's Will.*]

PLACE—*Oriel Common Room.* TIME—*After Hall.*

First Fellow. *Antehac nefas depromere Cæcubum*, but I think we can venture on half-a-dozen now. We can afford it.

Second Fellow. Yes. It is a great sum of money. We must lay it out to advantage. *Moderato*, however, *splendat usu*.

Third Fellow. Will the business-men pay it to us all at once?

First Fellow (doubtfully). I should think they will invest it first, but one never knows. Luckily it is their affair. *Beatus ille qui procul.* . . .

Third Fellow. What is investing?

First Fellow (with humour). The principle of interest. You hand over your money and they give you an income.

Third Fellow. Who are they?

First Fellow (vaguely). The stocks and shares. I believe they are called *Consuls*, which is an odd classical survival, by the way.

Second Fellow (with approval). A good name. How much income will they give us, do you think?

First Fellow. I don't know exactly how interest stands now. After the time of *SULLA* legal interest was fixed at *centesima pars* per month, which would be twelve per cent. per year. I suppose we ought to get about that.

Third Fellow (disappointed). Then we shan't get a hundred thousand a year?

First Fellow. Hardly that, I'm afraid. But give me a piece of paper and a pencil, and I'll work it out.

[*Does large sums.*
Second Fellow (ejaculates admiringly). Καὶ μὴ ἀριθμῶν, ἔξοχον σοφισμῶν!]

Fourth Fellow. Wait a minute. Are you doing it in simple or compound interest?

First Fellow. Simple. I don't understand compound. I'm no hungry Greeklings.

Fourth Fellow. I believe in large sums like that it ought to be compound. But never mind; if you don't understand it, no one else does. After all, this is not Cambridge.

Second Fellow. Anyhow, the business-men will look to that. But it is interesting to know more or less how much we may expect. Have you finished that sum?

First Fellow. Yes. A hundred thousand pounds at twelve per cent. simple interest will bring us twelve thousand a year; if it ought to be compound interest I suppose it will be more, but I am not clear on that point.

Second Fellow. Εἴγε πάλιν. I am sure no Cambridge man could have got a more satisfactory result. *In nostris nummis versabimur*, as *CICERO* says. We shall be able to live within our income.

Third Fellow. I thought it would have been a hundred thousand.

Fourth Fellow (after reflection). Anyhow, it will be ample to enable us *continue dapes*, to maintain the dignity and comfort of the high table.

[*Exeunt omnes, exulting in good Latin.*]

FAMILIARITY.

["SIR HARRY JOHNSTON'S long sojourn in the very heart of the Dark Continent has brought him to regard the area of his administration very much as a Borough Mayor would look upon Brixton or Camberwell. He has, in fact, found Equatorial Africa astonishingly humdrum; even a cannibal has no imaginative possibilities for the intrepid explorer."—*Evening Standard.*]

Time was I loved, in search of sport,

To paddle down some unknown river,
And when I heard the hippo snort

I felt a wild ecstatic quiver.

Now, wheresoe'er I wend my way,

I find Cook's tourists there before me,
While as for hippos, frankly, they
Just bore me.

Time was the very vaguest thought

Of cannibals a wild delight meant;

To see them at their orgies brought

A mad, delirious excitement.

Now, if I meet them, they begin

On coronations or the weather,
Or ask me, "Shall we have a gin

Together?"

Time was the tiger's angry roar,

Heard through the midnight jungle,
thrilled me;

I sallied forth, intent on gore,—

The spirit of adventure filled me.

Now, if I come across his lair,

I thrill no longer—such is habit;

I simply shoot him like a hare

Or rabbit.

Time was the monarch of the beasts

Roved through the woods to prey and
ravage,

And make his sanguinary feasts

Upon the unprotected savage.

Now savages drink dry champagne,

From lions they no longer suffer,

Save when they meet to entertain

Some duffer.

THE TRADE CRAZE.

["The latest recruit to the army of gentlemen shopkeepers is a Lieut.-Colonel, D.S.O., who is opening a hairdresser's shop. The enterprising warrior's new venture is due to his discovery, during a recent visit to Canada, of an American-Indian recipe for curing incipient baldness, about which wonderful stories are related."—*Daily Paper.*]

THE following rumours, with others, have also reached us. We understand that they are sent, not as a guarantee of good faith, but for publication.

A well-known and popular K.C. will shortly enter the crowded ranks of trade. The legal luminary has just returned from a trip to the East, where he successfully defended a particularly gory potentate who was accused of



WHEN IN DOUBT—DON'T!

SCENE—Country Station.

Gent. "ARE THE SANDWICHES FRESH, MY BOY?"

Country Youth. "DON'T KNOW, I'M SURE, SIR. I'VE ONLY BEEN HERE A FORTNIGHT!"

breaking an old custom by killing seven wives instead of five (the number allowable), when the cook, in a moment of abstraction, used knife polish instead of baking powder. The potentate, having celebrated his acquittal by shooting a son-in-law, rewarded his defender by presenting him with a recipe for blacking which had been in the family for centuries. The K.C. intends to open boot-blackening rooms in Bond Street, and will personally decorate customers' boots from four till six the first Thursday in every month. Boot-blackening parties are expected to be quite a feature during the Coronation festivities.

The name of a distinguished Bishop

will shortly glitter on the fascia of a tailor's shop. His lordship is the fortunate patentee of a seamless and detachable frock-coat which by a simple arrangement of buttons and elastic can be transformed into an evening-dress garment, thus enabling the wearer to walk in the Park till seven, and then change behind a tree for dinner. His Lordship will attend daily for the first fortnight to give practical and personal demonstration of the properties of his patent.

N.B.—Most of the trees have already been booked for Coronation week, and even now there is quite a run on the flowering shrubs.



THE ETERNAL "HONEYSUCKLE AND THE BEE."

Misguided Racecourse Musician. "B—zz! B—zz! ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON!"

A PLEBISCITE.

Barchester College.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—This is going to be a jolly exciting term, and no mistake. The day after we got back we were all called into Great School after second lesson, and the Head made a long speech. First, he read a lot out of Mr. RHODES's will, and it seemed pretty sensible. (I've quite decided upon my profession now. I'm going to be a Fellow of Oriel.) Mr. RHODES, we heard, liked to paint places red, and I do a little that way myself, especially at the end of term. Then the Head explained

that the Governors of the College mean to found a prize on Mr. RHODES's lines. They're going to give a fiver on speech day to "the most popular and amiable boy in the school," and every chap is to vote for the one he thinks ought to have the prize. Ripping idea, isn't it?

Of course everyone saw at once that there were only three or four in the running. GREGSON might have had a chance, only he hurt his thumb on Monday playing fives, and he won't be able to fight for a good while. TANORED major is pretty useful with his fists, too, but I don't think he'll win. However, he's working hard for it, and I found him the other afternoon making

what he called "a preliminary canvass" in his own dormitory. He was persuading young JUBBINS to vote for him, because, though JUBBINS is only in Upper Middle Two, his influence with the rest of the Middle School is considerable. TANORED had JUBBINS's head under his arm, and was shouting: "Am I amiable? Am I loving and kind to my juniors? Am I the most popular boy in the school? Say yes, you little beast, or I'll knock your ugly head off!" Of course TANORED can get a few votes that way, but he won't be able to manage the upper forms. WARBURTON is another candidate. He asked me to be one of his committee, and I agreed. We hold secret meetings in his rooms, and there's unlimited cocoa and cake and mixed biscuits always going. Then another chap called HEDGES, who's frightfully clever, also asked me to be on his committee. He didn't know I was on WARBURTON's, and I couldn't tell him, being under a vow of secrecy. There's no cocoa or cake to be had out of HEDGES, but he's A1 at Latin verse, so he does all my elegiacs for me.

CHAMBERS, the head of cricket, is said to be standing, and if he happens to make a century or two this term he ought to have a chance. (HEDGES won't have a look in, though I don't tell him so. He does elegiacs for about a dozen fellows and "Jambi" for fifteen or sixteen more, but he'd have to help half the school with their work to win.) CHAMBERS hasn't asked me to be on his committee yet, but he enquired the other day in the pavilion whether I thought that he was popular. I replied that I hadn't made up my mind—it depended whether I was given my second eleven colours this term. So I hope to scoop them, as well as plenty of food and perhaps a prize for classics, out of this RHODES game.

The rum thing is—and it would have made poor old RHODES pretty sick if he'd known it—that the really best set in the school loathe the whole idea. Some of them have said that they'll kick any chap who votes for them, and they wouldn't touch a "popularity prize" with the end of a barge-pole.

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS JENKS.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

WHEN, holding CORDEN's creed outworn,
The Government with tenets lax
Comes down upon the nation's corn,
Free-traders wince at such attacks.

Outsiders—caring not a whit—
Impartiality maintain;
Yet such a tax, we all admit,
Goes certainly against the grain.



TRYING IT ON.

AUTOLYOUS H-OKS-B-CH. "THESE BRACELETS HAVE JUST COME IN AGAIN, MISS."

MISS FREE-TRADE. "DON'T THEY LOOK RATHER LIKE HANDCUFFS?"

AUTOLYOUS. "OH! NOT AT ALL, I ASSURE YOU; YOU WON'T KNOW YOU 'VE GOT 'EM ON."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 14.—House crowded in every part; on floor, in side galleries, in Strangers' Gallery to topmost tier. It is Budget Night. Chancellor of the Exchequer's sum involves the biggest figures manipulated since history began. Moreover, with even intenser interest than the wonder what ST. MICHAEL will do with his millions, comes the old-time question, Is it peace? PRINCE ARTHUR, making careful reply, comes nearer answering "Yes" than on any previous occasion.

This gives ST. MICHAEL opportunity, deftly seized, of posing in that attitude of Spartan virtue which delights the looker-on, pleasing him with subtle consciousness of sharing possession of that virtue, somebody else being the victim of enforcement of its stern principle. If the war be nearly over, or if there be reasonable hope (this ST. MICHAEL admitted) that peace pourparlers at Pretoria will have happy issue, there will be immediate falling-off in war expenditure. C-B., having this truism in mind, suggested Budget should be postponed till situation cleared up.

Here was ST. MICHAEL's opportunity; he seized it by the hair. Peace truly might be at hand. He went so far as to indicate belief that it was. But for a man of high principle, colleague in a Cabinet of heroic mould, trifling considerations of a few millions of (other people's) money not to be thought of. Accordingly, Budget for coming year based upon assumption that war will run its full course. If it doesn't, supposing the war flag furled next week or next month, the extra eighteen millions and a-half raised for additional war expenses won't be found inconveniently in the way.

"Lots to do with it," said ST. MICHAEL, waving his hand cheerily; "rebuild the farms we burnt down; re-stock 'em; set up in business again the brave burghers who have been fighting us for more than two years; settle up any outstanding accounts for Hungarian horses, cold pressed beef, and other little bills from gentlemen of German birth and an ancient faith who have been good enough to assist us on commercial lines. Why, bless you, your eighteen and a-half millions will go like winking, war or no war. In fact, I'm not sure that by-and-by I shan't come and ask you to authorise additional loan of ten or twelve millions on Treasury Bills or Exchequer Bonds. Meanwhile, all you've got to do is to stump up. Another penny in the £ on the Income Tax; a twopenny



THE (TAX-ON-) CORN-CRAKE.

(COL. H-W-RD V-NG-NT.)

stamp on the homely cheque; re-introduction of the good old principle of taxing corn. There you are."

At this last proposition a sound, with singular appropriateness suggesting the cry of a corncrake, startled House. It was only HOWARD VINCENT observing "Hear! hear!" His jubilation reasonable enough. A more curious study was the hilarious spirit in which the House faced the music, running up to the tune of one hundred and eighty-five and a half millions sterling. SARKIS keen insight explained the phenomena.

"On these occasions," he said, "a man never thinks of himself. You noticed how the Irish Members cheered the additional penny on the Income Tax and the doubling of the stamp on cheques. They will be able to contemplate with equanimity the fresh burden cast upon gentlemen opposite, and upon the already pauperised coal-owners above the Gangway on their side. As for the re-imposition of the corn tax, even if the worst fears be realized and a farthing per loaf be added to the price of daily bread, though possibly embarrassing to the poor man, it won't hurt us. We can always eat toast. Then there is the delightful expedient of again suspending the Sinking Fund and adding to the National Debt. Finally there is the heroic attitude alluded to, presenting to the world in general, in particular to the Boer leaders in conference at Pretoria, the spectacle of a great nation that regards additional war expenditure of eighteen millions and a-half golden sovereigns

much as if they were an equal number of brass farthings."

By-and-by other views will be taken, and other things said. This the impression conveyed by close observation of crowded House on Budget Night.

Business done.—Budget introduced.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—"I forgot GOSCHEN," said RANDOLPH CHURCHILL at the most critical turn in his life. "I forgot Lord ROSEBERRY," said the MARKISS, with hasty glance at the lonely, just now empty, furrow below Gangway.

House in mourning for the lost Leader of the Opposition. The MARKISS, chanting his requiem, observed, among other claims to distinction, that KIMBERLEY belonged wholly to the House of Lords.

"I cannot remember the case of any other Leader in this House," he added, "who had never been in the House of Commons."

A peculiar distinction about Lord ROSEBERRY is that not only was he never in the House of Commons but that this accident of his birth and state is frequently made by him the subject of special lament. The MARKISS, thinking of his own early days, when from his place in the Commons he chiefly delighted in pouring contumely and scorn on DIZZY, all unconscious of the fate fortune had in store for him when, home from Berlin, he should walk arm-in-arm with his esteemed Leader, bringing peace with honour—meditating on this interesting episode in a great career he "forgot Lord ROSEBERRY," and was gently reminded of his existence by

Earl SPENCER, who has no opportunity of forgetting it.

Sing low, my lute, sing low, my lute,
We die and are forgotten.

That inevitable. But good friends might as well wait till we are dead before they quite forget.

The incident not without its moral. It is especially true in public life that no man can serve two masters. Must either devote himself and all his energies to public affairs, or, definitively abandoning the race for the front, may frankly and wholly give himself up to the cultivation of his lonely furrow.

Business done.—In the Commons Budget resolutions carried through Committee. Good deal of grumbling. Usual large majorities.

Mansion House, Wednesday.—In early days House of Commons did not feel bound always to meet at Westminster. Occasionally sojourned at Oxford and elsewhere. To-night temporarily recurs to old habits. Foregather at Mansion House on hospitable invitation of LORD MAYOR to meet the SPEAKER. No difficulty about making a quorum. Every seat taken when LORD MAYOR's Chaplain read prayers (before meat). House made at once. SPEAKER to the fore; in attendance, Sergeant-at-Arms, Deputy Sergeant, Chaplain, and eke the Doorkeepers, dining in Johnsonian fashion behind the screen.

Principal variation from ordinary procedure was that LORD MAYOR, not the SPEAKER, was in the chair, conducted thither by Mace and Sword Bearer. Situation added flavour to the turtle soup, age to the champagne. At Westminster the SPEAKER is lord of all he surveys from the Chair. Awaiting his no Members feverishly con undelivered speeches. To-night it is the SPEAKER who must wait till called upon. No one knows what would happen suppose he, from long habit, rose and on his own initiative delivered a few remarks. Suppose the powdered, gorgeously-uniformed bodyguard of the LORD MAYOR would fall upon him, carry him forth and wall him up in Guildhall. Conscious of this impending penalty, the SPEAKER, repressing inclination to cry "Order, order," when, the waiter being in the room, he desired to have his glass re-filled, sat silent, subdued, till in due course he caught the LORD MAYOR's eye. When he rose a hearty prolonged cheer from crowded, not to say crammed, benches testified to personal popularity won in the fierce fight that beats on the Speaker's Chair.

Mansion House difficult place to speak in for those accustomed to the perfect acoustical properties of House of Commons. Curious consequence followed. LORD MAYOR, proposing health of His Majesty's Ministers, coupled with the

name of COLONIAL SECRETARY, incidentally alluded to Jove. The word, winging its way under the too-lofty roof round the too-many pillars, lost half its letters, falling on the startled ear as "Jo." That friendly colloquialism well enough in smoking-room conversation; a little startling from lips of LORD MAYOR surrounded by the panoply of his state. Members disposed to shake their heads over supposed indiscretion.

"It's all right," said the MEMBER FOR SARK. "In this case Jove and JOE practically the same thing."

Business done.—Turtle, whitebait, baron of beef, the Widow Clicquot



WHAT MR. PICKWICK IS COMING TO.

"Will the right hon. gentleman, the Colonial Secretary, kindly oblige me by replying personally and in a loud and distinct voice to Question No. 34, and with the left elbow leaning lightly on the box. The head a little more to the right, please. Thank you."

impartially lavishing her charms upon honourable Members, married or single.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Earl PERCY sorry he spoke. Wanted to know what's to be done about Colonel LYNCH, whom at a by-election last year an intelligent and patriotic electorate preferred to HORACE PLUNKETT. Seems the gallant, but fugitive, Colonel is embarrassed by possession of houses and land in the neighbourhood of Galway. The Irish tenant, with native politeness, instinctively sets himself to relieve him.

"Sure, the Colonel," they say, "a rare Landleaguer, a friend of WILLIAM O'BRIEN, a colleague of JOHN DILLON's, wouldn't be so mane as to take a penny

of rint. He'd blush if we bothered him by offering it."

So they didn't; the Colonel not that sort of a man. All very well for PATRICK O'BRIEN, Mr. FLYNN and Mr. FLAVIN to denounce landlords who expect their rent to be paid. Themselves haven't any to draw. Colonel LYNCH has a little, and since his tenants, on the delicate but mistaken consideration hinted at, don't pay up, he sues them, just as if he were Lord LONDONDERRY, Lord ARDILAUN, or others of "the Orange gang" loudly denounced to-night by JOHN DILLON.

Earl PERCY wants to know whether Colonel LYNCH, lurking abroad under charge of high treason, will be prevented from using His Majesty's Courts for recovery of rents. Before ATTORNEY-GENERAL could reply up gat Irish Member and asked ATTORNEY-GENERAL whether he was aware that three of Lord PERCY's ancestors were hanged for high treason?

For point and appositeness that beats Bannagher.

Business done.—None. Irish Members, shouldering aside Budget appointed for discussion, appropriated sitting to abuse of Irish Executive and Colonel LYNCH's co-landlords.

THE CAREFUL CALEDONIAN'S LAMENT.

[The Budget imposes an extra penny upon cheques.]

Ye banks and brains o' monied men,
How can my funds the Budget bear?
How can I sign my little cheques
Wi'out a bosom fu' o' care?
Ye'll break me yet, ye little cheques,
That aince I drew wi' sma' concern.
Twa pence! I couldna gie awa'
Sae fell a sum wi'out return.

Aft hae I paid some awfu' bill
Wi' paper I was blithe to sign;
Twa bawbees wasna muckle waste,
And cheques, ye ken, look braw an' fine.
Wi' lightsome heart I signed my name,
I signed it wi' a flourish free;
But noo nae mair I'll bank my cash,
A stockin's guid enough for me.

Who Names these Ships?

Two of the latest creations of the White Star Line have received the singularly ill-constructed names of *Athenic* and *Corinthic* (both *sic*). The following titles, formed on the same principle, have been suggested for fresh additions to the famie galaxy of the Milkic Way:—*Britic*, *Romic*, *Moroccic*, *Portuguic*, *Jerichic*, *Etonic*, *Rugbeic*, *Punchic*, and *Sea-sic*.



Boy (to young lady, who has been unfortunate enough to upset Colonel Bunker). "YOU'D BETTER RIDE ON BEFORE 'E GETS 'IS BREATH, MISS!"
 Young Lady. "WHY?"
 Boy. "I'VE 'EARD 'IM PLAY GOLF!!!"

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

["There is nothing in the world so desirable as a poetic life—if uninterrupted, without anxieties for the daily bread, sustained by noble thought and encouraged by great success."—*Sir Walter Besant's "Autobiography"*]

O GIVE me not the soldier's lot
With marches hot and dusty,
Nor let me, like a lawyer, rot
Mid parchments old and musty;
Nor bid me seek the City, where,
From morn till evening, anxious care
Still haggles over stock and share
In chambers foul and fusty.

But let me keep my study snug,
On downy couch reclining,
While *Ponto* slumbers on the rug,
And sweetly dreams of dining.
There let me bask before the fire
And watch the cloudlets leave my briar,
Like fragrant incense floating higher,
In circles intertwining.

And close within my easy reach
May poets, wits and sages
Be gathered on my shelves to teach
The wisdom of the ages;
Bid SHAKESPEARE sing, now grave, now
gay,
Or LOVELACE pipe his matchless lay,
Or let me while an hour away
O'er MILTON's classic pages.

And, seeing that true poets shrink
From all that's mean and sordid,
And shudder when compelled to think
Of being lodged and boarded,
A modest competence be mine—
A well-filled pipe, a butt of wine—
Some hundreds yearly, eight or nine,
In Consols safely hoarded.

And, since neglect is like a frost
That nips each young endeavour,
I'd have the world, in wonder lost,
Pronounce my volumes clever.
These modest gifts vouchsafe to me,
Ye Sacred Nine, and I will be
Your very humble devotee
Forever and forever.

"STEPHANISMOLOGY."

THE above novel and pretty term (according to the *Globe* of April 16) has been coined to express the science of Coronation-lore and all thereto pertaining. Those who wish to obtain the necessary diploma will be required to pass the following paper, or else stop at home.

1. State the cubic capacity of an average London flat and the maximum number of "shake-downs" each room will contain, mentioning the remotest degree of country-cousinship which can be held to constitute a claim on the flat-owner's hospitality for June 26 and 27.

2. Compare the various metropolitan



THE DOG KNEW HIM.

Farmer. "WHERE'S YOUR DOG, DONALD?"

Donald. "SOLD HIM IN THE MARKET TO-DAY."

Farmer (indignantly). "YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO SELL HIM; SUCH A GOOD, USEFUL DOG! SEE TO GETTING HIM BACK AT ONCE!"

Donald. "HOOT, MON, DINNA FASH YERSEL'. TA PEASTIE KNOWS ME VERRA WEL; I HAVE SOLD HIM MONY TIMES BEFORE!"

parks as sleeping-grounds, drawing as far as possible on your personal experience. What is the proper way to camp out on a bench?

3. Calculate, to the nearest sixpence, the price of the standard penny bun during the Coronation week; and estimate your chances of getting at any rate one square meal at the King's expense.

4. Assuming that all the seats to view the processions will be taken by Americans, which particular kerbstone would you recommend on this occasion? Have you reason to suppose there will be a "slump" in railings or a Trust in lamp-posts?

5. Quote statistics to show (i) how many scribes at the British Museum are compiling descriptions of the ceremony nine weeks beforehand; (ii) how many babies are going to be called "Coronatia" and similar names; and (iii) how many householders will display the Union

Jack and the Royal Standard respectively wrong side up and inside out.

6. Give an abstract and forecast of the Poet Laureate's Ode (no parodies permitted, but prose allowed). Show exactly where allusions to King ALFRED, the thistle, the saxifrage and Siena will occur.

7. Enumerate the various Indian Princes and potentates who propose to attend, and spell their names correctly if you can; explain, as plausibly as possible, the King of Tonga's absence, and draw a picture of the Earl-Marshal struggling with the List of Precedence.

8. Write a short essay from either the burglars' or the pickpockets' point of view on the advantages of a Coronation, and summarise the feelings of the City and Metropolitan police throughout the period in question.

9. Decide which is to be the national flower, as nobody else seems to be able to do so.

"THE 'GERMAN HOOD' ENTERTAINMENT."

CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD having chosen the Elizabethan period for the story of his opera at the Savoy Theatre—a story which only by extreme courtesy could be possibly dignified by being described as a "plot"—has apparently done his utmost to bring his dialogue "back to date" and to flavour it as strongly as possible with sixteenth-century "English as she was spoke" in the time of ELIZABETH.

Aye, marry, and hath not Master BASIL HOOD, "captain" by your leave, my masters, deftly done his self-appointed task? Hath he not caught the very trick of WILL SHAKSPEARE's quips, cranks, and quiddities? Doth he not speak of a doctor as "a leech," and of a lark young woman as a "wild wench"? Doth he not show us the "humours" of *Pistol*, and the stolid drollery of the clownish grave-digger? Go to! Hath he not glibly his "marry," his "nay," his "thees and thous," his "ayes," all right, and a brave song concerning the Yeomen of England? By my halidom, and marry come up, this same captain's book is full of quaint Elizabethan conceits, and among the quaintest is a kind of twentieth-century topical song sung by *Master Wilkins*, a player who turns his back on Her Gracious Majesty, which is "an insult to her very face," as our Waggish-William-Shakspearian librettist would express it.

Evidently Captain HOOD, who may be credited with having studied the subject for the purposes of this libretto, does not hold the humour of these Elizabethan players, nor the wit either of Sir WALTER RALEIGH or of the Earl of ESSEX, in very high esteem. But let me turn from this fascinating subject to the musical opportunities in the opera, of which, it must be acknowledged, there be many, various and as neatly introduced as, according to old operatic tradition, was the song of "*My Cottage near a Wood*" by the tenor who led up to it by exclaiming, "See! a table! and made of wood!! Ah! that (*pathetically*) reminds me of my 'cottage near a wood,' when he forthwith unburdened himself of his ballad. Yet have not these "opportunities" inspired the composer to any extraordinary effort, as his work remains, from first to last, at a light and pleasing level. It is, however, especially good when he is called upon to enliven the proceedings with the tripping measure of a rustic dance. Indeed, the dances are all sprightly and gain encores, though the significance of an encore is considerably discounted by the present practice at the Savoy, which



SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTHDAY, APRIL 23.

"SOUL OF THE AGE,
THE APPLAUSE, DELIGHT, THE WONDER OF OUR STAGE."

"THOU ART ALIVE STILL, WHILE THY BOOK DOETH LIVE,
AND WE HAVE WITS TO READ AND PRAISE TO GIVE!"

encourages the taking of an encore on the very slightest provocation.

The "number" that struck me as the most taking is the quartette, *without a dance* (!) in the second act, which ought to become a great favourite with such sweet singers as are called in to assist aldermanic digestions at a big City dinner. *A propos* of aldermen, the principal comic character, taken by Mr. PASSMORE, is entitled *Walter Wilkins*, "which," as *Sairey Gamp* might say, "a-droppin' of the 's,' I drinks to Sir Walter Wilkin, ex-Lord Mayor, in all love and tenderness." Mr. PASSMORE, hard-working and correct-singing comedian, does his very best through-

"'Tis not in PASSMORE to command success,
But he'll do more, Trombonius, he'll deserve it!"

And deserve it he most certainly does; for, though the presence of *Walter Wilkins* is not absolutely essential, yet without him where would the drollery be? Where would the drily humorous Shakspearian and Elizabethan clowning spirit come in? And, indeed, without him the opera would scarcely occupy the regulation two hours.

Everybody in it is as good as everybody else, and what more perfect commendation can be bestowed on the *tout ensemble*? To Mr. LYTON as *Essex*, Mr. EVETT as the imperturbable and unimpassioned lover, *Raleigh*, Mr. KINGHORN as "another player," and to the giants,



A WEIGHTY REASON.

Rab. "THEY'RE TELLIN' ME THAT TAM STIRDY'S TURNED OOT A GREAT POET SINCE HE GAED TAE LONDON."

Allan. "POET! HOO COULD TAM STIRDY BE A POET? MAN, HE WAS AT THE SCHULE WI' ME!"

Messrs. TORRENCE and CROMPTON, who are as *Gog* and *Magog* among the foresters, all praise is due. There is a party of Shakspearian clowns, a butcher, a baker, a tinker, a tailor, played by Messrs. PINDER, BODDY, LEWIS and ROUS, who are own brothers to *Quince* the bellows mender and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* in the amateur theatrical company of which *Bottom* was the "leading man."

All the ladies of the Savoy are pretty, just as "no one," according to *Mr. Cyrus Bantam*, was "fat or old in Ba-ath," and all sweet singers; Miss AGNES FRASER, fascinating as *Bessie* (oh, the humorous originality of calling her *Bessie*, so as to create some cause of jealousy 'twixt *Queen Bess* and her!); Miss POUNDS, charming as "*Jill-All-Along*" (so Elizabethan too!); and Miss KEDDIE, an ideal "May Queen." Who better than Miss ROSINA BRANDRAM could represent the Maiden Monarch? She is the Last of the Savoyards, and, had she only been limited to posing at the back of the stage on the barge, with the full glare of the glorious lime-light on her gorgeous costume and brilliant wig, she would ever have remained in my memory as does the figure of Mrs. SELBY (playing the same character, assuming the same pose, and arriving in the same manner, only she came by penny steamboat) in the once famous burlesque of *Kenilworth*, in the "good old Elizabethan" days of the little Strand Theatre.

The principal dancer, Miss WINIFRED HART DYKE, is one of the most graceful, most spirited and inspiring of *danseuses* I have seen for a long time, and richly did she deserve the thoroughly hearty encore.

Altogether, a pleasant, sparkling entertainment, beautifully put on the stage, both as to the costumes and Mr. HARFORD's scenery, especially the second act "set" of

Windsor Forest. It is a "show" which, in this time of rather risky plays or too frisky adaptations, may be honestly recommended to the "nobility, gentry and clergy" of *Merrie England*, married and single, and to their wives, families, and guileless children, as a piece no less singularly void of offence in dialogue than innocent of plot; though which, such as it is, sufficiently serves the purpose of the gallant Captain under the command of Savoy Commander-in-Chief, WILLIAM GREET. "PRIVATE BOX."

"AND OH! THE OLD ENGLISH ROAST BEEF!"

[*"There is a widespread suspicion that the American monopolists are about to seize the control of the beef supply of this country."*—*Daily Chronicle*.]

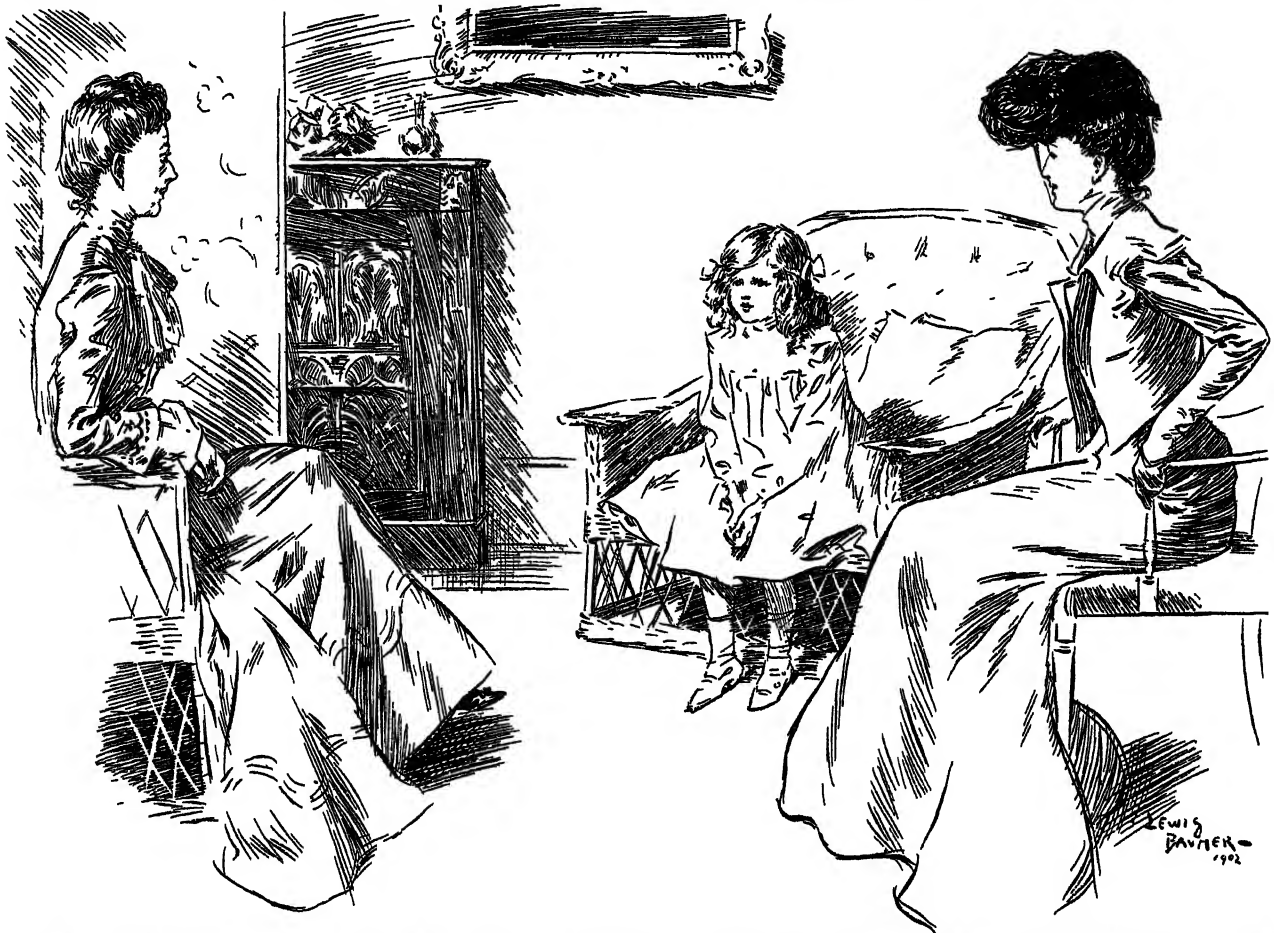
OVERBORNE by the weight of Columbia's packers, Old England long since disappointed her backers, And lowered her colours, in sign of defeat, At the contest of ARMOUR—the Cannae of meat. But no longer content with the feats of their canners, The Yankees advance their victorious banners, Till at last they are able to utter the boast That they mean to be ruling Britannia's roast.

AN ARTISTIC POLICEMAN TAKING UP A SUBJECT.—Policeman A. T. JONES, of Leeds, "from information received" (by the *Daily Telegraph* last Friday), has been informed that "his painting, entitled 'Summer,' representing a moorland scene with sheep," has been retained by the Royal Academy authorities. Here's a lucky combination! A Constable and a Moreland!



"THE DEVOUT LOVERS."

"... WORSHIP HER IN DISTANT REVERENCE."



Mrs. Bellairs (to visitor). "SO SORRY, MY DEAR, I CAN'T ASK YOU TO STAY, BUT I HAVE PROMISED TO TAKE EVELY FOR A DRIVE THIS AFTERNOON."

Visitor (pleasantly). "MY DEAR, I'M JUST OFF. I KNOW IT DOESN'T DO TO KEEP THE HORSES STANDING ABOUT."

Evely (small and irrepressible). "OH, MUMMY DEAR, I DO HOPE THE BUS WON'T BE CROWDED!"

CATCHWORDS FOR THE MILLION.

II.—"THE EQUAL RIGHTS OF MAN."

[In the following lines a further attempt is made to reproduce the unreasoning but unshakable attitude of the rustic maid in WORDSWORTH'S *We are Seven*.]

AN artless, dull, mechanic fool,
By Union catchwords caught—
Why should he want a better school
Of economic thought?

It was a gracious morn of Spring,
The hour was half-past six,
Some men were on a scaffolding
Engaged in laying bricks.

My fancies, soaring with the lark,
Recurring to common soil,
I felt I could not but remark
The dignity of Toil.

Anon I set this thought aside,
Observing one that cast
Reproaches on his mate and cried,
"Ere, stow it! not so fast!"

"Good friend," I said, in wonder lost,
"I am concerned to know
What is the cause why you accost
Yon earnest workman so?"

"If to be idle were a sin,
I naturally ask
Why you should want to check him in
The middle of his task?"

"Guv'nor," he said, "you take my
word,
It 's time 'e 'ad a rest;
It ain't no manners in a bird
To queer his neighbour's nest.

"If 'e don't mend 'e 'll 'ave to quit;
I know 'is nawsty tricks;
'E works too rapid; 'e 's a bit
Too 'andy with 'is bricks!

"Take it from me, that 's why I 'm put
To check 'is little plan,
An' stop 'im trampin' under foot
THE EQUAL RIGHTS O' MAN!"

"If in the act of laying bricks
He tastes a human joy,
Would you propose," I said, "to fix
A term to that employ?"

"Read what the Union bosses say!"
That guileless swain replied;
"They lets us lay so much a day,
And not a brick beside.

"'E'd like to knock the stiffuns out,
By layin' all he can;
I tell him straight, 'Ere, 'ow about
THE EQUAL RIGHTS O' MAN?'"

"Your case," I cried, "betrays a flaw;
The souls of men are free;
You seem to overlook the law
Of manhood's liberty.

"On Competition's eager head
You place a tyrant's ban."
"That 's 'ow our motto runs," he
said—
"THE EQUAL RIGHTS O' MAN!"

"But you ignore," I answer made,
"You place upon the shelf
The promise of celestial aid
To him that helps himself.

"Each should improve what hours he
may
Within his mortal span."
Vain words! he still would have his
way;—

"That 's what the Union bosses say—
'THE EQUAL RIGHTS O' MAN!'"

O. S.

AN ADIEU.

LITTLE boy blue with no cap to your head,
Whom these three centuries Londoners knew,
London's farewell to you now has been said—
Little boy blue!

Fancy would wistfully pass in review
All your old schoolfellows, Londoners bred—
LAMB, HUNT, and COLERIDGE, once children like you.
London goes on with monotonous tread
Over its pavements of gloomiest hue,
Looking yet dingier since you have fled—
Little boy blue.

"SANCTA SIMPLICITAS!"

(At the Criterion Theatre.)

"I'm a 'young girl from the country,'
But you can't get over me!"—*Old Song.*

At the commencement of last week, clever Miss ANNIE HUGHES and capital company transferred themselves in two pieces (though the company is not broken up) from the Prince of Wales's to the Criterion, where the success already achieved will, I should be inclined to say, be not only continued but considerably increased.

A *Bit of Old Chelsea* is, I believe, by this time as established a favourite with the public as is Miss ANNIE HUGHES herself, whose rendering of "*Saucers*," a street flower-girl, has won for Mrs. OSCAR BERINGER's little one-act piece such a genuine success as is not very often achieved by curtain-raisers of even greater pretensions.

Miss HUGHES is ably seconded by Mr. MALCOLM DUNN as *Jack Hillier*, the good-natured, rather unprincipled artist, and Mr. HUBERT WALDRON, as the lark and not too sober art student, his fellow-lodger, *Phil McDonnell*. This piece, preceding Mr. ARTHUR LAW's farcical comedy, entitled *A Country Mouse*, is admirably placed, as it brings into strong contrast the two very different parts played by Miss HUGHES on the same evening; the one being the sketch of a certain type of the uneducated, outspoken, and honest London gutter-girl, about nineteen years old, and the other the finished impersonation of a sufficiently well-educated, dissembling and sharp young lady, of about the same age as the aforesaid gutter-girl, and who, bred in a provincial town, on arriving as a stranger in London, knows her way about as thoroughly as the most experienced, most desperate flirt, or the wildest aspirant for the honours of the Divorce Court. *Angela Muir*, as the "country girl" is named, is an English specimen of *Mademoiselle Sainte Nitouche*, so well known on the French stage.

The last act of the piece, with its doors and cupboards, where all the parties in difficulties have, in the ordinary course of business, to conceal themselves, certainly suggests reminiscences of a number of other farces, past and present, to whose success the rabbit-warren of ingeniously-contrived exits and entrances was as absolutely essential as is the screen to the classic situation in *The School for Scandal*. Admitted that after two such well-conceived and excellently written acts as are the first two of *A Country Mouse*, there was a certain very evident risk in placing all these comedy characters in absurdly farcical situations, yet Mr. LAW has come out of the self-imposed difficulty with flying colours. The first two acts are comedy, the third is farce. That he has been exceptionally fortunate in his cast he himself would be the very first to admit. Miss ANNIE HUGHES, as the sly little hypocritical "girl from the country," is simply perfection.

After the cleverly written and capitally acted scene in the second act between demure *Angela* and the dashing *Lady*

Sylvia (Miss GRANVILLE), when "*Sancta Simplicitas*" is left the victor on the field, the sly drollery of *Angela's* utterance, as she leans on her croquet-mallet and purrs out, just so audibly as to be particularly confidential, the words, "How she gave herself away!" is inimitable; it is true comedy. Needless to say that this "curtain" brings down the house, and that all who have taken part in the act share in the thoroughly well-deserved honours of several hearty recalls.

There is not a single (or married) really moral person in the piece, with the exception of *Jephcot* the old butler, a character played with great tact by Mr. FREDERICK VOLPE, as even the long-suffering husband, Mr. *John Bowlby*, M.P. (forcibly played by Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE), has brought his fate on his own head by his *mariage de convenance* with the Duke's daughter; and he himself, when alone with "the Mouse," gives certain indications, artistically conveyed by the actor to the audience, of being inclined to take rather more than either a fatherly or even elder-brotherly interest in the wicked little flirt, who, of course, when married, will command a superior hand in trumps to that held by *Becky Sharp*, and play them far better.

The naughty old *Duke of St. Kitts*, an utterly unprincipled old "rake," is most amusingly played by Mr. C. W. SOMERSET, while Mr. AUBREY FITZGERALD gives us one of his perfect portraits of a society masquerader, *Lord Robert Wyckham*, who in a Shakspearian cast would be described as "a foolish lord," and who, like a certain character in a German comedy (the resemblance is the merest chance), never makes love to any but a married woman, but is trapped into marriage by *Violet Aynsley* (played in her most fascinating manner by Miss VANE FEATHERSTON), a young lady only one degree less immoral than any of the other characters in the play, on account of her being, presumably, a spinster.

Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER, as the *Hon. Archibald Vyse*, whose immorality is intensified by his quiet gentlemanly demeanour, gives us a type of modern man of the world as new to the stage as it is absolutely true to its model in society. The *Hon. Archie* is not worse than the others; in fact, as he really means marriage when he falls in (what he considers) love with the "Country Mouse," and as he, for the moment, seriously intends reformation, he is so far better than that ancient *roué*, the *Duke of St. Kitts*, who only offers his hand to *Angela* when that hand has been forced by the "Mouse's" latest and most artful escapade. *Archie Vyse* is the victim, and at the finish he is left in precisely the same position with regard to his *liaison* with *Lady Bowlby* as he was at the beginning of the story. There is something pathetic in Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER's attitude, as he turns away from *Lady Bowlby* and that entanglement, and regards the future gay young Duchess of St. Kitts in the arms of his victorious rival, the old Duke, for whom he already begins to feel a certain affection engendered of supremest pity.

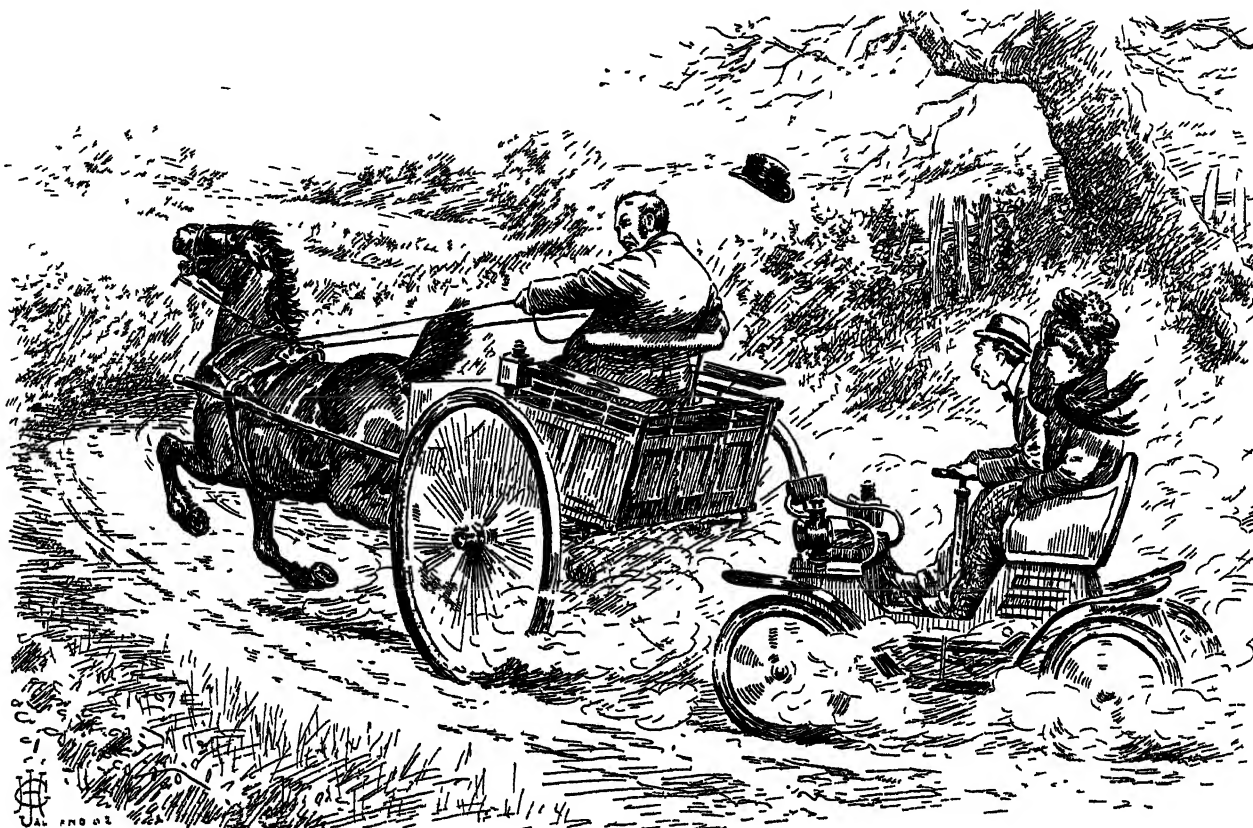
So the curtain descends, and the audience are not only as satisfied as were the immortal twin brethren, *Box and Cox*, but they are enthusiastic in their demonstrations of delight. There's good omen in the name of "LAW," for certainly the author himself, with Mr. FRANK CURZON, whose "season" it is, and Miss ANNIE HUGHES & Co., will find in the run of this piece how highly remunerative is the combination of "the Law and the Profits." At least, such is the opinion of
A TOWN MOUSE.

PROFESSIONAL AND PECULIAR.—Two brothers in the journalistic line, not quite the first line, invariably combined their talents in making up paragraphs for newspapers. They were known as "*Par*," *nobile fratrum*." When subsequently their dealings were regarded with some little suspicion, the quotation was altered to "*Par nobilely fratrum*."



A MORGANATIC MARRIAGE.

THE LATEST AMERICAN DO(D)GE WEDS THE ATLANTIC WITH A 'RING.'



Farmer (in cart). "Hi, stop! Stop, you fool! Don't you see my horse is running away?"
 Driver of Motor-car (hired by the hour). "Yes, it's all very well for you to say 'stop' but I've forgotten how the blooming thing works!"

THE LAY OF THE LINERS.

[Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN is the syndicate manager of the new Atlantic shipping trust, which includes several of the great British steamship lines. American interests are to control the combination. Mr. ROCKEFELLER and the other "Standard Oil" magnates are underwriting the capital.]

Ye mariners of England,
 Give up your native seas!
 Your flag has braved too many years
 The battle and the breeze.
 The glorious Standard Oil Combine
 And MORGAN run the show,
 And they'll sweep clean the deep
 Where the stormy winds do blow—
 Where the liners whistle loud and
 long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Columbia heeds no landmarks;
 No Powers their own can keep;
 She marches in with flag a-wave,
 And buys the country cheap.
 The fortunes of her millionaires
 To sums colossal grow,
 But they roar still for more
 While the stormy winds do blow—
 While the liners whistle loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow.

And PIERPONT now is planning
 His next terrific boom,

And Britons troubled nights will pass
 Till they learn their latest doom.
 Meanwhile, ye ocean greyhounds,
 The dividends shall flow
 To the bank of the Yank
 While the stormy winds do blow—
 While the liners whistle loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow.

OUR "APPALLING DANGER!" (A Breakfast-table Dialogue.)

Mr. Blewphunque (reading medical paper). Good heavens! MARIA, you don't know what an awful risk we're running in London!

Mrs. B. No! what? You frighten me! Are we going to fall through into those tubes? Is anybody going to dynamite us?

Mr. B. No—far worse than that! In fact, I hardly dare to tell you!

Mrs. B. Be—be brave, HENRY! We are insured against falling brickbats and runaway steam-rollers and frostbite and everything else, aren't we?

Mr. B. Yes, my love; but I didn't foresee this! Here's the *Lancet* says there is an appalling danger in having our letters laid on the breakfast-table, for somebody has licked the fold of the envelope and the gum side of the stamp,

and there may have been microbes on his tongue. Or the postman's hands may not be bacteriologically clean, and he has perhaps let the letters drop in the microbic dust and mud in the streets. . . .

Mrs. B. What are we to do? And you've just opened one. How wickedly careless of you! Burn it at once, and that one, too—it looks like a bill!

Mr. B. My dear, we must leave London. The place is not safe, with twelve posts a day. The wonder is that we have managed to live so long. However, we mustn't stay an hour later!

Mrs. B. Where shall we go to escape this horrible post? Get Bradshaw, quick, HENRY, on your life!

Mr. B. No, Bradshaw is bacteriologically unsafe—it was bought off a railway stall; think of all the excursionists that have passed in front of it. . . .

Mrs. B. Then we must go by boat, as the trains aren't safe.

Mr. B. I have it! We'll go to St. Kilda. There's no post there at all for eight months in the year. That will be the place where we can give our nerves a rest from the *Lancet*, too! I could not stand many more such shocks. Let us go and get disinfected at once!

[*Exeunt into voluntary quarantine.*]

BACK AGAIN!

It's back again and home again to hear the thrushes sing,
To feel upon my face once more the breathing of the Spring—
The fresh and gentle English breeze that stirs a wild desire
And makes the step as light as air and sets the heart afire.

It's back again and home again! and never have I seen
The hedgerows starting into life with brighter bursts of
green;

A dead and joyless sight they were when April had begun,
But now they seem to sing with life beneath the kindly sun.

"Make haste, ye trees," the blackbird calls, "your shining
white to don;

The cherry-tree is ready robed, her bridal dress is on;"
And out the modest blossoms peep, then flash into the light,
And every blazing fruit-tree bears its coronal of white.

Let others praise their foreign skies and all the claims
advance

Of sun-steeped fields in Italy and vine-clad slopes in France;
And let them sing the land of Spain and all that makes it
fair—

One dewy patch of English lawn is worth a province there.

One velvet patch of English lawn, and on it running free
The little fair-haired short-frocked maid who's all the world
to me.

Her hair outshines Italian suns, and all the flowers that
grace

The meads of France must fail to match the roses in her
face.

So it's back again and home again! and when the evening
comes

We sit and hear the clash of swords, the rolling of the
drums—

(It's all a story old as old), and, lo, the trumpets call,
And twenty thousand mail-clad men come spurring through
the hall.

And maidens to the book-shelf bound (it serves in place of
tree)

Await the young, the gallant knight who rides to set them
free;

And giants in the corners lurk—beware! my dear, beware!—
And little fitting fairy shapes play sentry on the stair.

"Goodnight, God bless you, Daddy," and so it's off to bed,
And soon upon the pillow shines the curly little head,
Ye tricky fairies, kind and gay, wing hither swift your
flight,

Oh, keep your watch about her cot and guard her through
the night!

R. C. L.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"PEOPLE who met BLACK in casual acquaintanceship were puzzled when they recalled the author of *Madcap Violet* as he appeared to them—shy, silent, reserved, intensely matter-of-fact, only moved to animation as it seemed by the talk of salmon fishers or connoisseurs of cigars, or perhaps, if the moment were propitious, of art critics. They wondered how such a man could have written such a book. They did not understand that the writer was the real BLACK, the other only the commonplace mask behind which the true man was hidden." Here we have the keynote of Sir WEMYSS REID's story of the life of *William Black, Novelist* (CASSELL). The biographer has not been overcome with wealth of material. After all, BLACK led an uneventful life, apparently not illumined by

distinctive correspondence, contributed whether by himself or others. Sir WEMYSS forthwith puts his finger on the meaning and mystery of his real life. At heart a Highlander, within a limited circle of family and friends occasionally boisterous in his fun, he appeared in some dining-rooms and in any drawing-room a reserved, uncommunicative Lowlander, appropriately born in Glasgow. My Baronite knew WILLIAM BLACK in the outer world of office and social life, and in his den overlooking the Thames at the bottom of Buckingham Street, a house in which CHARLES DICKENS once lived, rooms in which *David Copperfield* visited his friend *Steerforth*. With that knowledge he recognises in the work of Sir WEMYSS a true picture, tenderly drawn, of a great man of letters, one who, under a cold exterior, awkwardly hid a warm heart and a mind sunlit with delicate fancy.

Of Sir HENRY THOMPSON's invaluable work on *Food and Feeding*, which has passed through so many editions, the Baron, as representing innumerable students who have vastly benefited by Sir HENRY's labour of love for his fellow creatures, has had on more than one occasion to speak in terms of the very strongest commendation. It remains a standard work, nay the standard work for the guidance of all who, loving life, would see good days, and experience likewise tranquil nights with refreshing slumbers. In that work it was taken for granted that its thoughtful readers would carefully consider the hygienic question of bodily exercise, and thus it happened that, though the necessity for exercise was insisted upon, yet to it allusion was made only incidentally. Then Sir HENRY wrote as the experienced instructor of dinner-givers, dinner-eaters, and diner-outers; now he gives us the benefit of his new experiences as Pro-motor of the Motors, that is, in his present work, the author considers the practical use and value of the motor-car as contributing to the health and happiness of mankind in general, more particularly of that section of it possessed of sufficient wealth to look upon the cost and keep of a motor-car and motor-carman as permissible luxuries. Sir HENRY does not at once reject a novelty simply because it is "new-fangled." He tests an invention, hears pros and cons, puts the matter to the proof, and then gives to the world the result, favourable or not, of his personal experience. By doing this he hopes that the happiness of the majority will be increased. It is never too late to experimentalise if there be a fair chance of the end justifying the means. And so, in the spirit of the eminent ancient philosopher who at eighty began learning to play the fiddle, Sir HENRY writes:—

"I had passed my eightieth year before I gained my first experience of a motor-car drive, and trust, although a late beginner, I may yet live a year or two longer to enjoy the same pleasure and profit as I have already derived from the practice."

"*Ad multos annos!*" quoth the Baron, quaffing to Sir HENRY. Then he gives us a history of motoring from 1824 up to the present day. He lures us with charming descriptions of the pleasantest trips to be taken by the Londoner to whom dinner-time is an object. *On revient toujours à nos premiers amours*. Be it observed, too, that Sir HENRY is a public benefactor, not only by giving "skeleton routes" (this sounds like bone-shaking, but it isn't), which, if followed, will take all motor-carists out of town, from London to Manchester, Worthing, Ramsgate, Hastings, St. Leonards and Folkestone, to Doncaster, Wolverhampton, and as far north as Edinburgh, but, *in no single instance, does he even so much as suggest the idea of their coming back again!* London is the starting-point, all the other places are bournes whence no motor-carist returns. Ah! *motor-caro mio!* are there not a few whom some of us would speed on their way with a hearty "*bon voyage*"? Sir HENRY gives his followers a line of route, gives them, in fact, as much line as is good for them, leaving the most crowded thoroughfares to be occupied by buses, cabs,

equestrians, pedestrians, and private carriages. Let the "scorchers" (may donkey-engines dance on their great-grandmothers' graves!) take the routes indicated to the motor-carists, and "never come back no more, boys!" Sir HENRY's recipe for cooking the goose of a too officious policeman is excellent: the sauce, to which the magistrate is to be treated, is appetising. Altogether, this is a work most useful to practical motor-carists. It is to be regretted that it was not illustrated by some motor-car-icaturist; but, despite this, to all whom Providence has blessed with a sense of humour it is delightful reading. It is published by FREDERICK WARNE & Co. (London and New York), and is modestly entitled, *The Motor Car; An Elementary Handbook on its Use and Management*, by Sir Henry Thompson, Bart., F.R.C.S., M.B., &c.

For a King's Counsel Mr. BODKIN shows himself in *Shillelagh and Shamrock* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) reprehensively sympathetic with lawlessness. My Baronite is unfamiliar with the learned gentleman's daily career at the Irish Bar, but he imagines he does not habitually hold a brief for the Crown. This leaves him a freer hand to deal with the characters of his lively stories, the point in nearly all cases turning upon a breach of the law, in which a broth of a boy, occasionally assisted by a pretty colleen, gets the better of the landlord, the constabulary, or "the removable." Mr. BODKIN has tapped again the hogshead (about the size of the island) of Irish fun, first sampled for the Saxon by LOVER and LEVER. It proves to be as fresh and as stimulating as ever. The K.C. is not only fortunate in inventing (or discovering) his stories. He tells them admirably.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ!

[An exhibition of black-and-white drawings by Mr. Punch's leading artists will be opened at the Woodbury Gallery, 37, New Bond Street, on May 5th. The whole of the proceeds derived from the charge for admission will be given to the funds of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street.]

GENTLES, who have never guessed
How the Wonders of the Age
Look before you see them dressed
Out in print on *Punch's* page,
Ranged in one convenient place
You shall see your favourite brands
In their native pristine grace,
As they left the Masters' hands.
Woodbury Gallery, 5th of May;
Note the scene and opening date;
Also note that what you pay
(Quite a trifle) at the gate
Goes to soothe the children's lot,
Goes to help them bear their pain,
In the Home where *Punch's* cot
Takes and makes them well again.



G. L. STANKIN -

She (to Raphael Greene, who paints gems for the R.A. that are never accepted). "I DO HOPE YOU'LL BE HUNG THIS YEAR. I'M SURE YOU DESERVE TO BE!"

A CELTIC PRESERVE.

You tell me that the poet's fame
We Saxons cannot hope to capture;
For Celts alone you coolly claim
A "corner" in poetic rapture;
They roam through dazzling realms of gold
In prosperous quest of fairy glamour;
And while they speak out "loud and bold"
The duller Saxon can but stammer.

'Tis yours to prove the Muses ought
In an un-Celtic land to lack sons;
That SHELLEY, KEATS and BROWNING
wrought
In vain, for they, alas! were
Saxons;

To prove that poets only dwell
Among the favoured Celtic nations—
(Though SHAKESPEARE managed pretty well,
Despite his racial limitations!)

But he was Celtic by descent,
And all his song was atavistic;
How else—so runs your argument—
Could he have left us half a distich?
Such special pleading leaves me mute,
I have no further breath to wrangle;
So have your way;—the Celt's "acute,"
The Saxon but an "obtuse" Angle!

The Pace that Kills,
HAVE a care how you speed!
Take the motorist's case:—
On his tomb you can read,
"Requiescat in pace."

LOOKING FORWARD.

["In the election of a student to a scholarship regard shall be had to (i.) his literary and scholastic attainments; (ii.) his fondness of and success in manly outdoor sports, such as cricket, football, and the like; (iii.) his qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for the protection of the weak, kindness, unselfishness and fellowship, and (iv.) his exhibition during school days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates."—*Mr. Rhodes's Will.*]

SCENE—Oxford: The Schools. The "Responsions" List has just been published.

Chorus of Colonial Scholars.

Ploughed again! Unhappy mortals,
How misfortune on us falls!
Every time we cross these portals
We are ploughed again in Smalls.

Once and twice and thrice and four times
Yearly do we seek these halls.
Deary me! How many more times
Are we doomed to fail in Smalls?

Enter Proctor.

Proc. What is that air of melancholy dole
That breathes despairing sorrow's very soul,
So that my stern proctorial heart acknowledges
The pathos of it? Sirs, your name and colleges!

Cho. All colonial scholars we,
Hasting over land and sea
From the Empire's ends to be
Alma Mater's scholars;
From the khaki veld we come,
From Canadian winters some,
From the isles of cane and rum,
From the land of dollars.

We are here to taste the store—
Culture, wisdom, wit and lore—
Garnered from the days of yore
In these classic halls, Sir;
But our pilgrimage is vain,
Though we toil with weary brain,
We are always ploughed again
When we sit for Smalls, Sir.

Proc. Strange is the tale you tell, upon my conscience!
Scholars, and yet you cannot pass Responsions?
Tell me, you stalwart giant with the torso
Of Hercules,—you Samson, only more so,
How came you here?

First Colonial Scholar. I only had to strip:
My muscles won for me my scholarship.
'Tis my delight from morn to night
To spar and fence, to box and fight,
I'm a Rugger blue, and it's quite, quite true
That the Cantabs flee when I come in view.
So I scored full marks for height and girth,
And cent. per cent. my arm was worth,
And none could vie with this matchless thigh,
For I am the strongest man on earth.

Proc. I quite believe it. Muscles so divine
I never saw. Now you, Sirs—what's your line?

Second Col. Sch.

A WASHINGTON I, with a soul too high
To condescend to the whitest lie;
A hero near to the future peer
Who said, "Pray, Grandmamma, what is fear?"
So I scored full marks for courage and truth,
Good nature, kindness, friendship, ruth;
I was easily best in the purity test,
For I am a model of manly youth.

Third Col. Sch.

When I was at school I was doubtless a fool
At learning a verb or a grammar rule,
But although not bred with a bookish head,
Wherever I went, I always led.
So I scored the maximum marks, of course,
In leading instinct; without recourse
To sordid cram, I cleared the exam.,
For I am a tower of moral force.

Proc. Extraordinary! This is some wild dream,
Some horrid nightmare! You, the Empire's cream,
Come here to fail in *Euclid* I. and II.,
Cæsar and *Xenophon*?

First Col. Sch. Alas, too true.

Proc. I have listened with emotion
To the painful case you state,
For I never had a notion
Oxford was so out of date;
Never dreamt that we neglected
All that ought to be respected.

But, ye noble martyrs, weep not,
Neither let the tear down fall;
I am roused and I shall sleep not
Till we change the statutes all.
Lo! a mist before my eyes is!
Oxford of the future rises.

You shall seek no more the crammer,
Grinding up, to please the dons,
Odds and ends of *Latin* grammar
Or the *asinorum pons*.
Cæsar shall no longer hurt you;
You shall pass in manly virtue.

'Twixt the goals and at the wicket
Ye shall live athletic lives,
Taking double firsts in cricket,
Football, rowing, golf and fives;
Winning fellowships in coxing,
Chairs and tutorships in boxing.

When for manliness the Craven
Is awarded; when my eyes
See the muscular and brave 'un
Carry off the Ireland prize,
Then at length shall Oxford Greats men
Really be Imperial statesmen.

THE HAPPY DESPATCHCOCK.

To write a good despatch, the Duke of WELLINGTON once remarked, is a harder thing than to gain a victory.

The following examples will be of service to generals in their next campaign. In composing them, we have been careful to imitate the polished English, the lucid style, and the distinguished courtesy of the best recent models.

1. *General A. (in command) to General B.*—"There seems approximate reason for supposing that a certain force of the enemy, composed of, according to reports of native runners, whose stories are not trustworthy, five hundred, or, it may be, fifteen thousand men, are, or have been at a time comparatively recent, in the neighbourhood of one of the hills on your right rear flank. I propose to consider the situation thus outlined for the next few days, and in the event of your coinciding with the view here indicated you will remain in your present position by 2.33 this afternoon, while proceeding to develop a frontal attack by rear subsections, enfilading the entire force opposed to you within thirty miles, detaching the whole of your main force

from its outposts for this purpose. But should you think otherwise you will act differently. Be good enough therefore to abandon your baggage, and to carry out the precise instructions here given without a moment's delay."

2. *General B. to General A. (by heliogram, the operator being under the influence of sunstroke).*—"Instructions carried to credit account no discount for cash am just moving await orders no reinforcements wanted all is lost."

3. *General A. to General B.*—"Message ambiguous. In continuance of former despatch, delay movement until guns have come, if there are any guns. Consult Colonel C. as to this. Why have you not moved?"

4. *General B. to Colonel C.*—"Have you any news of guns? Position very grave. In my opinion caution essential, and two cavalry squadrons should be sent somewhere, or, if not, elsewhere. Supposing double entrenched force surprises advance body, can you throw out wings of Army Service Corps to immediate rear of position which other troops would pass on right towards north-west? Reply at once to the chief."

5. *General B. to General A.*—"Seventeen unarmed infantry despatched to seize enemy's position. Colonel C. suggests this, and I concur. Fear retreat necessary. Advise at once on this."

6. *Fragment of General A.'s despatch to War Office.*—"...one of the most magnificent achievements in the annals of the British Army, terminating in a regrettable incident which led to our retreat. But we have lost no more than a thousand men, and our success was notable indeed. (P.S.—*Not necessarily for publication.*) Of all the incompetent and imbecile bunglers, General B. and Colonel C. are the worst. I can never employ either of them again."

From General B.'s ditto—"A fine chance absolutely wasted by Colonel C.'s idiotic misunderstanding of plain instructions."

Colonel C. will doubtless send home a few remarks on the strategy of Generals A. and B., but the War Office will probably think that the publication of these "would serve no useful purpose."

BY THE RIVER DOTTY.

[There was no true angler and thorough sportsman who was not a little "gone."—*The Vice-President of the Piscatorial Society*]

As I wandered by the side of that good trout-stream, the Dotty, I came upon a gentleman sitting on the bank with his rod beside him, looking worried.

"You are in trouble?" I asked.



THE HUNT STEEPLE-CHASE SEASON.

The Joys of a Gentleman Rider.

Voice from the Crowd. "NOW, THEN, GUV'NOR, TAKE CARE YOU DON'T GET SUNBURNT!"

"Yes," he said, "I can't fasten myself on."

"Fasten yourself on!" I repeated in surprise.

"Onto the cast," he explained; "and there's a splendid trout feeding under that willow. It is a nuisance."

"Why should you want to fasten yourself on?" I asked. "Wouldn't a fly be better?"

"I am a fly," he announced, "a red spinner. I am very good for catching trout." A new idea struck him. "Will you fasten me on?"

"All right," I said, "where shall I fasten you?"

"By my bootlace, please," he answered.

So I tied the cast securely to his bootlace.

He thanked me profusely; and then a new problem arose.

"Oh, bother," he said, "I can't throw myself."

"Why not?" I asked.

"I should flick myself off," he said

regretfully. Then his face brightened. "You throw me," he suggested.

"I never did such a thing in my life," I assured him. "Why not swim out to the trout? I'll hold the rod."

"Swim!" he exclaimed in horror, "I am a dry fly."

"I don't know what to suggest, then," I said.

Fortunately at this moment a tall figure appeared in the distance coming towards us.

"Ah, that's all right," said my companion, "he'll throw me."

"Will he?" I replied in some mystification.

"Yes," he continued, "he thinks he's a flyrod. He isn't really, you know, but that doesn't matter, he will be only too glad to throw me."

At this point I thought it wise to depart lest someone should arrive who imagined himself to be a gaff, so I wished him "good-day," and hurried off in the opposite direction.



Our Spring Poet (seeking a little inspiration from Nature). "MARK THE GLOW IN THE SKY! THE DARK SOMBRE HUE OF THE FIELDS! AND THERE THE SOWER SLOWLY WALKING, WALKING, SCATTERING THE GOOD SEEDS UPON THE BOSOM OF MOTHER EARTH! IT'S GRAND! IT'S MAGNIFICENT!" (A whiff of air is blown to him from the fields.) "HEGH!—UGH!—ACH! IT'S NOT SEEDS—IT'S GUANO! BUT IT'S FINE—UGH!—ALL THE SAME!"

[Beats a hasty retreat]

"CORONETS TO ORDER."

To a shop in Piccadilly enter Poppa, Momma, and the Only Daughter.

Poppa. Say, that sign in your store window, "Coronets to order." Think we'd like some fixed up, now, before the rush. Guess you can put the tape round right here?

Shopman (puzzled, but remembering the West End tradesman's tradition of courtesy). Well—er—yes, that is to say—what rank—my—my lord?

[Gobbles the last word in case the customer chances to be a duke who has spent three months in California.]

Poppa. Ra-ank? *(Whispers to Momma.)* Waal, what ra-anks d'ye stock?

Shopman. Well—*(thinks for a second and then risks disgrace)*—Sir, we supply, of course, to all grades of the nobility. Dukes, Marquises, Viscounts, and—

Poppa (turning quickly). Duke! Duke,

that's it, that'll fit me. Say, Momma, what've you chosen? Better have a Countess. You'd look real el'gant in a Countess coronet.

Momma. What'll it figure at, JAKE?

Poppa. Oh, scat to the figure! We're going to see the thing through now we're out, anyway. Now, AURELIA, slide out your fancy.

Only Daughter (immensely interested). Oh, Pop, a Marchioness for me, I guess.

Poppa (benevolently). Now we're fixed. One Duke, one Marchioness, and one Countess. Say, Mister, just see if our heads'll fit.

[Whips off his hat and motions to the women to unfix theirs.]

Shopman (with great deference). Certainly, Sir. Might I enquire if you have secured your tickets for the ceremony in the Abbey? I understand there will be a great demand and—

Poppa (confidently). Tickets? Oh,

don't you worry about them. We'll get right there. Now, just you fix us up these coronets, and I'll do the paying. Now, Momma and AURELIA—

Shopman. Of course, if you wish it, Sir, but if I might be allowed to suggest—

Poppa (rising, and speaking with a splutter). See here, young man, am I out to buy coronets or your notions? Tell you what, send me up two of each.—JAKE P. HUNTINGTON *(gives card of address)*—and if they ain't on time you'll hear from me. And don't you worry about no measurement. I'll just take what you've got. And if we can't wear the darned things here, we'll wear 'em at home. And say, young man, express them crowns to me to-night, and I'll pay spot cash on delivery. Good afternoon!

[Collects Momma and AURELIA, and exits with democratic dignity.]



WHICH WINS?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, April 21.—“The right hon. gentleman,” said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, leaning persuasively across the Table, gazing on stricken figure of ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS (including

Pip whilst yet a boy, inmate of the home of his sister Mrs. Gargery. *Pip* relates how Mr. Pumblechook would “drag me up from my stool (usually by the collar) where I was quiet in a corner, and, putting me before the fire as if I were going to be cooked, would begin by saying, ‘Now, Mum, here is this

ing to dreary drip of deprecation, unvaried by word of approval. For a while, taking a blotting-pad on his knees, he made believe to be engaged in private correspondence. A poor pretence, designed to hide a seared heart. A flush of hope mantled his brow when FABER got up to make maiden speech. Mr. ALFRED PICKWICK DAVIES, who had rather a ruffled time with Chairman of Ways and Means, loudly cheered. Somehow got it into his head that FABER was the man who wrote the hymns; not sure whether it was Hymns Ancient or Modern; certainly one of the twain. Delusion strengthened by FABER producing what looked like a pocket hymn-book, but was in fact the notes for his maiden speech.

Mr. PICKWICK moved uneasily in his seat, furtively cocking his coat-tail. If the Chairman had been in more amicable mood he would like to have risen, and, turning friendly countenance on the newcomer, remarked, “Will the hon. Member for the Andover Division of Hants kindly oblige by giving us at this stage, the Budget being completed, a verse from ‘Now the labourer’s task is o’er,’ and will he kindly pronounce the words distinctly?”

But the Chairman was in hopeless mood. In spite of Mr. PICKWICK’S winning way, he had declined to let him discuss the salary of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER; had refused to hear him on military expenditure; and, when he



SW-FT M-ON-LL GIVING H-CKS B-CH A “BIT OF HIS MIND.”

an extra penny on cheques), “will by this time perceive he has not introduced a popular Budget.”

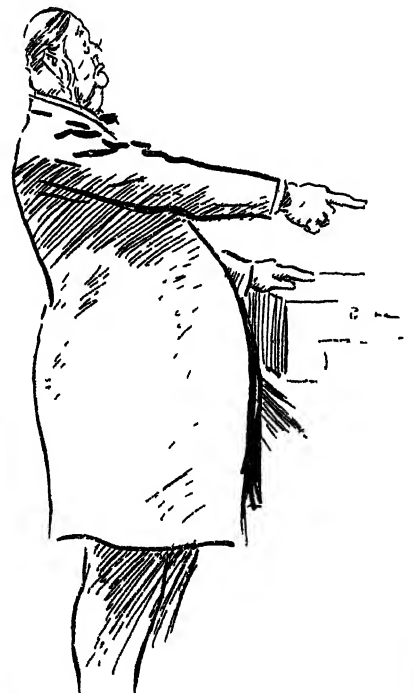
Personal relations between these eminent statesmen are peculiar and pleasant. Political opponents, successors to each other at the Treasury, one going in when the other is turned out, they ever retain a mutual, admiring regard. The SQUIRE, ten years senior in age, though ST. MICHAEL is in Parliamentary position four years older, inclined to treat his right hon. friend after the manner of an elder brother suspicious that his junior is disposed to stay out a little late at nights, to smoke stronger things than bits of cane, unduly to indulge in habit, publicly confessed, of taking more shandy-gaff than is desirable for one of his years.

The MEMBER FOR SARK, whose fancies are acute, often far-fetched, discovers in the SQUIRE’S bearing towards ST. MICHAEL reminiscence of *Uncle Pumblechook’s* moral attitude towards

boy! Here is this boy which you brought up by hand. Hold up your head, boy, and be for ever grateful unto them which so did do. Now, Mum, with respectations to this boy.’ And then he would rumple my hair the wrong way.”

Of course nothing of this kind takes place, though possibly there is in the SQUIRE’S attitude towards ST. MICHAEL suspicion of desire to assert that he really *did* do something in the direction of what may be described as “bringing him up by hand” to the distinguished position he now occupies among financiers. ST. MICHAEL strengthens the illusion by losing no opportunity of paying homage to the master hand that devised the Death Duties. Only to-night he declares that source of revenue to be the sheet anchor of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER.

The SQUIRE quite right about unpopularity of Budget. Through seven hours ST. MICHAEL sat listen-



“A Constitutional Party.”

proposed to discuss the COLONIAL SECRETARY with son AUSTEN, recalled him to the proposal before the House, which was the addition of a penny to the income-tax.

Mr. PICKWICK accordingly kept his seat whilst BECKETT FABER, in brief, simply-phrased, weighty speech, discovered to the pleased House a new Member who knows what he is talking about, and sits down as soon as he has delivered his message. It brought no comfort to ST. MICHAEL, for this practical Yorkshire banker riddled the proposal to double the stamp on cheques.

Business done.—ST. MICHAEL has a bad night with his Budget.

Tuesday night.—One of SARK'S aphorisms affirms that there are two things of which most men know nothing, and of which they talk much. One is pictures, the other wine. ST. MICHAEL, his back up with continuous bullying about his Budget, put the case in plainer, not to say more brutal, fashion. Arguing that, after all, protection is not unknown in Free Trade England, cited case of heavy tax levied on foreign wine without countervailing duties imposed on home productions.

House laughed loudly at this assumption of existence of a British vintage. ST. MICHAEL tartly retorted that, with the exception of experts, there is not a man in House who could distinguish between foreign and British wines. Saving clause about experts relieved remark from charge of downright rudeness. Every man, instinctively assuming himself to be the expert, looked with pity on his neighbour, about whom he felt ST. MICHAEL was probably right.

The reference conjures up pleasing prospect illuminating advertisement columns of our newspapers. "Encourage Home Industries"—"The British Flag and British Wine"—"Try our Hicks Hock"—"Beach Burgundy; Highly Recommended by the Faculty"—"Duc de Michael Champagne (Carte Noire) Bottled while you Wait."

Business done.—Budget Bill brought in.

Thursday evening.—CAP'EN TOMMY BOWIES varied his achievements by adding new word to parliamentary language. Now established that you may, without reproof from Chair, allude to congeries of hon. Members as "dry bones." Whence it follows that you may call an individual Member a dry bone.

Came about in accidental way important precedents are frequently created. In debate on CARTWRIGHT case revolt broke forth below gangway on Ministerial side. CARTWRIGHT was editor of obscure Cape paper; enlivened its pages with publication of charge against KITCHENER of

issuing secret instructions that no quarter should be given to the Boers. CARTWRIGHT tried in Civil Court for libel; sentenced to year's imprisonment; having done his time, wanted to return to England, hoping to find professional engagement on the staff of some sympathetic home journal. Natural to suppose that authorities at Cape Town would presently call the watch together and thank heaven they were rid of Mr. CARTWRIGHT. On the contrary, did one of those fatally stupid things occasionally accomplished by overworked men. Refused permission, straightway transforming an obscure scribbler into a public martyr.

JOHN MORLEY to-night moves adjourn-



Rt. Hon. J. L.—with-r listening to W-nst-n Ch-reh-ll.

ment in order to discuss matter as one of urgent public importance. Riven ranks of Opposition joyously close up. Greater part of sitting wasted. This bad enough; worse followed when schism manifested in docile Ministerial ranks. The faithful can stand big blunders involving loss of a million or so of public money, whether in connection with live horses or dead meat. But these pettifogging blunders, especially when they come in conflict with elementary Constitutional Law, too much for the most loyal-minded.

ARTHUR ELLIOT led off in a weighty speech, creditable to himself by its courage, honourable to the House by its lofty tone, rising high above the wrangle of party faction. A wholesome whiff of ancient Whig way of looking at things. In ominous succession came WINSTON CHURCHILL, fizzling with the fury of an outraged constitutionalist; PEMBERTON of Sunderland, hitherto unknown to parliamentary fame; the travelled MALCOLM,

with some sentences prettily turned at expense of esteemed pastors and masters; IVOR GUEST, by no means Welcome to PRINCE ARTHUR; and SEELY shouting "Charge" at the top of his voice, which is taller than himself, riding straight at Treasury Bench.

These are the dry bones whose stirring soothed the savage breast of the CAP'EN with thought that, after all, he has not lived in vain.

Business done.—What was practically a Vote of Censure on Government negatived by majority of 77 in House of 441 Members. PRINCE ARTHUR makes retort courteous by threatening autumn session.

Friday night.—Odd how little ordinary course of things in House of Commons is understood of the people.

Reading *In the Fog* (HEINEMANN). Three capital stories of the *Sherlock Holmes* order which, in the matters of construction and of human interest, need not fear comparison with the work of that master of the craft. Won't spoil sport by hinting at their purport, advising the gentle reader to look them up for himself. Parliamentary people will find amusement as well as instruction in murder and robbery. Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS's knowledge of House of Commons procedure is rather peculiar than extensive. His stories are told by a small company gathered at the Beefsteak Club. Thither, after the accustomed manner of statesman actively engaged in the House of Commons, comes for supper Sir ANDREW. If not actually the Leader of the House, he is a Cabinet Minister of high rank in charge of the Navy Increase Bill. One of the company is anxious to prevent the Bill passing. "If Sir ANDREW speaks for it, so great is his influence and so large his following, it will go through." The thing to do is to keep Sir ANDREW away from the House. He is a slave to the spell of what Mr. DAVIS calls "detective novels." Accordingly the conspirators fire off their blood-curdling stories, and keep the statesman entranced till a messenger brings the news that the House is up.

But it is the conspirators who are sold, not the statesman. The "plant" being triumphantly acknowledged, Sir ANDREW blandly explains that the Navy Bill was brought up for third reading at eight o'clock. He had spoken in its favour for three hours, and his only reason for wishing to return to the House was to sup on the Terrace "with my old friend Admiral SIMONS, for my work at the House was completed five hours ago, when the Navy Increase Bill was passed by an overwhelming majority."

The idea of a Cabinet Minister



A GOLF TOURNAMENT IN YE TIME OF YE ROMANS.

From a rare old frieze (not) in ye British Museum.

rising at eight o'clock to talk on any Bill is odd, since at that hour, being full dinner time, the benches are empty. No one, man or Minister, would speak for three hours on the third reading of a Bill, debate being thrashed out on earlier stages. Sir ANDREW's speech would bring the sitting up to eleven o'clock. Five hours added make four in the morning, a little late for thinking of going out to supper. Now, the House of Commons, save in exceptional circumstances not here alleged, adjourns at midnight. Never, even in a fog, did such thing happen as supping on the Terrace, with Admiral SIMONS or anybody else. Mr. DAVIS has evidently dragged in the Admiral with sly suggestion that this part of his story is told to the Marines.

Business done.—At work on Procedure Rules.

A BALLAD OF THE CONGO.

[The Aborigines Protection Society has recently addressed an Appeal to the British Government on the subject of the cruelties inflicted upon natives in the Congo Free State. These enormities are usually committed in order to stimulate native activity in bringing in ivory and rubber, but they have also taken place in the course of various "punitive expeditions." The exploits of such people as ex-Major LOTHARER (who killed STOKES) and Colonel DEANIS (whose native levies not only defeated his enemies but ate them afterwards) rob these stories of any surface improbability.]

In the Congo State

If the life is pretty beastly
The rewards are great.
You 've abundant occupation
While you teach their proper station
To the coloured population
Of the Congo State.

In the Congo State

Your passion for adventure
You can simply sate!
There are elephants to shoot,
And native tribes to boot,
And there's interesting loot
In the Congo State.

In the Congo State

You may not amass a fortune,
But at any rate
You can make a decent sum
Buying ivory and gum.
The current coin is Rum
In the Congo State.

In the Congo State,

If you want to fill your pockets
At a rapid rate,
You must flog the native lubber
Till you make him fairly blubber,
Then he'll bring you lots of rubber
In the Congo State!

Of the Congo State

There are several shocking stories



Squire (showing lady guest round estate). 'YES, I HAD THAT PUT UP IN LARGE TYPE, SO THAT 'HE WHO RUNS MAY READ!''
Lady. "OR, RATHER, HE WHO READS MAY RUN, I SUPPOSE?"

Which I won't relate.

For the Belgian mode of dealing
With the negro (hear him squealing!)
Is, to say the least, unfeeling,
In the Congo State.

In the Congo State

The native you object to
Can't avoid his fate;
You immediately attack him,
If he runs away you track him,
And when he's caught you whack him,
In the Congo State.

In the Congo State

If there should be a black-man
Whom you really hate,
You merely pull a trigger
And over goes the nigger.
That's administrative vigour
In the Congo State!

In the Congo State

The accommodating negro
And his dusky mate,
If you know the way to treat him,
Will fight your foe and beat him,
And subsequently eat him,
In the Congo State.

From the Congo State

The egregious Baron DEANIS
Has returned of late.
But the methods of the Colonel
Were rather too infernal
To be printed in this journal,
I regret to state.

MORE NEPOTISM.—Not content with the repeated charges brought against him under this head, the LORD CHANCELLOR has now actually presented his daughter, in marriage, to a GIFFARD.

ACTORS AT BOW STREET.

III.

ROSABOCCA, described as the off-leader in the winning chariot at *Ben-Hur*, and therefore the principal actor, was, at the instigation of the Jockey Club, charged with boring at Drury Lane.

Mr. JAMES LOWTHER, on behalf of the Jockey Club, said he had visited Drury Lane. Certainly the horse bored. Cross-examined, he admitted that everyone else in the play did so too.

Mr. ARTHUR COVENTRY supported the last witness. Never in his experience had he seen a more flagrant case of boring.

M. CHIFNEY, of the Calmady Stables, denied that the horse bored. Cross-examined, he allowed that his judgment was perhaps impaired by the hectic and sensational environment in which he had lived at Brockhurst.

General LEW WALLACE, the author of the book from which the play *Ben-Hur* had been adapted, stated that it was never his intention that a horse should be looked upon as the principal character. He could not, however, be held responsible for the vagaries of playgoers' taste. When the book left his hands, many years ago, it was a religious romance. On cross-examination, he confessed that the principle of "cutting the cackle and coming to the 'osses" was a good one. A play had better go to the 'osses than the dogs. (*Applause in Court.*)

Messrs. KLAU and BEN-HURLANGER, who present the play, and who were sworn together, speaking in strong nasal unison, denied that the horse bored, but if he did it was because he was a pro-bore and couldn't help it.

At this point the jury stampeded from the loose box, and on their return the foreman stated that they could not agree, six being yea and six neigh. ROSABOCCA was therefore hurried back to Drury Lane in time for the *matinée*, without a stain on his character.

Miss LOFTUS was charged with unwarrantably expanding her Christian name from Cissy to CECILIA, and thus playing the part of *Margaret* in *Faust* at the Lyceum under a misleading *alias*.

Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, on behalf of the prosecution, stated that St. Cecilia had invented the organ, but to the best of his belief had nothing to do with the stage. He admitted in cross-examination that she was alleged to have been thrown into a boiling bath.

Miss LETTY LIND stated that if she were to appear as Miss LETITIA LIND she would not be answerable for the consequences.

BEN-HUR, an imposing Oriental from Drury Lane, contended that under no



ALTRUISM.

Maud (newly married). "YOU LOOK VERY MELANCHOLY, GEORGE; ARE YOU SORRY YOU MARRIED ME?"

George. "NO DEAR—OF COURSE NOT. I WAS ONLY THINKING OF ALL THE NICE GIRLS I CAN'T MARRY."

Maud. "OH, GEORGE, HOW HORRID OF YOU! I THOUGHT YOU CARED FOR NOBODY BUT ME!"

George. "NO MORE I DO. I WASN'T THINKING OF MYSELF, BUT OF THE DISAPPOINTMENT FOR THEM."

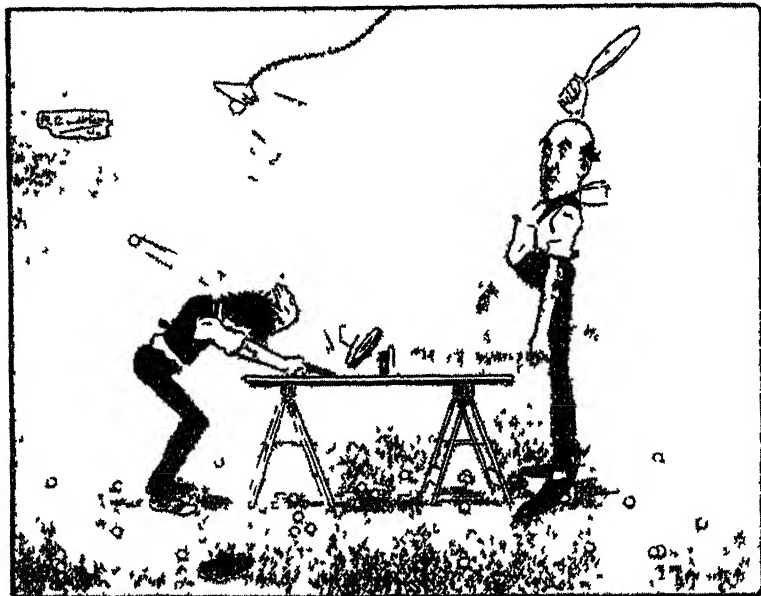
circumstances was a public character justified in tampering with his name. Imagine the disastrous effect if the Secretary for the Colonies were to describe himself as Mr. JOSEPHUS CHAMBERLAIN, or if he himself were to appear as BENJAMIN HUR!

The prisoner, who conducted her own defence, stated that, in resigning the labours, she might say the Sisyphean labours (*sensation*), of the variety stage for legitimate drama, she had been influenced by the warning extensively circulated in connection with the Tobacco War—"Beware of imitations." It was true that the version of *Faust*

she intended to appear in was WILLS's, not OGDEN's.

Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN and Mademoiselle YVETTE GUILBERT having expressed their cordial approval of Miss LOFTUS's withdrawal from the satirical walks of the music-halls, the magistrates condoned her offence, but stated that, in the interests of the gaiety of the nation, they hoped that Miss CECILIA LOFTUS would occasionally imitate the admirable Cissy.

GEORGE ALEXANDER, 44, lessee of the St. James's Theatre, was summoned on the instigation of the Hon. BARING RAYNE, of Hurlingham, for defrauding him of half-a-guinea. It seems that



FINIS CORONAT OPUS!

FANCY PING-PONG SKETCH—THE 'SMASH' OR KNOCK OUT STROKE.

the prosecutor visited the St. James's Theatre, partly on the recommendation of *Mr. Punch*, to see what he believed to be a sporting drama under the title of *Polo and Frank Chester*. On discovering his unhappy mistake he demanded the return of his money, and, thus being refused, he had caused the present action to be brought.

Various experts were called by the prosecution to prove that the play *Paolo and Francesca* might be better worth half-a-guinea.

Mr. CLYDE FLITCH, of Dunmow, the author of *Sapho*, who gave his evidence in American, said that he might not be as great as BACON, but he would have treated the subject very differently. What it wanted was some first-class transatlantic adaptation.

Captain BASIL HOOD, author of *Merric Germane*, said that the real need was a good patter song for the tyrant of Rimini (which had been rhymed before, and might be rhymed again, to nummy piminy). Also more comic relief and a dance or so.

Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS, whose glossy raven mane streamed down his shoulders, stated that the title was bad. What did English people care about *Paolo and Francesca*? "On the Rimini Razzle-Dazzle," would do better, or "The Italian Warehouse Lights."

Messrs. KLAU AND BEN-HURLANGER, of Drury Lane, said that in their opinion there was in the play a distinct vacancy for horseflesh. A chariot race between *Paolo* and his brother might just turn the scale.

Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS said that the chief objection to his mind was the absence of a good part of the EDMUND

PAYNE type. The actors were all too tall and too serious. Also he agreed with Mr. SIMS on the question of the

title, preferring something of the "All on account of Francesca" style.

Mr. JOHN LANE, publisher, called for the defence, said that *Paolo and Francesca* could not be better. He produced a pamphlet ornamented by a portrait of the author to prove the statement.

The Bench decided to postpone sentence until they had seen the play, and Mr. ALEXANDER, supported by Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, left the court trembling.

How to INSURE DRAMATIC SUCCESS—The Coronation Service, says the *St. James's Gazette*, "has been cut down to an hour and a-half, while the sermon will be limited to a brief five minutes." We fancy that not a few will "werry much applaud" what His Most Gracious Majesty "has done," and will, with our "immortal WILLIAMS," exclaim, "For this relief much thanks!" No "waits", the interest sustained from first to last, and the principal actors in the magnificent spectacle on the stage the whole time! Bravo! "Sermon limited to five minutes!" *Pauca verba!* The preacher will only have to quote "Bid me discourse," watch in hand, and say no more about it. *Vive le Roi!*



THE BOOT ON THE OTHER LEG.

Owner (to Old John, who has returned to the stables minus the dog cart) "CONFOUND IT. NOW I'LL BET A GUINEA YOU'VE BEEN THROWING HER DOWN AND SMASHING HER KNEES!" Old John. "THEN I HAIN'T. IT'S JUST HER WHAT'S BEEN A THROWIN' DOWN ME AN' THE CART, AND SMASHIN' O' ME!"

LINES TO A CERTAIN ORIENTAL LATELY AMONG US.

I wish you'd go! I spend my time
In vainly trying to avoid you.
Have I committed any crime,
Or done some action that annoyed you?
You came an uninvited guest,
You stopped in spite of my com-
plaining.
I should be thankful for a rest,
Yet you insist upon remaining.

Let none in future talk to me
About politeness Oriental!
Your manners ought, of course, to be
Obsequious and mild and gentle.
You ought, again, from what I've heard,
To take life lazily and limply.
You don't. It's utterly absurd.
The whole thing is a fiction simply.

Your clamouring in every place
I hear with indignation bristling,
About the house you roar and race,
And wake me up at night by whistling.
I'll take my oath you never dreamed
Of asking anyone's permission
Before you did the thing which seemed
To suit your selfish disposition.

You've no respect for any man;
At your brutality I tremble.
The Cockney, *genus* Hooligan,
Is what you most on earth resemble.
I am of those that love you least,
You sheer unmitigated pest, you!
O wind that blows from out the East,
To speak quite plainly, I detest you.

A MAY MASKE.

MAY I be permitted to propose a revival of the ancient maske in honour of the Coronation? According to precedent there should be a procession starting from Holborn, and reaching its destination in St. James's. Then there should be carnival and "sports of a gentler character" *en route*. Say the procession (which might include cars representing, emblematically—with the genial assistance of the Examiners, the Taxing-Masters, and the forensic members of the United Club—Legal Education, the Integrity of the Lower Branch of the Profession, and the Apotheosis of the Bar) entered the Hall of the Royal Courts of Justice and waited for an entertainment. Then would come the opportunity for those pleasant "diversions" that gave so much delight to our forefathers. I think I may make a few pertinent suggestions.

As a prelude, could not the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice (clad in full armour) shiver lances in honour of Justitia, the fair lady of the Tournament? The Hall of Justice is



ERRATIC.

Pedestrian (anxious for his safety). "Now, WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING TO HIT THE BALL?"
Worried Beginner. "ONLY WISH TO GOODNESS I KNEW MYSELF!"

quite large enough to be the appropriate scene of an interesting forensic display of mediæval horsemanship. Then—as a concession to modern creations—there might be a Morisco (or Morris dance) of Metropolitan Police Magistrates. The Lords Justices of Appeal might follow with the Pavan, wearing swords under their robes for the nonce, to give due effect (by the uplifting of the rapier ends) to the "strutting figure" of that quaintly amusing measure.

Then, before the procession resumed its pilgrimage a concluding tableau should be arranged symbolical of the fusion of Law with Equity and the triumph of Justice tempered by Costs. And now I have performed what I believe to be a duty.

I shall myself be pleased to take a humble part in the pageant, but I feel I am scarcely worthy to fill a rôle that a learned and too partial friend has suggested to me. I must yield to others the right to appear as the missing link between the Lord Chief Justice and the Lord Chancellor.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump Handle Court.

"CURLING TEAM FOR CANADA."—Seeing this heading recently in the *Times*, I write to you, *Mr. Punch*, who know most things, to inquire if all our leading, or, as one may put it, our head perruquiers are going to Canada? Will all be Englishmen? and will a knowledge of "Foreign Tongues" be an essential qualification? A REAL CLIFFER.

THE GREAT DRURY LANE SUCCESS.—After its present run, which, as seems probable, will continue till Pantomime time, *Ben Hur* will, it is not yet officially announced, be succeeded by an Italian melodramatic play entitled *Ben Trovato*, and then by *Ben Nevis*, a Scotch Mystery Play. The receipts have gone up by leaps. Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS's motto is now "In for a Benny, in for a Bound!" It will be long ere we hear of any Knell of Old Drury in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden.

NEW ROYAL RULE (*suggested to the Jockey Club in this Grand Coronational Meeting Year*).—All bets about *Sceptre* (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas) for Derby, Oaks, and Grand Prix, must be made in crowns and sovereigns.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST; OR, "CASTE" RECAST.

Omnia vincit amor. TOM ROBERTSON'S *Caste*, being true to human nature, is as alive to-day as it was when first produced at the little Prince of Wales's Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, under the management of Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT, then far better known to all playgoers as SIDNEY BANCROFT and MARIE WILTON; the latter having at that time but recently renounced the vanities and varieties of old Strand-Theatre Burlesques for the higher walks of domestic comedy, of which this play, full of light and shade, was one of ROBERTSON'S happiest efforts.

The talent of the actress who is to make a real success as *Polly Eccles* must be of the nature of that craftily qualified sparkling mixture which was the distinguishing characteristic of MARIE WILTON. A professional knowledge of burlesque is essential to the part, as witness *Polly's* "recitation" and "imitation" in the last act; also a professional knowledge of ballet action, of pantomime and burlesque, and a very strong appreciation of what was ridiculous in old melodrama, are equally essential to the effective rendering of the *Polly Eccles* "as she wrote." All this Miss MARIE (name of best omen to the character) TEMPEST possesses, and it would be no easy task to find an actress better suited to the part.

Putting aside the dramatic contrasts so ably maintained throughout, the real absorbing interest of the story lies entirely with *Polly's* elder sister, *Esther Eccles*, and never could this character have been more tenderly, more sweetly, more touchingly, nor, where passion is essential, more forcibly played than, as it is now, by Miss WINIFRED EMERY. As the young lieutenant (TOM ROBERTSON, like the *Grande Duchesse*, "doted on the military"), Mr. ALLAN AYNSWORTH gives us an excellent portrait of a youthful "officer and gentleman," frank, impulsive, generous, and not overburdened with brains; while Mr. BRANDON THOMAS makes his impression by subtly conveying to the audience not only that he is not by any means such a fool as he looks, but that the upper-crust glazing is, after all, very thin, and that beneath are the instincts of a true gentleman, just as underlying *Sam Gerridge's* cockney exterior of the London artisan in his Sunday clothes, is the honest impulse that stamps him temporarily, and in the best sense, as one of Nature's true Nobility. Of this last-named character Mr. GEORGE CHIDDENS makes the most: though I doubt whether, when at tea with his betrothed *Polly*, even had they been by themselves and without "company," *Sam* would have ever been so unnecessarily, so—permit me—so beastly vulgar, as to bite a hunk off the loaf from which he is cutting buttered slices for his sweetheart and the "swell" visitor.

Curious to note how ROBERTSON, having "taken in" THACKERAY "through the pores," has in this play given us a sort of *Sam Huxter* in his *Sam Gerridge*, and a variant of the *Captain Costigan* type in *Old Eccles*; the outline of the *Marquise* can be traced to *Madame de Florac* in *The Newcomes*, *Polly* to *Fanny Bolton* who afterwards became *Mrs. Sam Huxter*, and I am not certain if even *Captain Hawtree* is not simply *Major Dobbin*, out of *Vanity Fair*, Robertsonised.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE'S *Old Eccles* is a study in the grim humour of sodden habitual drunkenness. At first, when he is moderately sober, his *Eccles* is immensely funny,—you are amused and you pity him; so also, when he sings, makes speeches, drinks imaginary toasts, denounces the aristocratic baby, you cannot choose but laugh. When, however, he comes fresh, very fresh, from the public-house "round the corner," reeking of strong whisky and rankest shag tobacco (its nauseous odour seems to pervade the entire house, so realistic is CYRIL

MAUDE'S interpretation of this final phase of *Old Eccles*), how relieved are the audience to see him, after tumbling and fumbling round the table, sink into a chair by the fireplace and "then be heard no more!" You know his fate, it has been crudely and unfeelingly (in the presence of his own daughters) predicted by *Major Hawtree*; *Old Eccles* is to go to the Land of Spirits, the cheapest possible spirits; that is, he is to take Jersey as the last stage of his journey to the bank of the Styx.

Miss GENEVIEVE WARD, as the *Marquise de St. Maur*, a lady "with a history," full to overflowing of family records from the pages of *Froissart* (judiciously abbreviated), gives the final touch that completes an exceptionally perfect *Caste*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

READING Mr. JOHN MURRAY'S catalogue of forthcoming works, my Baronite noted with pleasurable anticipation promise of a biography of Sir WILLIAM WHITE. His portly figure, his smiling countenance, his manner almost boisterous in its friendliness, were familiar during his frequent visits to London. His influence on the foreign Courts to which he was accredited, notably Constantinople, was matter of history. With such material at hand, Mr. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS has succeeded in producing a curiously muddled narrative. Periods, personages, and countries are so mixed up that the belated reader, like the man hymned in minstrelsy, "dunno where he are." Many of the letters, in addition to being otherwise pointless, are given without date. Mr. EDWARDS himself gets so mixed up, probably after reading his proofs, that twice, on pp. 122 and 263, he tells in full detail and almost the same language, how it was Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE who, fifty years before Mr. GLADSTONE, used, in the same connection, the phrase about turning the Turks out of Europe "bag and baggage." The book gives no idea of the remarkable personality of the man who, up to his thirty-fourth year, was chiefly engaged in farming, at that epoch entered the Warsaw consulate in a subordinate capacity, and, unaided save by merit, rose to be British Minister at Constantinople. The divagations into the history of the last forty years in Poland, Servia, and Turkey are equally forlorn.

Nicholas Holbrook (SMITH, ELDER) achieves a distinct triumph. The average novel reader, an upright, kind-hearted creature, instinctively desires to see the villain of a story defeated and the good man get all, including the heroine. By skilful art and clever management OLIVE BIRRELL succeeds in reconciling my Baronite (representative of the average reader) to an arrangement whereby the virtuous and noble-minded is put aside, and good fortune attends the disreputable party. It seemed at the outset that *Dulcie* was sure to marry *Nicholas* and live happily ever after. Miss BIRRELL, skirting the commonplace, in the end avoids it, with the conclusion hinted at. *Dulcie* is a charming girl, *Nicholas Holbrook* a fine character carefully drawn. The story of *Mrs. Holbrook* is but an episode apart from the main narrative. But it is not the least attractive chapter of a wholesome, brightly-written book.

An unfortunate somebody having asked the Baron to read and mention *Ludus Amoris* in his long and firmly established Booking Office, he set himself to what he very soon discovered was likely to prove a formidable task. Galantly he rode along, pencil in rest, but at the fifth obstacle, that is, "chapter," he gave it up, exclaiming, "The force of reading can no further go. Hand it over to any 'Skipper' who, with or without 'his boy,' may be languishing for want of exercise, and commend to him most heartily

THE BUSY BARON DE B.-W."



OUR OPENING DAY T.R.A.

Manager P-ynt-r. "WALK UP, WALK UP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! POSITIVELY NOW COMMENCING! ALL THE OLD AND NEW FAVOURITES! SOMETHING TO SUIT ALL TASTES! ONLY ONE PRICE! THE WORLD'S GREATEST EXHIBITION NOW ON VIEW! WALK UP!!"

THE HORRORS OF PEACE.

(A Foreboding of Dr. Leyds.)

WHAT is this strange, unearthly fear
That weighs me down like lead?
Why do I wake and rudely shake
In my well-appointed bed,
And feel a horrible bogey form
Come gibbering round my head?

Like to a sleepless sentinel
It keeps its nightly post,
Of all known things that go on wings
Abhorred by me the most;
It is the so-called Angel, Peace!
She is that horrid ghost.

In vain I rise and look towards
The unresponsive stars,
Or don my hose and so compose
A column of pungent pars
Alleging that I have lately had
A message sent from Mars.

I try the pulse of Europe's heart
And like it less and less;
And when I count the gross amount
I've squandered on the Press
I often feel that I have missed
Unqualified success.

Even my trusty *Little Blue*
Begins to harbour doubt;
Already faint suspicions taint
That azure Brussels sprout;
It hints that my supreme advice
Is being done without!

And when I answer, "*Entre nous*,
You find me cornered tight;
I have no news of BURGER's views,
He cannot wire or write;"
"Just so," the editor replies,
"But would he, if he might?"

Ah! what a change since round my path
A steady limelight shone!
I cannot say I like the way
That things are going on;
A little more and I shall find
My occupation gone.

Not that I dread a straitened purse
When I resign my quest;
No menial toil shall ever soil
These hands that kings have pressed,
I have prepared for rainy days
A nicely-feathered nest.

Only I fear that, though I've done
All a civilian could,
My fighting friends may fancy my ends
Were not the common good;
Such is the risk that patriots face
Of being misunderstood!

Therefore I think I must regard
My public days as done;
And I who cast a shade so vast
Beneath the open sun
Had better retire *incognito*
To a hermitage for one.



Facetious Countryman. "LOIKE YER 'AIR COMBED, MISS?"

So that if STEYN should take a trip
To Europe some fine day,
And closely press for my address,
Having accounts to pay,
For only guidance he may get
The answer, "Gone away!" O. S.

WANTED!

A "Contractor" for the Aristocracy.

THE Duchesses are, it is said, to be allowed eighteen inches of sitting accommodation during the Coronation service, while sixteen inches are considered sufficient for ladies of inferior degree. Hath not a Marchioness robes—with voluminous folds as well? Have not the Countesses as ample proportions, taking them all round, as their more exalted sisters? Is not a Viscountess gifted with elbows and funny-bones? Is even a Baroness to play the common or hermetic sardine? All these ladies,

we fear, are fated to be taught, by painful experience, the meaning of the third-class expression "to sit tight." And when the dramatic moment arrives for the donning of the coronets, will the manœuvre be executed by alternate numbers, or in sections, or by platoon firing, or how? At such close quarters there would be a danger of putting your own insignia on your neighbour's head. There would seem to be a need here for a literal contractor, a Procrustean professor who will reduce any given peeress, however portly, to Coronation dimensions, a temporary BANTER in fact—but no, we must not banter longer with such a serious subject. But if latitude is to depend on social precedence, according to the Earl Marshal's scale, it is to be feared that the lady-commoner in the street-crowd will have rather less than no breathing space at all.

LAUS REMIGII.

THE Springtime, what a mercy 'tis to both our Universities:
They realise the curse it is to read for Trip or Greats.

They both forget their ologies, lay down their load of
knowledges,

And, lo, the giddy colleges divide themselves by Eights.

The Proctor takes it vernally, and, though he fines nocturnally,

Grows kindlier diurnally, and acts like me or you.

If men will get their hands away and swing, he understands
a way

Of putting airs and bands away and cheering on his crew.

Your Don may sometimes sham an ursine manner (like
examiners),

He may declare "I am iners, and find my fellows bores";
But now each college resident, Dean, Master, Provost,

President,

By every word he says identifies himself with oars.

The wrangler hasn't got an use for tangent or hypotenuse:

He doesn't deem it rotten news to hear about the rows;

And gentlemen, whose bliss a row of sentences from Cicero
Is found in, wouldn't miss a row for reams of Latin prose.

Now coaches—on their star equestrian mounts they're heard
afar—request

Their pupils not to mar a quest for bumps by playing
pranks.

And mites who do not fear a natatorial risk can steer an
eight,

And try to find how near an eight can travel to the banks.

* * * * *

So here's the praise of boats in May, of many-coloured coats
in May,

Of One my mem'ry notes in maiden meditation free,—

But, since she left me high and dry, her charms I now defy
and rhy-

-me a stave or two to try and dry the tears she weeps
for me. "Tis."

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

SCENE.—*The Master's lodgings at University College, Oxford.*
The Master is sitting at his table, writing diligently.
To him enter the Dean of Oriel. TIME.—A few days ago.

The Master (rising). Ah! Mr. Dean, good morning. I
ventured to ask you to call upon me. The matter is rather
important.

Mr. Dean (who has the air of being nervously on the defensive). And what—er—is the matter?

The M. It's about this bequest of Mr. RHODES's.

Mr. D. (edging towards door). If it is merely to offer your
congratulations—

The M. (sternly). It is not. Pray be seated. (*Poor Mr. Dean meekly takes a chair, on the edge of which he poises himself uncomfortably.*) You are aware, perhaps, that the funds of University College are not—er—in as flourishing a condition as they were? Our High Table is sadly in need of contributions. Agricultural depression—

Mr. D. No doubt.

The M. I have come to the conclusion, therefore, that Oriel might see the fitness of handing over to this college some portion, at least, of their large and unexpected bequest. If Mr. RHODES had only had the misfortune to dine here! :

Mr. D. Really, I can see no grounds for such a conclusion.

The M. Indeed! Perhaps you are not aware, Mr. Dean,

that but for the action of University Mr. RHODES would never have gone to Oriel at all?

Mr. D. I have heard a rumour—

The M. Yes. We refused to take him here—on the ground that he did not intend reading for honours. (*Regretfully.*) It was a sad mistake.

Mr. D. But you made it. (*With honest pride.*) We were wiser.

The M. Oh, come, I've heard that you were pretty idiotic about him yourselves. Didn't you at one time suggest to him that he had better migrate to New Inn Hall?

Mr. D. Yes. Because he was hardly sufficiently regular in his attendance at my lectures. (*Ingenuously.*) It's dreadful to think he might actually have gone! Fortunately he declined.

The M. (triumphantly). Then I don't see that you were much wiser than we were! If you'd had your way the money would have gone to New Inn Hall.

Mr. D. (meekly). We acted for the best.

The M. So did we. But we haven't made anything out of it. Whereas you've made £100,000.

Mr. D. (wiping the perspiration from his brow). What an escape we had! But how were we to know?

The M. That's just it, how were we to know? However, I've made up my mind to take steps to prevent the possibility of such a thing ever happening to us again.

Mr. D. How are you going to manage that?

The M. (with honest pride). I've drawn up a set of college rules, to be added to those at present in force, which will, I think, meet the difficulty.

Mr. D. May I hear them?

The M. Certainly. They are only just completed. (*Takes up paper from table and adjusts glasses to read.*) Rule 34—I have numbered them so as to follow on after the present regulations—

RULE 34. No millionaire, or son of a millionaire, or near relative of a millionaire who has a reasonable expectation of succeeding to the whole or major part of his fortune, will be expected to read for honours.

RULE 35. All gentlemen connected with the diamond industry or with a large interest in gold mines who desire to matriculate at University will be excused entrance examination.

RULE 36. All junior members of the College who intend to accumulate, or who are likely to inherit, great wealth, are requested to communicate with the Dean, who will see that existing regulations as to attending lectures are relaxed in their favour.

(*Looking up.*) Rule 36, you see, is especially adapted to meet your case.

Mr. D. Yes, I see. I think I should like to make a note of that, if you'll allow me. [*Does so.*]

The M. There is one more:—

RULE 37. It would greatly facilitate the work of administration if undergraduates who purpose leaving substantial bequests to the College would signify the same to the Master in writing as early as possible in their academical career.

I call that a wise provision. Statesmanlike, eh?

Mr. D. (maliciously). It comes a little late, perhaps?

The M. (bursting into tears). That's the worst of it. We are a most unfortunate College. SHELLY we rusticated. And we wouldn't take CECIL RHODES. It's really tragic.

Mr. D. (kindly). There, there! Don't take it to heart! I tell you what I'll do. When the bequest is paid and "comfort and dignity" reigns at the Oriel High Table—we're going to get a stunning cook!—I'll ask you to dine! [*Exit.*]

CLASSIC INVITATION TO A SUPPER PARTY.—"Quis supperabit?"



Guilderstein (of the City, who has been inspecting the property with a view to purchase). "NICE LOT OF HEADS! SHOT ON THE ESTATE, I SUPPOSE?"

FAUST AND FOREMOST.

BACK again to the Lyceum, where, as by this time everyone knows, Sir HENRY IRVING, on "enjoying his own again," received the heartiest and most enthusiastic welcome. "The spirit that denies" was compelled to assert that this "first night" was one of the biggest evenings in the history of the Lyceum. Miss ELLEN TERRY was heard of, but not seen—she was, as it were, "in the air"—and on this occasion "The Invisible Lady" shared in the acclamations with which her devoted subjects received the managerial "few words" after the fall of the curtain. Had not ELLEN TERRY given her benison to "The New Girl," i.e. Miss CISSY (now, so please you, "CECILIA") LOFTUS, who, appearing for the first time as *Marguerite*, evidently felt so oppressed by her responsibility that her nervousness was from the first only too apparent? Gradually, only very gradually, it wore off, and where strong emotion had to be portrayed, she rose to the occasion, giving those who were watching her with interested curiosity a glimpse of future possibilities within reach of CECILIA, the young actress who steps upon the Lyceum boards after bidding a long farewell to "CISSY of 'the Halls.'"

Is it too late in the day to say a word on "WILLIS's Mixture," that is, his version of *Faust*? Might not the Witches' Kitchen and the fourth act be entirely omitted with great advantage to everyone concerned? GOUNOD's opera is far more dramatic than this play; and, indeed, were the construction of the old KEAN-AND-BOUCICAULT drama more closely followed, would not the acting produce an effect far greater than it does at present, as the attention of the audience could be focussed on the central figure, instead of being distracted, as it now is, both from the acting and from the story by the interpolation of meaning-

less mummery? It is in the poem; true,—leave it there. Sir HENRY's marvellous *Mephisto* needs no other setting than the scenes that tell the old, old story, as plain as words and deeds can make it to all alike both gentle and simple.

MOTORING.

(By a Shareholder.)

YEARS ago I bought some shares in a motor company. It was so long ago that I hardly remember when it was. I only know that it was at a time when nobody in this country ever looked at a motor-car, except to laugh at it and hardly anyone had even the chance of doing that, for no motors were to be seen. Now you may be run over by one anywhere you like.

The company was promoted by a—stay, I will make use of an opprobrious epithet which is not actionable—by a company promoter, who has long since disappeared from the scene. It is possible that he was a knave, it is certain that I was a fool—neither a man of business nor a Fellow of Oriel, but a mere ordinary duffer. Yet it is remarkable what interest those shares have afforded me during all these years. Not, I hasten to add, interest in the form of dividends, for nothing of the sort has ever made its appearance, but interest in the way of meditations on methods of business, and on the complete futility of human expectations.

If the company had been an absolute failure, I really believe it might have succeeded after a time. Instead of that it went about the United Kingdom winning medals of gold and silver, of brass and putty also, for all I know, and certificates and diplomas and marks, until my head swam in the effort to remember its achievements. And every

time it won anything the price of the shares fell accordingly. A certificate or a diploma sent them down a shilling, an ordinary medal depressed them to the extent of half-a-crown, and as for the gold medal, it was such a staggering blow that the unhappy company collapsed altogether. It had to be wound up and reconstructed, and of course the shareholders had to pay a call, as a mere matter of politeness, to enquire after its health, before it was strong enough to go in for any more competitions.

As I am not a man of business I do not pretend to understand the causes of all this; I merely record the facts. The last fact which I have to record is that the shares had reached the modest price of eighteenpence just before the Motor Exhibition was opened at the Agricultural Hall. I trembled lest some well-deserved prize should bring down the shares to sixpence, and when I read that a car belonging to the company had gained a certain number of marks in a race, which would infallibly cause them to fall to a shilling, I felt that no margin was left for any medal whatever.

That I might know the worst, I resolved to visit the Exhibition. A cab for such a prodigious distance being quite beyond the means of a motor company's shareholder, I travelled to the City for twopence, and thence northwards by the South London Electric Railway, which sounds rather contradictory, and emerged in a sea of mud at a station called "Angel." I must confess to a deplorable ignorance of many parts of London. It might have been Archangel for all I knew, though I hardly seemed to have been shot through a tube quite so far north as that, and the crowd of people and tramcars and omnibuses all struggling together in the pouring rain convinced me that the sea of mud was not the White Sea at all events.

I had understood that the Agricultural Hall was almost next to this station. It was not. After wading an enormous distance through the mud and the crowds, and dodging the tramcars and the omnibuses, and asking every second person if I was going in the right direction, I at last reached the Exhibition, and entered by a passage full of all sorts of things quite unconnected with motor-cars. But directly I stepped into the great hall I perceived a brave show of my unhappy company's conveyances. I saw at once that it could never escape the fatal medal, and that inevitable ruin was before it. Without troubling to look at anything else I turned and fled.

I was not mistaken, for I have just received the usual notice of a meeting to reconstruct the company. If anyone likes to buy my shares—£1 shares, fully paid, no calls in arrear, over-and-over-and-over-again-fully-paid—I shall be delighted to let him have them all at a penny apiece.

A. NINCOMBE POOPE.

AN EX-AUSTIN' TASK.

(Some questions, for Literary Students, on the Laureate's new poem, entitled "A Tale of True Love.")

1. "It had beheld kings and proud empires vanish,
Male sceptres shattered, principedoms pass away,
Norman, Plantagenet, Lombard, Swabian, Spanish,
Rise, rule, then totter and topple from their sway."

State what happened to the female sceptres. Scan the last line, and draw a Spanish in the act of toppling.

2. "And nigh these oaken-timbered barn and stable,
Lowlier, withal of countenance akin,
Cluster, for in times olden, meek and proud
Being nearer much than now, their kinship was avowed."

Translate this passage into English, explaining why the times were meek and proud; also, who was nearer what, and if not, how otherwise.

3. State the brand and vintage referred to in the following phrase:

"A sudden living figure rose before her,
Modern, withal with air of ancient port."

Contrast with it the description of autumn as a "sober mezzo-tinter."

4. Parse, and comment upon the beauty of the lines:

"Will you, I round it willingly can guide you,
Unless—and, told, shall fully understand—
Wander you rather would with none beside you."

5. Describe *Sir Alured's* fortunes in the South African war. What is a "steel-shod sentry?" His name is mentioned in "terse despatches;" show from this that he was not among the force which relieved Ladysmith. *Egeria* reads "of some fresh deed of daring That decorates his breast and crowns his brow." How do you suppose that the latter process was effected?

6. (a) "What is there that endures? Go ask of Greece or Rome." Contrast this line with the rather similar utterance of a forgotten bardlet called JOHN KEATS. (b) The Laureate opines that "this true simple tale" will "soothe some sufferer's lot When noisier notes are husht, and newer ones forgot." State what grounds (if any) you can discover for this belief. Are the "noisier and newer notes" addressed to the Islanders?

7. "The course of true love never did run smooth." Does the rhythm of *A Tale of True Love* falsify this statement?

VERY MUSICALLY CATCHING; OR, TWO AT ONE HALL.

THE amateur of music, keeping his weather-eye open to all advertisements of concerts, should be careful not to miss the next occasion when Miss MARGUERITE MACINTYRE and Mr. GREGORY HAST may unite in giving a concert whereat the amateur aforesaid will Hast-en to assist. Then will he hear two of our sweetest singers duetting and soloing in French, German, and our native English. We should have liked "two of Scotch and one Irish," but perhaps these will be given when Mr. L. G. SHARPE "manages" another of these delightful "vocal recitals." A good two hours' entertainment—nay, a very good two hours' entertainment—which would be less instrumentally melodious than it is, were it not for the piano accompaniment by Mrs. GREGORY HAST, and by a BRD that gives us his best notes when striking only on the instrument. "MARGUERITE! she's a daisy!" as Mr. CHEVALIER's coster sings, and when thou Hast heard HAST thou 'lt be Hastonished. This way to St. James's Hall to listen to these two brilliant musical stars! "*Sic hitur ad Hastra!*"

HOW I WAS TAKEN.

IN *Household Words*, which is now the CAINE family organ, Mr. HALL CAINE has an article entitled "How I was taken for a tramp." We understand that the following sequels may be expected:—

"How I was taken for a tramp." By Lord SUFFIELD.

"How I was taken for a tramp." By Mrs. HARRIS.

"How I was taken for a tramp." By Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN.

"How I was taken for a tramp." By Mr. HALL CAINE. By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

"How I was taken aback by *Household Words*." By CHARLES DICKENS.

Dr. JAMESON'S NEW ELIXIR.—Magnate of Rhodesia.

AN UNEXPECTED RIDE.

Tuesday.—Dined with SPILLER last night, and discussed our coming Point-to-Point race with him. He seemed to think it rather heroic to ride in one. I smiled indulgently and assured him it was merely like fast hunting run. "Well, you try it," said SPILLER, rather nettled; "I did once, and found it rather nervous work." Smiled again. SPILLER poor horseman. I mean compared to—well, say me, for instance. I tried to shame him into riding by saying, "If I only had your chestnut mare, SPILLER, I'd soon show them the way along!" "Then I'll enter her, and you shall ride!" he said. Enthusiastic creature, SPILLER. Of course I was awfully glad—at least, I fancy so. Now that I come to think of it, that chestnut mare has awfully bad shoulders, and also pulls pretty hard. Wonder if she's quite safe at her fences?

Saturday.—Nasty chilly wind for the Point-to-Point. Hate riding across country in chilly wind. Have just walked the course, and must say I think small consideration has been shown for the lives of horses and riders. Never saw such enormous fences—and that mare is, as I thought, not at all certain at her fences. Rode her one or two gallops, and didn't like the way she carried me at all. Told SPILLER so, but he only grinned. Begin to dislike that man. My hat most uncomfortable—presses on forehead and makes head ache. New "pink," too, rather tight about armholes, and I can not get left heel properly down into top-boot.

Luncheon to the farmers in marquee before racing begins. Absurd arrangement, this. One can't eat anything before. I mean one's appetite so much better after race than before. Two whiskies and sodas. Saddling bell rings, and ten minutes later am mounted. That fool SPILLER says, "I suppose you mean to come right along with her?" Well, of course I couldn't come right along *without* her. Hate people who say silly things—especially at moments like these, when one doesn't feel at all well, and that sort of thing, don't you know. Never knew a saddle so hard and slippery before. Groom had stirrup leathers all wrong, too. Had both taken up a hole, then left leather another hole, but had to let it down two holes directly after. Then did same with other one. Beastly saddle didn't seem to give you any grip, don't you know. At last groom says, "You'll be late, Sir, if you don't get down to the post now," and I had to go, still feeling most unhap—uncomfortable, I mean.

There were thirteen of us altogether—beastly unlucky number, thirteen—and when starter said "Go," I tried



Philanthropic Old Lady (to little boy caressing dog). "THAT IS RIGHT, LITTLE BOY, ALWAYS BE KIND TO ANIMALS."
Little Boy. "YES, 'M. I'LL HAVE THIS TIN CAN TIED TO HIS TAIL SOON'S I'VE GOT HIM QUIET."

to pull my mare back. Hate riding over fences just in front of others—seems such bad form. But my brute jumped into her bridle with a squeak, and a hoist of the hindquarters which sent my beastly hard hat over my eyes, and then put her head down and rushed away in front of the whole field. How she got over first fence without any assistance from me, I don't know. My hat was blindfolding my eyes until, on landing at far side, I pushed it back again. On we went, down stiffish slope to the brook, and, mare having no shoulders, I was jerked farther and farther out of that wretched, hard, slippery saddle, until, when she took off at the water, I was sitting right on her withers. Well, naturally no man could expect to do any good in that position, so as she rose at the brook I simply dismounted, and, losing my footing as I stepped on the grass, I slipped and fell at full length face downwards, my

head hanging over the water—and my hat fell in.

Mare went the whole course, and came in first—but there was some silly objection about her not carrying the right weight, and the second horse took the cup. I walked back to the luncheon tent, and, as I was entering, met SPILLER. The fellow actually asked me—right before a dozen ladies, too—"What made you fall off?" *Fall off!* Really, some men are so ignorant that one can't argue with them. I passed on, without replying, and to-morrow, when I meet him in the City, I shall cut him dead.

Enthusiastic Irishman (on the coming Cork Exhibition). "Annyway, I tell ye all, th' people of Cork deserve th' greatest credit for th' way they put their hands in their pockets and took th' bull by th' horns."



Butcher. "WELL, MY LITTLE DEAR, AN' WHAT DO YOU WANT?"
Little Dear. "TAIN'T WOT *HI* WANTS! *HI* WANTS A DIMIND DOG COLLAR, AN' A BRO'M, AN' A PERMINT PARSIE TO THE MUSIC 'ALL, AN' A SEAT AT THE CORINASHUN. BUT IT AIN'T WOT *HI* WANTS, IT'S WOT *MUVVER* WANTS, AN' *SHE* WANTS 'ARF A POUND OFF THE SCRAGGY END OF A NECK O' MUTTON, ON THE NOD TILL MONDAY!"

OUR CRICKET PUZZLES.

PERSONS interested, although so early in the season, in cricket analyses, are asked to analyse the following sentence from the official letter addressed to the Lancashire Club by Mr. A. C. MACLAREN. "Having returned from Australia feeling stronger than I have done for years, having practically banished all rheumatism, owing to a cure that I have been undergoing for the last four months, coupled with the fact that Mrs. MACLAREN has also benefited, I am perfectly willing still to do my best to play for Lancashire, always provided the Lancashire people wish to see me again,

although it is quite impossible for me to accept the post which has been offered to me, which is considerably more remunerative than the last one, owing to the necessity of my being free to return home at any time when my presence is required there." Mr. MACLAREN already holds the record for the biggest score in first-class cricket. He now adds to his laurels the credit of the longest sentence in the literature of the game.

AN ADAPTATION.

Nil admirari all the art I know;
 To keep girls happy is to make 'em sew.

THE LIONS' LAMENT.

"So far as smart society is concerned, authors are lions no longer. Roar they never so loudly, not a soul shudders. Authors have themselves to blame. Their first mistake was committed in accepting Society's invitations and attending functions in short hair and conventional attire. Their second consisted in talking the epigram to death; but the fatal error was the illustrated interview. Familiarity breeds contempt—even for lions. Authors now entertain each other; and, banished from Mayfair, are glad to prowl in Maida Vale."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

The mansions of the mighty,
 Within whose guarded door
 Sat golden Aphrodite
 Delighting in our roar;
 The gates that leapt asunder
 Before our royal thunder
 Which filled her halls with wonder,
 Now welcome us no more.

What fatal condescension
 Possessed us to declare
 For collars of convention
 And ties that sane men wear?
 What fiend so falsely played us,
 What lunacy betrayed us,
 Delilah-like, and made us
 Cut off our Samson hair?

Why was our conversation
 One long, unceasing flow,
 A dazzling coruscation
 Of epigram and *mot*?
 Tired grow the eyes that follow
 The swiftly-wheeling swallow:
 Not always does Apollo
 Extend his straining bow.

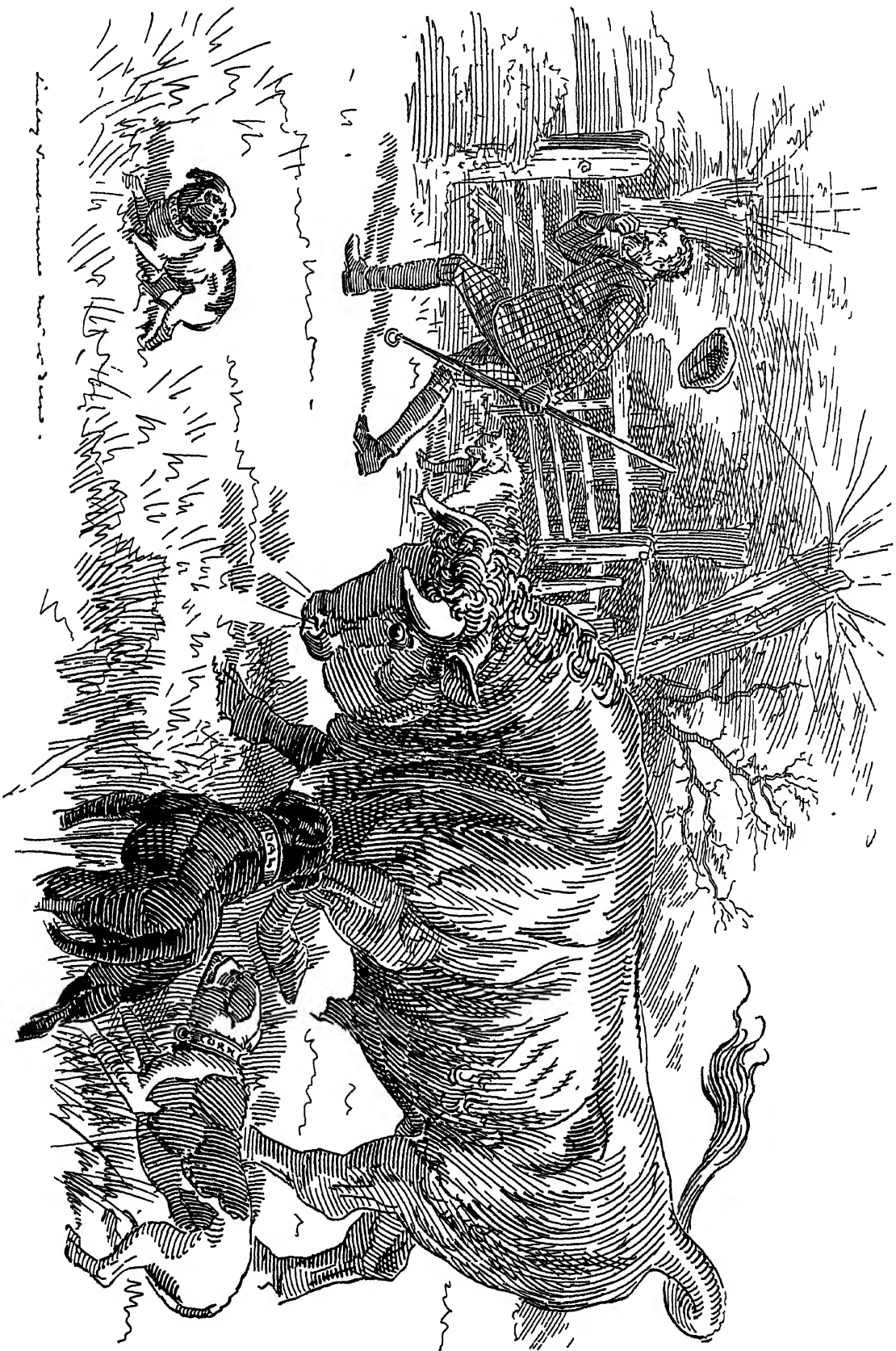
Why did we weakly suffer
 Within our private den
 The journalistic duffer,
 With camera and pen,
 To tell, with illustrations,
 The habits, recreations,
 Meals, family relations
 Of literary men?

Ah me, if we had only
 Refused to tell our tale,
 And lived aloof and lonely
 Within our sacred pale,
 We should not willy-nilly
 Have fled gay Piccadilly
 To prowl about in silly
 Suburban Maida Vale.

DUELLING EXTRAORDINARY.—We read in the "London Correspondence" of the *Manchester Guardian* of the 29th ult. that Dr. VILLIERS STANFORD was "called out" no fewer than sixteen times at the performance of his opera at Leipzig on the evening of the 25th ult.

QUIS CUSTODIET IPSOS CUSTODES?

SCHOLASTIC.—Required, for Preparatory School, clergyman to help manage and visit parents.—*Church Times.*



BULL BATTINGS.

KEEPER H-OKS B-OK. "COME ON, TUPPENNY! WE'D BEST GET OUT OF THIS!"

[Exit "Tuppenny" quickly.]

ESSENCE 'OF' PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 28.
—What a wag it is! and no one ever suspected him of the quality. That is the worst of man. Next to woman he is the most misleading creature that walks the earth. On Budget nights ST. MICHAEL has been known to indulge in little pleasantries; that a manner common to Chancellors of the Exchequer. There is really nothing funny about being taxed, especially if imposts are augmented. But in course of years it has come to be established that at a certain stage of the Budget speech, usually immediately before disclosing his secret of the financial year, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER shall make at least one little joke.

Some of us old enough to remember how BOB LOWE had his jest, though it almost lost the Government their estate. *Ex luce lucellum* was irresistible. Lowe could no more pass it by than the confirmed dram-drinker can forego his morning potion. So he invented the match tax in order that he might put this tag on the box.

ST. MICHAEL'S joke takes a more fearsome form. Nothing jocular in the inception. To double the stamp on the cheque isn't funny; it's simply stupid. One of those temporary aberrations which, as in the historic case of the match tax, in their time visit Chancellors of the Exchequer. For the sake of half a million, a mere nothing among

his fabulous figures, ST. MICHAEL vexes an important business and a multitude of men. Taken aback by the roar of



Congratulations in the Lobby.
(Lord Ch-r-l-s B-r-sf-rd.)

execration that greets his proposal, he says, "Very well, I have an amended scheme that will meet objections on all sides."

To-night he discloses it. Having drawn a cheque, say for £1 19s. 10d., you must use a twopenny stamp. But, when the cheque is cashed and cancelled, you pop out "to the nearest Post Office"—observe the consideration that insists on your going to the very nearest—show the cheque to the Postmaster, and incontinently, across the counter, he hands you a penny.

Here is added a new and subtle charm to payment of small accounts. In writing a cheque for any amount under two pounds the human frame will be diffused with a sense of pleased expectancy. Mr. Micawber died too early. Still, one can imagine the satisfaction with which he would have written a cheque, say for thirty shillings, feeling that when it came back from his bankers he would step out "to the nearest post office" and receive a penny in cash.

When we come to think of it, here is a new, easy, certain way of making a living. A man in fairly good health could draw sufficient small cheques in a day to yield an aggregate of pennies that would at least pay his cab fares and his dinner at the club. Put it at the moderate computation of one hundred. There's eight and fourpence at once!

House roared with laughter when ST. MICHAEL, with conscious air of a man who has discovered a good thing, described his plan. On closer scrutiny

there will be found more in it than meets the eye.

Business done.—ST. MICHAEL takes the House into his confidence about the stamp duty on cheques. The House laughs. ST. MICHAEL stares. Can't think what they see funny in the proposal. CHARLIE BERESFORD, back after two years' cruise in the Mediterranean, reports himself to SPEAKER. "Come aboard, Sir," he says, tugging at his tawny forelock. Afterwards holds sort of levee in Lobby.

Tuesday evening.—'Tis well that in happier days HARRY CHAPLIN accidentally acquired the habit of permitting a voluminous pocket-handkerchief to hang loosely from a roomy outside breast pocket. When, erstwhile, he stood at the table expressing the views of Her late Majesty's Government on agriculture, local government, or the shortcomings of gentlemen on the Front Bench opposite, the flowing cambric bestowed upon him a *negligé* air that happily toned the stately dignity of his bearing. Now the appanage is put to practical uses. It serves to mop the tears that well to honest eyes at contemplation of the goings on of PRINCE ARTHUR, beginning at a certain date in the year 1900, since steadily deepening in enormity.

Introduction of New Procedure Rules has brought out all the innate iniquity that lurks under the still fair, almost ingenuous, countenance of a former colleague and leader. When CHAPLIN rises to lament new departure from path of virtue, so profound is his emotion, so broken his voice, so depressed his attitude, that only by concentrated pained attention anxious House can catch his words. Occasionally there is a pause; the right hand slowly reaches forth for the pocket-handkerchief; slowly hauls out what in cubic measurement suggests the mainsail of a yacht. As the anguished face



The Right Hon. H-nry Ch-pl-n.



Cork.
J. F. X. O'Br-n.

is hidden in its folds a sympathetic sniff passes along the benches.

"CHAPLIN, weeping for his old colleagues, will not be comforted," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, vainly endeavouring to control a quavering voice.

This fine; finer still when, manfully mastering emotion, he uplifts a Jove-like countenance and proclaims things. "Sir," said he just now, waving the pocket-handkerchief as in far-off days his kinsman, GEOFFREY DE CHAPLIN, Sieur of Blankney, flaunted the white flag of the Crusader in the face of the Moslem guarding the walls of Ascalon, "I cannot permit myself, through personal regard for any of my friends, to be a traitor to the best interests of this House."

PRINCE ARTHUR affected to smile. A poor pretence; a withered flower of feigned merriment fading on pallid lips.

Business done.—Sat up all night with Procedure Rules.

Thursday night.—Bold WILLIAM ALLAN, his beard fluttering in the breeze, rushed for'ard just now and nailed Union Jack to the mast. If the incident had been foreseen it would have been worth while to have arranged seats for a few foreigners in Strangers' Gallery. We don't regard American Minister as a foreigner. Still, special reason just now why it would have been happy accident had Mr. CHOATE been in his not infrequent place in diplomatic gallery. A shrewd, keen-sighted man, he would have been able to pick up a notion for communication to Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, or anyone else it may concern in the United States.

All about the Shipping Deal. JAMES WOODHOUSE, Kt., began it, moving adjournment in order to discuss matter as one of urgent public importance. Put case admirably in brief business-like



W-ll-m All-n.



"A tie, I think?"
Hon. B-bby Sp-ne-r.

speech. CAP'EN TOMMY promptly hove alongside, and ran up his jibboom in signal of accord. Incidentally—quite accidentally—spar gave BROTHER GERALD a nasty knock. In reply to question put earlier, GERALD declared he, as President of Board of Trade, "had no official information" about the great Deal.

"What's the use of a Minister of State," cried the CAP'EN, looking scornfully down on back of head of BROTHER GERALD seated on Treasury Bench, "who, in matters of this importance, divides himself into official and non-official capacities?"

Debate spread in spite of PRINCE ARTHUR's fervent entreaty. Quaint contribution from MOLVER. Didn't quite catch its purport; largely biographical in its character; something about a Deal in wheat he and another man (since dead) engineered; bought it at Chicago secretly in dead of night; the other man (now no more) fixed up the railway people; MOLVER (happily still with us) re-painted a Cunarder so that her own captain wouldn't know her; bribed the dock authorities at New York to load her with grain in a fog; she made a record voyage to Liverpool.

Here, unhappily, the narrative broke off. Another incident in his interesting career flashed across MOLVER's active mind. Something to do with Free Trade; unanswered the question of what became of the grain—whether

the Deal proved profitable, or whether on opening the hatches the hold was found to be empty—the other man (deceased) having played MOLVER false. Like the story of Cabuscan bold, MOLVER's tale remains half-told.

Was certainly designed, like much else spoken, to convey impression that the country's going to the dogs. BOBBY SPENCER, momentarily emerging from his collar, regretted he had been brought up as an agricultural labourer. Had he, when a boy, sailed before the mast, or even behind it, he might now have saved his country.

In these depressing circumstances the appearance on deck of burly WILLIAM ALLAN, refreshing as the wind blowing in from the sea on a sultry day. "A storm in a tea-cup," he derisively described the debate. "American millionaires going to buy up our ships? Let 'em. We'll build more. Run us off the seas? Been trying it on for fifty years. Let 'em go on trying. Lower the Union Jack? It can never be lowered."

WILLIAM concluded by singing verse of "*Rule Britannia*." Motion for adjournment immediately withdrawn.

Business done.—In the Lords misunderstanding on the subject of Divorce arose between LORD CHANCELLOR and EARL RUSSELL.

ACTORS AT BOW STREET.

IV.

COLONEL BORDERVERRY was charged with shooting at the London Hippodrome with intent to murder one RICHARD WAGNER.

Evidence was given that the prisoner fired repeatedly at a piano with a Winchester rifle, thereby eliciting sounds alleged to correspond painfully to an air from *Lohengrin*. It was held that the Colonel had received no provocation and that the piano was doing its best.

Mr. WILLIAM ASHTON ELLIS, Wagnerian expert, deposed that he had visited the Hippodrome in quest of innocent amusement and as a change from the rigours of Queen's Hall. He, to observe the prisoner this soul-destroying and un-called-for outrage make, utterly horrified was.

Herr SIEGFRIED WAGNER stated that he was not at the Hippodrome on the night in question. He was at Bayreuth, but every shot was painfully audible at Wahnfried, and distressed the family greatly.

For the defence it was held that the Colonel, having exhausted all other targets, was entitled to fire at a piano. Pianos, it was pointed out, had served on mobile columns in South Africa.

IGNACE PADEREWSKI, pianist, said that he thought the Colonel's marksmanship admirable. The force and precision



C.E. Brock 1902

AT THE R.A.

Fred Painter. "I'VE JUST BEEN SHOWING MY AUNT ROUND. MOST AUSING. INVARIABLY PICKS OUT THE WRONG PICTURES TO ADMIRE AND DENOUNCES THE GOOD O'ES!"
Second Painter. "DID SHE SAY ANYTHING ABOUT MINE?"
Fred Painter. "OH, SHE LIKED YOURS!"

with which he hit the notes reminded him of his own piano-fortitude. The Colonel's was a good way in which to play much of WAGNER.

The Bench, after a brief consultation, ordered Colonel BORDERVERY in future to substitute airs from *Der Freischütz* for those on which he at present operated.

JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON, actor, of the Lyric Theatre, was charged with denationalisation in the third degree.

Mr. J. C. PARKINSON, who described himself as a confirmed first-nighter, said that the prisoner had long been known as a patriotic English actor of Shakspearian and other home-grown parts. He had witnessed his new play, *Mice and Men*, and it grieved him to say it was undoubtedly of American origin.

Miss MAXINE ELLIOTT said that she was a true-born American and the wife of Mr. NAT GOODWIN. It was a fact that the prisoner had recently married her sister, Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT. (*Applause in Court.*)

JOHN TOMPKINS, in the employ of Messrs. DARING, the decorators, said that he had superintended the embellishment of the prisoner's residence. His walls were papered with a stars-and-stripes design. (*Sensation.*)

JOHN WALTER BRIGGS, Secretary of the Beefsteak Club, said that the prisoner was as good a Beefsteak as any other member until his recent interest in American affairs. Since then he had sent in his resignation and joined the Clam Chowders.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, grammarian and public vaccinator, deposed that it was in his play, *The Devil's Disciple*, that the prisoner first assumed an American character. (*Cries of "Shame."*)

This closed the case for the prosecution.

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN, ring-master and corner-man, called for the defence, denied that he had purchased the prisoner.

HENRY ARTHUR-JONES, wearing a brand-new hyphen, testified to the prisoner's sterling Saxon qualities. Otherwise he would never have been asked to play in the witness's epoch-making drama, *Michael and His Lost Angel*.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, who said that he played golf regularly and irregularly with the prisoner, deposed to the entirely British character of his expletives on foofling a drive.

Other witnesses having spoken to the pleasant character of *Mice and Men*, and to Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON's habit of humming "*Rule Britannia!*" the Bench were about to pass sentence, when, happening to catch sight of Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT in the well of the Court, they at once acquitted the prisoner.

The verdict was received with cheers.



CORONATION CELEBRATIONS IN THE PROVINCES.

Squire. "SEEMS TO ME THAT, FOR THE RIVER-SIDE, IT WOULD BE CAPITAL TO GET A GOOD SUPPLY OF FLAMBEAUX."

Farmer Nobs. "AS A LOYAL SUBJECT, SQUIRE, I OBJECTS. I DOAN'T SEE THE NECESSITY O' HAVIN' FOREIGN BIRDS. IF WE WANT 'EM AT ALL, LET 'EM BE BRITISH, SAYS I!"

WILSON BARRETT, sacred delineator, was charged with deserting the metropolis at the time of the American invasion, and diverting the attention of the Boer delegates by starring in South Africa at the present juncture. It was asserted that Generals DE WET, DELAREY, and BOTHA had abused the facilities granted them by the British to visit the commandoes still in the field by hurrying off to Cape Town to attend *The Sign of the Southern Cross*, and could not be induced to resume negotiations as long as the run lasted.

Mr. R. S. HICHENS, K.C., who appeared for Mr. WILSON BARRETT (his late collaborator) admitted that the facts were as stated, but contended that, so far from the negotiations being imperilled, they were more likely to be brought to a satisfactory conclusion by Mr. WILSON BARRETT's impressive impersonation of *Lemuel*. He understood that General DE WET shed floods of tears every night, and had presented Mr. BARRETT with a barrel of biltong; while ex-President STEYN had to be removed from the stage-door by force.

Mr. KLAU, the celebrated American

impresario, declared that the conquest of London by his stupendous production *Ben-Hur*, had been rendered infinitely easier by the absence of Mr. WILSON BARRETT, who was alone capable of effective competition in the domain of sacred spectacular drama.

Mr. BOLOSSY KIRALFY gave evidence to the same purport. He considered Mr. WILSON BARRETT to be the most colossal actor in the world.

The Bench, after a short consultation, decided that Mr. WILSON BARRETT should give an undertaking to frame his programme with a special view to breaking down the Boer resistance. They suggested that he should introduce the earthquake scene from *Claudian* into *The Sign of the Cross*, and recite Dr. WATTS's hymns between the acts of *The Silver King*.

The following request, sent to a firm of brewers, has been forwarded to *Mr. Punch*. "Dear Sirs, I want a disused beer-barrel to use as a kennel for a spaniel of about 18 galls. capacity, or rather over." *Spectator*, please copy.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

LAST Saturday was The Academy Banquet, when His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, as chief guest of the Academicians, succeeded to the seat of honour gracefully placed at his disposal by His Majesty, who has for so long a time and always so happily occupied it. That the toast of "The King" was received with the greatest enthusiasm "*cela va sans dire*," and the reception of the Prince, who is already a practised speaker, was of the very heartiest. So, now to see the works contributed by our Masters of Arts.



First and Foremost (181), State Portrait of His Majesty King EDWARD THE SEVENTH, painted by command and by LUKE FILDERS, R.A. It is a "living picture." *Vive le Roi!*

149. By Sir EDWARD J. POYNTER, President R.A. "*Storm Nymphs*." Young ladies who find bathing on this Cornish coast very delightful. But, after all, not quite so convenient as Scarborough or Margate.

28. "*Our Valentine*" (VAL PRINSEP, R.A.). Girl, thumb-twiddling, meditating perhaps on lover in S. Africa; in trance, Val?



10. By W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A. Portrait *In Camera*, or *A Brief Moment*. Barrister in full forensic costume privately rehearsing his speech for the defendant.

14. Also by W. Q. O., R.A. *A Strong Temptation*; or, *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. Elderly gentleman looking cautiously round as though asking, "Soft! Am I observed? If nobody's looking, I will open this jewel-case."

13. FRANK DICKSEE, R.A., shows a knight, "in shining armour clad," saying to a fair equestrienne, "See here! the only thing I've forgotten is my gauntlets." "We'll stop at the next glover's," she whispers. He listens to her sighs.



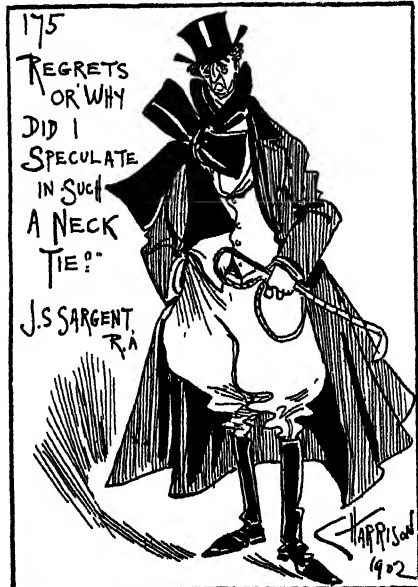
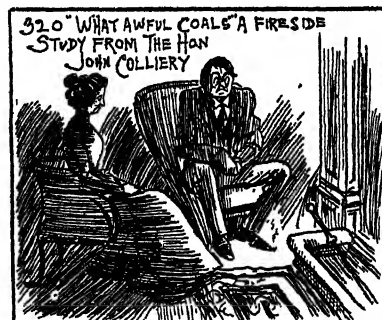
37. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A. "*The Lady of Lions*," on tour with performing tigers and other highly trained animals. WOMBWELL's travelling menagerie out for an airing.

54. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A. "*A Lively Measure*." The muzzy-looking trio of musicians look like "three in a bar."

75. "*Twopence Coloured*." Striking portrait of H. BEERBOHM TREE as "*Herod*," painted by CHARLES A. BUCHEL, who, wishing to be distinguished in a certain branch of Art, paints a tree. Yet, "a Good Tree needs no Buchel."

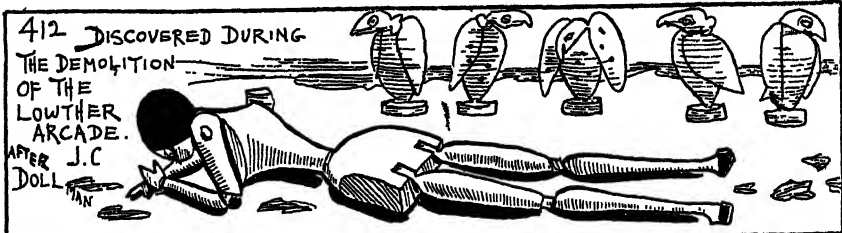
89. JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A. "*The Orange Girls*." Three booful ladies under an orange tree. The fruit is ripe now, but it may be of "orange blossoms" to come that they are thinking. Most perfect ornement.

108. Mr. HENRY WOODS, R.A., here represents a delightfully sunny scene entitled "*A Venetian Water-seller*." This is, probably, to be followed by "*A Venetian Wine-cellar*," with "Wine from the Woods."



112. G. A. STOREY, A. Not a bad Storey; 275 is a queer Storey, but 442 is quite another Storey, in fact, a capital Storey. And, after all, what is better than "the old old Storey?" ADOLPHUS STOREY should illustrate "*Dolly* Dialogues."

126. "*Hera in the House of Hephaistos*." Sir W. B. RICHMOND, R.A. The "lass of Richmond" as a listening Hera. But this Hera will hear a lot of good of herself.



139. "*Haughty Culture in the Hupper Suckles.*" Handsome lady on satin golden-framed sofa; gold embroidery on dress, general idea of having invested in, what is called on "Change," "gilt-edged securities," suggested by uncommonly FRANK DICKSEN, R.A. So she looks proudly round and says,

"Here will I sit!"
"Let Kings come bow to me!"

143. W. W. OULENS, R.A., gives us a strong portrait of "*Blackwell*" looking "*Crosse*."

147. Winner of a chariot race over a water-course. FRANK O. SALISBURY.

190. By W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A. The picture represents a dinner-table at dessert time. The Dinner-giving Bore is the host, miscalled "entertainer." His amusing stories have caused the precipitate flight of five out of his six guests, whose chairs are empty; but the sixth, overcome by his host's last amusing anecdote, has fallen fast asleep, prone on the table. The host is known appropriately as "The Borgia," with the accent on the "Bor."

196. H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A. "*Drove of Cattle at Chartley.*" In what county? Probably Oxon. *Vide* Cattlelogue.

200. MARCUS STONE, R.A., might well have named his prettily fancied picture "Rather a waste of time," as it represents a fair maiden with her ear close to a tree, patiently but anxiously waiting for its bark.

201. His only one, but such a one! The Marble Halls! The Strawn Roses! The Outer Hall, the Inner Hall, the Innermost Hall! Hall-marked by HALL-MA TADEMA, R.A. Perfect!

212. *A Trying Moment.* Mr. ALEXANDER as the Prisoner of Zenda, in new satin "unmentionables." But query, does the artist, Mr. ROBERT BROUGH, mean them to be sat-in?

226. *Supercilious Portrait, loquitor.* "I am a

swell! Ya-as! rather!" (*To rude spectator.*) "Who are you? Don't know yar!" This is probably what it is saying, as of course it is a "speaking likeness," by LUKE FILDEN, R.A.

229. *The Three Dianas; or, The Huntresses.* "The Misses HUNTER," so the catalogue has it; but who misses HUNTER, or FISHER, or any one else, in the presence of these three witoches so marvellously painted by our Colour-SERGEANT, R.A.? We wish the best of sport to these three Hunters, and no insurmountable "obstacles!"

269. Another Hunter! Marvellous portrait of *Phil May* as hunting man in pink. J. J. SHANNON, A. *pinist.* As a picture, the pink of perfection. Why so sad? Is it because—in spite of having had his hair cut—he hasn't got a hunting crop?

378. *The Sumper-thetic Lady and the Funny Dog.* ARTHUR HACKER, A. Hacker-demical study.

385. A violoncellist passing false notes; taken by A. LEXCESTER BURROWS, and hung by the Academy.

413. "*On the Free List!*" FRANCIS BARRAUD gives us a good portrait of Admiral KEPPEL, with a lot of "orders."

429. *William Forbes*, by STANHOPE FORBES, A. Will Forbes buy Forbes, eh? Has done so, probably. Both gifted persons, and ready to act on "the give and take" principle.

447. LANCE CALKIN's portrait of *Sir John Tenniel* doing nothing and taken red-handed in the deed. Otherwise it might be entitled "*A Good Knight's Rest.*"

470. "*Snap-shots,*" or Watching the Invaders. By H. von HERKOMER, R.A.

686. Intended by ARTHUR S. COPE, A., with horse by J. CHARLTON, for *W. Baird, Esq.*, but it ought to have been Equestrian portrait of CHARLES WYNDHAM in a new part as a hunting man making "a cast."

760. JOHN M. SWAN, A. Telling picture of a late or early gentleman who about 3 A.M. finds that

though he has kept his head he has lost his hat, and "confound it, where's my latch-key?"

777. HENRY S. TUCKER, A., exhibits a portrait of *Alfred de Pass, Esq.* Name seems to indicate some distinguished member of the "Free List" persuasion. Adieu, ALFRED DE PASS. *Passons!*

STATUARY.

1604. THOMAS BROCK, R.A., shows a soldier at the front scowling angrily across the hall at the ghostly statue of Mr. GLADSTONE by same sculptor.

1611 and 1612. Two busts of His Majesty King EDWARD THE SEVENTH. One, by WALTER MERRETT, in white marble, t'other, by SYDNEY MARCH, in black. White King and Black King. Probably some chess problem intended. By different sculptors, but both Merrett-orious.

Outside.

"*Jeunesse Dorée.*" or equestrian golden statue of Black Prince (by BROCK, R.A.) protesting against being compelled to remain in the courtyard when so many other works of art, not by any means so well mounted, are admitted within the walls. Claim not allowed.

A COOKED ACCOUNT.

[At the Cambridge Police court, it appeared that Caius C legge was defrauded by its butcher to the extent of £8,000 or £9,000.]

A cook of the College of Caius
Paid the butcher extortionate faius;
And so much deceit
They suffered in meat
They'd better have dined upon chiaus.



FLOUTED.

To his rage and despair, Mr. Orlont receives the following:—"THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY REGRET THEY CANNOT HANG MR. ORLONT'S PICTURES, AND REQUEST THAT THEY MAY BE REMOVED AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE."



REVENGED.

But the spirit of revenge inspires him, and the "*Weekly Wirepuller*" shortly contains the following:—"CAN ANYTHING EXCEED THE IGNORANCE, THE INDOLENCE, THE IMPUDENCE, DISPLAYED IN THE SO-CALLED WORKS OF ART OF OUR ROYAL ACADEMICIANS?" &c., &c.

BEGINNING YOUNG.

["Is it too much to hope that in the re-arrangement of elementary education opportunity will be found for grounding the children in the chief political and economic movements of the day, thus fitting them to play their parts as useful citizens." *Daily Paper.*]

SCENE—Puddleton Village School.

TIME—Say two years hence. An old-fashioned Inspector is holding the annual examination.

The Inspector. Now, children, we will proceed to some questions in simple arithmetic. If one bricklayer can lay fifty bricks in an hour, and another forty bricks in an hour, how many bricks will the two, working together, lay in eight hours?

First Child. That entirely depends, Sir, upon whether they are Union men or blacklegs.

Inspector. Dear me, I never thought of that. Perhaps you're right. But what do you know about Trade Unions?

The Whole Class (in breathless unison). A-trades-union-is-an-organisation-or-association-of-working-men-employed-in-one-particular-trade-to-guard-their-rights-against-the-tyranny-of-capital-on-the-one-hand-and-on-the-other-to-maintain—

Inspector (hurriedly). Thank you—yes, very nice indeed. But let us return to our arithmetic. If six children bought six oranges at a penny each, at what price would they have to sell them again to make a shilling profit? (*A general titter runs round the class.*) Eh, what are you laughing at?

Second Child. Only at the notion, Sir, of any of us being content with so miserable a profit under the circumstances you describe. The six of us, Sir, would immediately form an Orange Trust, and the price of oranges would be advanced promptly to sixpence apiece.

Inspector (somewhat taken aback). Er—yes, quite so. But putting such matters aside for the moment, would you be good enough to tell me what would be the cost of papering a room twelve feet long, eight feet high, and—

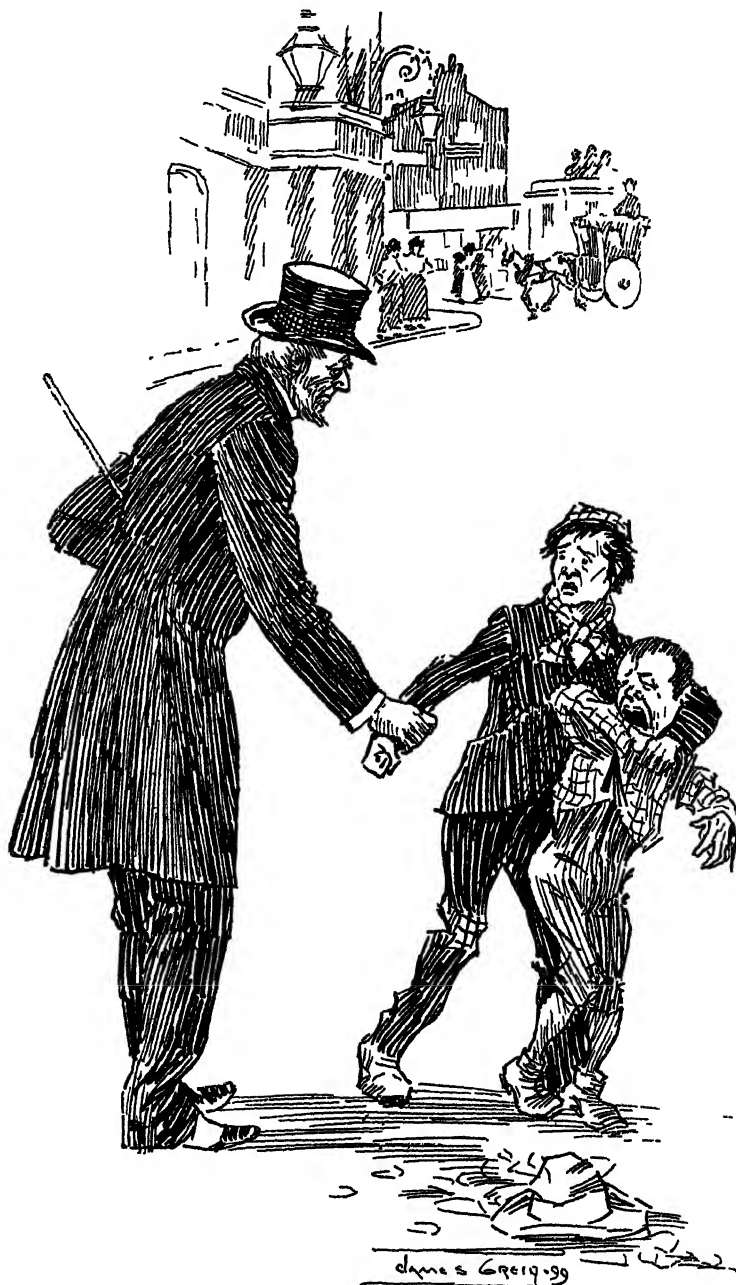
Third Child. Excuse me, Sir, but we cannot consider such a room. If you will look at the report of the Commission on overcrowding, you will see that the minimum of cubic feet of air—

Inspector. Well, well, we will pass on to geography. Kindly mention the principal exports of Great Britain to Africa.

Chorus of Children. Union Jacks, patriotic songs, and equitable systems of government formulated by a sane Imperialism!

Inspector (faintly). And the capital of Sweden?

Fourth Child. The most important town, Sir, is Gothenburg, where origi-



Old Gent. "WEY ARE YOU HITTING THE BOY? WHAT HAS HE BEEN DOING?"
Big Boy. "NOTHINK. BUT 'E WON'T BE LONG O' DOIN' SOMETHINK."

nated a system of controlling the drink-traffic which—

Inspector. Thank you, thank you, I will not trouble you further. (*Struck by a sudden idea.*) Can you tell me how many pounds make a hundred-weight? (*Dead silence.*) Or the name of the sea between England and France? (*Same result.*) Oh, they don't teach you this sort of thing nowadays, don't they? Well, then, tell me what is nine times seven?

Fifth Child (solemnly). We are compelled, Sir, to ask for notice of that question!
[Scene closes.]

NOWADAYS there are lady journalists and lady-doctors, but, we believe, only one "feminine" on the list of English barristers, who, when in Court, is usually rather rudely pointed out to an inquiring stranger with the curt formula, "That's SHEE."

A CHANGE COMES OVER, &C.—"Ping-Pong," though essentially an indoor game, is now played out.

NEW TITLE FOR SIR MICHAEL.—Chancellor of the Extra-penny-chequer.

CATCHWORDS FOR THE MILLION.

III.—"SMART SOCIETY."

[The writer of these verses has had his attention directed to the following exquisite passage culled from a new Anglo-American paper known as *The Smart Set*. Its author, after asserting that "temperament" is the only effective qualification for entrance into "smart" society, proceeds:—"Given the temperament, and, in an atmosphere of orris, you will discover . . . hair-raises of the first water, the deliciousness of ruedelapaixian confections, the aroma of Manhattan mingling with the accents of Mayfair."]

WHEN in some pious album I review
The myriad changes wrought in Woman's clothing,
The antic shapes that, once considered new,
Now but invite to pity or to loathing;

When I permit my memory to revert
To days that knew the chignon or the bustle,
The belling shoulder-puff, the clinging skirt,
The flounce of satin guaranteed to rustle;—

A pure compassion takes me by the heart,
For those that so far lacked imagination
As to suppose these fleeting forms of art
Merited photographic conservation.

Little the wearers fancied, in their pride,
When thus they stereotyped their cherished trousseau,
That they would prove the antiquarian's guide,
And serve as supplement to Madame TUSSAUD.

Strange, when its doom is ever in our eyes,
With what sublime imperishable passion
Some of us still aspire to crystallise
The freaks and foibles of the moment's fashion.

Yet he was surely bolder than the rest,
Or knew the innocence of alien readers,
Who fixed on "smartness" as the final test
By which to recognise our social leaders.

But why should he adopt so stale a brand?
Why give his journal such a crusted title?
Was it that in his own more strenuous land
This jargon still remains profoundly vital?

Not so with us! We take these catchwords on,
Slang of the West, or costers' native phrases,
Use them a year, and then the charm is gone
Into the limbo of forgotten crazes.

Or else, like maggots breeding in the sun,
Contagion spreads until the villas catch it
Down in those wilds of far West Kensington
Which once were known as Staines, or even Datchet

Some London germs may linger here and there;
In restaurants they largely tend to batten—
Chambers of orris, where the heavy air
Reels to the rich "aroma of Manhattan."

But where they only talk the Mayfair brogue,
And never buy a notice in the papers,
Let's hope that "smartness," if it had a vogue,
Has gone the way of crinolines and vapours.

O. S.

"A HAPPINESS THAT OFTEN MADNESS HITS ON,"

Hamlet, Act II., Sc. 2.

"Ping-pong is to be introduced into the imbecile wards of the Leeds Union Workhouse."—*Yorkshire Post*.

NEWS FROM SAN DOMINGO!—"Señor VASQUEZ, Vice-President, has become President on the presidency having been resigned by JIMENEZ." By Jiminy!

NOT A PRECEDENT.

WELCOME again to London is the little stranger CHARLES HAWTREY, who might sing with Bountiful BERTIE, "Everybody is so awfully good to me." And indeed so pleased is the theatre-going public at his return to the London stage, that they would rather not admit the fact, staring them unpleasantly in the face, that their favourite has shown inexplicably faulty judgment in selecting such a piece for himself and company as is this farcical melodrama, in three acts, by Mr. FRANK STATION, entitled *The President*. What imp of mischief beguiled the judicious CHARLES into producing this inconsequential, ill-constructed, plotless muddle of a piece, which is neither melodrama, nor farce, nor comic-opera, nor even very much of an "entertainment?"

However, as Mr. PHELPS, the American Minister, observed in the course of one of his most brilliant speeches, "The man who never makes a mistake never makes anything," so it may be that the next piece chosen by Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY will be too brilliant for words, and that the author of *The President*, when giving himself another chance, will be thoroughly original instead of going back to Sir Charles Coldstream in *Used Up* for his leading character of Brooke Trench (played by CHARLES HAWTREY) and to ANTHONY HOFFE's *Prisoner of Zenda* for the design of making a careless Englishman become the temporary chief of the State; and finally to *La Grande Duchesse* for the types of that memorable trio of comic conspirators.

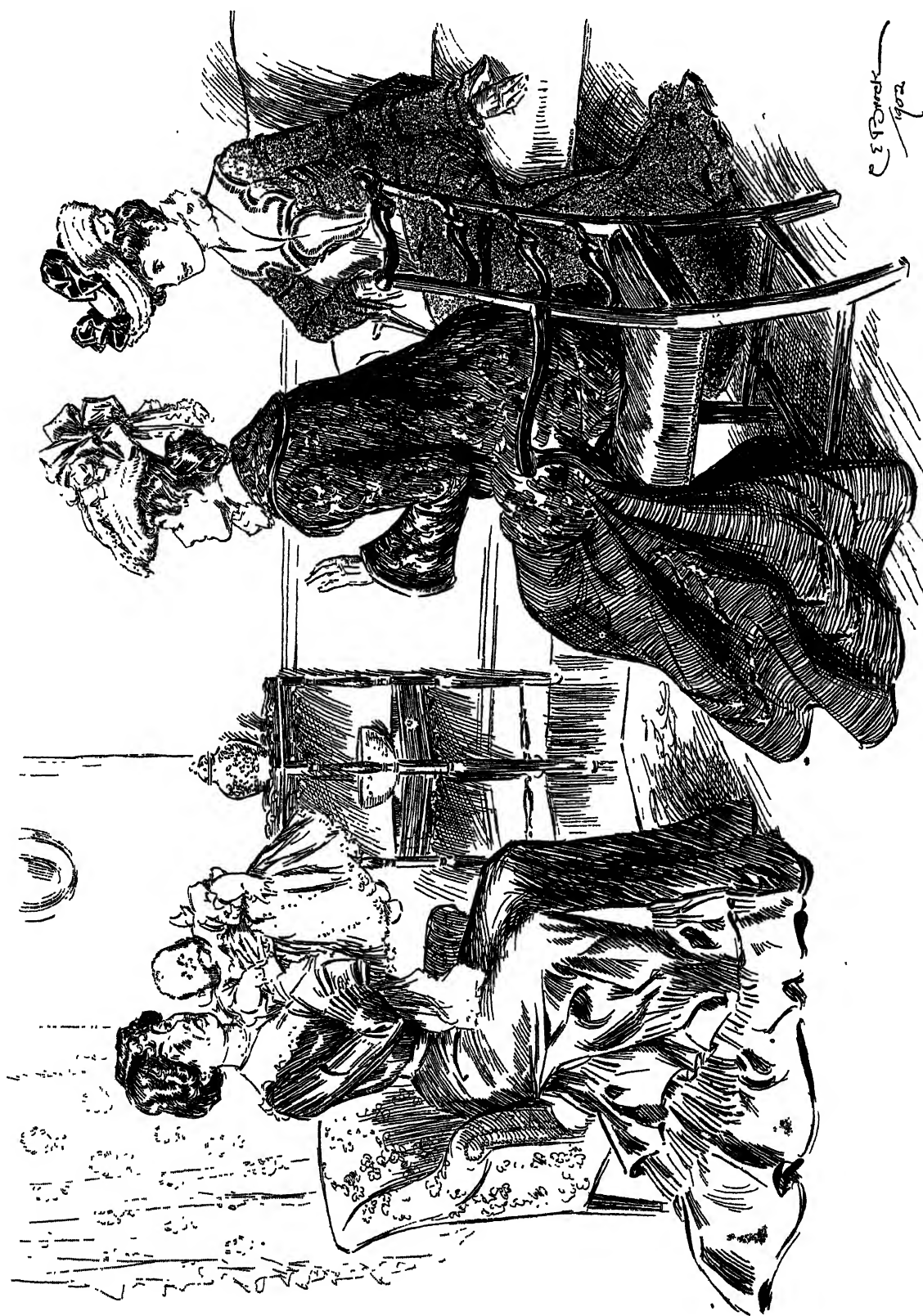
The dialogue, although lightened by occasional flashes of humour, would not be worth much, were it not for Mr. HAWTREY's method of giving temporary value to nothing in particular, and for the excellent acting and individualisation given to the characters by Mr. ROBERT PATEMAN (admirably made up), Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, most amusing as the Minister of Public Works, and Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR equally good as Minister of War; while to the last-named pair as burlesque dancers, the greatest praise is due for their mirth-provoking antics which emphasise and determine the hearty encores accorded to every verse of Mr. HAWTREY's humorously rendered topical comic song.

Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS as *Gwendolen*, and Miss VERA McCORD as *Manuela*, make something out of nothing, and all the ladies and gentlemen do their very best to show by the gay abandon of their terpsichorean efforts that, 'if it's a dance you want,' their dramatic talent is not confined to any one 'walk' of the drama. Every one of them might sing with SHELLEY, "A spirit is in my feet." So "*Exeunt omnes dancing*," these brave, devoted "bearers of the burden."

A CASE ON APPEAL.

A FUND is being raised to assist Miss M. HATTON and Mrs. FRANCES J. MOORE, the daughters of the late eminent composer, J. L. HATTON. It would be sufficient for Mr. *Punch* to draw the attention of his readers to this genuinely deserving case, but when he recalls to their memories HATTON's exquisite setting of HERRICK's "*To Anthea, who may command him anything*," he is sure that, without "requisition" being made, all will send whatever they can, no matter how small the subscription, to this fund, addressing their inclosure to Messrs. CHAPPELL, the music publishers, 50, New Bond Street, whose receipt will be discharge in full.

A GENTLE HINT.—"Had you any idea of a Knighthood?" asked counsel in court of Mr. DIXON, who replied, naïvely enough, "I should be very pleased to have one." Wonder whether Authority will act on this "*Ipse Dixon*."



Visitor, "NOTHING COULD BE PLAINER."

Mother (exhibiting first-born), "DON'T YOU SEE A RESEMBLANCE? LOOK AT OUR FACES SIDE BY SIDE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 5.

—HALDANE, K.C., with far-reaching flash

Education.
Sir J-hn G-r-st.

possible only to genius, throws in a sentence a flood of light on Parliamentary debate. Under new Rules House got to work promptly at three o'clock on second reading of Education Bill. BRYCE moved rejection in speech that reinstates a Parliamentary reputation somewhat speckled in these querulous times. JOHN O'GORST, Time-honoured Educationalist, defended Government measure. By comparison quite a tame performance. Conscious of PRINCE ARTHUR watchful on his right, apprehensive of his chief dropping in for a much-needed nap in the Pears' Gallery, JOHN holds himself in on the curb. But though his speech does not sparkle with inconvenient epigram, nor does he in its course flout constituted authority, it commanded attention by its mastery of educational intricacies, its lucid arrangement, its cogent reasoning.

Encyclopædic DLKE follows. House discovers he is as intimately acquainted with the working of national education as he is with the administration of the Army and the Navy. The silver accents of RICHARD JEBB rise and fall with musical cadence. Late Public Orator of his University, intimate with HOMER and SOPHOCLES, the learned Professor from the first took to House of Commons debate as a duck takes to water. Speaks without a note, fluently but with point, adds grace to debate, strength to the cause he espouses. Then enter HALDANE, K.C.,

and in his judicial manner sums up the case. On the whole disposed to give the prisoner benefit of the doubt. Began to address jury at quarter to seven: commanded close attention of full House till a quarter past.

"And now, Sir," he said, turning to the SPEAKER, "if I may, I should like to say something about the Bill itself."

There, disclosed in sixteen words, you have secret of the length of Parliamentary debate. Only a Chancery barrister, born in Scotland, nourished in the Göttingen University, Gray Scholar and Ferguson Scholar of Philosophy in four Scottish Universities, has the simplicity of mind, the ingenuous nature to blurt it forth. On the second reading of important Ministerial measure a Member talks for twenty-five minutes, and then proposes to approach discussion of Bill before the House.

"Pooh!" says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "it's only you young things that admire a slip like that. Long before you sat for Barks there was a member of the House, VINCENT SOULLY by name, who one Wednesday afternoon moved the rejection of a Bill, to him obnoxious. In those days House met at noon on Wednesdays; debate automatically closed at a quarter to six. SOULLY rose at one o'clock, and with interval of the SPEAKER retiring for his chop, spoke till the shadows lengthened in the Spring afternoon. At seventeen minutes to six, he brought out of his breast pocket a mass of manuscript and said, 'And now, Mr. SPEAKER, after these few preliminary observations, I turn to consider the provisions of the Bill.' In another two minutes he had talked it out."

Business done.—Under new Rules House debates Education Bill.

Tuesday Night.—Lord HUGH CROIL illumined debate with one of those speeches that make his intervention memorable. On the whole it reached his highest mark, always loftily pitched. He is the oddest mixture known to Parliament of the fanatic and the English gentleman, the inquisitor, ready to burn

or be burned for the sake of the Church, and the timid, gentle-minded scholar who would apologise to a fly before



Lord H-g-h C-o-l.

briskly brushing it off his cheek. Watching this slim, angular, ill-at-ease young man, wringing his hands as if they were the necks of the unorthodox, one in the twentieth century realises something of the personality and the possibilities of the instruments who worked the will of Pope GREGORY IX. and INNOCENT III.

Cousin HUGH's oratory is in the House of Commons a thing apart. Not less than his illustrious father has he the heaven-born gift of phrasing mordant sentences. The right word (and there is only one) is selected for every clause, and every word in its place. His speech, as usual, carefully prepared. There fluttered across it whiffs of sacramental oil burning in midnight consecrated lamp. These were the portions delivered in a voice that recalled the intonation of the curate in spotless white robe reading his treasured sermon to a congregation of old ladies and young virgins, the former asleep, the latter with their lamps trimmed. The end, a long, somewhat muddled peroration, entirely sermonic, delivered in appropriate tone and manner.

Pretty to see MATHER fumbling in his pocket for half-a-crown under impression that collection would naturally follow. As he later told the House, he



Joe.

habitually subscribes to the funds of all churches, whatsoever may be their denomination.

These elaborate passages, recited with assistance of the cruelly suffering manuscript, mangled in nervous hands, were the only poor things in a brilliant speech. The best point was flashed forth in response to interruption. Replying to the demand for popular representation on denominational boards of school management, he objected on the ground that it might lead to controversy as to what is or is not consistent with the teaching of the Church of England.

"Oh! oh!" crowed his Nonconformist brethren opposite.

"Such a thing is possible elsewhere," said Cousin HUGH, assuming an air of angelic innocence. "Imagine the confusion that would arise in the Liberal Party supposing its principles were set forth by a Board of Management composed of right hon. gentlemen on the Front Opposition Bench."

A hit, a palpable hit.

Apart from the intellectual pleasure of listening to this speech, the crowded House paid silent tribute to the lofty moral tone that pervaded it.

"What a missionary he would make!"

ASQUITH said admiringly.

"Yes," replied the MEMBER FOR SARK, to whom the observation was addressed. "But very early in his career he would be served cold on the sideboard. He could not resist, upon occasion, tempta-

tion to introduce a stinging remark that would cause the Nonconformist section of his flock temporarily, but fatally, to relapse into primitive state of frenzied savagery, yielding to regrettable impulse of abnormal appetite."

Business done.—Education Bill still debated.

Thursday night.—House always prepared to rise to occasion. Two historic modern instances. One befell on a night in March in the Session of 1889, when Mr. G., then Leader of Opposition, gave signal to Liberal Party to rise to their feet and hail PARNELL's return to his place on evening of day news flashed through London that FIGOTT had fled. The other happened just now, when, SPEAKER entering to take Chair at evening sitting, the serried ranks of Unionists, captained by PRINCE ARTHUR, leaped to their feet to greet him with ringing cheer.

Cherchez la femme is a remark made at Bullong and other fashionable French resorts when anything happens out of the common way. "Look out for the Irish Member," say *nous autres*, when unwonted incident stirs House of Commons. He is at the bottom of to-night's business, even as he was in the dramatic scene of thirteen years ago. When, six weeks ago, JOHN DILLON interrupted speech by DON JOSÉ with the remark that a certain ally of British forces in South Africa was a traitor, DON JOSÉ purred back the remark, "The hon. gentleman is a judge of traitors."

This one of the things which, as our dear DU MAURIER used to say, might have been put differently. But what would you? Don JOSÉ is not exactly a saint, nor as yet of the cherubim. He had been offensively interrupted, and, after his fashion, being smitten on the left cheek, he went for his assailant's right. DILLON, unfeignedly shocked at anything approaching discourteous or disorderly language, straightway retorted that the Colonial Secretary was "a damned liar." There was a scene, and DILLON, to the envy of his compatriots, had his Easter holidays accelerated and extended, going home to enjoy them crowned by halo of martyrdom.

To-night incident recurred to by way of motion made by Irish Members. With what intent does gentle reader in far-off Labuan suppose? To give JOHN DILLON opportunity of apologising for beating record in matter of disorderly language? Not a bit of it, my Labuan brother, innocent of Irish ways. The whole party mustered, and gravely submitted Vote of Censure on the SPEAKER!

And there are people who say the present generation of Irish Members has no sense of humour!

Business done.—Vote of Confidence



An Impression.
H. J. W.-ls-n.

in SPEAKER passed by majority of 335 in House of 461 Members.

Friday, 12.15 A.M.—Figures on division on second reading of Education Bill just announced. For, 402; Against, 165. This rattling majority made possible by Irish Nationalist Members joining hands with what the other week they denounced as a coercion Government. Ten hours earlier, in pathetic passage of a speech worthy of debate that has maintained old renown of House of Commons for force and eloquence, LLOYD-GEORGE turned to Irish Members and reminded them of a few facts. The Liberal Party were fighting a hopeless battle for a cause they held dear. Their crippled state was directly due to the fact that, sixteen years ago, abandoning other things nearer and dearer to them, they espoused the national cry of Ireland. And now, in a day of fresh distress, Irish hands are reached forth to clasp those of the ancient foe.

Might as well have talked to Macgillycuddy's Reeks. Sentiment all very well. Subvention from the rates better. The old constitutional, high Protestant Party propose under Education Bill to subsidise Catholic Schools, and the Irish Members, brushing past their Radical allies below the Gangway, went out to vote with JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg.

Business done.—Education Bill read second time.



Photography.
Sir J. B. St-ne.

THE ROUND OF THE COURTS.



IN fulfilment of my promise to the Editor of the leading forensic journal, I beg to supply a few notes that may be found useful to our future ELDONS and coming HALSBURYS. I will, for the moment, confine my attention to that transformation scene, the Robing Room of Carey Street or the Strand. Those who enter the precincts sacred to wigs, bands and gowns, put off the hat and necktie of civil life to assume the lawn, horsehair, and silk of those who practise at the Bar. And with their wigs, our learned friends banish recollection of golf and play *premieres* in favour of case law. The ex-student of six months' standing may take many a valuable hint by lingering a little over his robing. Do not let him be too impatient to tie the strings of his bands or to settle his wig on his forehead in such a fashion as to suggest dignity rather than impudence. For obvious reasons I can only suggest to him the observation of types.

I suppose there can be no possible harm in referring (distantly) to that eminent K.O. who has had the pick of the forensic prizes for the last ten years and has made no selection. Were he to stand strictly on his rights I believe he would robe in another part of the building, within "lift" distance of the Masters in Chancery, who a few years since were known only as "chief clerks." While he is removing his iron-grey coat for his smart lawn-cuffed under-garment he has a word for everyone. He gives Counsel's opinion (gratis) on the weather to the attendant, and remembers a youngster who figured in a "consent brief" for someone the day before yesterday.

"You hadn't much to do, my dear fellow, but you did it very well. I shall expect to be referring to you next term when you are seated behind me coaching me up in the facts of an only partly-digested brief."

Then he will turn to a distinguished colleague within the Bar and suggest some new "side light" anent the domestic life of one of the earlier of our Norman kings. Then, when another of his rivals and learned friends commences to speak about golf, he will hurry away, saying that his clients will suffer if he once begins to discuss tees and bunkers.

On leaving the room he will be met by managing clerks, deferentially solicitous to pour into his ear the latest details of his engagements on the day's cause list. Good advocate, good fellow. A friend in need to all who have been called, whether they be judges elect or ex-students of a week's wig-wearing.

As the hands of the clock near 10.30, the two attendants become busier and busier. Advocate after advocate appears to cast the outer man. The remarks become fewer and fewer. Those who are early on the list cannot wait to discuss even professional topics, much less events of the non-forensic world.

I propose entering the K. B. D., the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty, and the Chancery side.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-Handle Court.

MIXED MARCONIGRAMS.

EXPERTS are divided in opinion as to whether the Marconi system is perfectly safe from the risk of the currents being intercepted, or mixed. Before the system is perfected there will be many mistakes, and to a cheery operator there would be less enjoyable tasks than sitting at the receipt of Marconi-

grams when there is a thunderstorm in full working order and the currents have got twisted.

We append an example of the style known as "mixed doubles":

Mrs. JONES is to understand that her husband is arranging to dine away from home, and SIMPKINS that he is desired to execute a large order in vegetables. This is how they receive respectively their intimations:

Jones, Roseleaf Villa. Can't get home till late dining with two wagon loads of turnips-to-morrow,
Simpkins, Greengrocer, High Street. City friends grown on your own estate same price as last will be with you tentatively.

The consequences are:—

(1) A wife fearing the arrival of a moony husband, gibbering, and with straw in his hair.

(2) A greengrocer sitting up all night, wondering whether the wholesale man at Covent Garden had been drinking.

Here is another example of mixed doubles:

Miss Ethel Winston, Ivy Lane. Have two stalls Her Majesty's Theatre so delighted if you can come meet me at the Criterion bar seven-thirty JACK.

Rutherford, Park House. Smoking concert to-night. Governor takes chair meet me ladies' waiting-room Charing Cross fondest love wear your pink dress PERKINS.

The consequences are:—

(1) An angered maiden sending back an engagement ring and a van-load of eloquent letters.

(2) A report at the Club that PERKINS has had trouble, and cannot some of you fellows persuade him to see a specialist.

MR. PUNCH'S NATIONAL DRAMAS.

IV.—THE JUNGLE BLOKE.

By R-dy-rd K-pl-ng.

[When paragraphs have appeared in the newspapers from time to time stating that this talented author was engaged upon a play founded upon his *Jungle Book*, sceptical persons shook their heads. When it was further announced that the play would be found to contain a "strong love interest," still more doubt was expressed. Both announcements, however, were true, as the following moving drama, which *Mr. Punch* has secured for his National Theatre, will show.]

SCENE—*Verandah of the GRIGSBYS' bungalow at Fudgepore, looking out upon large compound, behind which stretches the jungle.* GRIGSBY, a fat, rubicund man, and his daughter ETHEL, a pretty girl of two-and-twenty, are sitting limply in long chairs, panting under the heat of an Indian afternoon.

Ethel (pleadingly). But, Papa, I'm sure you'd like MOWGLI, if you only *knew* him. You're prejudiced.

Grigsby. Prejudiced! A common *bobacheewallah* like that!

E. Not common, father!

G. Oh, well, it's not a rarity I appreciate. Why the fellow was suckled by a she-wolf.

E. So was ROMULUS!

G. That doesn't make it more respectable. Anyhow, he's on terms of revolting familiarity with half the wild beasts in the neighbourhood, and I'm not going to have him for a son-in-law.

E. (indignantly). He has a beautiful classic profile, and looks like a Greek god!

G. That's what I object to. He doesn't wear enough clothes.

E. (reflectively). I suppose his wardrobe is rather against him.

G. I should think it was. No, ETHEL, it won't do. You must see that yourself. (*Suspiciously.*) You've not encouraged the fellow, I hope?

E. (hastily). Of course not!

G. I'm glad to hear it. (*Rises yawning.*) Well, I must go in and write some letters if they're to catch this mail.

[*Exit into bungalow.* ETHEL watches him go. When he is out of sight she goes to edge of bungalow and whistles cautiously. MOWGLI immediately appears, picturesquely draped in a bath towel, among the neighbouring trees.

Mowgli. Has he gone in? What did he say?

E. (*despondently*). It's no use. He will never consent.

M. We must be married without his consent, then.

E. I couldn't do that. It would not be right. Besides, where could we live?

M. (*enthusiastically*). In the jungle, of course—the beautiful moist jungle!

E. (*shivers*). I shouldn't like that! It would not be healthy.

M. Oh, yes, it would. At least you'd get used to it. You'd get fever of course occasionally. But you do that now. And I think you might put up with a little thing like that for my sake!

E. But it would be awfully lonely. I shouldn't know anyone in the jungle.

M. (*complacently*). I'd introduce you. There's BULOO, the brown bear. You'd like him! And the wolves, and KAA, the big python.

E. Ugh!

M. I beg your pardon?

E. I didn't say anything.

M. Oh, I thought you did. And then there's BAGHEERA, the black panther, and there are the cobras. (*Confidently.*) You'd have lots of friends!

E. (*faintly*). Do you think so?

M. I'm sure of it. Look here, let me speak to your father?

E. It would be no good.

M. (*persuasively*). Let me try, anyhow?

E. He would never consent. Indeed, I am not sure whether it would be right for him to consent. You see, your set isn't the same as ours, is it?

M. (*contemptuously*). I don't think that matters.

E. Oh, yes, it does. Papa wouldn't like your friends at all. I'm sure he wouldn't. He doesn't even like you. Of course if he did it would be different. We could live here in the bungalow, and in the hot weather we would go to Simla and dance at Government House. That's what I should like!

M. (*hurt*). You don't care for me.

E. I do—I do. I care for you awfully—but Papa doesn't.

M. (*threateningly*). I'll make him!

E. (*shocked*). MOWGLI! What do you mean? (*A heavy step is heard.*) Hush! here is Papa! Hide, MOWGLI, hide!

[*Enter GRIGSBY from bungalow.* MOWGLI does not budge.

Grigsby (*curtly*). Hullo! what are you doing here?

M. (*coming to the point at once*). I wish to marry your daughter.

G. Indeed!

M. Yes. I love her and she loves me; so if you will kindly give your consent—

G. (*interrupting him haughtily*). And pray who are you?

M. I thought you knew. My name is MOWGLI. I live in the jungle. I was brought up by—

G. I am aware of the details of your deplorable history, Sir.

M. That's right; it saves a lot of explanations. And now about your daughter—

G. Sir!

M. Do you consent to our marriage?

G. Certainly not! I decline to listen to such a proposition.

M. (*confidently*). But you will.

G. (*sharply*). Nonsense! From a person clothed as you are the suggestion is preposterous.

M. (*threateningly*). You will. Persons who do not do as I wish have a rather uncomfortable time. There's a black panther and half-a-dozen wolves, not to speak of a python of large proportions, waiting in your compound. If you don't say "Yes" at once they'll eat you! Do you consent?

G. (*blustering*). No, Sir!—not if you bring up your entire ménagerie!

M. Very well, so much the worse for you. (*Gives a peculiar cry.* Panther, Wolves, etc., appear trotting up the drive, a huge Python corkscrewing along in the rear.) Hi, BULOO! Hi, BAGHEERA! At him!

E. (*screams*). MOWGLI! Stop! Stop!

[*A scene of picturesque confusion ensues. GRIGSBY is pursued round and round the stage, shouting for his gun. A servant brings gun, but drops it immediately on seeing what is happening, and is himself pursued like his master. Ultimately master and servant make a bolt indoors through verandah, followed by beasts. From the house sounds of broken furniture, mingled with oaths, are heard.*

M. (*triumphantly*). Now I think there will be no further obstacle to our marriage!

E. (*bursting into tears*). Oh, no! No! We can never be married now—never!

M. (*astonished*). My dear ETHEL, why not? Your father will give his consent. He will, I assure you. BAGHEERA will make a man consent to anything!

E. (*sobbing*). It's not that. It's not that.

M. (*puzzled*). What is it then?

E. You don't understand. How can I possibly marry a man who has treated my father in that way? Think of the humiliation!—and the danger! Why at any moment that horrid python may begin cracking his bones in the spare bedroom!

M. Is that all? I can easily call them off.

[*Repeats his jungle cry.* Wolves, Python and Panther emerge from house, the last carrying GRIGSBY in his mouth. He deposits him at MOWGLI's feet, and the beasts return to jungle.

E. (*terrified*). Oh, he's killed!

M. Not a bit. He's quite uninjured. (*Helps him to rise.*) Now will you marry me?

E. (*crossly*). I can't—I can't—I tell you! After the way you've treated Papa it wouldn't be decent!

M. Why? He's all right.

[*Sets that limp gentleman in chair, where he calls feebly for brandy.*

E. But the indignity! I shall never be able to forget it—nor will Papa. Really, MOWGLI, you might have been more considerate.

M. Considerate!

E. Yes, it might have killed him.

M. (*sulkily*). It didn't, anyhow.

E. No, but it made him look ridiculous. That's nearly as bad. All is over between us.

M. (*savagely*). Look here, ETHEL, I'm not going to be treated in this way with impunity. I give you two half-an-hour to clear out of this blessed bungalow. Then I'm going to let the jungle into it! Good-bye!

[*Exit with dignity.* The stage is darkened for half a minute, indicating the lapse of half-an-hour. When it is light again, enter a mixed assortment of Elephants, Tigers, Bears, etc., under the direction of MOWGLI, who completely wreck the GRIGSBY bungalow, to the huge delight of the gallery.

Curtain.

ARTISTS AT BOW STREET.

I.

ON the completion of the hearing of the cases against various actors, recently reported in *Mr. Punch's* columns, the Bench was re-organised to hear certain artistic cases, the magistrates being Lord ROTHSCHILD, Sir THOMAS LIPTON, Mr. SPIELMANN, Mr. HUMPHRY WARD, and the Editor of the *Tailor and Cutter*.

The Hon. JOHN COLLIER was prosecuted by the Medical Officer of Health for Piccadilly for failing to notify an infectious case which had occurred in Room 5, Burlington House.

Dr. TIBBLES, the eminent bacteriologist, who appeared on behalf of the Local Government Board, stated that as the result of careful examination he was obliged to admit that, while the gentleman in the corner was taking all reasonable precautions, he was quite unable to state whether the patient was suffering from stage fright, cholera, or plague. In any case Mr. COLLIER's action was most reprehensible.

Constable EDWARD T. JONES, No. 347 of the R.A. Division, who had been specially drafted from Downland to cope with the situation, stated that he had been stationed in plain clothes in Room 5 since the opening of the Exhibition, to note the effect of the picture on the visitors. He had more than once been obliged to obtain a split Condor and soda from the refreshment room for nervous ladies.

For the defence Dr. P. M. BERRY-BERRY, the celebrated authority on tropical diseases, stated that the canvas had been so carefully sterilised as to be entirely aseptic; indeed the most susceptible subject might gaze at it for hours on end with perfect impunity. He understood that the average daily number of persons vaccinated in the Piccadilly district had doubled since the opening of the Exhibition, and he attributed this result entirely to the moral effect of Mr. COLLIER's impressive picture. Cross-examined, he admitted that it was difficult accurately to diagnose the case, but he had reason to believe that it was a case of acute *Colliera morbus*.

The Bench ordered Mr. COLLIER to surround the picture with a cordon and to supply restoratives gratuitously to all visitors to Room 5.

Mr. LUCIEN DAVIS was charged with exacerbating a prevailing epidemic by his picture of *Ping-pong* (No. 1317).

Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, who appeared for the prosecution, said that nothing had given him such pain during his recent holiday at the Cape as the thought that his fellow-countrymen were at the same time mitigating the rigours of the winter by the pursuit of



SCENE—A remote district in the Wolds.

Driver of Motor-car (who has just pulled up in response to urgent summons from countrywoman). "WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT IS IT?"

Countrywoman. "HI, MAN, LOOK! YOU'VE BEEN AN' LEFT YER 'OSS ON THE 'ILL!"

the frivolous pastime which bore a name he could not bring himself to pronounce. He would place the folly of these Celluloid Cretins before even that of the Flannelled Fool or the Muddled Oaf.

Mr. J. DARLING, the Australian Captain, stated that in his opinion Ping-pong was not so much a game as a disease.

Archdeacon SINCLAIR deposed that the rage for this pastime had interfered with the popularity of his two books, *Unto ye, O Young Men*, and *Unto ye, O Young Women*. The readers for whom they were intended, at the time they ought to have been studying them, were negotiating the "Aquarium Smash."

Dr. ROBSON ROOSE stated that many

valuable hours that ought to be given by doctors to serious patients were now occupied in treating "Ping-pong heel."

There was no defence.

The Bench ordered Mr. LUCIEN DAVIS at once to prepare a picture of the Absent-Minded Beggar by way of antidote.

Mr. PUNCH begs to offer hearty congratulations to Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN on his restoration to health, and hopes that he will put a generous construction on the following bulletin, which recently appeared in the *Standard*.—

"Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's condition last evening was stated to be very satisfactory. He is not yet well enough to leave his house."



OUR CHILDREN.

Nurse. "YOU DREADFUL CHILDREN! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?"

Young Hopeful. "OH, NURSIE, WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO DROWN THOSE DEAR LITTLE DUCKS, BUT THEY WILL COME TO THE TOP!"

HIGHWAYS AND BY-WAYS.

I.—THE LAST BUS.

It is, I think, the last bus. We have had to fight our way on to it—it is full inside—and we have at last found haven on the back seat of the off side. It is Saturday night. We feel conspicuous—guiltily sober—among our fellow-passengers. An inebriated cavalryman on our left stretches over to inform us that unless he is in Edinburgh to-night he is a deserter. A man in a greasy cap on the seat in front of ours wakes up, asks my brother for a match, and promptly goes to sleep again.

The bus starts. After a time the

knot of revellers on the front seats cease their musical assertions about the Navy and drop off into Bacchic slumbers. My brother closes his eyes, and I, gazing across the Green Park, meditate on DORIS. At Hyde Park Corner I awake to the fact that an altercation has for some time been proceeding between the occupants of the back seat on our left. One of them—the one nearer to us—is an aggressive-looking man in a very large bowler.

"Two bob," he says, "is what you bet me, and a gentleman'd 'and it over."

The other, a youngish man with a moustache like a toothbrush, has, as far

as I can infer, been denying either the terms, or the fact of the bet.

"That'll do. I've 'ad enough of it," he replies.

"Two bob," repeats the man in the bowler, "and a gentleman'd 'and it over."

The younger man is silent.

"But then, of course," adds the man in the bowler, "that's wot you ain't." The young man adopts a policy of silent indifference, and gazes at St. George's Hospital. The bus moves on.

"Two bob I bet with yer that this was the last bus," resumes the man in the bowler.

The young man says nothing.

"Bettin' a gentleman two bob," continues the other.

The young man still gazes at the street.

"Swellin' abaht bettin' gentlemen two bobs," repeats his companion. "I don't want yer bloomin' two bob," he adds. "When I bets two bobs I bets 'em with gentlemen."

There is a pause. The man in the bowler lights a clay pipe, and looks round the sleeping bus for support. I avoid his eye. He takes a new tack.

"What I say," he observes, "is . . . you, I say—dead or alive."

The young man produces a cigarette, and lights it self-consciously.

"Dead or alive," repeats his companion, with unction.

The young man is still silent, but bestows much care on his cigarette. The man in the bowler, having discovered this effective epigram, harps on it until Sloane Street. Here a man next to the cavalryman in front of them gets down.

"Dead or alive," remarks the man in the bowler, mechanically.

The young man gets up and, pushing past his aggressor, seats himself next to the cavalryman. The man in the bowler snorts, and turns to my brother and myself.

"Goin' abaht bettin' two bob," he sneers, with a jerk of his head towards the seat in front. "Wot I say is . . . him, I say—dead or alive."

There is still no response, and the bus starts again. The man in the bowler begins to snigger to himself in a superior way.

"Huh! Dead or alive," he remarks at intervals. "That's wot I say."

I observe that the back of the young man's neck is becoming each minute more rubicund. Suddenly he rises to his feet and slews round on his aggressor.

"Look 'ere," he cries, "if you say another word to me I'll give yer one in the jore. Understand? Just say another word to me!"

The young man sits down again.



ALMOST SETTLED.

The man in the bowler is silent for some time. Then he begins to smile scornfully.

"Dead or alive," he murmurs.

This producing no result, he repeats it in a louder tone. The young man does not move. The man in the bowler resumes his discourse with a few adjectival additions. Kensington Gardens stretch calm and peaceful on our right.

Suddenly the young man leaps to his feet

Thud! The man in the bowler has got it fairly in the "jore." Together they fall upon the now slumbering cavalryman, who wakes, a mass of smothered blasphemy. He throws them off and, rising, joins the conflict. Locked together, the three sway from side to side. The driver glances round, then drives stolidly on with hunched shoulders. Then the conductor appears, and, stopping the bus, by some unerring instinct extricates the still bowlered man from the trio, and persuades him somehow to descend the steps.

The bell rings, and the bus moves on again. The cavalryman helps the young man to find his hat, and peace is once again restored.

After a time the young man begins to rummage under the seats. The cavalryman has again gone to sleep. The man in the greasy cap in front of us, who had awakened during the conflict but has been hitherto silent, rises to his feet.

"Wodd-yer-want?" he observes.

"Can't find my umbereller," says the young man.

"Wodd- yer- want- yer- umbereller-for?" asks Greasy Cap.

The young man does not answer, but continues his search.

"You be content with wot yer've got, ole man," says Greasy Cap. "Yer've got yer rat; wodd-yer-want-yer-umbereller-for?"

"What's it got to do with you?" snarls the young man.

"You be content with wot yer've got, ole man," replies Greasy Cap, jocosely. "Wodd-yer-want-yer-umbereller for?" and gives the young man a sounding slap on the back. The young man turns on him cantankerously, when suddenly a familiar voice is heard from the top of the steps.

"Nar then! Dead or alive, I say!"

In an instant the combat has recommenced, with the addition, this time, of Greasy Cap. The cavalryman wakes, and swells the battle. Once more the driver glances round, and then drives on with stolid shoulders. Again the conductor appears, stops the bus, extricates the man in the bowler from the mêlée, and gets him down the steps. This time he is not spared, for the bell rings, and we see him swaying



A HEAD FOR BUSINESS.

Mamma. "I MEANT TO GIVE YOU A THREEPENNY BIT THIS MORNING, BOBBY, BUT IN MY HURRY I THINK I GAVE YOU SIXPENCE, SO—"

Bobby. "YES, MUMMY, BUT I HAVEN'T SPENT IT ALL YET. SO WILL YOU GIVE IT ME TO-MORROW?"

Mamma. "GIVE YOU WHAT, DEAR!"

Bobby. "THE THREEPENNY BIT YOU MEANT TO GIVE ME TO-DAY!"

from side to side in the middle of the road.

"Dead or alive, I say!" he shouts up at us.

The young man, the cavalryman, and Greasy Cap seat themselves again. The young man, by a lucky chance, has discovered his umbrella; the cavalryman and Greasy Cap go to sleep again. Far in the distance we still hear a faint cry.

"Dead or alive, I say!"

And then the swaying figure melts back into the night.

"There was an old man of Liskeard."

THOSE who recall the above nonsense rhyme will find a striking analogy to the case of that hirsute veteran in the following extract from the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*: "The wondrous temerity of the feathered tribe is sometimes curiously displayed. Last week a blackbird built its nest *under the eye of the gardener* . . . in one of the green-houses at," etc.

THE RAG-DOLL.

THE Rag-doll here and the Rag-doll there! take care of the Rag-doll, do!

She's a dollopy, dumpy, dowdy doll with a grin on her face for two.

She's a dollopy doll with two stuffed legs—but she's only got one stuffed arm—

But, oh! take care of the Rag-doll, do, and see that she takes no harm.

Her face is as flat as a girdle-cake, the tint of her cheeks is pink;

Her eyes have a fixed and glassy stare that would make a policeman blink.

Her nose is a blob and her teeth are paint, and I'm sorry I can't say more

For the looks of the doll who takes her ease all day on the nursery floor.

But you can't judge dolls by their looks, you know: this doll has a wondrous way

Of being a Fairy Prince by night, while she's only a doll by day:

A Fairy Prince with his tossing curls and a smile that is bright and bold,

And a trusty sword and a waving plume on a helmet of shining gold.

And forth on his milk-white steed he rides, a gay and a gallant sight—

He was only a feminine doll by day; he's a regular Prince by night.

He fights and he curvets all night long at the head of his troop of men,

And, lo, at the break of dawn he's back, a dowdy old doll again.

On the following night it is presto, change! and, lo, she is off to steer

On a ship of her own to the Southern Seas, for now she's a buccaneer.

There hasn't been seen a Pirate King that ever had half his scars,

Or caverns so full of round doubloons and jewels and golden bars.

And nobody chops and lops like him, or sneers with such curling lips

At the shivering, shrinking, cringing crews, and the captains of merchant ships.

And he laughs, ha! ha! when the storm winds blow, and he never gives way to fear,

This scar-seamed King of the Caribbees who is only a Rag-doll here.

A Beauty asleep, a Gnome, a Queen, a Knight of the Golden Spur—

Old Raggy she takes them all in turns: they're one and the same to her.

She has mounted in haste her chanfroned horse, and her sword she has girded on,

And has thundered away on a new Crusade to the towers of Ascalon.

She has thundered away with the Christian host a Saracen town to win,

But, oh, when the night is half-way through she's fighting as SALADIN.

She's a wonderful changeable doll, in short, as ever a mortal knew;

So I say, take care of the old Rag-doll, take care of the Rag-doll, do!

R. C. L.

SÆVA INDIGNATIO.

SIR,—I have a "General Rate Demand Note" staring me in the face. This General commands one of His Majesty's Borough Regiments, in which the privates are the rate-payers. What with various rates, always going the pace, and with taxes on everything—and on one's patience included—ground rents that are ground out of you, and house rents that leave you in rags and tatters, to say nothing of subscriptions, garden rates, and a hundred other ways of mulcting the hard-working man of his earnings, and depriving him of the butter wherewith to make palatable his daily crust, life in this district or borough is not worth living—whatever it may be in other parts of the metropolis. This imperious Demand Note asserts its power, insists on taking your money, but (the impudence of it!) apologises!! Explains parenthetically that besides "Purposes" ("Purposes," indeed! This sounds like the "good resolutions" wherewith a certain below-the-basement place is proverbially paved) there is "Expenditure over which the Borough Council have no control." Then the Borough Council (in the plural, observe) ought to be ashamed of themselves, for this uncontrolled expenditure amounts to over seventy-one thousand pounds! The items are stated, and the last item is in a vague way put down as "Other expenses!" And these "other expenses" come to over eleven thousand pounds!! All very well to "put it down" on paper: but why don't we, Friends, Londoners, Englishmen, rise up in our millions and "put it down" altogether?

Then, mark you, the sum total is entered as "Expenditure of Borough Council," over which, as the previous note has already informed the reader, it has "no control!" These be our Guardians! *Quis custodiet custodes?* Their ways, like the roads, need mending: that is, when one knows what *are* their ways which seem to baffle discovery.

Yours indignantly,

A WRITHING, WRATHFUL, OVER-RATED VICTIM.

"THE HOUR AND THE MAN."—A person having been seen by a detective to take certain articles from a counter in a shop, conceal them and then leave, was brought before a magistrate. "This happened," testified a witness for the prosecution, "before one o'clock." Several friends of the accused stated on oath that "they had known the defendant for many years," and they were prepared to swear that "he never took anything before lunch." By lunch they meant luncheon-time, say one o'clock. "What he might take after lunch," observed the magistrate, "cannot evidently affect the present question," and so dismissed the case.

"LORD KINGSLEY," observed our interesting and versatile friend Mr. "ASTERISKS" (this sounds better than alluding to him as Mr. "THREE STARS") in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "is one of the two noblemen who enjoy the privilege of remaining covered in the presence of the Sovereign." But does he "enjoy" it? Of course such a privilege would be useful at any out-of-door royal function that may take place during the rain. "The other performer with the hat," adds Mr. "ASTERISKS," "is Lord FORESTER." So both these noblemen at Coronation functions will "go round with the hat."

LATEST FROM CHINA.—"The leader of the rising," wrote the *Times* correspondent, "is a military mandarin, who killed his family before embarking on his present enterprise, to prevent them from being punished in the event of his failure." How thoughtful of him! how kind! how considerate! This is indeed "providing for his family!"



IRISH "AS SHE IS SPOKE."

OPERATIC NOTES.



THURSDAY, May 8. Opening night of the Opera. House crowded, awaiting the arrival of KING and QUEEN; and when His Gracious Majesty and Her Graceful Majesty appeared in the Royal Box the entire audience enthusiastically "rose to the occasion," and listened, upstanding, while the splendid orchestra, under the command of the gallant Maréchal MANCINELLI, bâton in hand, bravely attacked the National Anthem. Scene brilliant. An exceptional first night for singers and sitters. Resettlement of everybody, generally happy and expectant. The hearty applause that had already welcomed Marshal MANCINELLI was repeated on his dismounting and allowing Lieutenant LOHSE to take command of Wagnerian forces. Motto of the evening for Signor MANCINELLI and Herr LOHSE, "One down, t'other come on." So when T'other had come on accordingly, the first notes of the Introduction to *Lohengrin* (formal introduction necessary, as *Lohengrin*, Herr PENNARINI, is a stranger to most of us) were given, and, tempo 8.25 p.m., the operatic season of 1902 had commenced.

Mme. NORDICA, vastly improved in every respect, played and sang *Elza* charmingly. It was all in German, and whether this fact caused any difficulty with the vocal chords of the Dukes, Duchesses, Nobility and Gentry of *King Heinrich der Vogler's* Court, or whether these representatives of titled personages were panic-stricken by the proximity of real Sovereignty criticising their proceedings from the vantage ground of the Royal Box, certain it is that the Chorus of Princes, Dukes, Duchesses, Nobility and Gentry, all "went wrong" (what a Court!), and were once in such imminent peril of being hopelessly lost, that how they ever were personally conducted back again into the straight paths of harmonious virtue was a mystery to all who "heard with ears," and who had winced at the idea of any note of discord being possible on so exceptional an occasion. However, let us forgive and forget, and hope that the Princes, Dukes, Duchesses, Lords, Ladies, Nobility and Gentry, grateful to T'other Guv'nor for extricating them from their difficulties, will in future remember what is due to their position in operatic society, and—not do it again.

The part of *Ortrud* was better sung than acted by Miss KIRKBY LUNN, who with further practice will, from a good instructor, lunn to do better. The game goes on; *Telramund* the villain, powerfully rendered, vocally and dramatically, by Herr, or rather Our, VAN ROOX, having played the knave to the *King* (i.e. *Heinrich der Vogler*, not a very strong monarch as represented by Herr BLASS), His Majesty calls for trumps. Out come four, "all a blowing;" distinguished members of the "Horners' Company."

These four little "Jack Horners" go in for a considerable "blow-out" on every possible occasion throughout the opera. What more could those do who bear the style and title of "Horner?" They go to the four "corners" just as descendant Horners, according to the tradition of the ancestral "*Petit Jean*," would do. Then the audience awaits the new tenor, Herr PENNARINI (sort of German-Italian name, a little puzzling), who is *The Lohengrin*! He arrives! Nay, but—our eyes deceive us—surely this is Signor HERBERT CAMPBELL from Drury Lane and "the Halls" of dazzling light! Herr BERTO CAMPOBELLO without Signor DANIELO LENO! Great excitement in house, a whisper going about that DANIELO LENO is coming. But in what character? as there is no part for him, unless he be now before us cunningly disguised as *Heerfer*, the Herald. But it is Herr MUELMANN who represents the Herald's Office in this opera, so DANIELO is out of it, and we awake to the fact that after all we must put up

with our disappointment and accept Herr PENNARINI, not at his own valuation as "a tenner," but take him, say, as "a fiver," and, as it is a question of notes, this is so far a fairly equivalent rate of exchange. *Lohengrin* seems to have caught a little cold "way down upon the Swanny River," and not to be quite at home among the distinguished persons in whose company he finds himself.

No need to go through the opera: it is a matter of common knowledge, though I doubt whether one in fifty could offhand narrate to an honest inquirer the plain unvarnished plot.

Second night, Friday, May 9.—*Monsieur Romeo et Made-moiselle Juliette* in French and Five Acts. The KING and QUEEN again graciously present. His Majesty looking in best of health and spirits, setting floral fashion with beautiful "button-hole," while the QUEEN, "simply sweet and sweetly simple," evidently intended her magnificent bouquet of pink roses as a defiance to the most unseasonable weather, and a promise of May's improvement. *Juliette* (SUZANNE ADAMS) sang beautifully, but lacking dramatic power; *Romeo* (SALEZA) excellent, singing and acting; *Friar Plainson* (PLANÇON) as usual good. Mlle. HELIAN as *Stephano*, the page, admirable. And Dame GERTRUDE BAUERMEISTER is still *par excellence* "*la bonne*."

Quite forgot to say that interior of house is re-papered everywhere (hardly necessary this, seeing the subscription is larger than ever, and all boxes and stalls taken, so, professionals excepted, no "paper" required), and that there are new electric lights for old gas-burners. Moreover, *Mr. Punch's* Operatic Representative is a prophet to be trusted, for, years ago, he said that "the enormous chandelier," under which nervous people in stalls used to sit tremblingly, "would one day come down." It has come down! Disappeared altogether. Tired of Opera, it has gone to "pieces." MR. P.'s OP. REP.

INVALID COOKERY.

[Mr. H. G. WELLS "anticipates" that with improved utensils and the substitution of clean electricity for dirty fires, cookery will become a light and pleasing recreation for invalid ladies.]

GENTLE ladies, sore afflicted with distressing nerves and faints,

Ye who languish in the anguish of an invalid's complaints, Who recline upon your sofas, and are equally oppressed With your jelly and C-R-LLI, which it beats you to digest, Come and take to lighter labours, and your stupid books exchange

For the cruet, soups and suet, and the gridiron and the range.

When the days are never-ending and the night is never sped,

When you're sitting, knitting, knitting till you wish that you were dead,

When your appetite has vanished and you're pallid as a ghost,

When you sicken at your chicken and you blench before your toast,

You will leave your bed of sickness with alacrity to cook Little dinners for beginners from the latest cookery book.

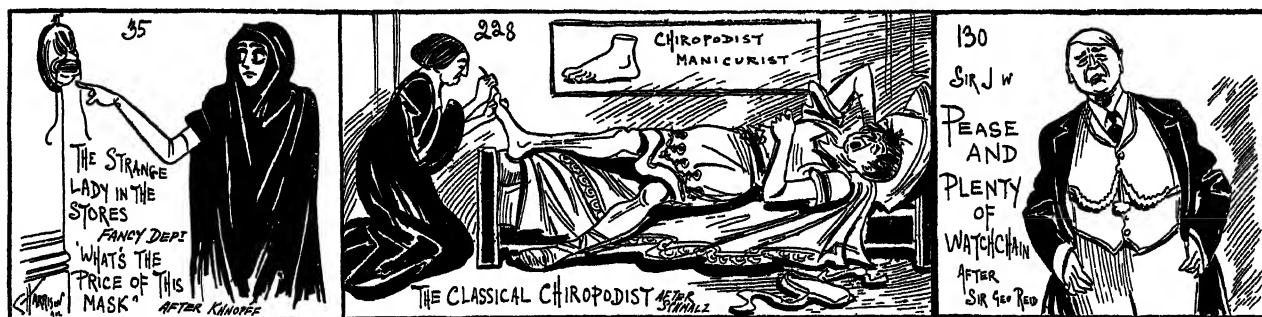
You need only turn a handle, and the soup is boiling hot, Appetising odours rising from the hospitable pot;

Turn another, and the salmon in its mayonnaise lies fair, Press the button, and the mutton with the currant jelly's there;

Press again, and sweets and *entrées* will at once appear in sight,

And you'll fall to, on them all too, with a first-class appetite.

"THE NEW GAL."



In order to preserve articles of furniture, I believe—not speaking as an expert—it is deemed wise to "Japan" them. If this be so, then perhaps it may be on this principle that the curators of the New Gallery have determined to keep it in an admirable state of preservation by the process of "Japanning;" the Central Hall and Balcony being devoted to an exhibition of Japanese art. But as we look to "Our New Gal" for specimens of English art, pictorial, we will tear ourselves away from the curios and give our undivided attention to the pictures.

From No. 3 to No. 15 the pictures are painted in tempera.

"O tempera! O mores!"

In every instance "refer to drawer." Our selection would be J. D. BATTEN (3) "Dan"—not "Leno"—but "Danae" and WALTER CRANT'S "Raising the Wind"—in the tree (7).

73. ADRIAN STOKES. Blood Orange-Tree Farm in the Land of Burns.

86. *Lamia*. "C. F. M. Cleverly" painted. Give a painter a good name (such as "Cleverly") and hang him!

127. A-sea piece taken "in the rough." Mr. BERNARD F. GRIFFITH calls it "A Good Day for a Trip." Tell that to the Marines!

131. *The Hare a parent and several little hares in a Harvest Field*. No catching these hares and getting them by ear. CHARLES WHYMPER.

143. JAMES ORROCK. Old lock: shut up: no quay.

156. Should say that this was a police subject, "*Girl between two 'Coppers*," but C. E. HALLÉ says he meant it for "A Water Carrier, *Pieve di Cadore*."

161. By ROBERT BROUGH. "*She who will be obeyed*." Little white-haired girl insists on reading a book, with nothing in it except blank pages, to her little brother, who with basket full of good things and a hoop, is anxiously expected by 162, another little girl, a babe in a wood up above, who wonders why the others don't "come out to play." It is by A. DAMPIER MAY, and of course the other children are wisely kept at home, as they'd all catch frightful colds in this treacherous month, for no one, without having experience of the present miserable weather, could possibly imagine A. DAMPIER MAY!

204. The catalogue says this is J. Staats Forbes, Esq., by GEORGE HENRY. Well, by George, without the 'Henry,' we have some difficulty in believing that the catalogue starts a fact. It may be intended for him, but *Hamlet's* observation when comparing his living stepfather with his recently deceased parent, might here be appropriately quoted. And, in spite of "comparisons being odorous," we cannot help

recalling that Vonderful Von of VON HERKOMER's, some years ago, of Mr. James Staats Forbes.

208. "*Lawrence Koe*" Limited. By GEORGE SPENCER WATSON, who represents the artist Koe-sily and comfortably seated at home. He is in his very best Sunday suit, doing nothing and evidently waiting for someone to come and help him.

Here intervenes an apparently unnumbered one, the centre of a group 119, 120, 121, 122. Scene—an orchard; young man and young girl, say, Master Namby and Miss Pamby, a pretty pair, getting on together very appley. Only half lengths, which is very wise and prudent on the artist's part, as in such cases there is no knowing to what lengths such, a couple might go.

218. Hon. JOHN COLLIER shows how a lady keeps away the flies with a peacock's feather fan, while at

219, Another lady is portrayed by CESARE FORMILI as feeding peacocks, and evidently saying, "Poor dears! very great nuisance for you to be so near to a peacock's feather fancier." Or CESARE, being well up in English literature, may subtly mean to indicate that this lady is a student and admirer of "Peacock's tales." About as good a thing as FORMILI has painted latterly.

222. *Haymakers*, represented by M. AUSTEN BROWN as leaning against a stack; this attitude being intended to convey the idea that they are "putting their backs into their work."

229. TO LET.—A QUIET DAMP RIVERSIDE FARM, known in the neighbourhood as Catchcold Cottage.—For particulars apply to J. ALFONSO TOFT.

237. Don't pass by EDWARD W. WAITE! Waite a bit. A quiet nook. Just the place in which to spend a Bank Holiday far from the gadding crowd.

240. *Ionian Dancing Girl*. Most modest ballerina, as she doesn't show her legs. A "knee plus ultra" picture, by J. W. GODWARD. "And," says she, with a sad smile, "I should be the sweetest creature in the world, if my arms were only a pair!"

251. *The Bored Children, the Black Poodle, and another little dog!* The Black Poodle looks as well as ever he did in that Royal Academical portrait of Mr. Wertheimer (was it two years ago or more?) by our distinguished Colour SARGENT, R.A., who now adds a little toy dog which he has placed in the arms of small girl. Her sister is lounging on a sofa, and the young brother, spread out in front, is evidently awfully bored at having to waste his valuable



time. SARGENT, R.A., tells this story of weariness admirably. Clearly Master WERTHEIMER is thinking to himself how much he would prefer to join ARTHUR J. BLACK's very light-headed boys (250), who are bathing in the "Sunlit Surf," and probably using a certain s...p. Query, advertisement picture?

252. *The Grassy Harvest of the River Fields.* By ALFRED PARSONS, A.R.A. Would that all other Parsons preached as well as this from so very simple a text!

262. "She who knows how to keep her place." S. MELTON FISHER has caught the idea exactly. The lady in costume is rehearsing, and as she holds her book in her hand she says, "I don't want a prompter, as when I forget my lines I refer to the book, in which I have kept my place."

264. By ARTHUR RYLE. "He cometh not," she said, "and yet here I am waiting in *The Haven under the Hill*. But, Havens above! how Ryle'd I'm getting!"

Farewell, "New Gal!" Those interested in traits of Japanese character will find much to admire. For us the Pictures suffice.

WHEN PEGASUS JIBS.

"Pegasus was a jibbing horse, and it was most depressing to have to flog an irresponsible or weary brain."—*Vascount Goschen at the dinner of the Royal Literary Fund.*

WHEN Pegasus jibs, all in vain

The poet may sharpen his nibs;
'Tis useless to cudgel the brain

When Pegasus jibs.

You search through your *Horace* (in cribs)—

You gather but chaff from his grain;
The powder grows damp in your squibs.

All blandishments he will disdain,

He heeds not your whip on his ribs;
You only can give him the rein

When Pegasus jibs!

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

As frequently happens in such works, the most interesting portion of the *Autobiography of Sir Walter Besant* (HUTCHINSON) belongs to his earlier and struggling days. Mr. SQUIRE SPRIGG mentions in a prefatory note that the work was left without that careful minute revision BESANT was accustomed to bestow on his literary work. That accounts for the fragmentary character of the story during the later, busier, and more prominent portion of his life. Up to 1880 the record is full enough, and shows no lack of the revising hand. It is the tale of an honest, strenuous life, one simple record being the fact that through the uninterrupted space of eighteen years BESANT turned out a novel every twelve-month. It would be too much to say he maintained the high level of public interest reached at a bound when, with *Ready Money Mortiboy*, his collaboration with RICE commenced. Possibly light and fancy faded with advancing years and accumulated toil. The workmanship was always good. BESANT's account of his school and college days, and of his strange sojourn in the Mauritius, are as interesting as any episodes in his novels. During his time at Cambridge my Baronite catches glimpses of two old confrères. BESANT bears testimony that in the fifties "the profession of letters was regarded with pity and contempt." TOM TAYLOR, sometime Fellow of Trinity, rising to be editor of *Punch*, was, he says, always spoken of by his old friend the tutor of Christ's as "poor TOM TAYLOR." One day CALVERLEY

invited BESANT to his room after Hall. "I've got a young Frenchman," he said, "he's clever. Come and be amused." The young Frenchman turned out to be our dear "Kickey," on a flying visit to Cambridge. DU MAURIER proved the life and soul of the party, and "no one went to chapel that evening."

The interest in *Jane Eyre* is deathless. Novelists may come and novelists go; CHARLOTTE BRONTE endures for ever. The book which reaches my Baronite is the first volume of a new edition issued by HODDER AND STOUGHTON. Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL contributes an introduction which, though brief, coming after a multitude of mere ambitious essays, shows that all has not been said about the frail-bodied, plain-featured governess. He quotes a striking guess at the

identity of the writer of *Jane Eyre*, dated November, 1848, whilst the secret was still kept. "It was written by a woman," the Rev. CHARLES MERIVALE, afterwards Dean of Ely, affirms, "because the men's faces are described so intensely; by a young woman and not a very refined one, from a certain want of acquired delicacy; by a governess, for the governess scenes are the most natural and easily written." Mr. MERIVALE goes astray in guessing that *Rochester* was modelled on THACKERAY. But the rest is wonderfully close. THE BARON DE B.-W.



"O THAT WE TWO WERE MAYING!"

[A record of May, from 6th to 10th, when there was snow, rain, hail, thunderstorms, and quite a Variety Show of wintry weather!]

THE BALL-ROOM LIBRARY.

"BALLMUTTER" writes to the *Westminster Gazette* of May 7 to advocate the formation of a "Mothers' Union for Reading in Ball-rooms." It would have a desirable outcome, she suggests, in the issue of a series of dainty volumes for the consolation of those members of the community known in Germany as "Ball-mothers," that is, those ladies whose social and family duties entail on them the obligation of sitting for several hours on several days in the week in a ball-room between the hours of eleven P.M. and four A.M. The little volumes should be laid ready on the seats, like programmes, so that each mother who has the privilege of being present should, on finding a seat, also find something to make the hours she passes on it less tedious than they are apt to be at present. This is a praiseworthy cause which calls loudly for assistance. Mr. *Punch* has therefore drawn up a list of Best Ball-room Books as follows:—THOMSON'S *City of Dreadful Night*; YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts*; SWINBURNE'S *Songs before Sunrise*; HARDY'S *Far from the Madding Crowd*; READE'S *It is Never too late to Mend*; DUMAS PÈRE'S *Twenty Years After*; HUGO'S *Les Misérables*; BURKE'S *Thoughts on Present Discontent*; MINCHIN'S *Equilibrium of Coplanar Forces*; SALMON'S *Higher Plane Curves*; CLERK MAXWELL'S *Matter and Motion*; WHITWORTH'S *Choice and Chance*; OUIDA'S *Held in Bondage*; MRS. HUNGERFORD'S *In Durance Vile*; ROLLESTON'S *Forms of Animal Life*; MUIR'S *Wanderings of Atoms*; RUSKIN'S *Unto this Last*; and, lastly, *A Thousand and One Nights*.

The perusal of these light and entertaining works should serve to mitigate "BALLMUTTER'S" trouble, and keep her alert and up to the mark during the coming season. We trust the London "Ball-daughters" will also co-operate in such an excellent scheme to combat undue drowsiness and a premature desire to get back home. Enterprising publishers, please take note!

TROP DE ZÈLE.

[At Cambridge, Mr. E. G. BROWN, University Lecturer in Persian, has recently been elected to the Professorship of Arabic. In addition to these languages, "Mr. BROWN," says the *Cambridge Review*, "has acquired an extensive knowledge of Turkish. This last circumstance seems, oddly enough, to have been urged as a positive disqualification by at least one eminent member of the Senate, when it was proposed to make Mr. BROWN a University Lecturer."]

It is clear that at least one eminent member of the Cambridge Senate is prepared to grapple with the educational problem. A time will no doubt come when the matter of disqualifications will be treated as seriously as it deserves, and when a board of inquisitors will be appointed to look into it. Then we may expect something like this —

SCENE — *The Board Room.* PERSONÆ
Three Inquisitors seated at a long table covered with green baize and furnished with ink-pots, pens, and paper. The Inquisitors have the eagle eye and stern brow proper to Heads of Houses.

Enter Mr. A., candidate for the Latin Chair.

First Inquisitor (blandly). Good morning, Mr. A., please sit down. Your qualifications have, of course, been fully considered elsewhere. It is for us only to ask you a few minor questions. You are, I think, acquainted with Greek?

Mr. A. (modestly). I have learnt a little.

Second Inquisitor (suspiciously). You have not edited any of the Greek Classics?

Mr. A. (hastily). Oh dear no. I only knew just enough to scrape through my Tripos, and I hope by now I have forgotten that.



IN THE FASHION.

Mr. Punch. "IMITATION, MY DEAR, IS THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY."



'GOOD-BYE, DOLLY, I MUST LEAVE YOU!'

First Inquisitor. Perhaps, then, we may overlook the Greek. (His colleagues nod in acquiescence) You do not by any chance read or speak Italian?

Second Inquisitor. Or Spanish?

Third Inquisitor. Or German?

Mr. A. (answering all three). Not a word, I assure you—wittingly at least.

Second Inquisitor. You have not dabbled in Hebrew, of course?

Mr. A. Of course not; I am not a theologian.

[The Board converses privately in low tones for a minute or two, and then the Third Inquisitor says, suddenly, "Quelle heure est-il, s'il vous plaît?" The Machiavellian device succeeds, and, quite taken off his guard, Mr. A. consults his watch.

The Inquisitors (together). Ah! [They shake their heads gravely and inform Mr. A. that he may go. He goes.

First Inquisitor. He won't do. It would be fatal—that knowledge of French.

[They agree.

Enter Mr. X. the other candidate.

Third Inquisitor (guilefully). Bitte nehmen Sie Platz, Herr X.

Mr. X. (somewhat taken aback) I beg your pardon. I don't understand French.

[The Inquisitors murmur approval, and then ask him the usual questions about all the languages they can think of. Mr. X. denies everything stoutly.

First Inquisitor. Then we may take it, Mr. X., that, with the exception of Latin, you are completely uninformed?

[Mr. X. assures him warmly that it is so.

Third Inquisitor. In fact you know nothing but Latin?

Mr. X. (after a little consideration). Well, in point of fact, now I come to think of it, I don't know Latin either. I may honestly say that I know nothing at all.

The Inquisitors again murmur approval, and consult together for a while.

First Inquisitor (speaking finally). Well, Mr. X., we may venture to congratulate you, I think. Apart from the Latin difficulty, which may be easily surmounted, you appear to have no disqualifications whatever, and we shall be able to report accordingly.

THE DIRGE OF THE PENNY DERELICT.

[Mr. AUSTIN DOW, managing director of the Thames Steamboat Company, defends its present state of coma on the ground that "the advent of a Council" (the L.C.C.) "pledged to the municipalisation of everything, gave birth to a stream of detraction of the existing service which has never ceased to flow" (meaning the detraction) "to the great prejudice of all honest efforts for its improvement" (meaning the service.)]

Flow on, great highway, past the spot
Which marks the fate of ties that sever,
For ships may pass, or they may not,
But I am rooted here for ever.

Once fleet as Dian when she pinked
With flying spear the fluttered roe-doe,
My gift of speed is now extinct,
My Manager become a Doedoe.

Time was when up and down thy tide,
This side and that, a devious ranger,
I have evoked the City's pride,
The hopeless envy of the stranger.

Far from the traffic I would ply
Between thy panoramic marges
In placid silence tempered by
The oaths that emanate from barges.

Pure whiffs of ozone off the main,
Blown up thy course as through a tunnel,
Would blend with fine carbonic rain
Emitted by my ardent funnel.

On systems choked with London grime
I used the force of Nature's physis,
Taking my friends from time to time
As far as Hammersmith or Chiswick.

All that is gone with yesteryear!
A course of contumely and rancour
Has made me lock my paddle-gear,
And permanently lie at anchor.

Stagnation holds my palsied wheel;
Inertia reigns from stern to rudder,
Save when the limpets on my keel
Cause an involuntary shudder.

As I survey the horizon's verge
From an imaginary masthead,
I am compelled to sing the dirge
Of prospects practically blasted.

No more shall I conduct apace
Upon their element (the water)
The scions of a sailor race,
The Norseman's son, the Viking's daughter.

No more about my foaming wake
The guzzling gull shall wheel and frisk it,
Screaming with glee to swoop and take
The damaged bun or sodden biscuit.

I had a hope, but that is dust,
(Hey, as the phrase is, nonny! nonny!)
That MORGAN might induce his Trust
To plant me on the river Suwanhee.

Many have marvelled why his gold
Was not employed in that direction;
One cannot guess: perhaps the old
"Old folks at home" raised some objection.

Well, well! flow onward all the time,
Flow on, I say, majestic river;
While I, as in the hallowed rhyme,
Stick fast for ever and for iver.

O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

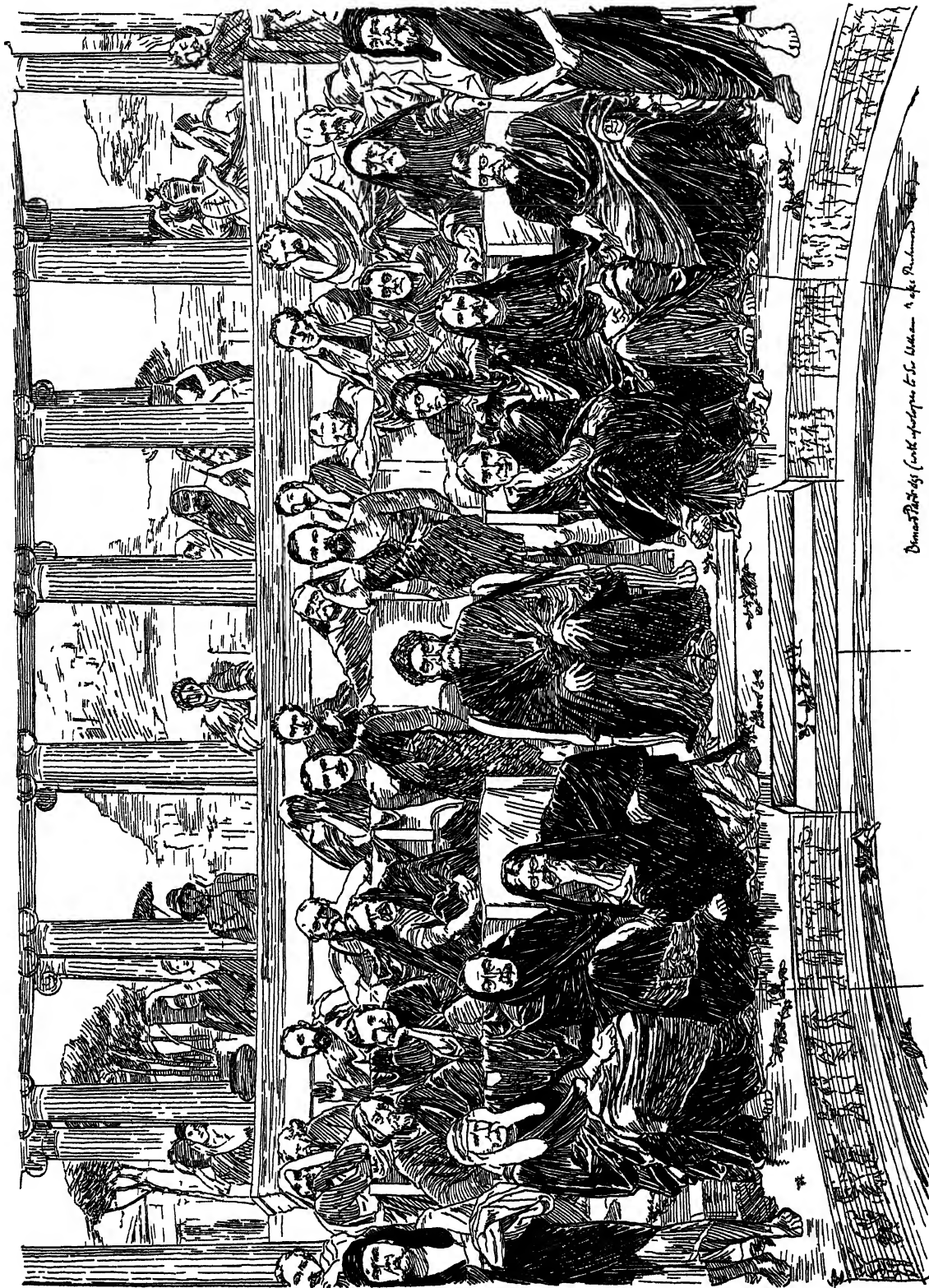
THE pleasure of reading *Recollections of Dublin Castle and of Dublin Society* (CHATTO & WINDUS) is marred by their almost spiteful tone. "A Native's" memories of Dublin fifty years ago and later exhibit that scornful dislike of his own race peculiar to the Irish. It found its fullest, certainly its widest known illustration, in the deliberations in Committee Room No. 15, following on the fall of PARNELL. "A Native" almost audibly grinds his teeth when he writes about his countrymen and countrywomen in Dublin "reverencing, to all but prostration," the Lord Lieutenant and his Court. He describes with vivid force the struggle to touch the hem of the garment even of members of the Viceroy's suite. As he himself occasionally succeeded in obtaining invitations to join the Court circle, there is no reason to be angry with others equally fortunate, or scornful of those who, after infinite endeavour, failed. My Baronite, who (it is mentioned with bated breath) has more than once in modern times been a guest at the Viceregal Lodge, saw nothing of this cringing and fawning. Rather the reverse, there being apparently deliberate design on the part of the citizens of Dublin to boycott the representative of the Sovereign. But things are beheld from different points of view. "A Native's" *Recollections* are valuable as giving a peep at Dublin Castle and Dublin society as far back as the time of the seventh Earl of CARLISLE, Lord Lieutenant in 1855-8.

If you cannot go to the Academy the next best thing is to get the Academy to come to you, which in effect it does when the fact of its existence is vividly brought home to you in *The Royal Academy Supplement to the Magazine of Art* (CASSELL & Co.), of which useful and ornamental work the first four numbers will be out during this month, one of them having already appeared. In this is included, delicately printed in colours, the charming picture by ALFRED EAST, A.R.A., entitled *The Valley of the Lambourne*, "a really valley-able reproduction," says one of the Baron's junior assistants, who is at once reprimanded severely by

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT AT THE ALHAMBRA.

THE weather has been exceptionally trying. Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, to be quite up to date, has produced his March in May. May, so far—that is, up to the 14th [the date of this note]—has not been a success, but this "Coronation March," by ALEXANDER the Great, is. So "sound the trumpets, beat the drums," and all in to begin! As in *The Cricket on the Hearth*, "Kettle began it," so here, the Kettle-drums, arranged on the stage, with trumpets to blow off the steam, commence the Coronation March, breathing of battle and conquest. The subsequent *suave* movements in Sir ALEXO's composition subtly indicate the conferences of the delegates and the proposals of peace. During this the trumpets cease from blowing. This March is, presumably, to be played in the Abbey on Coronation Day, when the effect will be far more striking than now, as the drums and trumpets, for which the available space in the Alhambra Orchestra was insufficient, had to be ranged in a line on the stage above. Even at this disadvantage the March was fairly effective, and Sir ALEXO bowed his acknowledgments to a much gratified audience. If, before it be heard in the Abbey, Peace, which is now only in the air, should become the leading motive, then how grand will be the effect produced by the perfect harmony of the finale! The warlike drumming will cease; and gentle "wind" and diplomatic "strings" will, *grazioso*, lead up to the grand triumphal *fortissimo* of Jubilant Peace!



Demosthenes (left) speaking to the Athenians before the Council.

A COUNCIL AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(After the "Ischmond Gem" in the Birmingham City Art Gallery.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 12.

—Long time since Opposition looked so

as TRILBY used to say, accepted it. Exit Little Tuppenny.

Bury Election crowns rare access of joy on Opposition benches. A seat won by reversal of substantial majority;

miraculously shrunken by operation of Corn Tax of shilling a hundredweight, he flashed forth long series of epigrams, effectively finishing by chucking loaves at head of St. MICHAEL by way of peroration.

Business done.—Second reading of Budget Bill.*Friday night.*—The Millennium is coming—on a motor-car. JOHN SCOTT MONTAGU, M.P.—for loving-kindness known among his friends as JOHN *tout court*—says so, and ALFRED HARMSWORTH backs him up. Indeed, the latter, ahead of the century as is his constitutional habit, rather suggests it has actually arrived. Certainly, for a motorist, personal possession of a minimum of eight cars indicates the Millennium state. ALFRED HARMSWORTH seems to have an indefinite number.Whilst House winding up affairs before Whitsun holidays, been reading last volume of *The Badminton Library* (LONGMANS). In the chapter on the choice of a motor A. H. writes, "I am running at present four cars of French construction, two of American, two of English, and some others which are practically English. Three are driven by petrol, three by steam, and two by electricity."

Persons About to Motor will find the volume indispensable. Those whom Providence has already blessed with a motor-car will discover in it many wrinkles. Arrangement of contributions admirable. Our dear JOHN leads the way with a chapter on the utility of motors; a practical paper, excellently written, making us all wonder how we could have lived so long without the



SIR WILLIAM H. ROBERTS.

"COULD YOU ON THIS FAIR MOUNTAIN LEAVE TO FEED,
AND BATTEN ON THIS MOOR?" *Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 4.*

united, or were actually so jubilant. Two reasons: *Item*, result of Bury Election: *Item*, withdrawal of Cheque Tax. Last week my revered Master had a picture representing St. MICHAEL as a keeper, with BULL more or less patiently bearing the baiting of those sad dogs, Income Tax and Corn Tax, irate beyond control at the pecking and shrill barking of the Twopeuny Stamp on cheques.

"Come on, Tuppenny! We'd best get out of this."

The hint appeared on Wednesday. To-day, amid hearty cheering from both sides, St. MICHAEL announces that he has, more or less humbly, "altogether,"

only regret that, by chance, rebuff is delivered to disadvantage of a good fellow. "He is an old friend of mine," said SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, dropping a tear over discomfiture of HARRY LAWSON. Many others on both sides of House can say the same. We remember him in an older Parliament, a Member of the right sort. A hard worker, a man of the world and of business, alert, clear-headed, lucid, and not too frequent in speech. However, as MARK LOCKWOOD says, "HARRY LAWSON may be Bury-ed, but his motto is *Resurgam*."

In circumstances SQUIRE OF MALWOOD in fine fettle. With large quartern loaf in one hand, in the other a loaf



J. H. A. R. D.



R-dm-nd.

motor-car. Then comes ALFRED HARMS-WORTH with his modest experiences. The most comfortable motor-car he knows is one of his eight, "modelled on the lines of the travelling carriages of our grand-fathers." Our grandfathers would sit up in their graves if they caught a vision of this vehicle, "with room for an engineer and valet in front, and four passengers disposed inside," with accessories of a hamper and other trifles. It was in this luxurious equipage that JOHN and A. H. lately journeyed from Paris to Monte Carlo, passing at top speed on their way the ghosts of generations of other light-hearted young Englishmen making the grand tour in quite other circumstances, a journey for them long since ended in the tomb.

Sir DAVID SALOMONS describes his motor stable in his country house near Tunbridge Wells. It reads more like particulars of a Royal Palace. Then there is a chapter by Sir HENRY THOMPSON, the Friend of Man, who lives and dines an octave higher than anyone else in Wimpole Street. He deals with motor-cars in connection with health, on which he reports almost ecstatically. Incidentally he suggests a



"Speaks for itself."

pretty picture. He admits one disadvantage of motoring in absence of exercise for the muscles of the leg. "I have," he adds, "found it may be to some extent overcome by alighting at the end of a drive of twenty miles and running smartly for about two hundred or three hundred yards."

Here is suggestion for a picture from Sir HENRY's own facile brush. The gay Octogenarian doing a three hundred yards spin along the hard highway; behind him Time, hampered by his scythe, hopelessly racing.

Business done.—Adjourned for Whit-sun recess.

JEEMS, M.P.

[M. PROSPER MAININ pleaded in his election address that he desired to represent the domestic servants of his country.—*Westminster Gazette.*]

PARLOURMAIDS, rouse ye! and up, O ye nurses!

Scullery drudges and cooks, make a stand!

No longer content with your impotent curses,

Rise, rise on your tyrants! the hour is at hand!

Butler and page-boy, groom, footman and valet,

How long will ye cravens and menials be?

Ye minions, be men! Round your champion rally—

Up! Poll in your thousands! Elect me M.P.

Cooks that curse the kitchen fire,

Cooks that in the smoke perspire,

Will ye sell your souls for hire?

Strike for liberty!

Housemaids, feel ye not a twinge

While to tyrants base ye cringe,

Reft of followers and fringe?

Up and follow me!

Nursemaids, doomed the pram to drag

O'er the mud and burning flag,

While your weary footsteps lag,

Down with tyranny!

Butlers, toiling o'er your plate,

Slaving early, slaving late,

Will ye bow to such a fate?

Rise! Be men! Be free!

Footmen, waiting in the halls

Till your lord and master calls,

Will ye live for ever thralls?

Vote for JEEMS, M.P.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

II.—AN AFTERNOON WITH ANTIQUITY.

OUR predominant sensation is one of acute contrast as out of an atmosphere of Bank Holiday New Oxford Street and the Twopenny Tube we suddenly walk into the precincts of the past. To-day

the interior presents a curious aspect: children swarm everywhere, playing touch or sucking oranges among the relics of antiquity; one small boy is being cautioned by an official as we enter for endeavouring to use a mouth-organ in the Sculpture Galleries. One party of youngsters is in the charge of an elder sister, with her hair up and a short skirt.

"Now, ANNIE, be've yerself now an' don't touch the things; they don't want you a-fingerin' of 'em. ELBERT, leave the articles alone—I wonder what all the stone lilies and gentlemen would think of yer now if they was to wike up. Be've now."

"Wot's this?" remarks a wit in yellow boots before the Canephora. "Ca-ry-a-tid. Well, she can carry a tidy lot on 'er onion, eh, Flo?" and moves on to describe the Apollo Citharæus as a "corf drop."

We make our way into the Egyptian Galleries.

"These ancient Egyptians," states a lady with a lorgnette before a statue of SEKHET, "must have been people of a very inferior mind. Now whoever dreamt of a woman with a lion's head—let alone wanting to reproduce it."

"They must have been insane," rejoins the other; and unable conscientiously to show more leniency than this to the ancient Egyptians, they pass on to patronise tolerantly the Athenian Cavalry.

Here is gathered a small rustic group.

"Well, I'm very sorry," says a healthy-looking girl, "but I can't see any prettiness about it."

"Ah, well," explains a large swain in sky-blue trousers, "you must remember it is very old, you know, and chipped about an' all that. P'raps it was better when it was new."

The party seems on the whole only too glad to have found this excuse for it, and wanders good-naturedly off.

We turn into the Assyrian Galleries. The bas-reliefs depicting the lion-hunts of Assur-bani-pal seem in strange contrast to the parquet floor beneath, where the elder sister is reproving ELBERT for sliding. A young lady with a husband in attendance has for some time been gazing thoughtfully across the gallery.

"Yes, FRED," she remarks eventually, "I think I shall have the drawing-room done like that for the 25th. I saw some stuff at SHOOLBRED'S . . ."

We catch a fragment of conversation from two pretty girls who have just come in.

" . . . So he said, 'Mayn't I even see you as far as Gower Street Station?'—Oh, ETHEL, what a lovely place for a dance!"

"Rather gloomy, isn't it?" returns the other, "with all those ugly things

about. The floor would be all right if they could put up some fans and flags and art muslin, and so on, to make it look a bit bright."

Retracing our steps, we follow the direction of an attendant towards the Mummy Room, painfully conscious as we pass of a cast of RAMESES II. gazing through a pair of glass doors at the coffee urns of the Refreshment Room. Going up the steps we meet the lorgnette ladies coming away.

"They were not a nice people," one of them is saying. "What horrid minds! I feel sure they must have been dirty in their habits."

The Mummy Room seems to be the centre of attraction in the building. A very marked interest is displayed in the cakes of camphor—which all alike greet enthusiastically as soap—in the glass cases. These in fact seem almost to rival the mummies themselves in point of the attention bestowed upon them.

"Eight 'undred an' fifty years B.C.!" exclaims a horsey man with a friend in a seedy frock-coat. "Lord, 'Arry, that's 'orrible old, that is, an' no mistake!"

"If yer believe it," rejoins his friend. "'Ow der we know it's true? We've only got their word fer it. They're not goin' ter get me ter take it in. Bodies in 'em? Don't you believe it, my boy. They get 'em up very real, I grant yer."

By far the largest crowd has gathered round the facsimile sandstone grave where the unwrapped mummy of the Neolithic period is calling forth a variety of comments.

"Look at the pore feller . . ."

"'Ow would yer like to be like that, DICKIE?"

"Was 'e ever alive, Farver?"

"There's 'air!" (This from Yellow Boots.)

"He looks as if he'd been struggling," remarks a young woman with a feather.

"P'raps 'e was buried alive, GERT," hazards her young man.

"They wouldn't a done that, would they?" gasps GERT.

"Lor bless yer, yes," returns the young man, with the consciousness of erudition. "Crool times they was! Roast yer or somethin' as soon as look at yer."

We pause on our way out again to listen to an unwashed Egyptologist, who is expounding to a small respectful group at the top of the staircase.

"Only 'igh-class people it was—kings, an' 'eads of 'ouses, an' big pots gen'rally—fellers like CIOIL RHODES yer know. Oh, you 'ad to be some class ter be buried that way, yer know. Wot was the pots and pans for in the grave there? Why, funeral offrins fer pore people. The frens an' relations went ter the cemet'ry, an' each sorter stood

by an' threw one in. Yer'll notice, the rich people 'ad paintins on the cases. That's it reely. If yer was rich yer 'ad paintins, if yer was pore yer 'ad pots. Civilised? oh no, not like we are. They were 'eathen, yer know. Their religion was the same as the incient Greek religion. Oldest religion in the world, thet was. Sime as they 've got now in modern Russia."

It is five o'clock. Not without regret we leave the charms of popular Egyptology, and, descending the stairs, make our way out of the building and towards the street. Again we are overwhelmed by the forcible contrast. So, evidently, is the young lady with the husband who is in front of us.

"You know, FRED," she remarks, "a little of that sort of thing goes a very long way. One thing, though—it does make you appreciate being out in the civilised world again."

And with a sigh of relief she turns into Great Russell Street.

A FATAL GIFT.

[*"M. DE MONTAIGN, who made a huge fortune by writing serial stories of mystery and crime for the French newspapers, once told an interviewer: 'I was the first to grasp the fact that the novel of the future must be the sort of novel that the grisette would spread out on the workahop table and read while she was eating her pennyworth of fried potatoes.'"*—*Westminster Gazette*.]

When others sought with subtle pen
And labour to portray
The humours that their fellow-men
In daily life display;

When character in every part
They diligently sought,
And even tried to make their art
Provocative of thought;

When every polished sentence bore
The labour of the file,
And authors did not quite ignore
Their grammar and their style;

Then saw I easily enough
How all my brethren erred:
Take nature for your model? Stuff!
Make readers think? Absurd!



DAVID WILSON

Irish Maid. "DO YOU WANT A GOOD BEATING, MASTER JIMMY, OR DO YOU NOT? BECAUSE, IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE YOURSELF THIS MINUTE—YOU'LL GET BOTH!"

A task more simple shall be mine.
Sensation shall be spread
On every page, and every line
With murder shall be red,

Till on my tales of curdling crime
Shall every poor grisette
Spend all her little leisure time,
And in their charm forget

The golden chips that used to be
The joy of dinner-hours,
What time my penny dreadful she
More greedily devours.

Nor shall her fondness be abused:
That she may still digest,
Although her fancy be amused,
I'll keep her brain at rest.



A TOWER OF STRENGTH.

THE NEW HERO-WORSHIP.

(In the manner of Lear on himself.)

["I lately called upon Dr. Ibsen . . . He was sitting in his drawing-room, reading his *Little Eyolf*, when I entered. . . . His hair and whiskers are white as snow. . . . His colour is healthy, and his dark-blue eyes are as beautiful as ever. . . . The left one seems to be larger than the other, and when he looks at you, you feel as if he is searching your soul through and through. . . . At one time the elegantly-attired old gentleman was to be seen as regularly as the clock in the little reading-room of the Grand Hotel, where, seated in an armchair that bore his name, and which was reserved for the grand old poet, he read the local and the foreign newspapers."—*Christiania Correspondent of the Daily Chronicle.*]

How pleasant to know Doctor Ibsen
 Who writes such agreeable plays!
 How pleasant to read them (in cribs)
 And Chronicle duly his ways.

His hair and his whiskers are white;
 His eyes are unequal in size;
 (The smaller of them is the right)
 But they're perfectly lovely blue eyes.

His manners are simple and mild;
 He's the most unassuming of hosts;
 His Ducks are inclined to be Wild,
 He's a rooted believer in Ghosts.

He lives in a House full of Dolls;
 He wears the most elegant suits;
 And a bevy of musical trolls
 Are chartered to polish his boots.

He sits in a sumptuous chair
 Called "Ibsen," the living day long;
 He searches your soul with his stare,
 But he doesn't excel at ping-pong.

He dines off a shrimp or a snipe,
 His only hotel is the Grand;
 Doctor RANK is the name of his pipe,
 His favourite monkey is BRAND.

A WORD FROM CAMBRIDGE.

(Extracted from the Letter of a Don on the Cam to a Don on the Isis.)

"As to the manner in which you are all talking and prophesying in regard to the bequests of the late Mr. RHODES, it seems to me insane. Even the unemotional *Times* gives way to hysterics and talks about Oxford becoming (in consequence of these bequests) the University of the Empire—whatever that may mean. You think we envy you. Make your minds easy. We watch your exultation with amusement—that's all. Let me ask you a question. In what way do you think the addition of two or three hundred young gentlemen from the Colonies, from the United States, and from Germany, is going to affect the traditions and the atmosphere of Oxford? You know enough, or ought to, about a University to know that there is no human aggregation so serene, so stable, so little subject to the ordinary shocks that distract the greater world as a University. Oxford (you may allow a Cambridge man to say this much in admiration) has held on her way through the ages, preserving her culture, her fashion of thought, her influence, while around her, Empires and kingdoms have tottered and fallen, wars have been fought out, and men of large minds, who kept their fingers on the pulse of the markets, have piled up their millions. Is it to be supposed that the young barbarians—I mean no offence—from Woolloo-Moolloo, or the wild and untutored children of the bounding prairie, or the pipe-sucking, beer-nurtured products of the Fatherland, even if they come in their hundreds—which I venture

to doubt—are going to transform your hoary old home of lost causes into the semblance of their own ideals, supposing them to have any? The idea is preposterous. These youngsters will have their £300 a year, having been selected for manliness and truthfulness and popularity. They'll find their level amongst your own young men. If they are really decent fellows they'll do well enough; if they're prigs they'll meet the fate of prigs—but in any case they'll influence Oxford no more than ROGER or THOMAS or RICHARD or JOHN, the sons of ordinary British parents, who go year by year to one of your distinguished Colleges and pass through the usual University course. Oxford will still remain Oxford, and that at any rate we may be thankful for. Occasionally there'll be paragraphs in the papers reminding one of those stock headings, 'Assault by a Magistrate,' and 'Strange Conduct of a Barrister.' We shall learn that 'A Rhodes Scholar screws up a Dean;' or the world will be asked to wonder at 'A Rhodes Scholar in the Police Court,' or to note how 'A Rhodes Scholar pleads Infancy.' But, beyond that, I doubt if Oxford life will be very different owing to the presence of Mr. RHODES's beneficiaries.

"And, as to ourselves at Cambridge, why, I fancy we shall be able to rub along quite comfortably, thank you. If I may use a commercial expression, we've got our own line of Australians and Canadians and Americans, and even of Afrikanders, and I think we shall be able to continue business at the old shop in the old style without any of the new-fangled additions that Mr. RHODES has conferred upon Oxford. I'll wager that when fifty years are past we shall still be able to meet you on the river, at cricket, at football, nay, even at chess and billiards, on the same terms of average equality. And in after life we shall still manage to compete. Farewell."

NOVELTIES IN CLUBS.

["The Ladies' Army and Navy Club is now an established fact." Daily Paper.]



The Ladies' "Athenæum."—This club, it is confidently expected, will be opened when any members can be obtained. Candidates need have no literary qualifications, but must have written at least one successful novel—preferably under a male *nom de plume*. They must also have revealed this fact, in strict confidence, to an interviewer.

The Ladies' "Conservative."—The object with which this club is to be formed is immaterial. It will offer, however, as special attractions, an extensive cigarette-room, a fencing saloon, and a Ping-Pong gallery. Dances will be given once a week while Parliament is sitting.

The Ladies' "Travellers."—Any lady who can prove that she has travelled from Bond Street to the Marble Arch by the "tuppenny-tube" will be considered eligible for election to this club. Original members need only produce a punched omnibus ticket.

The Ladies' "Turf Club."—This club has been formed for the purpose of meeting the requirements of those ladies who may find the sporting element, which "Bridge" has introduced into other clubs, objectionable. Candidates must vouch that they have lunched on the box-seat of a drag or at least worn a "covert-coat."

The Ladies' "Bachelors."—The formation of this club has been abandoned owing to the overwhelming number of applications that have been received from mistaken applicants.



IN THE ROW.

Ungrateful Pupil (to Riding-Master). "NOW, WHAT ARE ALL YOUR FINE LESSONS WORTH?"

O FORTUNATOS AGRICOLAS.

(In view of the proposed substitution of a motor service for omnibuses.)

I was always rather timid, and in infancy I cried
When nurse or mother left me for a moment in the dark,
When they took me out, securely in my p'rambulator tied,
I was frightened of the preacher's perorations in the
Park.

When to indiscretion's period I ultimately grew,
And studied with attention the philosophy of suits,
I often rode in hansom cabs (it was the thing to do),
But my heart was seldom absent from the region of my
boots.

When my razor—toy no longer—had become a daily dread
That reminded me of onomatopoeic SISYPHUS,
I adjusted my convictions, while I earned my daily bread,
And I left the rapid hansom for the economic 'bus;

Which I found extremely frugal and inevitably sure,
And I heaped immortal praises on the shade of SHILLIBEER
While I travelled over London, feeling totally secure,
Having lost my salad dressings, my extravagance and
fear.

Now I tremble to discover the authorities are bent
On preventing things remaining just precisely where they
are,
And I dread the substitution for my previous content
Of the nerve-destroying terrors of a motor-driven car.

I abhor the very notion of the terrifying bangs
That will mar the solemn silence of St. James's Street in
May,

When a cogwheel or a button in its wild gyration hangs,
Or the petrol is exhausted and the motor stands at bay.

Or the moments when conductors crawl distracted under-
neath

To fiddle with arrangements which they fail to under-
stand,

While I make my preparations (having nerved myself for
death)

To be blown by an explosion from Victoria to the Strand.

Oh, the motor omnibus
Is the very thing for us,
For it brings an expectation
Of the instant decimation

Of a crowded population with the minimum of fuss.

CRYPTIC UTTERANCE.

A WITNESS in a recent case observed that his attention had
been drawn to a certain Company as "one out of which he
could make some money." This oracular advice the witness
evidently failed to understand, as the Company in question
"into which" he went was an occasion of considerable loss
to him. But if he had only rightly appreciated the advice,
viz. that it was a Company "out of which he could make
some money," he might have stayed out of it and gone into
something else, and won, or might have been contented
with his comfortable *status in quo*.



First Village Dame. "DID I BRING YOU BACK THAT BASKET YOU LENT ME LAST WEEK?"

Second Dame (emphatically). "NO, INDEED, YOU DID NOT."

First Dame. "THAT'S A PITY, FOR I JUST CAME ROUND TO BORROW IT AGAIN!"

WHITMONDAY THOUGHTS.

ALAS that, while St. Lubbock calls
His devotees to sport and play,
And while the British workman falls
(In bulk) to keeping holy day,
Some cannot shirk
Their weight of work.
Nor dare their inward calls obey.
For while the glad excursionist—
With joy so great it borders pain—
Is seeking—cheerful optimist—
A day's diversion in a train,
It must be hard
On driver, guard,
And station staff to stand the strain.

And ye who watch the feats of Fry
While Flannelled Folly capers round,
Or to the famed enclosure hie
Where DARLING and his men are found,
Remember those
Whose labour goes
That your enjoyment may abound.

And ye who idly scan this page
With lightsome heart and heavy
purse,
Let kindly thoughts your minds engage
For one whose destiny is worse,
Who writes to-day,
While others play,
Some simple unassuming verse.

"WE ARE THE PEOPLE."

[The first number of a review, bearing the title *The Oxford Point of View*, has recently been published under the direction of certain undergraduate members of the University of Oxford. Its chief object is to reflect the attitude of 'those that are coming after' towards literature and art, politics and religion, sport and the drama.]

I WANDERED down the cloistered High
At midnight. Solitary I.
No footfall on the flagstones rang,
No reveller belated sang,
No proctor in the shadows prowled,
No nimble-footed bull-dog growled.
Around me, lapped in silence deep,
Lay moonlit colleges asleep.
I paused beneath St. Mary's spire
To mark her gilded vane afire
With fairy-like illumination.
And while I watched, the first vibra-

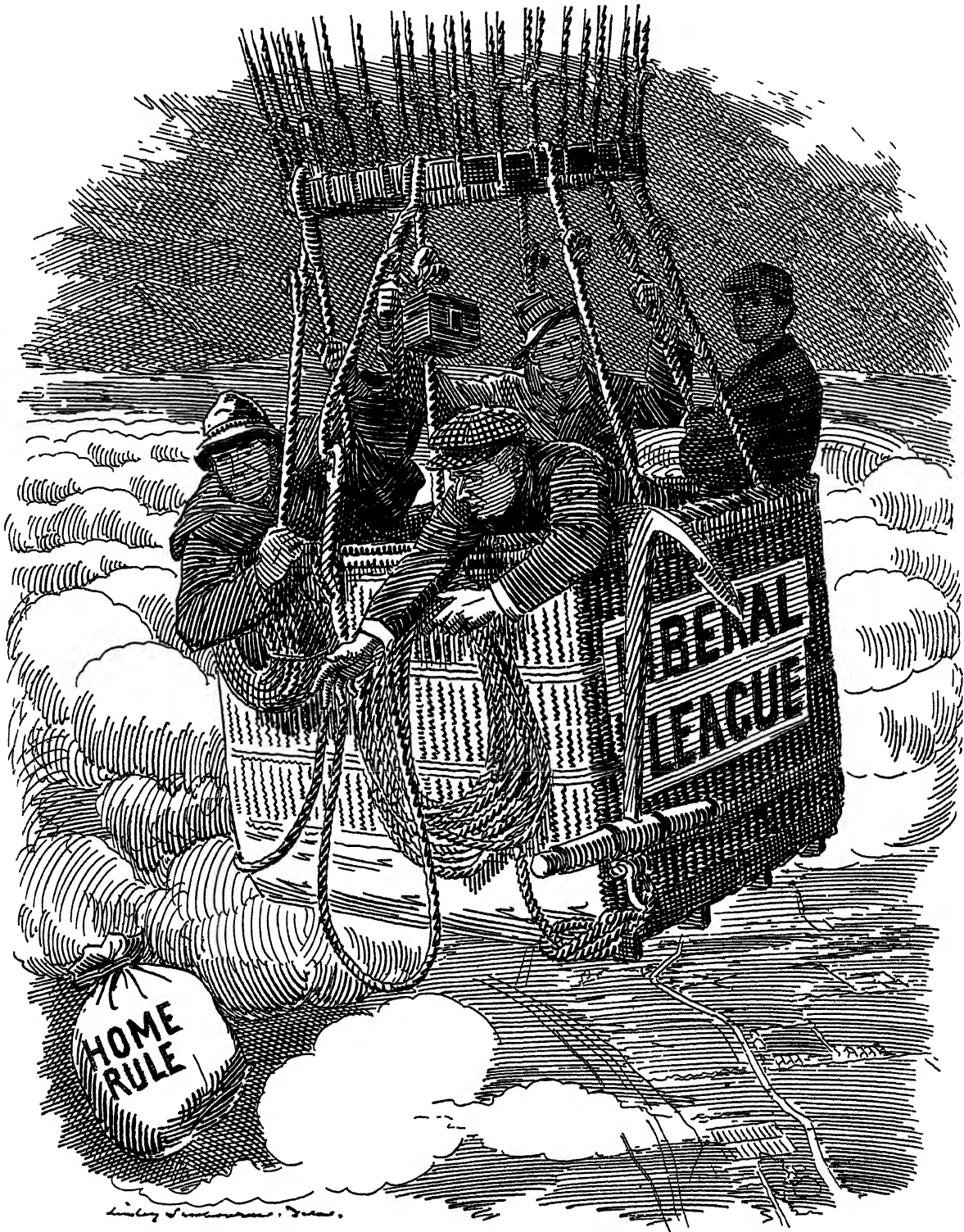
tion—
The herald of the organ's peal—
Deep in my heart I seemed to feel.
I listened. Slowly swelled the note.
Sweet harmony began to float
In tuneful cadences, and stole
Melodious upon my soul;
And as it mounted high and higher
A silver-voiced angelic choir
Their music raised 'mid arches
groined,
And with the trembling organ joined:

Where shines the light?
Where never cometh night
Blinding the sight
And leaving nothing clear?
Where doth the ray
Of knowledge shine away,
Making night day?—
You ask where shines it?—Here!

Here, where Cherwell meets the
Isis,
In this fortune-favoured spot,
Ruled by proctors, dons and Vices,
Ignorance intrudeth not;
In the grounds of every college
Flourisheth the tree of knowledge.

Ours it is to eat the apple
Growing on that sacred tree,
And in college, hall and chapel,
Learn the *omne scibile*;
Ours, and ours alone, to kindle
Culture's torch, nor let it dwindle.

'Tis true benighted mortals say
More 'Varsities there are
Than *Alma Mater*, old and grey,
Beside the willowy Cher.
Cam crawls along her classic "Backs,"
And Liffey, Clyde and Dee,
Learned and academic wax
Or ere they reach the sea.
Yet with the tongue, the oar, the
pen,
The learned sock, the art of WREN,
We only are the coming men—
We are posterity!



IN THE CLOUDS.

FIRST AÉRONAUT. "THAT 'LL MAKE AN IMPRESSION ON THE COUNTRY, I THINK."

SECOND AÉRONAUT. "I WONDER IF IT WILL STRIKE THE MAN IN THE STREET?"

THIRD AÉRONAUT. "WE DON'T SEEM TO BE GETTING MUCH HIGHER ALL THE SAME."

FOURTH AÉRONAUT. "PERHAPS WE 'VE LET OFF TOO MUCH GAS!"



AT THE HYDRO.

Lady D. "BUT, IF YOU'RE SUCH A MARTYR TO GOUT, WHY DON'T YOU TRY THE NEW HYGEIA POWDERS THAT ARE SO EXTENSIVELY ADVERTISED? THEY DID MY HUSBAND A WORLD OF GOOD."

Decayed Millionaire. "AH!—BUT I AM THEIR WRETCHED PROPRIETOR!"

ARTISTS AT BOW STREET.

II.

JOHN SINGER SARGENT, R.A., 45, appeared in the dock to answer two charges, which were taken in the following order:—

Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS stated that he had been instructed by the Treasury to proceed against Mr. SARGENT for according preferential treatment to Scandinavian scenery by exhibiting a Norwegian landscape in the New Gallery, to the neglect of the British Isles and the prejudice of the tourist industry. Mr. SARGENT, he continued, was understood to be a portrait painter, and his incursion into the domain of landscape might fairly be construed as an act of trespass. On that point, however, he did not propose to insist. The present charge was that of depreciating the scenery of the United Kingdom as a national asset by the advertisement of Norway as a holiday resort.

The Hon. HORACE PLUNKETT, President of the Irish Tourist Association, stated

that a Hibernian landscape by Mr. SARGENT, if treated with his accustomed *bravura*—

Sir THOMAS LIPTON (from the Bench). What is *bravura*?

Mr. PLUNKETT said that he understood *bravura* to be a musical term, but the critics were unanimous in applying it to the style of Mr. SARGENT, possibly because his second name was SINGER. Resuming, he declared that a Hibernian landscape by Mr. SARGENT would have added at least 10,000 to the number of visitors to Ireland this summer, or, to put it in another way, would have increased the earnings of Irish Railway Companies, hotel-keepers, and car-drivers by £150,000. This diversion of English capital into foreign channels was most unpatriotic, and there was grave suspicion that the services of Mr. SARGENT had been secured by a Scandinavian Salmon Fishery Syndicate.

Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL corroborated the previous witness. He was, he added, a strenuous advocate for separation, but

in this particular he had no desire to "cut the painter."

Mr. SARGENT, who conducted his own defence, indignantly protested that his action in the matter was entirely disinterested.

Mr. OLAF TRYGGVASON, the Secretary of the Viking Club, deposed that no pressure had been put upon Mr. SARGENT.

Dr. IBSEN, whose evidence was taken on commission, stated that he had never heard of Mr. SARGENT.

Dr. NANSSEN stated that Mr. SARGENT had resolutely refused his invitation to accompany him on his voyage in the *Fram*.

Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER deposed that all his efforts to get an exclusive option on Mr. SARGENT's work for his new Standard Oil Painters' Trust had been unavailing.

The Bench found Mr. SARGENT guilty, but congratulated the Norwegians on his racial preference. They sentenced him to be hanged as before, only more so.

The second charge against Mr. SARGENT was brought by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE, who appeared for the prosecution, observed that never in the entire annals of callousness had anyone shown such merciless indifference to the canine race as Mr. SARGENT had displayed in his already famous black picture, the group of the *Misses Hunter* (No. 229). The position of the dog in the foreground was not only unsafe but dangerous, as the strain imposed on the thyroid ganglia of the unfortunate animal, in order to prevent itself from rolling out of the picture, was heart-rending to contemplate.

Mr. CRUFT, of the Agricultural Hall, gave evidence as to the depreciating effect of such a posture on a pedigree animal. No dog that had been painted by Mr. SARGENT could ever get more than a "Highly Commended" at his show.

Other evidence having been given by Miss FRANCES POWER COBBE and the Secretary of Poodle's, Mr. STEPHEN PAGET replied for the defence. He said he would whistle for only one witness—the dog himself, who bounded into the witness-box and, catching sight of Mr. SARGENT, covered him with caresses. Subsequently, on being tested by the sphygmograph, its heart and main arteries were discovered to be in first-rate condition, and its bark much better than its bite.

The case was dismissed.

Mr. BACON, giving an address in St. John's Wood Road, was charged by Sir JOSEPH DIMSDALE and the City Fathers for turning the Guildhall into a common battery. It was estimated that in his picture of the *Return of the O.I.V.'s* (No. 217) no fewer than 1,173 khaki head-pieces were delineated with unflinching realism.

Mr. JNO. TILE, foreman of Messrs. LINCOLN AND BENNETT'S, stated that he had never seen so many hats in one room before, outside a factory. For his own part, he thought silk hats would be much more picturesque, but there was no doubt that Mr. BACON had caught the tint of the khaki wonderfully well.

Sir GEORGE ANDERSON CRITCHETT, oculist, deposed that the effect of the picture upon the eye was bewildering and fatiguing. As a restorative he would recommend the steady contemplation of the vast regions of Sir LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA'S frame (No. 201).

Professor HUBERT VON HERKOMER said that Mr. BACON was hardly to blame. Censure should fall rather on himself for showing the way in his famous *Chelsea Pensioners* picture. As to

khaki being unpicturesque, he would merely draw attention to his own portrait of the *Earl of Albemarle* (No. 151).

The Bench imposed the fine of 1,173 crowns on Mr. BACON, which was promptly paid by Mrs. GALLUP.

OUR NATIONAL DECORATIONS.

(A Prophetic Vision.)

It was the day before the Coronation. The New Zealander—he was not MACAULAY'S, but an ordinary colonial cousin who had fought in South Africa—walked out to see what the dear old country was doing in the way of decorations for the great day. "What I do like," he remarked to his cousin, the Londoner, who accompanied him, "is patriotism. There's nothing like it, my dear fellow."

"Right you are," said the Londoner; "that's always my idea. Just now more than ever."

They walked along a street, full of poles and planks, and crowded with workmen fixing up paper flowers and red cloth with gilt fringe, and flags, and all the other decorations usually seen.

"Hullo," cried the New Zealander, "that Union Jack's wrong!"

"Is it?" said the Londoner. "I never know exactly how it ought to be."

"My good man," continued the New Zealander, addressing the workman, "that flag you're putting up is all wrong."

"Non capisco, signore, non parlo inglese," replied the man.

"I ought to have told you," said the Londoner, "that this part of the work is being done by an Italian firm. The City of Westminster gave the whole of their work to Messrs. FANTOCCHINI, or some such name, of Florence. But in this borough we decided not to give all the work to one firm, so we divided it into three parts. This, you see, is the Italian part." And he pointed to a placard inscribed "This labour is made by the Fratelli FERRARI of Milano."

"Oh!" said the New Zealander, and they strolled on, past a plaster statue of the King, bearing a remarkable resemblance to the late King VICTOR EMMANUEL, minus his exuberant moustache. Then they passed under a reproduction in cardboard of the Brandenburger Thor in Berlin, and found themselves in another street full of poles and planks, and crowded with workmen fixing up paper flowers, and red cloth with gilt fringe, and flags, and so forth.

"There's another Union Jack wrong," exclaimed the New Zealander; "they've left out St. Andrew's cross this time.

Can't you get that flag put right?" he added, addressing the workman.

"Bitte?" said the man. "*Ich verstehe nicht. Kann kein Englisch.*"

"My dear fellow," said the Londoner, apologetically, "I'm afraid we've got into the second division of the borough. Yes, we have, there's the name of the decorators." And there it was, on a very large board, "Economicaldecorationscompany of Berlin, MEYER, MULLER AND WEBER, Courtproviders."

"Rot!" remarked the New Zealander, and walked on rapidly.

He did not stop to look at the large number of German flags being hung up; he never noticed the coloured bust of Prince HENRY of Prussia, which a few skilful touches had transformed into one of the Prince of WALES; he disregarded the constant repetitions of "*Ich dien*," the motto best understood by the decorators; he hurried on the breathless Londoner through several streets, and under a reproduction in papier-maché of the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, and then he stopped.

"Hang it all," he exclaimed, "there's another! Did you ever see a Union Jack like that?"

"I—I don't think I ever did," gasped the Londoner, "but then I never know—"

"For Heaven's sake," the other was saying to the workman, "don't put up that absurd thing!"

"Pardon, m'sieu," answered the man, "*comprends pas. Ben, oui, il n'y a personne ici qui parle anglais. Sommes tous Français.*"

"Oh, I say," remarked the Londoner, nervously, "I really believe we've got into the third division of the borough, and I seem to have an idea—"

But the New Zealander was pushing on through the poles and the planks, and among the workmen fixing up paper flowers, and red cloth with gilt fringe, and flags, especially the *tricolor*, and past a copy of the "*Parisienne*" on the Porte Monumentale of the last Exhibition—she was being transformed into Britannia—and at last stood opposite a placard inscribed, "House of Paris. DURAND, father and son, artists-decorators."

"Hang it all!" cried the New Zealander, "where is the English work?"

"Well, you see," explained the Londoner, timidly, "we couldn't afford that. The English are out of the question. They are too expensive."

"And what about the Japanese, our new allies?" asked the other. "They might have designed, or done, something suitable in the way of decoration."

"Quite impossible!" replied the Londoner. "They are too artistic."



FESTIVAL OF WITS-UNTIED. A BANK HOLIDAY IN GOBLIN LAND.



A WARNING TO WEARERS OF ARTIFICIAL FRUIT.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, May 10.—Good, but not great, performance of *Tannhäuser* in German, under the safe-conduct of Herr LOHSE, whose charming Frau was the admirable representative of the saintly *Elizabeth*. To-night's *Tannhäuser* was Herr KRAEMER-HELM, who was comparatively weak when compared with the *Venus*, who was STRONG.—Miss SUSAN "of that ilk." The voice of Herr KRAEMER-HELM might be satisfactorily heard in a theatre not so small as the Savoy nor so large as Covent Garden. M. PLANÇON, rich in notes as the Bank of England, was impressive as *Hermann*, the "Free and Independent" Elector, or whatever be the dignity he is supposed to impersonate. The *Wolfram* of M. RENAUD, "with a song," was pleasant, the scene where the Bards dispute a prize, with apparently the object of obtaining some "Royalty" on their publications (what a nuisance to everybody these minstrels must have been!) being far better than WAGNER's own burlesque of this situation in his *Meistersingers*. Their Gracious Majesties were again present, but not even in semi-state; and after a while the KING, attracted by pleasant memories, found his way down to the old-accustomed seat in the omnibus-box on the pit tier, which, as Prince of WALES, His Majesty used regularly to occupy during many past seasons that now make operatic history.

Mr. BRUCE SMITH's new scenery for *Tannhäuser* is worthy of all praise, the "Palace Interior" being so splendidly effective as to convey the idea of the painters and upholsterers having only just left off work for their Whitsun holiday, and that the Landgrave (or Elector?) *Hermann* with pretty

niece, the aforesaid saintly *Elizabeth*, has suddenly returned to his own again while yet the smell of the varnish is somewhat powerful.

Fortunately there is a good deal of open air space in this magnificent establishment, which at all times must be a trifle draughty; and this fact will probably account for a certain throatiness distinctly perceptible in the singers of that concerted piece in Act II., which, beginning with a single "number," swells gradually, as does a serial story in a magazine, into a "volume"—of sound.

Among much that is good this season in *Tannhäuser*, noticeable and laudable is the performance of Madame SOBRINO, who takes the audience completely by surprise when she appears as a shepherd-boy with a pipe in his mouth! Most realistic! She played both the little part and the little pipe charmingly. Whether the pastoral pipe was meerschaum, briar-root, or clay, it was, at a distance, difficult to determine, but anyway it was a very sweet pipe, artistically coloured, one that requires no "puffing" from anybody, least of all from Madame SOBRINO herself, who played at playing it, for, of course, like children amusing themselves, she was "only puttendin'."

Monday, May 12.—Encore *Lohengrin*. Unable to record any improvement in "Herr Pennyreading," as some casual person pronounced "PENNARINI." At first hearing, as may be remembered, we put him down as only half a tenner, i.e. a fiver, but perhaps it would be more just to his name to describe him as "Herr Ha'penny-rini." Still, as in ancient melodrama the villain used to say, "a time will come," so in melody-drama we may hope that a time, and a tune, will arrive when, put a Penny-rini in the slot and he will come out as a prize Master-singer. Madame NORDICA as *Elsa* and VAN ROOY as *Telramund*, in good form; while the vogling of Herr KLOPPER as *King Heinrich der Vogler* was quite equal to that of the former occupant of the throne, Herr BLASS. The pullers of the curtain had hard work with it after First Act, when it was hoisted four times, and after the Second, when it was raised three times in response to enthusiastic cheers. These invisible hands are the true "curtain raisers," at the Opera at all events.

Mlle. FREMSTAD makes *Ortrud*, instead of the Lady Macbethian kind of person usually represented, a rather saucy sorceress, far more likely to enchant the wicked *Telramund* than would be a lady with less powerful charms. *Carmen* ought to be in her line; but Whitsun intervenes; so, Mlle. FREMSTAD, we shall "see you later."

Tuesday, May 13.—Madame SUZANNE ADAMS a delightful *Marguerite*. *Habités* rather astonished at novel arrangement of the back garden, but SUZANNE among the roses, while singing the *King of Thule* ditty, soon reconciled the elders to what may be termed, in the best "stage" sense, "a pretty piece of 'business.'"

Mlle. BAUERMEISTER's coquettish *Marthe* (near relative to *Juliette's* nurse), and PLANÇON's devilishly humorous and diabolically basso-*Mephisto*, are operatic joys for ever. Poor M. SALEZA emphasized the moral of *Faust* by going notably wrong. A jury of the House would have been on the side of *Mephistopheles* had *Faust's* fate depended on their verdict. Otherwise "Faust to last" (motto for the ever popular opera) satisfactory. No encores taken, as none were demanded.

Wednesday, May 14.—*Rigoletto*. *Rentrée* of Madame MELBA as *Gilda*; enthusiastic reception. Rarely has she ever sang, acted, or looked better. By the time Signor CARUSO, as *Il Duca*, had finished the duett with *Gilda* in Act II, it was evident to all that the new tenor had achieved success. M. RENAUD gave a dramatic rendering of the unhappy professional Court Jester, who makes such a fool of himself, but, at the end of his great scene in the Second Act, suiting the voice to the action, he fell a little flat. The House was



A BANK HOLIDAY SKETCH.

Facetious Individual (from carriage window) "CHANGE 'ERE, 'AVE WE? THEN KINDLY OBLIGE ME WITH A SARDINE OPENER!"

crowded, the attractions being an old opera and a new tenor, both successful *Il ira loin*. Signor MANONELLI conducted, but the chorus (to-night it is of dissolute courtiers), though showing improvement on its previous performances, is far from the perfection for which, some few years ago, it was justly celebrated. Mme LUNN, toasted by the dissolute Duke as *Maddelena*, deserves especial mention for her rendering of this miniature *Carmen*. The QUEEN and Princess VICTORIA present, and everybody highly delighted.

TEMPTATION

Ah! tempt me not! The days are fled
When, steeped in ignorance and bliss,
I might consent, without this dread
Of Nemesis

Time was (alas! how time does fly!)
When I with thee was well content
Thou art the same, and only I
Am different.

They tell me thou art cold, and yet
That could not tarnish my delight
Why should it, when it does but whet
My appetite?

What though thou still art sweet and good,
It is not mine thy charms to taste

For most undoubtedly I should
Repent in haste
Ah no! Too well I know the pain,
The swift result, the slow remorse
And though I ought not to complain
I should, of course.

And yet, perhaps, this once, in spite—
I know that it is risky, still—
I really almost think I might!
I must! I will!

What mean these pangs of vain regret,
This endless, aching, burning smart?
Not mine the fault! Thou hast upset
Me, apple-tart.

"BAEDEKER"

(By a returned Globe-Trotter)

SATED with travel, back at home
I hug my coal fire, long denied me,
And shelve the too-familiar tome
For months beside me

Far have I sped o'er slope and lea,
Conned customs national and tribal,
With Baedeker for breviary
(Bradshaw for Bible)

As I look back it fills the past,
Supreme as Alkorān or Veda,

Till in my brain-pan seethes a vast
Olla podrida

Of painters, pensions, coinage, stamps;
Of classic fanes sacked by the
Vandals,
Of Ruskin and his *Seven Lamps*,
Of "extra" candles,

Of French *piquette* and Teuton *schnapps*
Of cafes noisomely absinthian,
Of Tuscan pillar, Gothic apse,
And frieze Corinthian;

Of Breton coif and Moorish veil,
Whereat our Western beauty boggles,
Of Spanish step, and Rhenish tale,
Of tinted goggles,

Of Chillon's keep and Rousseau's isle
(Dished up with stale Byronic stanzas),
Of Como's curtsies and the smile
That is Pallanza's;

Of Roman wolves in bondage born,
And Bernese bears of portly habit,
Whose sloth would suscite the scorn
Of a tame rabbit!

A truce! . . . In lifelong chaos hurled,
Slaves to some spell that o'er them
hovers,
My brain—my soul—my self—my world
Lie 'twixt those covers.

TALKS WITH MY BEDMAKER.

II.—PRESIDENT LOUBET'S VISIT TO RUSSIA.

It was a wet afternoon, and the knowledge that I should soon be able conscientiously to credit myself with two hours' solid work between luncheon and tea had plunged me into a profound slumber. Mrs. BURBIDGE's war-dance round the tea-table as she skirmished with the cups and saucers mingled uneasily with my dreams, till I was suddenly awakened by what I at first took to be a salvo of artillery, and realised that she was standing before me, cheerfully contemplating what had once been a china tea-pot of the willow pattern.

"Lor, Sir," she was exclaiming, in the tones of one narrating an interesting experience, "that come a-two in my 'ands, that did, which I 'adn't 'ardly set foot inside the door afore I felt as something were bound to 'appen, though what it were I no more knowed than the babe unborn, for I never was no prophet; not even when they brought pore BURBIDGE 'ome with the scarlet fever and I put 'im under the pump for the usuals, same as 'e always 'ad Saturday nights, and I'm that nervus ever since the pore President was shot I didn't ought to be trusted with crockery. Which I've always said as them 'orrid ennerchists does more 'arm than they intends to—though that 'ud be enough for most—wearin' out the nerves of thousands as they 'ave not so much as 'eard or dreamt of, though the 'igher you gets the 'igher you pays, and it's thankful I 'ave always been as my station in life is lowly, and I wouldn't change it, no, not if was ever so, though many's the chances as I 'ave 'ad of so doin'."

"They do say, too, as them ennerchists is gettin' more frequent than what they used to be, but I always says as I don't wonder at it either, seein' the chances they gets nowadays, which them as are in 'igh places ought to be thankful to be able to set there quiet, and not go rampagin' up and down like so many Wanderin' Jews, meaning nothink irreverent or disrespectful, which I 'ope it will not be took as any such. First it was the Prince of WALES (though 'e were only Duke of YORK when 'e done it), and then that pore Prince 'ENERY, as ain't no more than the German Geyser's traveller, in a manner of speakin', and now I read in the paper as the French President is just hoff to visit the Rooshan Zar, all among them 'orrid Nilists as tried to keep us out of Egypt and give it to the French, though 'im bein' a foreigner already it won't be so much of a change for 'im, I suppose. Why, when my pore uncle as was first 'ad to go to Paris on business



THE ARAB AND HIS NEW MOUNT.

Arab sings (modern version).

"DON'T GIVE ME BACK MY ARAB STEED!"

along o' gettin' the patterns for that there Louey Quince furniture as was in great demand, 'im being in the furniture-trade 'isself and much respected, 'e couldn't 'ardly believe it were a Christian country, till one day 'e saw one o' them turnkeys in the street a-windin' up the water, just like wot they do in Cambridge 'ere, which 'e were that hoverjoyed 'e nearly did 'isself a injury, along of not knowin' a word of the language nor where to go for 'is pint of usual.

"And I see as there 'll be bon-fires and illuminations, and flags 'ung out as plentiful as a circus' washing-day, and 'e 'll wear a Rooshan uniform, and the Zar 'll 'ave a French one, so as they can pretend as each really belongs to the other's country, which is nothing but painted mockeries such as I never could abide. And it's just the old story of the frog as bust 'isself tryin' to look like a bull, as I used to learn in the hinfant school, only this time it's a bear—though bulls or bears there ain't much difference as far as I can see, both being hugly and very perilous—and it's the borrowin' of clothes as I never would 'ave nothing to do with, low as I 'ave sometimes been, and owing much to the kindness of neighbours, as I am not above confessing, and 'ope I never shall be, though now it's them as does the harsking, and me that 'as to shut the

door in their faces, which it can not be 'elped in these 'arsh times, though I feels it more than many would, 'aving so to do."

Hero I murmured something about the "Franco-Russian Alliance" and the "necessity of international courtesies," which merely served to divert the stream of Mrs. BURBIDGE's eloquence without in the least impeding its flow.

"Which it's just these alliances and such-like as I objects to, though we're as bad as any on 'em, makin' treaties with them 'eathen Japanese as is too like monkeys to be pleasant accordin' to my way of thinkin', and they do say as their Hemperor is called the Mike-Arder, and it stands to reason a name like that 'ud never 'ave been given 'im for nothing. War is war, and as such I am not agin it occasional, but it's all this sneakin' round by the back-door and shakin' 'ands behind the counter as is what I can't abear, no, nor never could. Lor, why there's that WOODMAN a-hollerin' for 'is tea-things already, and 'im only just finished luncheon, which you hundergraduates do 'ave the happettes of a Tarantula, as I 'ave often said, and we ought to 'ave as many legs, waiting on you continual with never a minute for so much as to pass the time of day in, though I ain't one for wastin' words, goodness knows!"



COMING ROUND.

Patient. "THAT'S FINE PHYSIC, DOCTOR. I'M ANOTHER MAN ALREADY!"
 Doctor. "AM, YOU'LL SOON BE YOURSELF AGAIN!"

SOME FURTHER RULES.

[The authorities of Cheltenham College, according to Mr. J. R. Diggles's letter in the *Times* of May 22, have issued the following instructions, amongst others, to "a parent, grand-parent, uncle, aunt or guardian," with regard to Coronation Exeats for Cheltonians:—"At no time in his visit must the boy be allowed to range the streets on foot among the crowds; no earlier trains (than those appointed) for arrival nor later trains for return can be entertained; no one will be allowed to combine the Royal Procession and the Naval Review; any transgression of the leave granted will be most severely punished; and, finally, no answer will be returned to requests for longer leave."]

1. Boys will only be permitted to range through the London thoroughfares in perambulators (Sixth Form in Bath chairs) during the Coronation festivities; these vehicles will be ranged at the arrival platform of Paddington Station (Great Western Railway), and will be propelled thence by specially-appointed Nursemaids through Hyde Park (by permission of GEORGE Ranger) to their respective destinations.

2. Every Infant in arms (being under the age of twenty-one) must obtain

from his Form Master a bib and feeding-bottle before starting; and will also be labelled "Fragile—This Side Up," with his name and the address of his oldest female relative in the metropolis. Any Infant up in arms against this regulation will be put in the corner and not allowed any jam with his powder.

3. There will be a roll-call of the school and of parents, grand-parents, uncles, aunts and guardians every half-hour throughout the day from the top of the Duke of York's Monument; the Royal Procession will halt while this very necessary precaution is being carried through. Defaulters will have all leave stopped and hampers confiscated for the rest of the year.

4. Any boy caught driving a locomotive, firing cannons in St. James's Park, blocking up the Tube with plaster of Paris, flying over Westminster Abbey in an airship, hanging on behind the Royal carriage or tampering with the Regalia will be severely and instantly exconfustigated *coram publico* according

to the College disciplinary code, and warned off the course.

4. No boy shall be allowed to range on his neighbour's foot, or assemble on anybody's pet corn during the excitement of the moment, nor play bee to any honeysuckle whilst on leave, nor change hats with his great-grandmother, nor partake of the King's Dinner without special permission. The penalty for infringement is five minutes alone with the Headmaster without right of appeal.

6. Every boy's pockets shall be sewn up for the greater discouragement of pickpockets, highway robbers, banditti, *et hoc genus omne*.

7. No boy shall see the Royal Processions and the Naval Review at the same time.

8. No trains, excursions, circuses, beanfeasts, wayzgooses, or any other aggregation of guese can be entertained during the exeat, as the College accommodation is limited.

9. Any person daring to criticise these regulations will be summarily and ignominiously ignored.

A COCK AND BEAR STORY.

M. Loubet on the Duplice.

It in reply to your so flattering toast
 France in my humble person here adopts
 The eager attitude of love at sight,
 Let not Imperial Majesty assume
 I have so short a memory for facts
 As not to recognise each polished phrase
 Uttered identically in my ears
 I dare not say how many times before.
 And when I too in much the same old terms
 Comment upon the military scene
 At which we have assisted, you and I—
 You on your charger, I upon a chair,
 You in your trappings, soldierly equipped,
 I in my uniform of evening dress,
 St. Andrew's ribbon slung athwart my shirt—
 When I dilate on your imposing troops,
 Their martial step, their movements so precise,
 Recalling vividly that time last year
 Which saw your MAJESTY, our honoured guest,
 Obliging review the flower of France—
 When I repeat that these fraternal armies
 Equally gallant, equally superb,
 Provide the usual guarantee of peace—
 When I, in short, rehearse those pious views
 Which, under pressure, one might take as read,
 You in your turn will recognise, I trust,
 That I have not disturbed our *status quo*
 By the interpolation of ideas.

Your MAJESTY, I wish to drink the health
 Of All the Russias coupled with your name.
 Barring the case of England and Japan
 I know no combination bound like ours
 By ties of Nature, History, Culture, Art,
 And absolute community of taste.
 The seed of revolution lies in both,
 With you more backward, but the soil is right.
 We both believe in liberty of speech,
 Though here you concentrate it in yourself
 While we dispense it round the race at large.
 We speak a common language—that of France;
 The same ideals animate our breasts;
 And if they travelled, which they never do,
 French genii would find themselves at home
 In this enlightened land, as yours with us.
 But for the trivial accident of birth
 Tolstoy, whom you delight to honour here,
 Might have adorned our noble Academe;
 And ROCHFORT, rarest of Parisian scribes,
 In some Siberian dungeon might have cooled
 His ardour as an independent Pole.
 Again, the welcome I receive to-day
 Calls back the warm reception Moscow gave
 Another Chief of France before my time,
 Namely, NAPOLEON. Our glorious flags
 Share many proud traditions; thus, for instance,
 On the same field we fought at Inkerman,
 While at Fashoda neither fought at all.

Keenly alive to these historic links,
 Which supplement the bond of Nature's laws,
 Making the bare suggestion of divorce
 Unthinkably abhorrent to the mind;
 Nay, giving cause for wonder how it came
 That we contrived so long to live apart—
 I look towards your MAJESTY, and drink
 Deep to its dregs this fiery vodka-draught.

O. S.

A PALATIAL ENTERTAINMENT.

"MORNING and night the miller thrives," as *Grindolf*, the accomplished scoundrel, used to remark in the ancient musical melodrama of *The Miller and his Men*, which, changing Miller into Morton, CHARLES MORTON, and coupling with his name the Palace of Varieties, might well be applied to this experienced manager and the house of entertainment over which he presides. At the present time, and there is no time like the present, Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER, with his clever variety *troupe*, is giving his musical and dramatic sketches; his impersonations show him to have brought to perfection a dramatic power of illustration, in which art there is no one within measurable distance of him. All his items are good—some better than others; but, while most persons coming to be entertained do not object to shedding the silent tear (generally followed by blowing the resounding nose), they do object to too great a strain being made upon their finer feelings. As *Mr. Guppy* observed, "There are chords," and admiring immensely the power of pathos that Mr. CHEVALIER can exert so deftly, we shall be with the "vast majority," who dearly love a laugh, in reminding Mr. CHEVALIER that a little sentiment goes a long way, and that what his audience, when recurring to the entertainment, would always like to be able to exclaim is, "Laugh, lor', we thought we should ha' died!"

AWFUL POSSIBILITIES.

THE *Daily Chronicle's* special correspondent in Madrid sent an account of the recent bestowal of the Garter upon King ALFONSO by the Duke of CONNAUGHT, which makes one tremble for the gorgeous ceremonies of next month. The possibilities of breaches of etiquette loom before one with awful distinctness. It appears, to quote the *Chronicle's* own words, that at the recent investiture:—

"The KING was wearing a cadet uniform with long trousers, which the DUKE had failed to notice until after he had made the presentation speech."

Trousers! Fancy that, now!—as IBSEN's characters are always saying. But the appalling results of this state of things only become clear as the account proceeds. Read on therefore:—

"It was an awkward moment, the ceremony having to be interrupted while the KING retired to change his uniform for that of a Commandant of Marines, with knee breeches."

It is dreadful to think what might have happened if the whole august ceremony of investiture had taken place with the blushing recipient remaining in trousers till the bitter end. Where on earth would he have put his Garter?

But the story would not be so alarming for Englishmen at least if they had not in their minds the thought of those complicated and stately functions next month. What will happen if at the Coronation, for example, the Hereditary Prince of DONNER UND BLITZEN turns up with no gold buttons to his waistcoat, or not enough gold lace on his breeks? Will the whole business have to stop while somebody sews them on? Supposing the Archbishop of CANTERBURY appears in socks of an uncanonical colour, or the Lord Great Keeper of the Backstairs sits on his wand and breaks it, will it invalidate the entire ceremony?

But let us hope all this will be thoroughly rehearsed beforehand, and that nobody, however distinguished, will turn up in trousers of any kind whatever who would be more properly clad in the knee-breeches of a horse-marine—for if he did the consequences might be very very serious.



Bernard Partridge.

"THE LIGHT BOMBASTIC."

Mr. Punch (to Lord Ch-r-l's Br of rd). "CALL THAT A HORNPIPE! IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A 'BREAKDOWN!'"

CRUMBS FOR CRICKETERS.

(How to report a County Match—
Latest Style.)

THE Wessex v. Loamshire fixture was resumed to-day, 5,352 paying for admission at the turnstiles. The weather was rather doubtful, and, just before play began, W. YORKER (known to his intimates as "PIFFLES") was heard to remark to BILL STUMPS, the famous Loamshire bat, that he thought there might be a drop of rain before night.

This version of his utterance, we can assure our readers, is absolutely correct. A quite erroneous paraphrase of it appeared in last night's evening papers. On an important point like this our report, as usual, is absolutely trustworthy.

Talking of "PIFFLES," we have exclusive information to the effect that this splendid cricketer has quite got over his old dislike of boiled potatoes. Indeed, he was seen twice to replenish his plate with this form of the vegetable during lunch yesterday. He is still faithful to the same brand of tobacco.

As the celebrated ball-propeller, C. K. SHOOTER, emerged from the pavilion yesterday, he paused for three seconds at the gate, and then returned to the dressing-room to fetch his handkerchief. Our readers doubtless will remember that a similar startling incident took place in the Wessex and M.C.C. match of two seasons ago.

Good old BOB THUMPER urged the sphere to the boundary fourteen times in the course of his sparkling innings. This raises his percentage of boundary hits to other strokes to 14·6428. So his last stroke put him ahead of his rival, TOM SLOGGER, whose percentage up to date is 14·5873. The crowd was quick to notice this fact, and greeted his triumph with tremendous cheering.

Of the 79 balls sent down by JIM TRUNDLER yesterday, 42 were straight, 31 were outside the off-stick, while 6 were on the leg-side. The longest interval between any two of his balls was 2 minutes, the shortest 52 seconds. These are really notable figures of enthralling interest to all who make a careful study of first-class cricket.

B. STRAYER was in great form yesterday. This magnificent bat lives in Sussex, and has played for Loamshire for the last two seasons. Tempting offers, we understand, have been made to the celebrated amateur by the Rutland Club. He has been given the refusal of a sinecure post with an income of £700, but is waiting, as he humorously put it to our reporter, to see whether Loamshire "will go one better," before making up his mind. It is by such players as Mr. STRAYER that the glorious



PHIL MAY
1902

'ARRY AND 'ARRIET IN FRANCE.

"WHAT'S 'RÔTIS'?"

"GAME."

traditions of amateur cricket are kept alive.

DICK STUMPER accounted for two batsmen yesterday, and this fine wicket-keep has now assisted in dismissing an average of 3·4 batsmen per match since the beginning of the season.

By the way, we believe that the match about which we are writing, Loamshire v. Wessex, was finished in the course of yesterday's play. We have no idea which won, and no doubt the readers of our columns will pardon this ignorance. No one cares about petty details like this nowadays.

MATADOR AND SHUTTLECOCK.

["The Duke of CONNAUGHT, accompanied by the Duke of ALBA and the members of his suite, attended a bull-fight this afternoon. The chief matador, on entering the ring, saluted his Royal Highness, holding his hat in one hand and his sword in the other, and drank to the DUKE as a special honour."—*The Standard*.]

ARE we to understand that the chief matador, sword in one hand and hat in t'other, saluted H.R.H. and then tossed the goblet from point of sword to point of nose, and thence to point of chin, and so drained it? Or simply that he drank out of his hat? And was his name Señor CINQUEVALLI, or just Don LIENO?

COMMENTS OF A HOUSEMAID.

(In humble emulation of the "Comments of a Countess," which have recently been adorning a weekly journal.)

EVERYBODY writes nowadays, as cook said at my last place, from countesses to kitchen-maids. Indeed Mrs. PERKINS—that's the housekeeper—says she doesn't know *how* the Sassiety papers would get on without US! The footmen listen to what's said at table, the lady's maid keeps her ears open while she's doing her mistress's hair, and the result makes a column of fashionable gossip in the *Daily Rail*.

Where I am now we are a very litterery household. BATES, the butler, is "Tatler" in the *Ladies' Mirror*. The three footmen sends paragraphs to the *Upper Ten*. My Lady's maid, DAWSON, is on the staff of the *Candid Cad*, and I do a page of "Comments" every week in P.A.P., in which the doings of the drawing-room are described from the standpoint of the area. BATES says my "comments" are dreadfully cynical. I'm so glad I learnt to write at the Board School.

At my last place—the SPRATSONS, in Bayswater—there was really nothing to write about. The SPRATSONS weren't genteel at all, so I soon came away. Now I'm in Park Lane with the ROOKEMS, which is *very* different. The Countess of ROOKEM is a *reel* lady, and the title goes back to the Conquest. The first Earl blacked the Conqueror's boots. And the tenth changed sides so often in the Wars of the Roses that Mrs. PERKINS says neither side knew which of them ought to cut his head off. So he escaped with his life, and of course the family have been looked up to ever since!

The ROOKEMS, in fact, move in the very *highest* circles. They are very poor, but very proud—always an expensive combination for *somebody*! They have to know all sorts of vulgar people in order to make both ends meet; but as they despise them all the time, of course their pride doesn't suffer. DAWSON says the BOUNDERBYS paid a thousand pounds for an invitation to dinner here, and *then* Lord ROOKEM completely ignored old BOUNDERBY after the ladies had gone! Which shows how proud the ROOKEMS are! Indeed, they are people of the highest breeding and refinement.

Lady ROOKEM wears the most wonderful toilets, and has dozens of them. She never puts on the same dress twice during the season, and has ruined five dressmakers. Her tradesmen never dare to dun her, or she would tell all her friends to get their things somewhere else, and then they'd have to shut up shop altogether. Besides, there is no use in dunning the ROOKEMS, as they never have any money, though they live at the rate of twenty thousand a year. It's a wonderful thing to be a genuine blue-blooded aristocrat! Blood *will* tell, as DAWSON says!

Rookem House is a magnificent mansion, and as it is entailed the family can't sell it. My Lord wanted to let it and live quietly in the country on the rent, but my Lady said she could make ten times as much by living *in* it as by living *away* from it. And so she does. There are lots of rich manufacturers who will pay any sum for an "invite" to Rookem House during the season, and Lady ROOKEM's Bridge parties alone bring in a goodish income. However, this year the house really is let for the Coronation. Old Mr. MALTBY, the great brewer, offered ten thousand pounds for it for June and July. My Lord wanted to close, only my Lady couldn't very well be away during all the festivities. However, she went to the MALTBYs and said that for another five thousand she and Lord ROOKEM would stay on at the house during the two months as their guests! Old Mother MALTBY almost jumped out of her skin with delight at the offer, and accepted it at once. And now my Lady wishes she'd asked for more. However, fifteen

thousand is pretty good, and of, course the ROOKEMS can be as rude to their hosts as they like during the two months, as the money is to be paid in advance. It would be different if they had to be *civil* to them.

The ROOKEMS are the leading people in Sassiety now, as you must know if you read the half-penny papers. When BATES brings out his novel, *Nobs and Snobs*, you will recognise them on every page. So of course they have to take the lead in all the fashionable extravagances of the day. Their dinners and their dances and their clothes cost more than anyone else's, and, what with eating too much and going to too many parties every day of the season, it's no wonder my Lady breaks down periodically. Then she goes to a Rest Cure with a lot of other over-fed and under-worked people, and is nursed back to health again. There's pleasure for you! Don't I wish I was *her*, as I say to Mrs. PERKINS!

Of course she's bored with it all. But people in really high Sassiety always *are* bored, as I say to BATES. In fact, I've never seen anybody yawn like my Lady at the play or the Opera. Even at dinner she doesn't seem to really enjoy herself. The second footman holds it's because she's stupid, and can't appreciate anything really. But then he's a socialist, BATES says.

And if she isn't happy herself she doesn't let other people be so. You should see her snub *parvenus*—when she doesn't want anything out of them. It's a treat! Just letting them see what a grand lady *she* is, and what dirt *they* are—even when they are in her own house, and have paid to be there too. As for poor people, she never notices their existence except to sneer at their clothes. Yes, my Lady is a lady!

There now, there's Mrs. PERKINS calling me, and I've all my rooms to do. Whatever am I thinking of—and my column for P.A.P. not done yet! "Coming, Mrs. PERKINS!" I really think I must give up housework and take to journalism altogether.

THE MUDDLES AT HOME.

"So His MAJESTY dined with the Second Life Guards, did he!" remarked Mrs. MUDDLE to her husband, who had just read aloud to her this item of Court news. "That's very nice. I suppose it was in state. Ah! Does it describe the—um—the sort of ceremony with which His MAJESTY was received?"

"Well," replied MATTHEW, her husband, somewhat testily, "I read it to you just now." (*Reads again.*) "Sir—"
(*Loses his place.*) "Ah! (*Finds it and continues:*) AUDLEY NEELD—"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. MUDDLE, suddenly interrupting him, "that sounds odd! A Field-Marshal or a General ought to have received him, not an 'Ord'ley'! But, of course, it was quite right that an 'Orderly' should kneel."

"What on earth..." exclaimed the astonished MATTHEW. "But," continued his wife, "I always thought the perfect tense of kneel was 'knelt,' not 'kneel'd.' However, we live and learn. Dear me! and so the 'Orderly kneel'd,' did he? And what happened then?"

[MATTHEW hands her the paper, and exit.

THE CORONATION CONSIDERED AT "THE ZOO."—"Two King Penguins" have arrived! But isn't this, as savouring of a divided rule, just a little overdoing it? The Shakspearian question for the other Penguins will be, "Under which King, Penguinian?—speak or die!" And then there may arise Pretender Penguins! and then—but let us not play the part of a bird of ill omen. *Absit.*

CORONATION NOTES.

WE have received some very striking designs for illuminations from the British Art Decoration Company. One consists of a row of thirteen gas jets. Another pretty fancy takes the form of the numbers 1, 9, 0, 2, placed side by side, so signifying the year of the Coronation. But perhaps the most original of the designs consists of the KING's initials, E. R. These are arranged in an entirely novel and striking manner. The clumsy old-fashioned way was to place them side by side. The British Art Decoration Company have hit upon the enterprising and ingenious idea of placing them one above the other, thus:—

E
R

The effect, as will be seen, is highly artistic and fairy-like, and gives the lie to the calumny that the British Manufacturer can never get out of a rut. When once we put our back into a thing we can easily keep pace with the foreigner. Our well-meaning but inartistic forefathers would jump could they but see how we have advanced in matters of taste.

Although the price named was a very considerable one, the KING has felt compelled to decline the offer of one of the leading American papers to write an article entitled "How it feels to be crowned."

A kind-hearted little girl, living at Putney, on being told that five hundred thousand persons were to eat the KING's dinner, burst into tears at the thought of the KING having to go without, that day.

The Special Coronation number of one of our illustrated papers will contain a portrait of the KING.

An admirable life of our KING has been issued by *Religious Bits*. It shows how by sheer perseverance our illustrious Monarch worked his way up from being mere Prince of WALES to his present exalted position. A more encouraging present for a child it would be difficult to imagine.

Our readers (and especially country subscribers) are cautioned against persons who are going about selling seats in the best positions at extremely low prices for the 28th June. It should be remembered that the processions will be over by the evening of the 27th.

The *Menteur Français* announces



ENVY.

SCENE—Miss Semple and Dawber, standing near his picture.

Miss Semple. "WHY, THERE'S A CROWD IN FRONT OF MADDER'S PICTURE!"
Dawber. "SOMEONE FAINTED, I SUPPOSE!"

that, according to its Portsmouth correspondent, the following is the official programme arranged by the British Government for the entertainment of the officers and crews of the foreign warships that will arrive for the Coronation Review. On June 23rd a torpedo boat destroyer will blow up. On June 24th there will be a collision between two of our largest iron-clads (names not yet decided). On June 25th there will be the bursting of one of our new guns. On June 26th there will take place a grand initiation of all the foreign officers into the secrets of Portsmouth Dockyard, and in the evening there will be a

Banquet at which "God bless everyone" will be sung.

At Lower Upperton a way has been found out of what at one time looked like an *impasse*. Six members of the town council are in favour of regilding the weathercock on the church tower, while a like number are in favour of providing a new pump for the marketplace. Under these circumstances the happy thought has occurred to the Mayor to let His MAJESTY himself decide in which of these two ways he would like his Coronation to be celebrated at Lower Upperton.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

III.—DOWN SOUTH.

It is Saturday night in a South London slum. Pavement and road alike are a surging human sea cloven at intervals, merely to close up again the next moment, by a rocking green omnibus. From the row of stalls with their flaring oil lamps lining one side of the road the raucous voice of the trader announces the cheapness of cabbages or the desirability of rosy meat. At the corner on our left a mob of ticketed garments swing in the breeze before a plate-glass window partially covered by a picture of Lord KITCHENER and LOUIS BOTHA concluding an international peace in check trousers. Lord KITCHENER is stipulating, apparently as a term of the treaty, that GOOCH's ready-made lounge suits should be worn all over the civilised globe. Outside the public-house opposite a conjugal quarrel is proceeding, assisted by the loud simultaneous arguments of numerous partisans. A little further we pass a small tumble-down shanty displaying in its window conclusive pictorial evidence of the effects of LUGG's Liver Lozenges; also a representation in five colours of a girl adjusting a corn-plaster—"She stoops to Corn-Cure." In the doorway a large printed notice invites the passer in seductive terms to "come in and have his blood examined."

With difficulty, and only after lengthy argument, do we eventually shake off a collarless gentleman who follows us, unable to believe that we can go home to sleep with a clear conscience without purchasing a twelve-foot roll of oil-cloth. Standing on a small platform beneath two pendent oil-lamps a fat man in dirty linen has removed his coat and rolled up his shirt-sleeves in order to read the characters of a small audience from their handwriting. As we pass he is informing a tousled woman with a baby that, though inclined to be a flirt, she has a good heart and is haffable alike to hequals and hinferiors. A mob of excited loud-voiced women passes us, evidently bound on some errand of violence.

"Take me to 'er, that's all," one of them is shrieking. "She call me a mongrel! Born an' bred in this 'ere road I was, an' she knows it!"

Noise prevails everywhere, a sort of squalid gaiety; above all floats the placid moon.

We board an omnibus, mainly to avoid the unsolicited embrace of a convivial navy who identifies us as his honeysuckle. There is no room on the top, and we push our way into an atmosphere like concentrated garlic.

"Don't you tike no notice of the

Foss-light, gov'nor," observes a large passenger in the corner, plainly connected with the coal trade. "Give yer an appetite for yer supper. Sort of a relish."

"Not arf," somewhat sourly affirms a lady in a shawl next to him.

"Well, there's one thing abaht it," remarks the conductor, punching our tickets with a jovial air, "it does make the 'osses go, an' no mistake."

The bus stops to admit a puffing woman with a red face and no hat. She drags by the hand a small boy who is wearing upon his head a large black saucepan, with the handle pointing down his back. There is a sensation in the omnibus. The red-faced woman sits down heavily, and jerks the boy angrily on to the seat beside her. Everybody stares at the boy's extraordinary headgear, and for some time there is silence. Then the coaly man in the corner refers to the boy by some obscure chain of reasoning as DE WET.

"Wot 'ave yer been doin' of with 'im?" inquires the conductor as he gives the woman her tickets.

"You can shut yer 'ead, my man," snaps the red-faced woman, "and mind your own bizness."

This silences the conductor, but the lady in the shawl has been looking critically at the boy for some time, and now leaps into the breach with a snort.

"I wouldn't 'ave let 'em in the bus if I was you, young man," she says, addressing the conductor.

The red-faced woman glares across at her.

"Bringin' a bloomin' BARNUM's freak in the bus," continues the lady in the shawl, "along o' respectable people."

The red-faced woman requests the lady in the shawl to shut her head.

"'E's ole DE WET, that's 'oo 'e is," observes the coaly man.

"DE WET!" snorts the lady in the shawl scornfully. "It's my opinion the boy's got the small-pox."

The red-faced woman becomes a rich purple.

"Not 'im," returns the coaly man. "'E's ole DE WET 'e is. Ain't yer, nipper?"

"'E's got the small-pox, that's wot's wrong with 'im," repeats the lady in the shawl.

The red-faced woman turns truculently on the lady in the shawl, and invites her to step into the road.

The lady in the shawl expresses a regret that people who can't behave as ladies should be allowed in a bus. It is her belief that both mother and son have got the small-pox.

Here the conductor has to interfere. The coaly man assists the pacification by offering the boy in the saucepan a penny, which is promptly taken, only

to be grabbed and returned by the red-faced woman.

"We don't want nobody's money," she says indignantly, "an' we don't want nobody's questions."

The coaly man pockets the penny again sheepishly.

"You take care as yer don't catch nothing, that's all," is the advice of the lady in the shawl.

The red-faced woman turns on her, but thinks better of it, and subsides into silence.

Nothing is said for a time, and the saucepan affair seems fated to remain a mystery. But a respectably-dressed old citizen, who had been asleep in the corner opposite the coaly man, has awakened, and has for some time been staring at the boy. Suddenly he leans forward and touches the red-faced woman on the knee.

"Excuse me, Ma'am," he inquires politely, "but why does your little boy wear that saucepan on his head?"

There is an absolute explosion from the red-faced woman.

"Small-pox," cryptically explains the lady in the shawl above the din.

"Nobody can't mind their own bizness," the red-faced woman is shrieking. "Well, I'll tell yer, an' then p'raps you'll all of yer shut yer 'eads. The little devil got a-playin' about with the things, an' got the saucepan fixed on 'is fat 'ead, an' now 'e can't get it orf, an' I've got ter give up my time ter tike 'im ter the 'orspital. Now p'raps you're satisfied, all of yer."

All of us, with the exception of the lady in the shawl.

"'Orspital," she snorts; "I thought so. The 'orspital."

But here the omnibus passes the District Station, and we get out. Not before we have caught the shawl-lady's scornful comments on a well-meant suggestion from the coaly man.

"Blacksmith's? Huh! Blacksmiths won't do 'er complaint much good, I know. It's the small-pox they've got, both of 'em. An' we shall all of us 'ave it termorrer."

The omnibus rumbles on and leaves us. Conscious of a feeling of sudden isolation, we enter the quiet booking-office.

"MORS" OMNIBUS.

[Amongst the motor-cars competing at Bexhill was one of a pattern known as "Mors"]

In vain, in vain each rival Co.

With Fate endeavours to compete:

Like arrows from the lethal bow

"Les Mors vont vite."

TWO BROTHERS, in full Orders (married, one infant in arms), desire sea-side L. TOY., July.—*The Guardian*.



Young Tyro. "LOOK HERE, SHARPER, WHEN I BOUGHT THE PONY YOU SAID HE WAS JUST THE THING FOR A BEGINNER—COULDN'T MISS A BALL ON HIM. AND HE WON'T GO NEAR THE BEASTLY THING!"

Captain Sharper. "THAT'S JUST IT, DON'T YOU KNOW. YOU NEVER NEED TRY TO HIT THE BALL!"

PEGGY, A PONY.

MUCH have we talked of Juno, of Rollo and of Roy,
But little Shetland Peggy is now our only joy;
And all the great St. Bernards they eye with jealous air
Our latest toy and treasure, the tiny Shetland mare.

No dog can well imagine—and dogs can think of course—
That any shape so dwarfish can truly be a horse.
They deem her in their wisdom a sort of canine Gog,
And contemplate with anger so very large a dog.

But Peggy, dauntless Peggy, has wrinkled up her nose;
She charges down on Rollo, she tramples on his toes;
And, if he sniffs too closely, the little vixen jibs,
And, lo, a pair of hooflets strike thudding on his ribs.

Yet is she kind and gentle: the children stroke her side;
They pull her shaggy top-knot and clamour for a ride;
Diminutive but fearless, she lets herself be fed
By little human Shetlands who cluster round her head.

Then see her in her harness how well she plays her part:
Her driver sure should drag her while she sits in the cart.
But plucky little Peggy makes nothing of her load,
And like a clock her footfalls go ticking down the road.

Ten hands the lady measures—just that and nothing more:
It's only forty inches to Rollo's thirty-four.
I think we'll try them tandem, and show a turn of speed
With Peggy as the wheeler and Rollo in the lead.

In Fairyland, I warrant, are many such as she,
Or tethered to a poppy or stabled in a tree.

As Queen TITANIA's palfrey she might have kicked her heels'
Or drawn in Court processions a nautilus on wheels.

Unclipped, undesecrated her coat is like a mat;
One wild rough mane her crest is: no weight could keep it
Her liquid eye is friendly, and, oh, I never knew [flat.
A mortal eye more darkly unfathomably blue.

Yet on her peat-moss litter, to luxury resigned,
She seems to catch the echoes of every stormy wind;
And, sad but uncomplaining, she seems to see the foam
Tossed from the angry breakers that beat about her home.

For, ah, she must remember that home so wild and free
Amid the wind-swept islets that stud the northern sea, [call,
Where late she snuffed the tempests and heard the curlews
Before she knew a bridle or moped within a stall.

R. C. L.

THE MOST POPULAR GAME AT CARDS, the one that has temporarily ousted Whist, will be represented in the Coronation Ceremonial, and, of all places, in Westminster Abbey! For in the gallery, where the organ is, there will be BRIDGE! Playing Bridge! And with what hands! The trumps, twelve of them at least, are all arranged for!! Is this quite fair? The players will have a heavy responsibility.

AN ANTICIPATION.—"The University of Oxford," said the *Times* last week in a leader, "is already living beyond its income." Is it to be wondered at if in future years the present blossoming generation of Oxford undergraduates blooms into full-blown prodigal sons?



Vendor of Pirated Songs. "ERE Y'ARE, LIDY! 'OLY CITY,' 'BU'FUL STAR,' 'HI CAWN'T THINK WHY HI LUBS YER, BUT HI DO!'"

THE ROUND OF THE COURTS.

A Lady Client and the Opening of Term.

SHE was distinctly unconventional. Not only had she not approached me through a solicitor, but she regularly haunted my chambers with "further and better particulars." Of course it would be unprofessional to ear-mark her identity by too significant a reference to her case, but I may hint that it was not unconnected with a contested will, a disputed claim for compensation after a carriage accident, and the safeguarding of certain ancient lights.

My lady client insisted upon being present at the opening of the Courts. I could not refuse, and consequently found myself in her company in the Hall of our Palace of Justice at the time when the judges march in procession to their places on the Bench.

"You know every one, Mr. BRIEFLESS, don't you?" asked my client.

I admitted that my circle of friends and acquaintances was wide in diameter.

"Then introduce me to that person, there," and she pointed to the Lord Chief Justice.

I was slightly embarrassed, as the Chief was otherwise engaged. However, fortunately, I was relieved for the moment, as my client elected to foregather (through my proposed agency) with an equity judge, two Lord Justices of Appeal, and the President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division.

"They may come in useful," she murmured, and I knew her thoughts were fixed on her litigation.

I appeased her thirst for introductions by suggesting that when their lordships returned to their duties in their respective Courts, then the absolutely appropriate moment for mutual civilities would be reached.

Subsequently I had the honour of escorting the lady through the corridors.

"I suppose you know all the judges?" queried my fair client.

"I have the honour of what may be termed a nodding acquaintance," was my reply.

I need scarcely say that my statement was founded on the dignified courtesy that causes Bench and Bar to exchange, at the sitting and rising of the Court, gracious greetings.

"Let us go in here," suggested my client, pushing her way into Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division No. 1. I was forced to follow her lead.

The case fortunately was one dealing with the mysteries of navigation. A badly-guided steamer had caused the foundering of a luckless coaler. The judge, assisted by Trinity Masters, was trying to discover which batch of witnesses was telling the truth, and which was guilty of premeditated deception.

The badge of authority placed before the Court attracted my client's attention.

"What is that?" she asked, pointing to the silver symbol.

I explained as well as I could, for my knowledge on the subject was incomplete, the purport of the implement.

"Can't you introduce me to those nice-looking naval officers?"

I suggested that, as the Court was sitting, the action might be considered as savouring of contempt.

"Well, at least you might let me know the judge."

Again I explained the etiquette that governs the relations of Bench and Bar.

"But the judge seems to be on very good terms with those gentlemen in wigs seated at the front desk."

I told my fair client that my learned friends were engaged in the case, and consequently had the right of audience.

"Why, are you not in the case? I thought you were in every case."

"My dear Madam," I said somewhat impatiently, "you really have made a mistake. I am not frequently pleading, because my practice is chiefly conducted in chambers. It is not very showy, but is none the less sound on that account."

"Sound or unsound," retorted the Lady Client, "all I can say is, that in future when I have any litigation, I shall have nothing to do with you, but shall conduct my cases in person."

On consideration, perhaps it was as well. A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-Handle Court.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ONCE MORE.—A daily paper states that WILLIAM ROBB has been sentenced at Glasgow to sixty days for stealing bag-pipes. Why did WILLIAM ROBB? Because it was his nature to bag pipes.



RATHER "ROCKY."

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR Balfour. "HANG ON, BILLY! WE'LL TRY AND DODGE 'EM SOMEHOW!"

ANOTHER STATUE.

SCENE—A room in the Palace of Tsarskoe Selo. The French President pacing up and down, anxiously reading a telegram. Enter the Tsar.

Tsar. Bon jour, M. LOUBET. Tenez, vous avez l'air triste, agité! Vous n'avez pas bien dormi? Votre lit est trop dur?

President. Ah non, Sire! Un lit des plus moelleux. Une chambre délicate, d'un goût exquis.

Tsar. Cependant, il y a quelque chose qui vous ennuie.

Pres. Je suis désolé, Sire. J'ai honte d'avoir l'air triste chez vous. N'en parlons plus.

Tsar. Au contraire. Voyons donc. Ne sommes-nous pas amis et alliés? (*Coaxingly*) Dites-le moi.

Pres. Eh bien, tant mieux. Je vais vous demander un petit conseil. (*Solemnly*) Je viens de recevoir une dépêche de l'Empereur GUILLAUME.

Tsar. Seulement ça? Ah, mon cher M. LOUBET, ça arrive à tout le monde! C'est une obsession pour lui, ce pauvre GUILLAUME. Toujours des dépêches! Et à propos de quoi?

Pres. (sadly). D'une statue.

Tsar (cheerfully). Encore une statue! C'est épatant!

Pres. (despondently). Cela se peut. Mais c'est très, très gênant quand même.

Tsar. Vraiment? C'est encore une statue de FRÉDÉRIC?

Pres. Non. Tenez, voilà la dépêche.

Tsar (reads). "Monsieur le Président de la République Française, Saint-Petersbourg. Je désire offrir à la grande nation française un chef-d'œuvre de l'art allemand, une copie (brevetée, S.G.D.G.) en bronze de la statue de mon illustre grandpère, GUILLAUME le Grand, sculptée en marbre par le Wirkliche Geheimrath Oberhofbildhauer Professor Doktor MÜLLER. J'ai étudié soigneusement le plan de Paris, et j'ai trouvé la Place de l'Opéra absolument au centre. C'est là que je vous prierais de faire poser ce beau morceau, haut de vingt mètres. Malheureusement je ne connais pas ce site renommé, mais on m'a dit qu'il y a tout autour des réclames lumineuses, dont les reflets jailliront sur mon petit cadeau. Ainsi, jour et nuit, la statue de mon illustre grandpère sera visible, en signe des goûts si exquis et de l'amitié si tendre qui réunissent nos deux nations, les plus artistiques du monde. GUILLAUME."

Pres. (faintly, sinking into a chair). Eh bien?

Tsar. Mon cher ami! Voyons, voyons! Buvez ce verre d'eau. Du courage! Il y a toujours un moyen.

Pres. Mais il faut répondre en alle-



BE CALM.

Fond Mother (at the Corporation Ball given in honour of the Earl of Lumphrey). "SO SORRY, MR. PRYM, BUT I MUST ASK YOU TO EXCUSE MY DAUGHTER. SHE IS KEEPING HERSELF COOL TO DANCE WITH HIS LORDSHIP!"

mand, comme ROOSEVELT, et je n'en sais pas un mot.

Tsar. C'est très difficile, l'allemand. Pourquoi pas en français?

Pres. Mais non. Il y a toujours cette réponse de ROOSEVELT. C'est comme un protocole.

Tsar. En anglais, alors. Je vous aiderai.

Pres. (tearfully). Ah merci, mon ami! Que vous êtes aimable!

Tsar (reads). "Emperor WILLIAM, Berlin. Delighted receive statue. Will arrange site with municipality. Best wishes. LOUBET." Je vais vous lire ça en français (*reads again*).

Pres. C'est un peu bref, n'est-ce pas? Il manque quelque chose? Ah, je m'en souviens. Il faut "yours truly" à la fin.

Tsar. Mais non.

Pres. Mais si, mais si. Toujours, en anglais.

Tsar. Eh bien! "Yours truly, LOUBET."

Pres. C'est ça. Superbe! Irréprochable! Tout ce qu'il y a de plus correct!

Tsar. Alors, c'est fini, mon cher ami?

Pres. Pas du tout. Où allons-nous mettre ce fichu monument? Comment puis-je expliquer ça à MILLERAND, et à tous ces Ministres, s'il y en a des Ministres? Ah, mon Dieu, que faire? Si je pouvais refuser ce sacré cadeau!

Tsar. Impossible! Il faut encore imiter ROOSEVELT, qui va cacher sa statue dans l'arsenal de Washington. N'y a-t-il pas un petit coin de Paris, une impasse quelconque, un lieu désert—

Pres. Désert? Il y a le Palais Royal. Mais non, on y va quelquefois, au Théâtre.

Tsar. Alors, un peu plus loin?

Pres. Le Champ de Mars? Tenez, la Tour Eiffel! Au sommet. Il n'y a jamais personne, sauf des voyageurs Cook, et des Allemands. (*Gloomily.*) Ah, mais non! Une statue haute de vingt mètres serait trop lourde. Pas moyen! Ma foi!

Tsar. C'est dommage. Il doit avoir quelque part un lieu ombragé.

Pres. Au Bois? Mais le Bois est très fréquenté. D'ailleurs, on n'est jamais pressé là-bas, on flâne, on a toujours le temps, on peut regarder. (*Covers his face with his hands.*) Ah, mon Dieu, c'est effroyable!

Tsar. Alors, il vous faut un lieu sombre, mal éclairé, où l'on est pressé.

Pres. (*jumping up eagerly.*) Ah sapristi, je l'ai trouvé! Le Métropolitain!

Tsar. A la bonne heure! C'est encore mieux que l'arsenal de ROOSEVELT.

Pres. (*gleefully.*) Mais oui. Dans le nouveau Métropolitain Montmartre-Montparnasse, le chef-d'œuvre de l'art allemand couché par terre dans le tunnel. Nous allons mettre la statue Place de l'Opéra, mais en dessous.

(*They walk briskly off, arm in arm, to déjeuner.*)

MR. PUNCH'S NOTES AND QUERIES.

(*A Peep into the Future.*)

HOOLIGAN (30th S. viii. 11).—There seems little doubt that this word is a corruption of "Hooley-gang," and was used to denote a ring of financiers who attained considerable celebrity towards the close of the last century, their leader, a person named HOOLEY, being renowned at all the swimming baths in the country for his skill in plunging and floating. His second name, TERAH, is also perpetuated in the "Terah Campaign," which he conducted with great courage in the London Law Courts, and his christian name is probably alluded to in a contemporary comedy named *The Importance of being Ernest*.

W. E. H. L.

I have read somewhere that there was a catchword formerly in vogue in Ireland, "Who's Hooligan?" which may be connected with the term Hooligan. Personally I feel quite convinced that the true key to its meaning is to be found in the first syllable, which disguises the christian name of an eminent controversialist, Lord HUGH OEOIL PRICE HUGHES, eldest son of the Marquis of SALISBURY, President of the Wesleyan Conference, and author of *The Atheist Shoemaker*. Lord HUGH, who resigned his pastorate in order to enter Parliament, formed a cave on the Conservative side, the other members of which were JOHN PAGE HOPPS (of

Burton), WINSTON CHURCHILL and JOHN KENSIT—to whom the name of "Hooligans" was soon applied. O. O.

LABBY (30th S. viii. 239).—There seems little doubt that "Labby" is a vulgarisation of L'Abbé, and stands for an eminent Roman Catholic theologian whose real name was Father IGNATIUS DONNELLY. W. W.

PRO-BOER (30th S. viii. 59).—Inasmuch as this epithet was unquestionably applied to "LABBY," I have come to the conclusion that it is a corruption of Pro-Boar, i.e. a term of contempt employed by the Shakespearians to designate their opponents in the great Baconian controversy. L. C.

"LABBY" was, I have always understood, the pseudonym adopted by a humorous writer of the twentieth century, author of *A Ramp Abroad*; or, *The Celestial Pilgrim's Progress*, a sequel to a similarly entitled work by an American preacher named MARK TWAIN.

W. D. A.

Is not the LABBY about whom your correspondent inquires the professional diver who, at the end of the nineteenth century and beginning of the twentieth, lived for many years at the bottom of a well in an Aquarium at St. Anne's Gate, under the delusion that he represented *Truth*? MUNDUS.

THE FOUR ELIZABETHS (30th S. viii. 193).—The rhyme for which VINDEK asks used to run as follows in my young days:—

"ELIZABETH, BETSEY, BESSY and BESS,
Went into the garden to find a bird's nest."

According to the memoir on the subject by GRÜTZMACHER, of Leipzig, the rhyme is a catch for children—all the four names standing for one; but this opinion hardly commends itself to the modern scientific mind. Dr. STONYBROKE holds that the ELIZABETHS were four, and that they were Queen ELIZABETH, ELIZABETH of Bohemia, ELIZABETH of the German Garden (where the bird's nest was), and ELIZABETH who paid the Visits. This, if true, affords a curious side-light on the female company kept by good Queen BESS. JOLLIWELL-COLLOPS, on the other hand, has it that the lines are pure satire upon the outburst of gardening literature at the end of the Victorian period, all of which was either written by ELIZABETH, or was concerned with heroines of that name. The bird's nest, he holds, is symbolical of the profits the authors hoped to make (cp. oof-bird).

JONATHAN PETERSON, M.A.

Your correspondent, JONATHAN PETERSON, is wrong in his transcription of the old rhyme. It should be "mare's nest," not "bird's nest." The lines

undoubtedly refer to Mrs. ELIZABETH GALLUP's work on the Baconian theory. S. L.

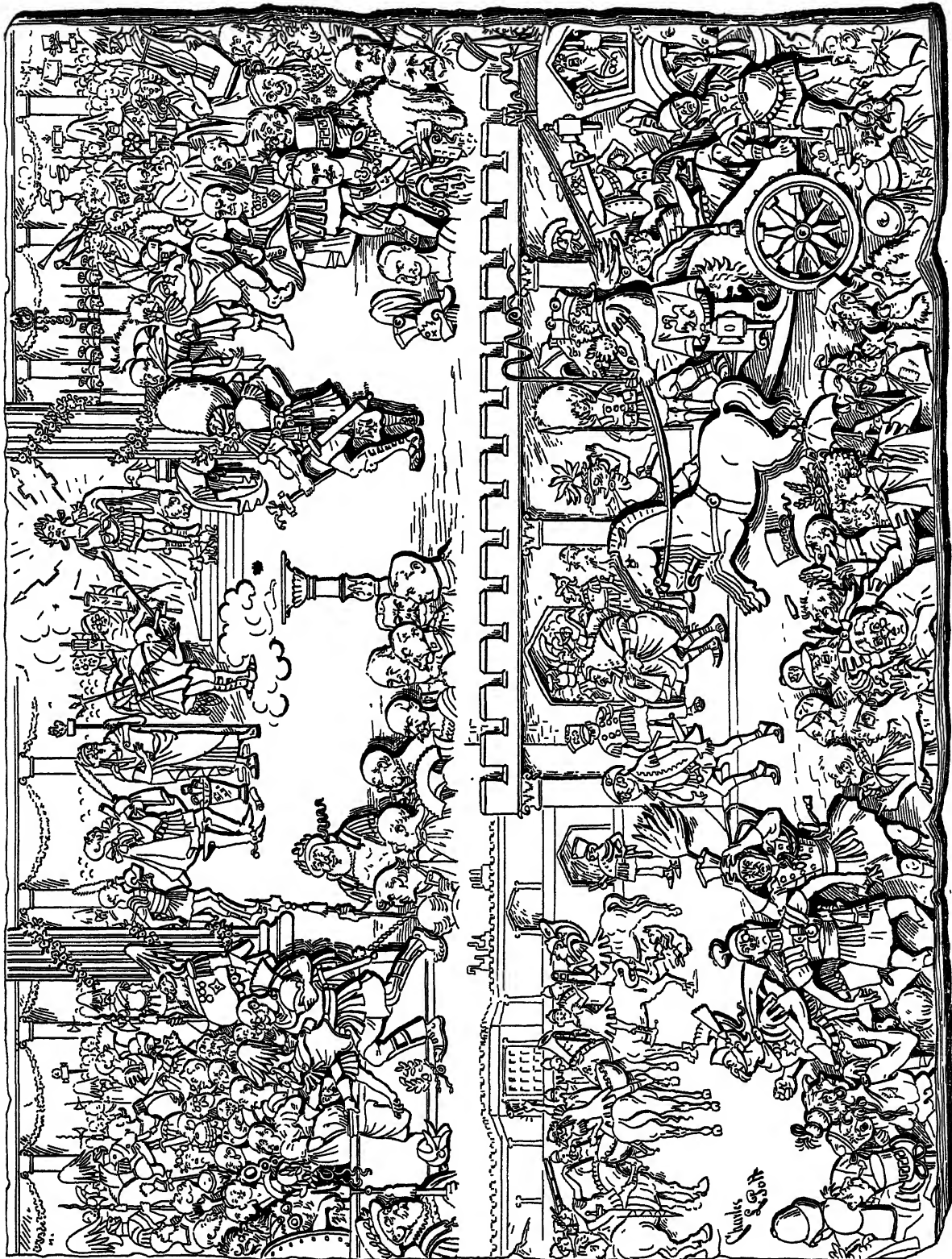
MAFFICKING (30th S. viii. 24).—May not this obscure term, which seems to be connected with outbursts of violence at the close of the nineteenth century, be derived from Maffia or Mafia, the Sicilian Secret Society? Mafficking might then be the name of the leader of this society—Maffia-King. Another and even more plausible derivation connects the word with MAHAFFY, an Irish chieftain of great ferocity who flourished at this period. To "Maffick" or "Mahaffick" would then mean to conduct oneself in the manner of MAHAFFY, i.e., in an exuberant and combative fashion. H. W. C.

PING-PONG (30th S. viii. 270).—How our national game got its name I do not know, but I have always understood it was invented at the beginning of the nineteenth century by a popular banjo-player of that day named RUDYARD KIPLING, as an antidote to the seriousness which then menaced England. Possibly, in the twang of his banjo strings, which resembles the sound "Ping-Pong," the title of the pastime originated. W. G. G.

Did not our national game take its name from a Chinese diplomatist resident in England at the time of the Wei-Hai-Wei negotiations? I seem to remember hearing my grandmother say so. H. SPENCER.

YORKER (30th S. viii. 49).—The origin of this phrase is lost in mystery. All that we know is that it was a term used in cricket, a game played in England and Australia before the rise of Ping-Pong. I remember hearing my grandfather say that it described a certain kind of ball; in which case it would probably be the favourite delivery of Prince EDWARD of York. He cannot, however, have had any monopoly of it, for in a contemporary account of a match between Middlesex and Yorkshire I find a reference to the Yorkers of ALBERTO and the JACKER, although neither of these names occurs in the score. Cricket annals are, however, so filled with mystery and neologisms that the wise etymologist will give them a wide berth. P. P.

Marie Corelli (30th S. xiii. 94).—Name generally supposed to have been borne by a famous musician, who invented a trumpet of her own on which she played with extraordinary skill. But from evidence supplied by the great Pipe roll, where frequent mention of MARIE CORELLI is made in connection with the "Ardath Mixture," I am inclined to believe that she was engaged in the tobacco trade. ANDREW TADDY.



A LEVEE DURING YE ROMAN PERIOD. INTRA ET EXTRA.

[From a rare old frieze (not) in ye British Museum.]

A FLEET IN LIMBO;

Or, *The Truant Thames Steamers.*

[It is announced that, in the Coronation year, when London will be crowded with visitors, the Thames steamers will not be run.]

WHAT shall we do without our Daisy,
Lobelia, Primrose, Snowdrop, Fern,
Flow'rs of a fleet whose ways were crazy
And early-Victorian, stern to stern?

Where are the Jessamine, Fuchsia, Thistle,
Botanic, romantic and nautical freaks?
Summer's awaiting the Spring's dismissal,
And have they, we ask, all turned to Le(a)ks?

Where is the Orchid, we vainly query,
And where the Palm of yesteryear?
Are they of cockney wit grown weary
And gone to a less sarcastic sphere?

Prince and Princess and Boadicea
And fair Cleopatra and River Queen—
All of them shrink from the bare idea,
In a Royal season, of being seen!

Cardinal Wolsey's a fresh quietus,
And Pilot has steered to Heav'n knows where!
Shy Alexander's afraid to meet us,
Penelope's sunk in dire despair!

Phyllis from work has neatly vanished,
While Mermaid is submarine again;
Giddy Nerissa has now been banished,
Diana from chasing must refrain!

Such is the Thames's gay condition
In Anno Domini Nineteen-Two!
Such is the singular exhibition
We're giving for foreign eyes to view!

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

["At the conclusion . . . the large and delighted audience called for Mrs. KENDAL. To the surprise of the people, however, the band kept on playing, and continued to do so after Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL . . . had appeared before the curtain. The members of the band were evidently determined to prevent any speeches. . . . Newspapers and other things were thrown at the bandmen, and for upwards of ten minutes the house was in an uproar."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

THERE are evidently depths in the potentiality of music which as yet have hardly been sounded. Why should it not be used to silence the political speaker? Thus:—

Monday.—"A close contest is expected at Slumston. Sir JOHN JONES, the Conservative Candidate, has engaged the Blue Hungarian Band, and has erected a stand for it in the market-place in front of the Town Hall. Mr. EZEKIEL BROWN, the Liberal Candidate, has informed our representative that for the present the instrumentalists of the Slumston Militia will support his interests. Their stand is also in the market-place in front of the Corn Exchange."

Tuesday.—"Sir JOHN JONES gesticulated from his bandstand yesterday morning from ten till one, to the accompaniment of patriotic airs by the opposing musicians. It is understood that he also spoke, but after the initial "Ladies and Gentlemen," nothing was audible. In the afternoon, from two till five, Mr. BROWN struck an attitude on his bandstand, but the praiseworthy energy of the Blue Hungarians rendered it impossible to detect whether Mr. BROWN spoke or not. One brickbat was thrown at the conductor. Both parties are confident, but it is understood that Mr. BROWN has the greater quantity of brass at his disposal."

Wednesday.—"The canvassing has assumed the air of a political Eisteddfod. Both candidates have realised that speaking is out of the question, and are relying more and

more on their instruments to obstruct the other side. The Colonial Secretary has wired to Sir JOHN JONES in the following terms: 'Keep it up. Add more wind. Am sending orchestral score of my recitative and air, *'Every Seat Lost.'* Sing if can. Ought turn scale."

Thursday.—"Sir JOHN has created a decided impression by singing *'Every Seat Lost'* through a megaphone to the accompaniment of his massed orchestra, which has been largely strengthened by the addition of two and a half German bands and a large part of the Slumston Orchestral Society. In spite of the Liberal efforts, rendered more formidable by a merry-go-round orchestrion, five buglers, three Highland pipers, and a monkey-organ, Sir JOHN's voice was distinctly heard two or three times."

Friday.—"Slight disturbances have occurred to-day. There are now five hundred and three instrumentalists in the market-place."

Saturday.—"We regret to report disgraceful scenes at Slumston. The electors, weary (apparently) of the music, and unable to get into the market-place, have broken into the houses round it and, according to a telegram just received, are throwing everything on which they can lay their hands at the candidates and their supporters out of the windows. Sir JOHN JONES' orchestra, though he himself is partially protected by the megaphone which he has placed over his head, is becoming demoralized by a constant shower of eggs, boots, hairbrushes and other things. Some persons unknown are playing on Mr. BROWN's bandstand with a fire-hose out of an upper window."

Later.—"The police have intervened."

A PALINODE.

["The fascination of clothes encourages self-respect, and demands self-repression in its devotees."—*Lady's Pictorial*]

DEAR DAPHNE, ah! forgive me, pray,
Who once reproached you in my haste
In such an inconsiderate way
With your extravagance and waste.

As I surveyed your hats and gowns—
Those most bewitching frocks and frills—
I vexed you with forbidding frowns,
Only considering the bills.

But now with penitent surprise,
As you your costly dresses don,
Most humbly do I recognise
How self-repression spurs you on.

Yes, with a duly chastened mind
The paradox I wonder at,
Much virtue in a frock to find,
And self-denial in a hat.

Only this will not be ignored—
While reckoning ruefully the price,
My slender income can't afford
The cost of such self-sacrifice.

THE NEW "COMBINE!" TREE THE TRIGAMIST!!

MISS TERRY (ELLEN) and Mrs. KENDAL (MADGE) representing WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE's Two Merry Wives (they can't be too merry for us!) are both engaged to Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, of course by kind permission of Mrs. BEERBOHM TREE (MAUD), who will naturally, as "sweet Anne Page," have her say in the matter. What a delightfully sparkling and perfect Tree-o, the composition of the Lessee, Manager and Leading Actor at Her Majesty's ("three single gentlemen rolled into one" as *Falstaff*), to be performed by ELLEN, MADGE, and "MAUD, MAUD, MAUD!" Chorus, gentlemen, if you please.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In the first chapter of *An Onlooker's Note Book* (SMITH, ELDER) there shines a pretty sentence. "To-day, no one (worth mentioning) is cocksure." Yet the Onlooker is a bold man, given to discussing fearlessly the manners and attainments of other people. Probably even his searching glance has not discovered in Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL a tendency to what Mr. PIGOTT spelt "hesitancy" to affirm unfaltering opinion upon passing persons and current events. He has much to say in his latest commentary, and is pretty certain of everything. On the whole, he is disappointed with his fellow men. Nor does woman please him either. Our manners have deteriorated. Our motives grown meaner. Over us all is the blight spread by the South African helot who lives in Park Lane. Amongst other practices against which the Onlooker takes up his parable, is that of "social journalism." By way of illustrating his theme he gives us (for 7s. 6d.) 339 pages of social journalism illumined by moral reflections. As he observes, *à propos* of somebody else's bottles, "well-connected people have before now written very readable books." Such an one is *An Onlooker's Note Book*, with its bitter flavour of an earlier volume called *The Book of Snobs*. Apart from the pleasure of seeing friends and acquaintances pin-pricked, the book contains many excellent stories and some facts. Among the latter my Baronite observes a statement carrying a step further common knowledge of an important historical event. Everyone knows that after the defeat of Mr. DISRAELI at the General Election of 1880, Queen VICTORIA "sent for" Lord HARTINGTON. It is further known that after an interview with Her MAJESTY he returned to town and on the next day again repaired to Windsor. After which Mr. GLADSTONE received command to form a Ministry. Onlooker states that in the interval between the two visits, Lord HARTINGTON, upon the direct injunction of the Queen, saw Mr. GLADSTONE and proposed that he should serve in a Ministry of which Lord HARTINGTON was to be the nominal chief. Mr. GLADSTONE, as events proved, did not see matters in that light.

The author of *Mona Maclean* will always command a wide circle of charmed readers. They will not be disappointed by her latest effort, *The Way of Escape* (BLACKWOOD). As in her masterpiece the heroine is a bright, clever, wayward girl, who makes her own history, and when trouble comes upon her, bears it bravely, almost blithely. The tragedy that underlies the story is so delicately treated (wherein Dr. MARGARET TODD differs from



Bobbie (dictating letter to his sister, whom he has "squared" into writing for him). "DEAR MISS BROWN, PLEASE XOUSE BOBBIE FOR NOT BEAN AT SCHOOL SINSE TEWSDAY HAS HE AS ADD TWOTHAKE ON TEWSDAY AND ON WEDNESDAY HE BROKE IS HARM AND HE AD TO GO TO A PARTY YESTERDAY AFTERNOON. IF HE DOES NOT COME TO-MORROW IT WILL BE BECAUSE A BOY THREU A STOAN AT IS I.—YOURS TROOLY, BOBBIE'S MOTHER."

some of her sex) that an innocent young thing like my Baronite entirely missed the clue, and when suspicion darkened had to hark back to find it. It is a little disappointing to find the author apparently does not recognise the cowardly cad she has created in that light o' Edinburgh, Dr. Willoughby. Possibly that is only her art. *Vera* is a fine conception, admirably worked out, living a noble unselfish life, albeit smirched with early stain. Her way of escape is literally through the fire. Why didn't Dr. MARGARET put her learned brother, Dr. Willoughby, into the midst of the pyre? Professional forbearance may sometimes be carried too far.

At *Sunwich Port* (GEO. NEWNES, LTD.), by W. W. JACOBS, is delightful. As Mr. Dick Swiveller, were he reviewing

this book, might appropriately say, "When the heart of a man is oppressed with care you can't do better than take a good draught of W. W. JACOBS." In his short stories, to the Baron's thinking (and for his reading), Mr. JACOBS is at his best; but, "for a' that and a' that," the yarn about Sunwich Port, for eccentric character, for Meissonier-like workmanship with the pen, and for fine perception of humour in incidents of ordinary everyday life will be hard to beat. The plot, perhaps, may be a trifle tangled, and not too easy to follow, yet, apart from story, such chapters as XI., XII., and XIII. are perfect in themselves, and can be taken up at any time, to the huge contentment of the appreciative reader. And so says THE CHEERY BARON DE B.-W.

OPERATIC NOTES.



GOING AHEAD WITH THE WAGNERIAN CYCLE.

block up, the space, formerly devoted to the Lorgnetting Division, being filled by private boxes, which of course means two additions to the cash-box of the Opera.

Now the lounge, who loved to drop into these little by-paths of the house, and from the obscurity at the back use his *lorgnette*, as the gardener would a horticultural instrument, to rake the *parterre*; or who, if he were a lady-killer, would, as a rifleman in safe ambush, shoot such glances at the "pretty ladies" as were intended to be killing, but which, failing to reach their mark, were scarcely even dangerous; such lounge, the faithful *habitué*, finds his occupation gone, for if he would *lorgnetter*, he must either stand up in his stall, a position too conspicuous and uncomfortable for a society sharpshooter, or he must descend the staircase on either side of the orchestra, to turn up in the lobby, where he can meet with persons he may not want to see, but cannot see persons whom he might like to meet, or, as the "observed of all observers" in the centre pit-tier boxes, he can, as jauntily as may be, descend by the staircase at the back, thereby "going under" and temporarily effacing himself in the sub-lobby, a most luxurious and reposeful place, whence the *entr'acte* cigarette is not banished. It would not surprise your present operatic reporter were the old Fops' Alley, or rather, the old alley for the most modern representatives of the Fops, to be, next year, restored.

En attendant, the Opera goes along steadily; but I am inclined to fancy that so far MELBA's was the night, when good old *Rigoletto* was played, and the new tenor distinguished himself, as it has been my privilege already to inform you.

On Wednesday last there was a good performance of that nice light and Wagnerian-pantomimic opera, which should be entitled *Siegfried and the Dragon*, or, *Harlequin Wotan Knight we're having!*

Mime (the clown) by Herr REISS, excellent. Herr PENNY-READING (PENNARINT) as *Siegfried* (afterwards *Harlequin*) doesn't bring his value up to Twopennyreading. VAN ROOY excellent as *Der Wanderer*. DAVID BISPHAM good as *Alberich*. Effective is Herr BLASS as *Fafner*; but, Blass us and save us, isn't this name just the very one for a singer who has to play the part of giant, and turn himself into a dragon with a long and a very moving tale, in quite three volumes, and an extra volume of smoke before he is extinguished? Do not remember a dragon like him in any pantomime. Is *Fafner* or *Alberich* "afterwards *Pantaloone*"? But strange to see all this gravely done to solemn music, as though it were a party of children playing at opera, or a performance by mediæval mystery actors at Christmas-time before King, Queen, and Court!

WHILE the *habitués* are beginning to exercise themselves about—though at present 'tis only the low grumblings that are sure signs of a volcanic eruption at no far distant time—is that the ancient landmarks have been done away with. Considerable improvements there are, as we all saw last year; but the *entr'acte* loungers sadly miss the stall entrances right and left, which are now

Madame NORDICA as *Brünnhilde*, charming. Regret the impossibility of waiting for the transformation scene, when I am sure she would have been quite irresistible as *Columbine*.

Madame SOBRINO, who, as *Stimme des Waldvogels*, might have been expected to be "up a tree," proved herself an accomplished mistress of music in all its branches. She, as "The Woodbird" (not of the mechanical "Cocky-olly" species, that being screwed, though perfectly sober, on to a table, would wag its head and tail, while a weight swung to and fro below it, though never note did it utter) was "in the lime-tree," where I suppose the lime-light man, acting as temporary bird-catcher, had lime-twigg'd her, and so prevented her flight.

As for Mme. METZGER, as *Erda*, well, when I've 'erd her again I will give you, or lend you, my valuable opinion.

Friday, May 23.—Whatever the weather may be outside, here 'tis a perfect WAGNER night. *Tristan und Isolde*. VAN DYCK, mindful of great ancestor, gives us singing portrait of hero, and comes off with flying colours. Herr KLOPPER musically and dramatically "makes his (*König*) Mark." VAN ROOY forcible as *Kurwenal*. M. COLSAUX, singing *Melot* as melo-diously as WAGNER will allow him, and playing the part *Melot*-dramatically, is eminently satisfactory. Mme. KIRBY-LUNN makes of *Brangäne* a powerful Lady-Macbethian character actuated by Wagnerian motives.

As to Madame NORDICA's *Isolde*! how it has improved since '98 ("who fears to speak of '98?" At all events Madame NORDICA need not), when she played it with JEAN DE RESZKE, and when, whatever was the situation, no matter in what opera it might be, she used always, like the plucky pugilist, to "come up smiling." But now Madame NORDICA does not "smile as she was wont to smile;" she acts; she throws herself into the part, and a better *Isolde*, since ALBANI, who played it six years ago, it would be difficult to name. There is no space here left for details. But I should say the most enthusiastic Wagnerites would express themselves satisfied with the performance to-night under the vigorous conducting of Signor MANCINELLI.

The new scenery by Messrs. HICKS and BROOKE is most effective. The waterfall and running stream, which, were the opera played every night, would be in for a much longer run, may, I suppose, be safely credited to Mr. BROOKE—the name being evidently appropriate. Queen ALEXANDRA present; a most interested and appreciative listener.

SARTOR RESARTUS.

[We are now celebrating the centenary of trousers.]

OF older days have poets sung
In strains of undiluted passion,
When rapiers with footsteps swung,
When ruffs and frills were all the fashion.
Now time's gone up by several pegs,
And rapiers are changed to Mausers,
And we conceal our shapely legs
Beneath the artifice of trousers.

And shall no poet sing this day,
Which marks the hundredth year that tailors
Have made them tight, wide, brown or gray,
To suit all tastes, from "dudes" to sailors?
Nay—let us greet this joyous year
With songs and cheers that grow to rousers,
When every male unites to wear
On every day some sort of trousers.

SUGGESTED MOTTO FOR SIR HENRY IRVING (in view of the great success of the revival of *Faust*):—

"Audivere, Lyce, di mea vota; di
Audivere, Lyce."

"LA GUERRE DE L'OR."

M. JEAN COQUELIN has recently produced in Paris at the Théâtre de la Porte-Saint-Martin, of which his father, M. COQUELIN AÎNÉ, is the lessee, an anti-English play, by M. DEBOUT, entitled *La Guerre de l'Or*. M. DEBOUT is no doubt an upright man, but his play seems likely to fall very flat. Before it disappears, we venture to suggest an extra scene, rather confused and incoherent, with innumerable characters, so as to resemble the other scenes of the noble drama.

La scène représente la place de Scharing Crosse à Londres. Au lever du rideau, Lord CHAMBERLAIN est installé sur un banc, entouré de Lifes Gardes et de policemen. Il regarde la statue de Sir NELSON.

Lord C. Enfin, c'est fini! Les mines d'or sont à nous. Ah, NELSON! Moi, et vous, et VELLINGTON! Les trois grands Anglais.

Le Lor Maire (entrant, suivi d'une foule de citoyens). Ipipoura! Vive Lord CHAMBERLAIN! Aoh yess!

Lord C. Merci, merci, mes amis! Je suis content. Tout est pour le mieux dans le meilleur des mondes. Les Boërs sont vaincus. J'attends ici l'illustre Sir KITCHENER, Lord ALFRED MILNER, et tous les héros de l'Afrique du Sud. J'attends aussi quelques généraux boers. Soyons généreux envers les généraux! Aoh yess!

Sir KITCHENER et les autres Anglais entrent, et se mettent derrière Lord CHAMBERLAIN.

Coquelin-Cronjé (enveloppé d'un manteau, se précipite sur la scène). Tremblez, ignobles mercenaires!

Lord C. Qui est donc ce petit homme si agité?

Coquelin-Cronjé. Tremblez, infâme ministre!

Sir K. C'est un Français. Aoh yess!

Coquelin-Cronjé (criant à haute voix). Ah, misérable, c'est vous qui avez massacré les gens, c'est vous qui avez obéi aux ordres sanguinaires de l'abominable ministre, c'est à vous que le monde entier reproche tous les crimes de cette affreuse guerre! Tremblez!

Lord Alfred. Quel drôle de petit homme! Comment s'appelle-t-il?

Coquelin-Cronjé (jettant son manteau). Je suis CRONJÉ.

Lord C. Pas du tout: le voilà!

Cronjé (entrant tranquillement). Quelle vie agréable à Sainte-Hélène! Pendant que les autres se battaient, moi je restais là à mon aise, occupé à ne rien faire, à fumer, à manger, à dormir. Quel repos! Maintenant je suis gros comme un voyageur de commerce.

Coquelin-Cronjé (toujours agité). Pardon, monsieur, j'ai un discours à prononcer.

Cronjé. Vraiment? Et vous êtes—?

Coquelin-Cronjé. Je suis CRONJÉ. A bas les Anglais!

Cronjé. C'est un fou. Moi je suis CRONJÉ.

Coquelin-Cronjé. Alors je suis COQUELIN. (criant) A bas les Anglais!

Coquelin Aîné (entrant à pas de course). Imbécile! Qu'est-ce que tu dis là. Tu vas gâter ma tournée! Et je vais jouer ce soir au Théâtre Garrique, là tout près. Tu vas me ruiner, misérable sot! Est-ce que je puis gagner l'or des Anglais si tu leur dis des injures de la sorte? Comment puis-je acheter des actions des mines d'or, si je ne gagne pas de l'argent à Londres? Vas te promener, imbécile!

Cronjé. Allez-vous-en, coquin de COQUELIN!

Coquelin-Cronjé. Je suis désolé, mon père. Je voulais être sublime, héroïque.

Coquelin Aîné. Bête, plutôt! Quelle sottise! Es-tu ridicule avec tes cris. Si tu demandes pardon à Lord CHAMBERLAIN il te donnera peut-être un petit pourboire.

Coquelin-Cronjé (à genoux). Pardonnez-moi, monseigneur milor!

Lord C. Très volontiers. Voilà une livre sterling.



First Newsboy. "I'LL BET YOU TUPPENCE TO A PENN'ORTH O' NUTS THAT 'SKEPTER' WINS THE DUREY."

Second Newsboy. "DONE!"

Third Newsboy. "I'LL 'OLD THE STAKER."

First Newsboy. "YES, BUT WHO'S A-GOIN' TO 'OLD YOU?"

Coquelin-Cronjé. Quel noble cœur! C'est de l'or.

Coquelin Aîné. Et bien, voilà ce qu'il te faut. Toujours de l'or anglais. Ne t'occupes que de ça. Quant à la guerre, ça ne te regarde pas. Voilà ton oncle, qui est certainement de mon avis.

Coquelin Cadet. Parfaitement!

Spéculateurs Français (entrant processionnellement et chantant en chœur, et de bon cœur, ce poème, digne de M. DEBOUT). Ah, la Guerre, oh, la Guerre,

Ce n'est pas notre affaire!

Avec trompe, et flûte, et cor,

Chantez, criez, Vive l'Or!

Coquelin Aîné, Coquelin Cadet, et Coquelin-Cronjé (ensemble). Vive l'Or!

(Le rideau tombe lentement.)

Balloonery.

"We went spinning through the air!" said an enthusiastic aeronaut, describing his recent trial trip.

"Indeed!" observed his companion, meditatively. "Judging by your description it sounds as if you had been in an 'heir-loom' instead of an 'air-ship.'"

THE Publisher's motto for the *Book of the Order of the Coronation Ceremonies as handed down from the most ancient times*, will probably be "ALL RITES RE-SERVED."

THE GOLDEN AGE.

(After the Final Chorus of "Hellas.")

["A Liberal Member, who has spent twenty years in the House of Commons . . . said yesterday, 'We shall be in power within two years from now.' . . . Mr. ASQUITH will preside at a meeting at which Lord ROSEBERRY and Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE will both speak. Can there be any surer indication that the days of disunion are passing away?"—*Daily Chronicle*.]

Now dawns the era long foretold
By prophet, prig and sage;
Now leaps Millennium all in gold
On Earth's astonished stage;
Now we shall soon enjoy a view
Of Edens ADAM never knew.

Now Peace, a freshly-risen star,
On every front shall glow;
And England, like a motor-car,
Renew her dynamo;
And British bees prepare to boom
Where endless honeysuckles bloom.

A brighter London lifts its head
Above a broader Strand;
Beneath the sewer's open bed
New tubes are daily planned
To undertake you at a fare
Of twopence almost anywhere.

Protected trade, that couched supine,
Shakes off its coat of rust;
A nobler navy cleaves the brine
Freighted with Hope and Trust;
And roseate dreams distinctly reddened
With the approach of Mr. SEDDON.

Oh! hide the jealousies of War
Within the decent tomb!
Oh! please to agitate no more
The spatchcock's ruffled plume!
In public let us cease to wash
The linen stained at Stellenbosch.

The crank shall hush his horrid din;
The asterisk shall wane;
Our Army Chiefs can now begin
To fold their hands again;
And scandals, once accounted heinous,
Sleep in the bolted shrine of Janus.

Another Government shall rise
And build a loftier booth;
And Love that works by Compromise
Make furrowed places smooth;
And Liberal throats together hum
Like one immense harmonium.

The lion and the lamb shall play
Beside the cockatrice,
And HENRY FOWLER spend the day
Embracing JIMMY BRYCE;
And ASQUITH's nose shall nestle in
The chastened folds of HARCOURT's chin.

LABBY and PERKS shall now agree
That neither is a bore;
LLOYD-GEORGE shall lisp at ROSEBERRY's knee
The latest metaphor;
And BANNERMAN arrange to rest
His happy head on CAMPBELL's breast.

O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr. HENRY FROWDE and the Oxford University Press, always up-to-date, have issued a new edition of the Book of Common Prayer in commemoration of the Coronation of their Majesties King EDWARD VII. and Queen ALEXANDRA. "The Coronation Prayer Book," it is called, and by special permission it is dedicated to his MAJESTY. Bound in morocco, of royal red and gold, it is just the sort of book to set before a King. Thanks to the magic of the famous India paper on which the masterpieces of the Oxford University Press are printed, the eight hundred and forty-four pages are set forth in large type, and withal the book is of handy size and weight. English type, cast from matrices presented to the University of Oxford by Bishop FELL in or about the year 1666, has been employed. The fine black tone is relieved by printing the rubrics in red. At the end of the volume is given the Form and Order of their MAJESTIES' Coronation.

Here's a bulky volume all about *Bluebeard* (CHATTO & WINDUS). Mr. VIZETELLY has, or thinks he has, discovered the original of that estimable householder and husband in one of two early Frenchmen. One is pleasantly known as COMORRE THE CURSED, who blessed Brittany with his presence early in the sixth century. The other is GILLES DE RAIS, Marshal of France, who fought, flourished, and murdered, a hundred years earlier. The research is erudite, and the record interesting. But neither of the gentlemen dealt with has anything discernible to do with PERRAULT's deathless story. Mr. VIZETELLY might just as well have tacked on his historical research to *Jack and the Beanstalk* or the Giant whose custom of an afternoon it was to "smell the blood of an Englishman." COMORRE, it is true, slew his wife. But many others have occupied themselves in similar methods of domestic discipline without being identified with *Bluebeard*. As for GILLES DE RAIS, he was a monster in human shape who enticed young children to his several castles and killed them with his own hands. My Baronite does not see where *Bluebeard* comes in. None the less is the book interesting, as re-opening unread or forgotten pages in the history of the good old times.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE SONS OF THE POETS.

(AIR:—"The Sons of the Prophet.")

["As a rule, the sons of poets are dull dogs. We have in mind three insane descendants of famous poets. It is possible that the children of poets are bored in early years by their surroundings and the mental attitude of their parents, and make haste to become prosaic."—*Lancet*.]

THE sons of the poet are foolish and dull,
And quite unaccustomed to sense,
The wit that informed their progenitor's skull
Excites a reaction intense.

They know not what number of beans total five,
Or when to come out of the rain,
Some dozen are hardly aware they're alive,
And three, at the least, are insane.

In commerce they're frequently left in the lurch,
In pastime they're quite below par;
They're ploughed for the Army, the Navy, the Church,
And they never succeed at the Bar.

Their talk is completely devoid of *esprit*,
They're woefully wanting in tact;
Their trousers obtrusively bag at the knee,
And their boots are imperfectly blacked.

The moral observe (which the *Lancet* omits),
In choosing a father beware
Of poetical graces, unusual wits,
And superabundance of hair.



AN AWKWARD QUESTION.

Mr. Punch (to owner, Mrs. Liberal Party). "PARDON ME, MA'AM, BUT WHICH ARE YOU GOING TO DECLARE TO WIN WITH?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 26. House met again after Whitsun recess. No particular rush for places. Benches, to tell the truth, mostly empty. Opportunity taken to get little vote for four-and-a-half millions on account of Education Board. JOHN O'GORST, in charge of Estimates, talked at by the hour by MACNAMARA, YOXALL and ERNEST GRAY. The Time-honoured Educationalist bears

of France had in convenient contiguity to his nursery two whipping-boys. Whenever the coming KING was naughty, CLEMENT, afterwards Pope, unmercifully whacked Master D'OSSAT or Master DU PERRON, according as their turns came. Eventually the boys, thus disciplined, became Cardinals. JOHN O'GORST is not likely to reach that particular rank. But while suffering punishment he may reflect upon these cases, and the almost certainty of ultimate high promotion. Amongst the few Members present is

**"THE JACK-TAR OF RHEIMS."**

"No longer gay, as on yesterday;
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way;—
His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand
While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,
That they never had known such a pious Jack-daw!"

the punishment patiently; used to it by this time.

"At the Board of Education," he said just now, "I fulfil the function known in ancient Court times as that of the whipping-boy."

When anything goes wrong, or is supposed to go wrong under the Board of Education, the Vice-President is walloped. The position a painful one; but in the times alluded to it was accompanied by compensations. HENRI QUATRE

Rear Admiral (retired) Lord CHARLES WILLIAM DE LA POER BERESFORD, C.B., commonly called CHARLIE. Hardly recognised him. Instead of buoyant, not to say boyish, manner familiar to his friends, he goes about with quiet step, subdued manner, scared look. Something about him that irresistibly recalls the Jackdaw of Rheims after his indiscretion in the matter of the CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP'S turquoise ring.

SARK tells me the cases are, to a



Listening to the charms of his own Education Bill!
(The Duke of D-v-nsh-re.)

certain degree, analogous. CHARLIE has not exactly been banned with the adjuncts of bell, book and candle; but he has been reprimanded by "my Lords" of the Admiralty for breach of discipline in the matter of his published letter declaring that the Mediterranean Fleet is no better than it should be. Don't know whether the censure was personally communicated by the First Lord or by the Financial Secretary to the Admiralty. In either case it is easy to imagine the state of almost abject terror in which the reproof would engulf the ex-captain of the *Condor*.

Business done.—Education Vote agreed to.

Tuesday night.—Colonel MARK LOCKWOOD—UNCLE MARK, as FRANK LOCKWOOD used to call him—varied monotony of this afternoon's sitting by delivery of powerful speech on behalf of the persecuted poodle, the down-trodden terrier.



"I am the 'Whipping-boy' of the Board of Education!"
(Sir J-hn G-st.)

Under Local Government Board Regulations these friends of man, having visited Homburg, Aix-les-Bains, or Contrex-



A FRIENDLY ACT.

A little condensed water to help W-ll-m All-n to get steam up!
(Mr. H-rw-d.)

éville for their "cure" after London season, are forbidden to land on their native shore save in condition of quarantine. Bereft of the company of all that is dear to them, yearning for the touch of a vanished hand, ears alert for the sound of a voice that is still, they pine in solitude through six sad months.

UNCLE MARK is a man of war. He has sniffed the scent of battle at Aldershot, has led the Coldstream Guards on the deadly march across Finchley Common. But contemplation of man's inhumanity to the pet dog too much for his trained self-control. As he referred to the imprisoned poodle suddenly snatched from joy within sight of home, his voice broke, a tear coursed down his furrowed cheek and fell upon the carnation blooming this morning at Bishop's Hall, by Romford Town, now blazing in his buttonhole.

House, by the way, noticed with curious interest what a difficult word poodle is to pronounce when the speaker is struggling with profound emotion. "Poo-poo-poo-poodle," UNCLE MARK almost whimpered when he had occasion to allude to his four-footed friend.

The finest touch in what occasionally rose to the level of an oration was that in which he pictured the childless man "obliged," as he quaintly but vaguely put it, "to fill up the vacancy with pet dogs." A father of a family sets out for the Continent, taking his brood with him, certain they may return unhampered by quarantine regulations. Was an infant snatched from the arms of its mother on landing at Folkestone or Dover and kept in quarantine for six months? Did the arm of authority sweep down on the tender two-year-old, fresh from a fortnight in Paris, and wheel off its perambulator to

the disinfecting chamber? Certainly not.

"To some of us," said UNCLE MARK, furtively trying to shake the glistening tear off the carnation, "dogs are as necessary as families to others."

HANBURY obdurate; talked about public interest and safety. On which commonplace score he left the poodle to its pangs, the terrier to its tribulation, UNCLE MARK to his tears.

Business done.—Local Government Board vote agreed to.

Thursday night.—The angel of Peace is abroad in the land; you can almost hear the beating of her wings. Tonight PRINCE ARTHUR displays what is recognised as official herald of the coming of Peace. On Monday, he says, he will make a statement on the subject. Guarded, indefinite, but Members instinctively by common consent read into the sentences the announcement that the long-desired end is at hand. On Monday we shall learn particulars.

Meanwhile, finding it possible to trust our own countrymen, we may rest assured that the terms of Peace, whilst assuring permanent settlement of South Africa, will not be unduly hard on the gallant men who stayed behind and fought for their country while Mr. KRUGER and his entourage fled to engage in safe conspiracy in comfortable quarters in Holland. When TARQUIN was asked what in his opinion was the best method of governing a conquered city, he for all reply beat down with his staff the tallest poppy in his garden. Lord MILNER, as representing the British Government at Pretoria, is not TARQUIN, and is not likely to have been actuated by his principles or to have imitated his action.

Business done.—Good solid afternoon's work discussing Navy Estimates. At evening sitting NANNETTI told graphic story illustrating English tyranny in Ireland. A Dublin citizen proposed to himself to visit London on occasion of Coronation. Mr. NANNETTI determined to show that no Irishman should, as he put it, "be allowed to crawl at the feet of an English monarch." Accordingly placarded streets inviting Irishmen to assemble in their thousands. Engaged three brass bands and several two-horse breaks, assembled in front of house of London excursionist proposing to spend a happy afternoon. And what do you think? A suborned police appeared on the scene, forbade the festivities, and when Mr. NANNETTI, as he admitted, slashed at their horses and attempted to break through their ranks, they positively took him into custody! And this is what the Saxons call a free country!

Friday Night.—JOHN SCOTT-MONTAGU, descendant of a hundred Dukes, has come out in a new form. Dropped on

floor of House this afternoon as *Deus ex machina*, which may be translated Editor of *The Car*. *Nec Deus interit, nisi dignus vindice nodus*, saith wary HORACE. The difficulty in this case was the non-existence of a weekly magazine, founded on particular lines to represent the growing interest in motor-cars. JOHN, by special appointment motor-carist to the KING, has intervened to solve the difficulty. *The Car* makes excellent start. No spluttering, no vapouring, no moaning at the bar. Beautifully printed, marvelously illustrated, stocked with timely articles, if its start can be lived up to, the race will be won.

There is a mezzotint-plate portrait of the KING, certainly the best taken since he came to the throne, of itself worth far more than the sixpence charged for the magazine. His MAJESTY, seated in a motor-car, was photographed with the pretty background of JOHN's bungalow by the Solent. The Editor gives a lively but modest account of his long drive with the KING from the paternal residence at beautiful Beaulieu through the New Forest, an experience which straightway made His MAJESTY an enthusiastic motorist. Another excellent portrait is one of PRINCE ARTHUR in his motoring costume. Writing from 10, Downing Street, the PRINCE gives *The Car* a friendly shove-off in a charming



Mr. B-f-r discovers in the motor-car "the most effectual means of dealing with congested population."

letter, in which he discovers in the motor-car "the most effectual means of dealing with congested population and congested traffic."

Business done.—Committee of Supply again.

A TERRIBLE SURVIVAL.

GIRL WANTED for guillotine, with experience.—*Aberdeen Free Press*.



Passenger (to driver, on old-fashioned omnibus). "ULLOAH, BILL! WOTCHER DRIVIN' THIS OLD KNIFE-BOARD FOR? WHERE'S YER OWN BUS?"

Bill. "WHY, 'AVEN'T YOU 'EARD? 'IS MAJESTY'S BIN AND 'IRED IT TO GO AND SEE THE CORONATION. AND THEY'VE TOOK IT AWAY TO 'AVE NOOMATIO TYRES ON!"

MR. SEDDON AT SEA.

(Communicated by Marconi Wire.)

Wednesday.—The presence on board of Mr. SEDDON, the great Premier of New Zealand, is arousing the keenest interest amongst the passengers. A movement was immediately organised to present him with an address expressive of the admiration aroused by his patriotic conduct and his outspoken language. The presentation was made at 3 o'clock to-day, the Bishop of BORHOLLA being the spokesman of the Organising Committee. In reply, Mr. SEDDON said that so long as there was mutton in New Zealand he would never cease in his efforts on behalf of the federation of the British Empire, but statesmen at home must recognise that only by a system of larger purchases at higher prices could satisfaction be given to the loyal population of the Colony he represented. With regard to martial law, of which he had some little experience in Cape Colony, he desired to say that of all the absurd, vexatious, and preposterous restrictions put on the liberty of a free-born New Zealander—(the rest of message was censored, having been intercepted by H.M.S. Bullfinch).

Thursday.—Mr. SEDDON has had a busy day. Directly after breakfast he summoned all the crew into the saloon and addressed them in a stirring harangue on the duties and privileges of the British sailor. One passage has excited considerable comment;—"I am not sure," said Mr. SEDDON, "judging by what I have observed since I came on board, that there is not a disposition to impose too many petty restrictions on the sailors who do the work on board this ship. I strongly advise you, when you receive

an order, to ask yourselves whether its execution is consistent with the inalienable rights of a Briton. If you find that it is not so, it will obviously be your duty not to carry it out—at any rate, not without consulting me. I shall at all times," continued Mr. SEDDON, amidst great applause, "be ready to give you advice on these points." Some of the ship's officers, including the Captain, seem disposed to think that Mr. SEDDON spoke, if anything, just a little too strongly. They urge, too, that the Captain's consent should have been asked before the crew were summoned to the saloon, as the absence of all the men from their work might, under certain circumstances, have involved the ship in various risks. These remarks were, it is supposed, conveyed to Mr. SEDDON, for during lunch he was heard to say that, as Premier of New Zealand and a friend of the Colonial Secretary, he could not possibly submit to dictation from anyone—certainly not from the captain of a merchant vessel.

In the afternoon Mr. SEDDON addressed the engineers and the firemen in similarly uncompromising language. He was accorded an enthusiastic ovation. After dinner he proceeded to the steerage and made another great speech, calling on the steerage passengers to remain true to themselves and to those great principles which had not only made Great Britain the richest country in the world, but had also enabled him (Mr. SEDDON) to attain to the Premiership of New Zealand and the friendship of Lord KITCHENER and Lord MILNER. He begged them finally not to allow themselves to be trampled on by anybody. Just as the meeting was concluding the purser appeared in the steerage and requested Mr. SEDDON to withdraw. Mr. SEDDON was much displeased, but it is hoped that no disagreeable consequences

will follow upon an incident which is deplored by the best opinion on board ship. Later in the evening, however, Mr. SEDDON was observed to be engaged in an animated conversation with the three Maori Chieftains who act as his body servants, and before retiring to his state-room he was occupied in testing his boomerangs and polishing his spears.

Friday.—Startling events have occurred. Early this morning, while the Captain was in his room, the crew rose in revolt, overpowered the officers, and placed Mr. SEDDON in chief command. Mr. SEDDON made a very eloquent and patriotic speech on the occasion. He is now steering the ship. A considerable amount of apprehension prevails. I am sending this message without Mr. SEDDON's knowledge. He has placed the ship under martial law, and has forbidden all communication with the land.

Later.—The crew have deposed Mr. SEDDON, liberated their officers, and unconditionally submitted. Mr. SEDDON is now in irons. It is hoped that public opinion in Great Britain and New Zealand will not be unduly inflamed by this treatment of the great Premier. No other course, unfortunately, was possible. Mr. SEDDON preserves his cheerfulness, and is at this moment composing the speech which he proposes to deliver to the people of England on landing.

MR. PUNCH'S NATIONAL DRAMAS.

V.—THE NEW PAUL AND FRANCESCA.

By George Bernard Shaw.

SCENE—The Palace at Rimini. GIOVANNI, an unattractive gentleman of forty, is discovered in conversation with his sister LUCREZIA, a lady of severe aspect.

Lucrezia (in a clear voice). I tell you, JOHN, you've made a mistake.

Giovanni (tearfully). Don't depress me, LUCREZIA. I won't bear it.

Luc. It is for your good. What business has a man of your age to marry a young girl like FRANCESCA? And to send PAUL to personate you! How imprudent!

Gio. If I hadn't sent PAUL she mightn't have accepted me. PAUL is a very handsome fellow.

Luc. What will she say when she finds out the trick that's been played here?

Gio. It will be too late for her to say anything then.

Luc. That's true. But she won't like it.

Gio. (fretfully). You're very depressing, LUCREZIA.

Luc. I don't mince matters.

Gio. (pettishly). You needn't make a virtue of it. I prefer them minced. (A sound of tip-tapping is heard outside in the corridor.) Confound! There's ANGELA.

Luc. (severely). I think you might speak more kindly of your old nurse, especially as she's blind.

Gio. (peevishly). That's just it. How would you have liked a blind nurse? I remember she never could find my bottle when I wanted it, and once she gave me some rats' bane in mistake for Gregory's Powder and nearly killed me. (Grumbling.) Besides, she's always seeing visions about me. It's most uncomfortable.

Luc. Here she is.

[Enter ANGELA, tip-tapping across the room.

Ang. Good morning, child.

Gio. (sulkily). Child! My dear ANGELA, I'm forty.

Ang. Not to me, child. Only four. (Ecstatically.) You'll never be more than four to me!

[She stands quite still, and glares sightlessly at nothing.

Gio. (nervously). You're not going to have a fit now, ANGELA!

Ang. Not a fit, child—a vision. (GIOVANNI groans.) I see a young girl coming into your house.

Luc. (pricking up her ears). FRANCESCA!

Ang. There is a young man with her.

Gio. (scandalised). ANGELA!

Ang. Oh, yes, there is. I can't see his face, but—

Gio. (triumphantly). Then how do you know he's young?

Luc. Pray don't interrupt, JOHN.

Gio. (crossly). Why shouldn't I interrupt? It's not your vision. It's mine. At least it's about me. And I don't want to hear it.

Ang. They are sitting together in an arbour. He is reading to her the story of *Lancelot and Guinevere*. He kisses her.

Luc. Ah!

Gio. (angrily). Who is the fellow?

Ang. It is—

[Her lips continue to move, but no sound comes from them.

Gio. (disgusted). There, you see! That's always the way with ANGELA's visions. As soon as she gets to the interesting part she becomes inaudible! (Shaking her.) Speak up, can't you? (No result.) It's no use. When she's like that you can't get a word out of her. (A ring is heard at the front door.) That must be PAUL and FRANCESCA. (Rising fustily.) Ought I to go down and welcome her?

Luc. Certainly not. A chit like that. Sit down again.

Gio. Poor FRANCESCA. What a welcome! You scowling in one corner, ANGELA gibbering in another. She won't like Rimini.

Luc. (tartly). She won't do that under any circumstances.

Gio. Hush! They're coming. (Enter FRANCESCA, a breezy athletic young lady, followed by PAUL, a handsome youth.) How do you do, my dear?

Fran. Who is this, PAUL?

Paul (shamefacedly). This is my brother, GIOVANNI.

Fran. (shaking hands). I had no idea PAUL had a brother. How secretive of him!

[GIO. gasps.

Paul (introducing). My sister LUCREZIA. (The two ladies bow frigidly.) This is my brother's old nurse ANGELA. She is blind.

Fran. A nurse? And blind? What a very odd arrangement! Wasn't it very inconvenient?

Gio. (with bitter emphasis). It was!

Luc. (politely). I hope you like the Palace?

Fran. It will do very nicely, when PAUL and I have made a few alterations.

Gio. (annoyed). You and PAUL? (Recollecting himself.) Ah yes, of course.

Fran. We have had a charming journey. PAUL is a delightful travelling companion. He reads divinely.

[PAUL blushes.

Gio. (eagerly). What did he read to you?

Fran. The story of *Lancelot and Guinevere* generally. [GIO.'s jaw falls.

Luc. Ah!

Paul (hastily). Hadn't you better go upstairs and take off your hat, FRANCESCA?

Fran. Thoughtful person! (Kisses him.) Perhaps I had. [Exit gaily.

Luc. (scandalised). Well, really!

Gio. (breaking out). Yes, it's too bad altogether.

Paul. What is too bad?

Gio. Your letting her kiss you in that way.

Paul. Of course she kisses me. She thinks she's engaged to me. You forget that.

Gio. That's true. Still, kisses—

Paul. You oughtn't to mind. After all she thinks I'm you.

Gio. She must be told at once.

Paul (sighing). Poor girl! I suppose she must.

Gio. Will you undertake it?

Paul. Thank you. No. I will leave it to you.

Gio. I think you ought to. After all you deceived her.

Paul. Yes, but the idea was yours. You're responsible.

Gio. Will she be much upset?

Paul. She'll cry a good deal, I expect. Think of the disappointment. After fancying she was going to marry me, to find after all she's only engaged to you!

Gio. (fretfully). Dear, dear, why on earth didn't I think of all this when I sent you to Ravenna in my place!

Paul. Can't say. Too stupid, I suppose. Here she is.

[Enter FRANCESCA.

Fran. (going over to PAUL). How solemn you look, dear!

[Kisses him on forehead.

Gio. (wincing). Don't do that!

Fran. (surprised). Don't do what?

Gio. Don't kiss PAUL. I don't like it.

Fran. He does. [Kisses him again.] And I'm engaged to him.

Gio. (sulkily). You're not. You're engaged to me.

Fran. (sharply). Nonsense. I'm engaged to PAUL.

Gio. Only as my proxy. You're engaged to me really.

Fran. (turning to PAUL fiercely). PAUL! Is this true?

Paul (weakly). Well, yes, FRANCESCA. In point of fact it is.

Fran. (furious). You little wretch!

[Takes step towards him. He retreats.

Gio. So, my dear, as you're going to marry me—

Fran. (turning upon him savagely). I am not going to marry you!

Paul (to GIOVANNI). I told you she wouldn't give me up without a struggle.

Fran. (swinging round on him). Give you up! Oh, if I could only get at you now!

[Darts towards him. He hastily puts table between himself and her.

Gio. Keep your temper, my dear. You can't get out of marrying me now.

Fran. Can't I! [Making a rush at him. He dodges behind sofa.] If you come near me I'll scratch your eyes out.

Gio. (with obvious sincerity). I don't want to come near you. I give you up. Marry PAUL if you like.

Paul (apprehensively). Shall I like that?

Fran. (raging). I shall marry neither of you. I shall go and live in a flat in Rimini and do typewriting.

Gio. (much relieved). Do, my dear, do. [Insinuatingly.] Take LUCREZIA as a chaperon—to oblige me.

Fran. (snappishly). I don't wish to oblige you. And modern young ladies do not require chaperons. I shall start at once.

[Exit defiantly.

(Curtain.)



Anxious Wife. "MR. DUNNER HAS CALLED AGAIN FOR THAT MONEY YOU OWE. I WISH YOU'D SEE ABOUT IT, OR SOMETHING DREADFUL WILL HAPPEN. HE SAYS HE WON'T WAIT—ANY—LONGER—AS—TIME—IS—MONEY!"

Calm Husband. "SO IT IS, MY LOVE. I'D FORGOTTEN. TELL HIM I'LL PAY HIM—IN TIME."

A ROUNDEL OF SPRING'S CAPRICE.

A WEEK ago the hills were clad
With lingering winter's frost and
snow,

And London shivered, chill and sad
A week ago.

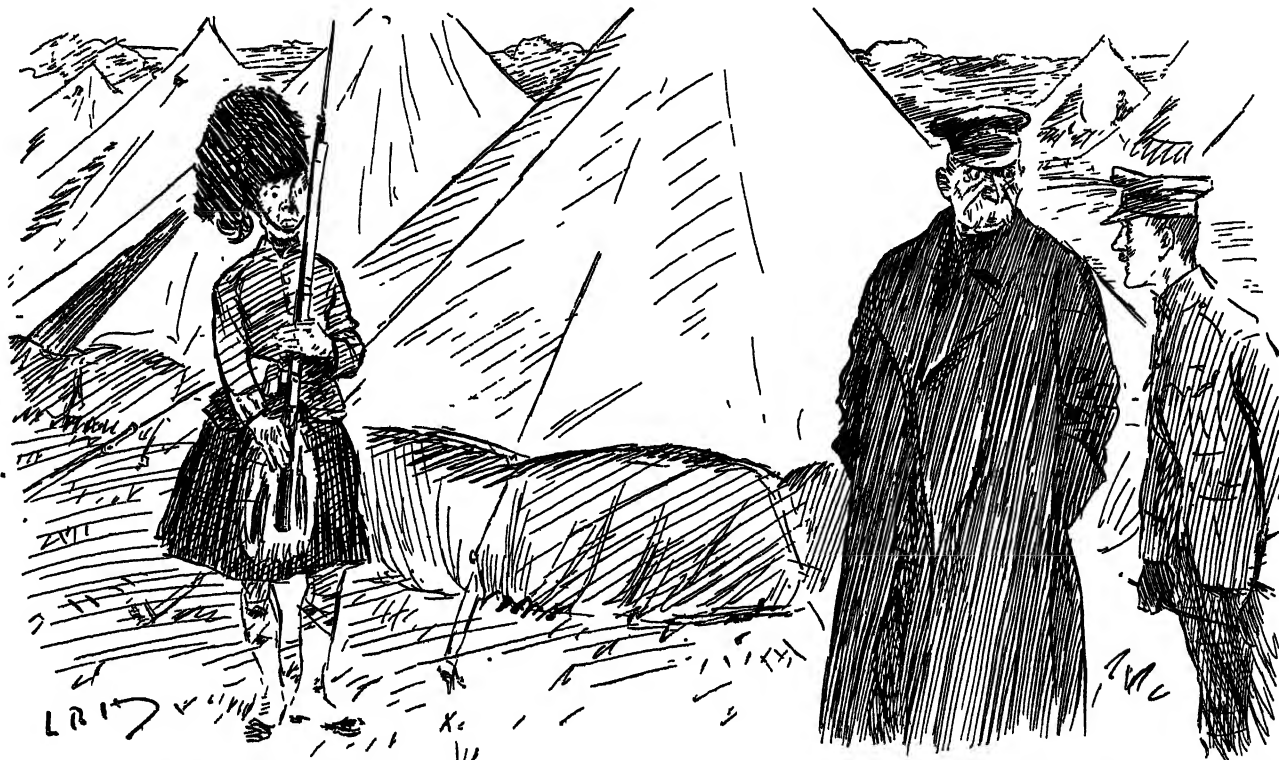
Then came transition. Who could know
What was the climate's latest fad,
Or if in furs or straws to go?

Till, now its whim it is to add
Summer's unlooked-for scorch and
glow,

We fain would feel the cold we had
A week ago.

"SENTIMENT AT CHELTENHAM COLLEGE."
—The Principal of Cheltenham College
decreed the abolition of the Collegeribbon
of red and black squares. Thereupon

came protests, published in Printing House Square. Mr. BASIL SOULSBY wrote indignantly "objecting to the Principal," or rather to the principles on which the Principal was acting. He invoked pastmasters and Lord JAMES OF HEREFORD, President of the C. C. C. and C. S. He likes the old colours under which (all round his hat) he has served. He says to the present Cheltonian boys, "*Nimium ne crede colori*," and calls on them all to nail their ancient colours to the mast, and rather dye (their ribbons) than surrender! A brave soul's SOULSBY! Would he enlist all Cheltonians on his side in this question? Isn't it dangerous to the State to make all Cheltonians "Ribbon Men," with Lord JAMES OF HEREFORD at their head? We pause for a reply! and do not much care if none be forthcoming.



Peppery Colonel (much disgusted with very inferior Privates). "GOOD HEAVENS! LOOK AT THAT MAN, MR. HEPBURN. THE MEN THEY GIVE US NOWADAYS ARE A POSITIVE DISGRACE. WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE, SIR?"
Sub. (mildly). "WELL, SIR, HE IS RATHER LIKE AN AUNT OF MINE!"

HOW TO TREAT CATS.

(Dedicated to the Editors of Mr. Punch's esteemed Contemporary "Our Cats.")

It is reasonable to suppose that many householders enjoying the privilege of keeping a Cat are greatly disturbed in mind as to the right method of treating so precious an animal. To reassure them, I would remark that the idea of a Cat needing any special care and attention is a complete fallacy. The ordinary manner of treating a beloved wife or child is really all that is necessary.

For the night, a feather bed with good blankets in a fair-sized room facing south is ample accommodation. I need hardly say that a supply of food and drink would, of course, be regularly maintained in this apartment; the Cat's owner himself sleeping on the edge of the under-mattress, prepared to offer assistance or refreshment as required.

Many Cats enjoy a good game about four o'clock in the morning, so the owner must be ready with an assortment of corks, balls, or screws of paper, and help to make the performance a success. Should the Cat at this hour prefer a frisk in the garden, the owner will naturally accompany her to share her sports, protect her from foes, or

rescue her from any dangerous situation, such as the top of a wall or high tree.

With regard to diet, the merest necessities of life are sufficient for this accommodating animal. A whiting, a lemon sole, the breast of a roast chicken, are wholesome and even acceptable as her ordinary fare; while, for a variety between meals, a new-laid egg or a bowl of Bouillon will occasionally take her fancy. They are at any rate worth offering.

Milk fresh from the cow is her simple beverage, a saucer of which should be placed in every room in the house, and renewed hourly in case it should become sour or rendered offensive by smuts, dust or flies. A Cat will occasionally fancy a draught of water, but this should be scrupulously boiled, to guard against danger from microbes.

Should a Cat, in spite of this simple rule of life, contract a cold or other ailment, attempt no remedies yourself, but send at once for the doctor. In case of kittens, his daily attendance for a week or so will be absolutely necessary. No trifling or delay can be permitted at such a season.

All kittens should be carefully preserved, and homes ultimately secured for them in wealthy families of proved integrity.

THE FOLLY OF THE SERPENT.

["During excavations at the Eynsburg Brick-yard near St. Neots an excellent specimen of the fossil backbone of a sea lizard or sea serpent about five feet long has just been found in Oxford clay at a depth of 17 feet from the surface. A number of antiquarians have already inspected the fossil, which it is expected will shortly be despatched to the British Museum."—The Sunday Sun.]

GREAT Serpent of the Sea, you act
 A part that does you little credit;
 We'd doubt the tale but for the fact
 'Twas in a Sunday sheet we read it.
 We pictured you, if ever found,
 A watery monster, grim, colossal,
 And you appear, from underground,
 Five paltry feet of lifeless fossil!

We've done with you. With deep regret

We own you one of youth's delusions,
 Though gladly we'd have loved you yet
 And blamed our own ill-judged conclusions,

But you have cut us to the core;
 You contravene all laws of reason
 By coming three clear months before
 Your proper time—the Silly Season!

Female Official (to candidate for the King's Dinner). Are you an abstainer?

Candidate. No, mum, I'm a French polisher!



“Cease Fire!”



REDUCING HIS FIGURE.

H-CKS-B-CH (*Shampooer*, to Mr. BUDGET). "I'VE TAKEN A BIT OFF YOU ALREADY, SIR. I THINK I SHALL BE ABLE TO GET YOU DOWN A LOT MORE YET!"

CIRCUMSTANCE.

(A humble imitation of M. Maeterlinck's style in his new volume, "The Buried Temple.")

46.

THEREFORE—for to this point we have come in something less than thirty pages—what is and what is not are apart, with a gulf of dire mystery between. Buttercups grow, spangled rockets climb, incandescent to the vault of heaven, pinpricks—aye, and knife-gashes—rend the silk of the aeronaut, else inviolable. *Sunt nobis mitia poma*, as the Roman said, *sunt nobis mitia poma*. But if that which is lurks in the present issue; if what is to be treads, tremulous, on the skirt of the past; if, in a word, the whole scheme of agglutinate conglomeration is forever and irremediably interpenetrative, perforce we pause and ask: what remains? To eat, to drink, and then again to eat—thus past and present are merged in one explicit whole. And to keep the heart clear, the drains flushed, and the nebular hypothesis in the waistcoat pocket—may not this be the highest wisdom?

47.

I knew a man who had a dog. The man lived in one of two houses. In the other house lived another man. The dog of my friend barked. The nights were clear, and the moon shone. When the moon shone brightest, the dog barked loudest. Close to the houses there were shops. In the shops air-guns were on sale. My friend came to me in trouble. He had a dim presage of impending evil. The moon shone, and the dog barked. And then . . . then the moon shone and the dog barked no more. But still the moon shone. My friend told me so, and he is incurably accurate. And this is not a French exercise, but an illustrative interlude, full of point when considered in connection with the 46 preceding paragraphs, and the 60 or so which will come after. Remember, then, this word—the moon shone.

48.

For, after all, shrimps are not found in water-bottles, nor snails on tree-tops. Interfused with the subjectivity of the absolute is the one great, vehement, abiding law—he who is late is not in time. And gazing at the abyss of the sky, lurid with constellations to half the world invisible, compact of mystery ineluctable, swarming with entities unimaginable and unimaginable—what shall the plain man do but gasp, and thank the gods when he sees at length a full-stop lurking somewhere in the distance? Because the task of apprehending happiness is based upon the same, or, if not,



THE MAY
1902.

Barber. "YOUR 'AIR'S GETTING VERY THIN ON THE TOP, SIR. I SHOULD RECOMMEND OUR WASH."

Customer. "MAY I ASK IF THAT INVIGORATING LIQUID IS WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN IN THE HABIT OF USING?"

[Dead silence.]

otherwise. Oh, strange enigma! For to pale pills the least pallid of pink people will come anon. ;

49.

What, ask you, am I driving at? Ignorant of this you are; myself perhaps not ignorant the less. And yet, when we have journeyed together, you and I, through another three-score pages of this essay, who can say that we may not chance upon some glimmer of light? Nor, at the worst, will it irk you to have communed with intellectual magnitude—you, the petty, the unilluminated,

with me, the master-mind. So forward! The worm is on the lawn!

50.

By an apotheosis of fervid crystallisation. . . . [Cætera desunt.]

THE PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND, who is very much *en évidence* (as on tour), is clearly not given to Seddon-tarry pursuits.

[This represents a budget of contributions from esteemed correspondents, all of a similar character. After this, the less Seddon the subject the better.—Ed.]

MACTE VIRTUTE!

THE amusing author of "An Onlooker's Notebook" writes as follows of his countrymen:—"America was strong and Spain was weak, so we backed America for all we were worth. We believed that France was weak and we tried to pick a quarrel with her over Fashoda. The Armenians were a feeble folk and we would not move a finger to save them from massacre. . . . We were told that the South African Republic had lost the power of fighting—and we are learning our lesson." On the title-page of the volume appears a quotation from SYDNEY SMITH:—"Another peculiarity of the RUSSELLS is, that they never alter their opinions; they are an excellent race, *but they must be trepanned before they can be convinced.*"

IN vain are the Patriot's rage
And the Jingo's absurd ebullitions,
You may wipe them from History's page,
They are driven from all their positions,
In vain were their efforts to hustle
That hero, G. W. R-SS-LL!

Henceforth you will notice each day
How his great reputation is growing.
At the club you 'll hear everyone say
He 's a person extremely worth knowing,
While the man in the street and the bus 'll
Bow low to G. W. R-SS-LL.

When Mr. LLOUD JAWGE in a speech
Rejoices our armies are smitten,
And his passionate periods reach
The uttermost corners of Britain,
Amid the applause and the bustle
You 'll notice G. W. R-SS-LL.

And when, as will chance now and then,
The friends of the soldiers who 've bled,
Being brutal and barbarous men,
Throw bricks at the orator's head,
This wicked employment of muscle
Will be checked by G. W. R-SS-LL.

Nor is it the Boer alone
Who counts on this writer's protection,
'Every nation, it seems (save his own),
Is sure of his constant affection;
Yes, anyone wrangling with us 'll
Be backed by G. W. R-SS-LL!

If perchance the Armenian bold
Revolt from the ravaging Turk,
Great Britain will sharply be told
She must back the poor man in his work,
And if, she declines, what a fuss 'll
Be made by G. W. R-SS-LL!

Should England some day have to fight
With one of the Peoples about her,
This statesman will weep with delight
If the enemy's forces should rout her.
Neither threat nor entreaty nor cuss 'll
Melt Mr. G. W. R-SS-LL!

Such views may appear rather strange
When uttered in British Dominions,
But it seems there's no hope of a change
In these very obnoxious opinions
Till somebody, during a tussle,
Contrives to trepan Mr. R-SS-LL!

OPERATIC NOTES.

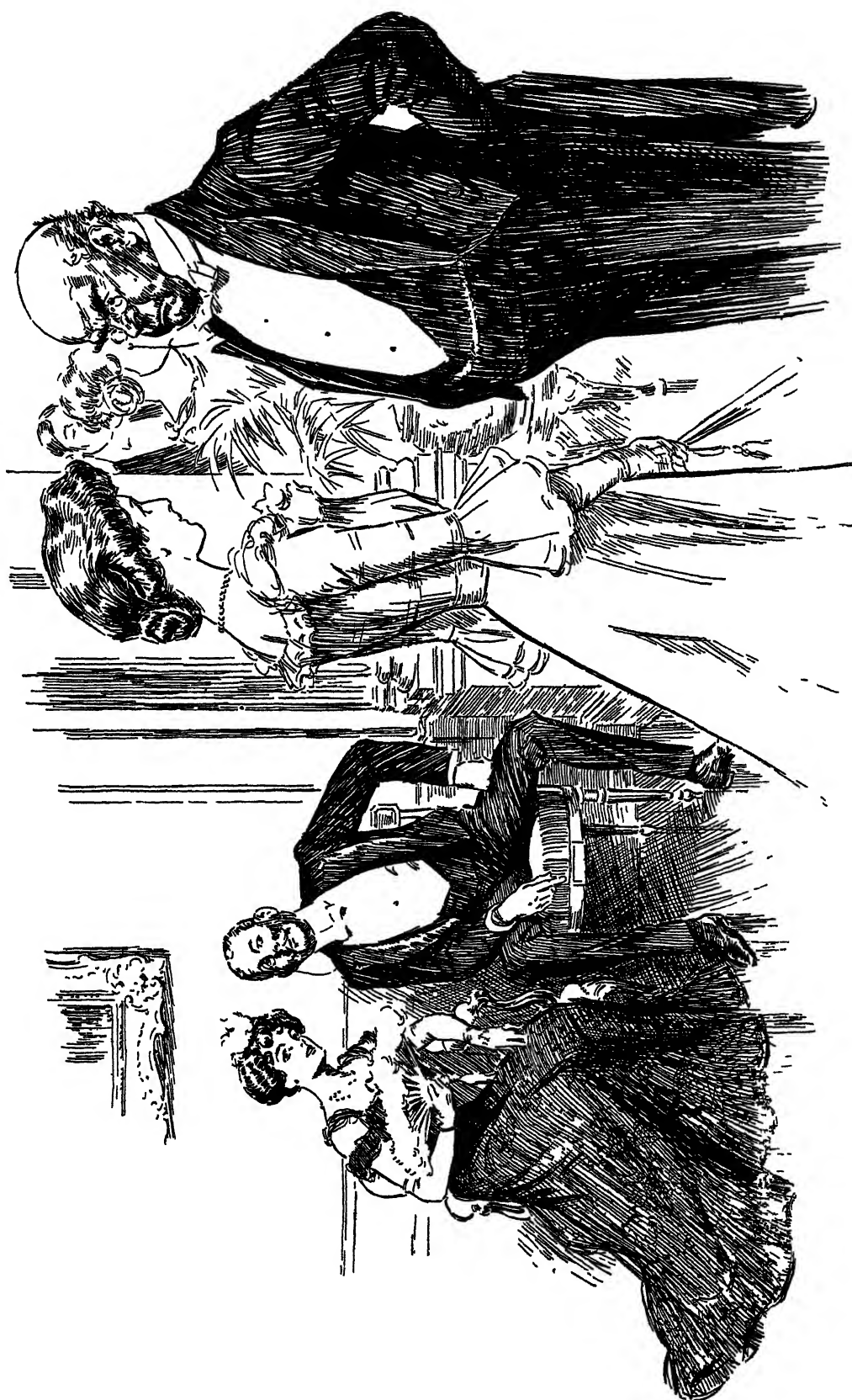
Saturday, May 24.—To record the success of MELBA in PUCCINI'S *La Bohème* would be, at this date, somewhat belated, were it not that this light-comedy opera, with its tragic finish, will, it is probable, be repeated several times during the present season, with the same cast, which it would be very difficult to improve. *La Bohème* may be admitted, musically, as a gem, not precisely of the very first water, but anyway the setting of it in the Covent Garden Opera House would be overpowering were it not, first and foremost, for Madame MELBA, whose *Mimi* is perfection in singing, and very near it in acting. Then CARUSO is excellent as *Rodolfo*; Messrs. SCOTTI, GILBERT, and JOURNET most amusing as the Bohemian trio; and FRITZI SCHEFF delightful as the capricious *Musetta* in the capital scene of the revels at the Fair, so full of "go" and so well stage-managed.

On this particular night everything, up to the time of the commencement of this Act, had been almost too bright to last, and so it was not surprising to find that the electric light suddenly went out (probably it had a pressing appointment elsewhere), and so MANCINELLI, the Right Man-cinelli in the right place, pulled up short and awaited the return of the "Light that Failed." Then MELBA, having breathed her last as *Mimi*, came up fresher than ever as *Lucia*, and as mad as a Hatter's wife (lunacy must run in the Hatter's family, of course), sang the celebrated *Scena Anvelliiana* from *The Bride of Lammermoor*, to the great delectation of everybody present. This programme, whenever repeated with this cast, is strongly recommended by the Faculty, though if it could be varied with another short opera, say *Pagliacci*, instead of lunatic *Lucia's* melodious wanderings, just for a change, the attraction would be great.

Monday.—On the Wagner Cycle again. *Siegfried*. PENNABINI improving. VAN ROOY, *The Wanderer*, excellent: and BISPHAM, as *Alberich*, eminently satisfactory. Having done it all before, no more at present on this subject. And only observing that MELBA, as *Mimi*, the very Bohemian girl, was once again all our fancy had already painted her, and that *Lucia di Lammermoor* was "not in it" with *Mimi* (being omitted from the programme), we "pass along, gents, please," to

Friday.—*Die Meistersinger*. In honour of day on which the KING has lately elected to have been born, National Anthem opened proceedings at somewhat intemperate hour of 7 P.M. Ministerial and other Birthday banquets accounted for absence of the flower of English male Intelligence, and house looked as if it needed filling up. Having performed that function for myself at leisure, I only arrived just in time to anticipate the QUEEN'S appearance, and so had misfortune to miss great *finale* of First Act, usually expurgated at Covent Garden. Am given to understand that it was the best piece of work so far in the Wagnerian Season.

Second Act, for which I can vouch, saw VAN ROOY at his bravest. How the Nurembergers could sleep through his sonorous utterances and then consider themselves disturbed by relatively negligible warbling of comic minstrel is one of those enigmas that are of the essence of Operatic art. I don't know whose boots VAN ROOY (as *Hans Sachs*, cobbler) was supposed to be mending; but when, with eye on Conductor, he beat time, as with an anvil stroke, to serenader's air, it was a sole-breaking business, and it seemed to me as if bang went Sachspence every time. Deferred assistance at Third Act till next Thursday, when *Die Meistersinger* will be repeated with identical cast; but gathered before leaving that Herr KRAUS as *Walther* fully deserved to win his *Eva* (played by Mme. SUZANNE ADAMS), even if VAN ROOY took the apple in the judgment of all other Adams and Evas in the house.



C. Brock 1902

SHE. "IF YOU'LL FORGIVE ME FOR SAYING SO, MAJOR, I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED YOUR UNCLE TO BE OF A MORE PREPOSSESSING APPEARANCE."
 Major Murphy. "OH, YOU MAY NOT LIKE THE LOOK OF HIM, BUT, I ASSURE YOU, BEHIND THAT HARSH COUNTENANCE IS THE KINDEST HEART THAT EVER BREATHED!"

POETIC "NUMBERS."

[No fewer than 1,047 poets have sent in Coronation odes for the prizes which *Good Words* announced some months ago.]

CYNICS, preaching sure decline

In our commerce, manners, laws,
Over-eager to define

What the symptom, what the cause,—
Does not affluence of Song
Show an empire's going strong?

No more need to be afraid

Rhyme and rhymesters will decay
When the Muse withdraws her aid

From her sons who sing to-day:
Britain's nest (consult *Good Words*)
Swarms with unfledged singing birds!

When our KIPLING's task is through,

May not one of these arise
Who will demonstrate anew

How the patriot's art relies
For its colour and effect
On the Cockney dialect?

May there not be one as well

Who at ambling pace will jog,
Seeking half the poet's spell

In the florist's catalogue;—
One who will recall the days
When our ALFRED wore the bays?

"HERE LIES —"

("There and Back," a variation on an old theme played on the *Lyra Innocentium*, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.)

MR. CHARLES HAWTREY, who has a *spécialité* "in *partibus infidelium*" ("These be your Christian husbands!" as old *Shylock* observes), is now giving us another variant of the farcical liar familiar to playgoers, and it is almost superfluous to add that he makes of *William Waring* the most absurd, helpless, hopeless, mirth-provoking dissembler that, in the given circumstances, can possibly be imagined. *William Waring* does not want to lie, he is not an adept at deceit, but he has been placed by his providential author, Mr. GEORGE ARLISS, in such a position as makes it compulsory on him to follow the excellent example of such precedents as have been afforded him by *The* (previous) *Liars* at the Criterion, and by the heroes of *Le Mari à la Campagne*, *Saucy Sally*, *Madame Mongodin*, et toute la boutique, to recall whose names requires no great effort of memory. But every one of those pastmasters in the art of lying had some method in their madness, and in each case the principal sinner, having made his own bed for himself, was forced to lie on it, and to continue lying until released by the dexterous First Cause of all his miseries who arbitrarily forced him to throw off the habit of lying and deposit his suit, as a sacrifice, at the feet of "*Nuda Veritas*."

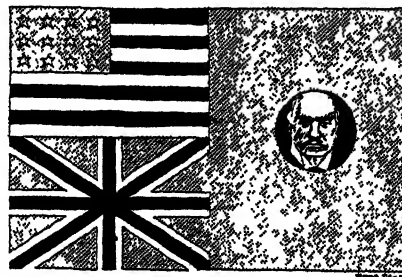


CYCLING NOTE.

"A FREE WHEEL."

Immensely funny is Mr. HAWTREY, and also Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS as *Henry Lewson* the lesser liar. It is a considerable tribute to the art and popularity of Messrs. HAWTREY, the two ARTHURS, WILLIAMS and PLAYFAIR, and LITLEDAL POWER that they can keep the house in roars of laughter from beginning to end with their stage-business at highest pressure, and by their inimitably droll rendering of the author's easy-going and sharp dialogue.

Were it taken at any other pace than the bewilderingly rattling one at which all concerned in it go a-head at such tip-top speed as to render the words not infrequently unintelligible, thus causing the breathless audience to rely almost entirely upon the rough-and-



["There is some doubt as to whether or not the English Flag will fly at the masts of the ships of the 'Combine.'"]—*Daily Paper*.]

OUR FLAGS (NOT PAYMENT) ARTIST SUGGESTS THAT THERE IS A POSSIBILITY OF A CORONATION FLAG AS ABOVE WITH A PORTRAIT OF PIERPONT MORGAN THROWN IN.

tumble of the old pantomime "spill-and-pelt" business (as in those scenes, for example, where the waiter, capably played by Mr. LITLEDAL POWER, is chucked about and almost flattened out on the floor), the piece would indubitably come to the ground as does the shuttlecock when one of the nimble players misses his stroke.

The ladies, Miss HELEN MACBETH and Miss HENRIETTA WATSON, representing the confiding wives, enter into the spirit of the play thoroughly, and the clever way in which they deal with what might have been a dangerously delicate situation (that is, when they are both in deep mourning for their husbands, supposed to be drowned) is rewarded, at the finish of their scene, with a round of well-merited applause.

No small amount of the success is due to Miss BEATRICE FERRAR, who, as "quite the lady" in a somewhat equivocal position, acts with all the *verve* and *entrain* that the part (not likely to be a very sympathetic one with the audience) requires.

Mr. PLAYFAIR's Scotch dialect is perfect; by which I mean that as with only "grreat deefcoolty" I could make out a few words of his utterances here and there, I conclude that he must be the very spit of the canny and, to me, hopelessly unintelligible Scot. Intelligible or unintelligible, his rendering of the character is immensely amusing.

Miss LYDIA RACHEL, as the usual impossible domestic of farcical play, contributes her fair share to the general success, as does Mr. LYSTON LYLE, appearing in the character of *Guy Grinling*, one of the ancient dramatic family of good old uncles, generous, genial millionaires, who have appeared in farces from time immemorial. So, this piece, the latest modern variety of *The Liar*, with Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY and his brisk company keeping the game alive, has come to stay for some little time.

FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH compliments Mr. RAVEN-HILL, of his own Artistic Staff, on his work in "*Our Battalion, being some slight impressions of his Majesty's Auxiliary Forces in Camp and Elsewhere*," published at the official residence of F. M. Punch, 10, Bouverie Street. There is a breadth of treatment and a humorous dash and go in the sketches that render them so irresistibly comic as to be equally appreciated by the military man with special experience and by the civilian without any.

Old Metropolitan Lady (who has read about the West Indian disasters, perusing poster of Cricket Edition). "COLLAPSE OF SURREY!" Well, what next!

MR. PUNCH'S NOTES AND
QUERIES.

(A Peep into the Future.)

II.

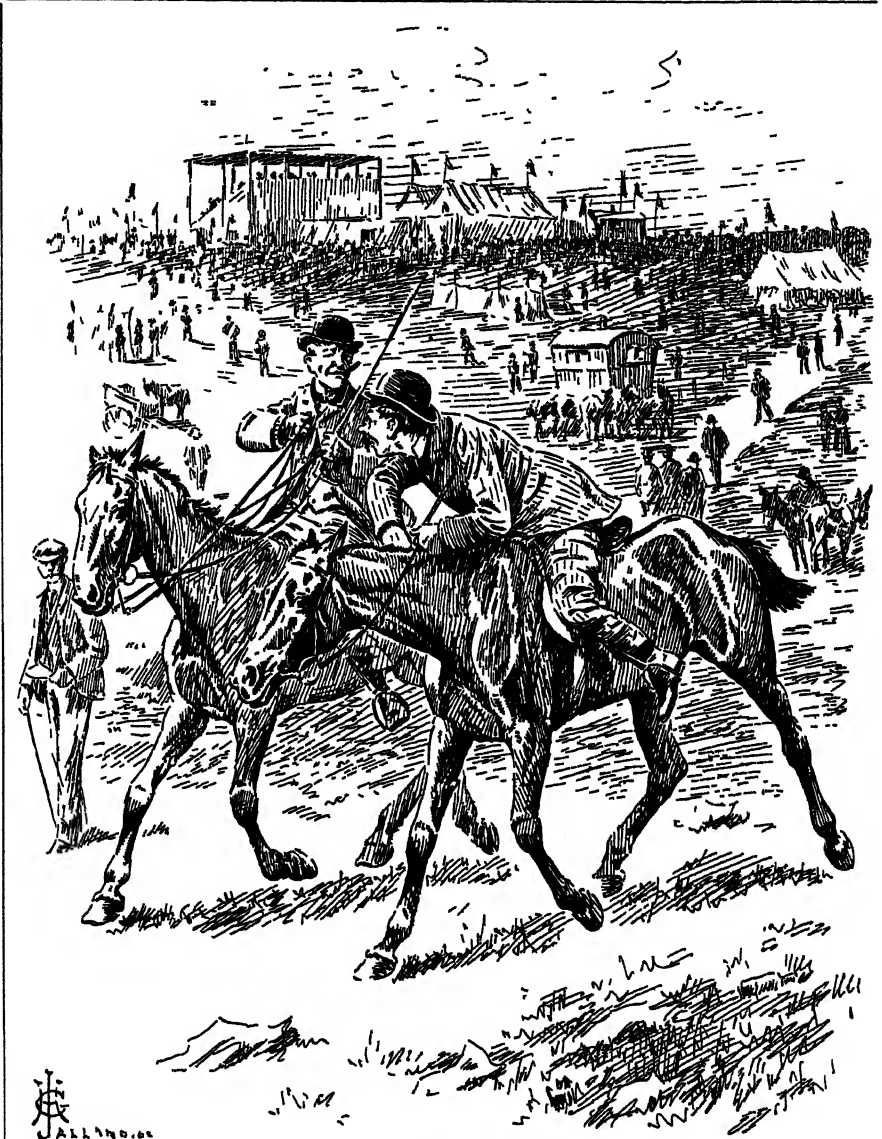
"NOW WE SHAN'T BE LONG" (30th S. viii. 276).—This historic speech I have always understood was made by the Cunard Company at the beginning of the twentieth century, when asked to join the Shipping Trust engineered by the electrician of St. Paul's, Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, who in his spare time dabbled in finance. Properly written, the phrase ran "Now we *shan't* be long." F. L. M.

This saying originated at the beginning of the SALISBURY Ministry of 1900, when Mr. HANBURY succeeded the Earl of BERKS (then Mr. WALTER LONG) as President of the Board of Agriculture, and, in his determination to remedy some of the defects of his predecessor, took for the motto of himself and his colleagues the words, "Now we *shan't* be Long." AERTEX.

RANJÍ'S HOOK (30th S. viii. 49).—This curious phrase, which frequently occurs in *belles lettres circ. ann.* 1900, has hitherto baffled the research of all inquirers. I was for some time inclined to attach a geographical signification to it—cf. "Hook of Holland"—but am now disposed to regard this view as untenable. There was undoubtedly an Oriental potentate of the name of RANJÍ associated with the University of Cambridge. In virtue of his royal descent he was probably a member of King's, and, if so, was almost certainly educated at Eton. Now at Eton the term "Dry Bob" was applied to a certain set of scholars, presumably in consequence of their fondness for dry fly fishing (cf. "Bobbing for dace"). Hence I have little doubt that "Ranjí's hook" was a piscatorial implement invented by this RANJÍ. A. L.

TABS (30th S. viii. 423).—To trace the word "tab" to its source is no easy matter. According to *Primrose's Guide to Metaphor* it is an abbreviated form of Tabernacle; but there are alternative solutions. Tabloid, tabby, tabinet, all might have been thus condensed. In the British Museum, however, will be found a cardboard case containing certain white tubes filled with an aromatic fibre—presumably to keep them distended—and bearing the touching legend, "5 a penny." Can there be any connection between Tubes and Tabs? I fear not, as the market price of Tubes at that period was notoriously twopence. J. CARRERAS.

CROCK (30th S. viii. 88).—Can anyone explain why a word originally signifying a brittle piece of earthenware should be applied as a term of endear-



ON EPSOM DOWNS.

"GET ONTO 'IS NECK, LIKE ME, HALFRED, AN' THEY'LL TAKE US FOR JOCKEYS!"

ment to horses and men? Perhaps the clue is to be found in the phrase "a crock of gold." Or can the term be an abbreviated form of CROCKETT, a famous moss-trooper whose name was a terror to every Kailyard in Galloway? CROCKETT, who was a sort of northern DICK TURPIN, owned a magnificent Irish hunter called *Cleg Kelly*, for whom he showed such a touching solicitude that in hot weather he invariably provided it with a lilac sun-bonnet. His followers, who were almost equally celebrated, were ANTHONY HOPE the Hermit, MAID MARION CRAWFORD, FRIAR RAPHAEL TUCK, WILL HEWLETT, A. P. WAIT-TYLER, and Major POND. W. R. N.

TAY PAY (30th S. viii. 314).—This nickname was applied, I have heard my grandfather say, to a penurious Scotch member of Parliament named M. A. P.

O'CONNOR at the end of the Nineteenth Century, whose constant phrase when asked to undertake any enterprise was "What's tae pay?" B. T. R.

NEW POEM BY THE ONLY KIPLING, "BLITHE AND MERRY!"—The last verse quoted as a specimen in *The Times* of Saturday, viz., "Twixt my house and thy house what word can there be," then (3rd line), "Since thy house to my house," and (4th line), "My house to thy house," and so on, reminds us, so far, of the ancient nursery jingle, "Taffy was a Welshman," &c., when "Taffy came to *my* house," and "I went to Taffy's house." "A plague on both your houses!" as WILLIAM hath it. The Kiplingite poem is "a contribution to the Navy League Guide to the Naval Review."



THE DERBY. TEMP. EDWARD YE FYRSTE.

(From the Bay-rum Tapestry.)

HINTS FOR AMATEUR THESPIANS.

Of Casting the Parts.—Let the company scramble for them. A matron in the prime of life will usually take the youthful heroine, and give the lover to the boy with the nicest manners. Should she have daughters who have put their hair up she may possibly be persuaded to retire in their favour and exercise a mild surveillance from the position of first old woman. A gentleman with a slight facial resemblance to any leading actor of the day will, of course, play his parts. Nothing further is required.

Of Rehearsals.—These should not be overdone. Immediately after dinner—to which the whole company must be invited—will be found the best time for them. If the stage-manager is so ignorant of amateur theatricals as to prohibit general conversation in the drawing-room whilst the rehearsal is proceeding (so far as the furniture will permit), Ping-pong tables may be arranged in the hall for those who are waiting for their cues.

Of Dressing.—This is a more serious matter than any other part of the business. Everyone must look nice, and should wear patent leather

shoes, irrespective of his or her supposed condition in life.

Of Deportment.—If the period be the present, none is necessary. In the representation of a past century, you will find the manipulation of a sword and plumed hat will give to the gentleman wearing them a manner sufficiently distinctive and unlike his behaviour in private life.

Of Postures.—Any difficulty about these may be overcome by perpetual motion. To stand alternately first on one leg and then on the other is an effective and favourite mode of avoiding anything like posing. Love scenes should be conducted at arms' length, in order that the audience may be caused no anxiety on the score of prospective wedding presents. If the curtain does

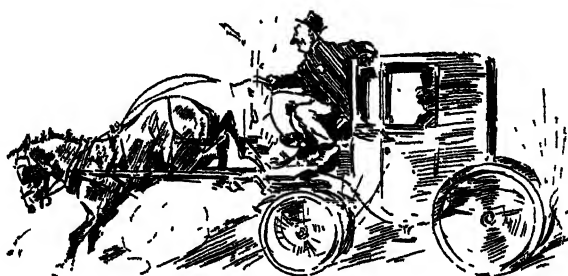


not come down on the final tableau, owing to the prompter witnessing the performance for the first time, the picture need not be held more than five minutes.

Of Acting.—Be particularly natural and lady-like (or gentlemanly as the case may be), as if you were in your own house, or forest glade, or shipwreck, or whatever the scene may be. Never mind the audience—their business is to attend to you, and besides, they have programmes.

Confine your remarks strictly to the people on the stage, in a quiet and confidential manner. Don't take occasional lapses of memory too seriously. Those in front have come expecting to hear the prompter. He always gets a laugh.

Of Elocution.—Leave this to the profession.



'STRIKES ONLY ON THE BOX.'

It is rumoured that THE MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH will have the refusal of a Coronation peerage. Title: The Earl of AQUASCUTUM?

A SHORT CRUISE.

Monday.—Wire from my yachting friend, HAULTITE—"Join us at Ryde Friday for week-end. Will wire you fully later on." Delightful idea—accepted.

Tuesday.—Ordered blue serge suit. Tried seven shops for "becoming" yachting cap. Bought new kit-bag.

Friday.—No wire from HAULTITE. Wired him. No reply. Very awkward, as last train for Ryde leaves London 4.55. Very perplexed, but finally decide to go. Wire HAULTITE again—this time to his Club at Ryde, giving time of my arrival. Hope I shan't excite remark in my nautical get up. Arrive Ryde 8 P.M. Look for HAULTITE's yawl, *Erratic*. Enquire of nautical lounge. Never heard of *Erratic*. Was it a Thames barge? No?—ah, then he didn't know nothing about no *Erratic*. Leave bag in cloak room, walk to Club steps. No sign yacht's boat. Getting dark, and raining. Walk down Pier, and enquire HAULTITE's Club. "No, Mr. HAULTITE not been there this week." Begin to despair. Fearfully hungry, so dine at hotel. Feel better. Walk up Pier again. Horribly cold, and raining hard. Ten o'clock, and no sign of HAULTITE. Wire his town house. D—ear HAULTITE! Return hotel, and determine to stay night. "Any luggage, Sir?" asks hall porter, eyeing me dubiously. Forgot that. "It's in cloak room," I say. "Then it's too late to get it to-night," he rejoins. Confound it! Compelled to pay in advance, having no luggage. Most humiliating! Go to bed miserable.

Saturday.—Wire from HAULTITE—"Your fault, old boy. *Erratic* at Southampton." Frantically look out boats. Bolt breakfast and just catch steamer for Cowes and Southampton. Still panting, I drag out HAULTITE's wire and peruse it again. Ha! I had not read last line—"Will pick you up at Ryde!" Almost fainted. Only chance now to get off at Cowes and train back. Two hours to wait for train. Fume about station. Buy all the papers, and several time-tables. Train at last. Old lady, looking at my cap, offers me ticket to clip. Pass on, feeling annoyed. Ryde again. Walk up Pier, and stare westwards in search of *Erratic*. Two hours pass. Then I make enquiries. "Oh, yes—she's been here this mornin'." Boat come ashore and was arskin' for party—stout, elderly party, the skipper said it was, 'e was lookin' for." (Resolved to decrease my tip to skipper.) "And then 'e 'urried orf, sayin' 'e'd leave a message at the Pier 'ead." Enquired Pier head. Note from HAULTITE. "What a queer old buffer you are!" it began;



ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.

Old Lady. "I WISH YOU WOULD MAKE HIM GO FASTER. I SHALL BE LATE FOR THE MARKET."

Carrier. "WELL, YOU SEE, MUM, HE ALWAYS FALLS ON HIS HEAD IF HE TROTS DOWN-HILL. HE CAN'T TROT UP-HILL, FOR HE'S BROKEN-WINDED, AND IF YOU HURRY HIM ON THE LEVEL HE MOSTLY HAS A FIT OF BLIND STAGGERS. BUT WE'LL TRY IF YOU LIKE, MUM. COME UP, HOSS!"

"you're always running away from us!" I "running away!" Well, if that wasn't adding insult to injury! "Mustn't lose tide, so won't wait now. We'll pick you up about 5 P.M. *Au revoir*, till then. Look out for us." Looked out all afternoon. Wind dropped light about 3. Lovely day, and I longed to be on water. Hired boat, and rowed about. Waited on Pier till 7.30; then sorrowfully retired to hotel, dined, and went to bed.

Sunday.—Early astir. Flat calm. Passed day on Pier, vainly watching for *Erratic*. At 7 P.M. light breeze sprang up, and yawl, which had been drifting with tide, slowly gathered way and, coming abreast Pier, brought up and anchored. HAULTITE waving arm

frantically on deck. Hurrah! It is the *Erratic*. Boat comes ashore. Luggage fetched, and five minutes later I am on board—at last! "So sorry, old chap; all your fault, of course," says HAULTITE, cheerily. Suppress desire to murder him, and Steward shows me narrow shelf with bedclothes on it. "Last on board, you see, Sir," he says apologetically; "so you take the worst berth." That night, gale sprang up. We pitched terribly. Felt far from well. About 2 A.M. our anchor dragged and we travelled, stern foremost, a hundred yards, nearly fouling Pier.

That was the extent of my short cruise; for next morning—Monday—we had to land early, and catch 8.50 boat *en route* for town.

TO THE QUEEN.

[Lines read at a Performance in aid of the Queen Alexandra Fund for Soldiers' and Sailors' Families, Garrick Theatre, June 7, 1902.]

LADY and QUEEN! while still the Hours
That wait the tarrying feet of Time
Rehearse their gorgeous pageantry,
Midsummer's golden masque of flowers—
If but the least of graces lie
Within the gifts we bring you here,
These blossoms of the season's prime
Whose short remembrance soon must die
Before the fulness of the year—
Ah! take them, frail and overbold,
Just for the wealth of love they hold.

A little while, and that high festal Day,
Splendid with all that earth can pay
Of loyal duty and of royal dowers,
Shall see you throned and crowned
Beside your Sovereign Lord and ours;
When, loud above the anthem's solemn sound,
The roar of guns and England's myriad voice,
Like thunder rolled across a cloudless sky,
Proclaims him KING by God's own choice,
You, by the KING's, his QUEEN.
Now, ere the spell of that tumultuous scene,
Ere yet an Empire's universal cry
Drown and efface
The homage of the individual heart,
Here, in this silent breathing-space,
Quietly let us speak our thought and say
That as for us, who look beyond the show
Of Majesty's array,
And read your nature, not untaught in grief,
How easily moved by others' woe;
Your tears, for humbler loss, how quick to start,
Your hands, how swift to lend relief—
For us, though dear we hold your fame,
Not any crown nor throne,
Nor no new pomp of queenly pride,
Nor swords that flash salute where Princes ride
Among your retinue; nor banners blown
Above a wondering world's acclaim
Round all our seas, from shore to utmost shore—
Can ever make us love you more,
Or serve you gladlier than we serve to-day.

Such thoughts we have of you this hour,
Lady and QUEEN! who keep your power
Over a nation's common heart
Fixed by the right of Love to reign;
Playing, as now, your gentle part,
Attuned to pity, touched by pain;
And this one prayer to God we lift
That He, Whose guardian hand has been
Ever our strength by stormy ways,
Whose Word has bidden War to cease
In this the month that crowns you QUEEN,
Shall not withdraw His crowning gift,
But grant you still the boon of Peace
To be about you all your days.

O. S.

REJOICINGS.—At Melbourne Chief Justice MADDEN said enthusiastically (but quite sanely, in spite of the lunacy suggested by his name) that he "was proud to belong to the race." The report did not specify what race, but the news arrived the day before the Derby.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Wednesday, June 4.—Eton Festivities, Eatin' and Drinkin' Festivities, and the Derby Day. Every Etonian ought on this day to be cheerful, as the old "Surley" part of the programme (so I see by the papers) has been omitted. Derby Day generally observed at Covent Garden by playing *La Favorita* as the only appropriately titled opera; but as the Grand Opera Syndicate, coupled with the names of M. ANDRÉ MESSAGER and Mr. NEIL FORSYTH, had evidently received the "straight tip" as to *Sceptre* being "nowhere," the Favourite was not brought out of the Operatic stable, but instead the sweet *Lucia*, dear to us from childhood's days and familiar to everyone who has "done time," and tune, with CALCOTT's pianoforte "arrangements," occupied the bill, the *prima donna* of the evening being Mlle. REGINA PACCHINI. A Diva and a Regina! Startling combination! *Vivat Regina!* and indeed this *cantatrice* may be welcomed as an acquisition to the distinguished operatic company. Graceful in action, "slim"—not in the Boer sense—in figure, and above all true in tone and perfect in execution, this REGINA is, as the comic opera of *Dorothy* has it, "Queen of our hearts to-night!" Not a large house; but appreciative and immensely enthusiastic, for the new *Lucia* gave them such an excellent "taste of her quality" as made it clear that *les absents, qui "ont toujours tort,"* were the losers, temporarily and tunefully, in this particular case. In the mad scene, familiar as it is to all opera goers, REGINA was heartily encored, called and recalled. Signor CARUSO was very good as the unhappy *Edgardo*, the audience paying him the exceptional compliment of remaining till the finish in order to be quite sure of his "making a good end." *Edgardo* did not disappoint them; dying melodiously. Signor SCOTTI, an Italian of Caledonian extraction, and therefore the very man for this Northern-Britannic-Walter-Scottian opera, most suitably played and sang the part of *Enrico*, otherwise *Enery*. Orchestra under (considerable distance under) Signor MANONELLI, first-rate; and the chorus, representing the operatic notion of "Scot and lot" (a very good lot), at their best. So ends the Operatic Derby Night, notable for the success of REGINA PACCHINI.

Friday.—*Aida*; or *when in doubt play trumps*. It is a grand opera, requiring grand singing, grand acting, grand scenery, and moderately grand dancing. Madame NORDICA, like "little DAVY" GARRICK, who "when in a passion was six foot high," rises to every operatic and dramatic occasion, and dominates the scene. It is, indeed, a first-rate cast. Madame KIRKBY LUNN superb as Egypt's fair daughter; CARUSO, as *Radames* of the Guards (Egyptian), "in shining armour clad," admirably representing the armoured soldier; Signor SCOTTI most effective as *Amonasro*, the black King, who knows all the moves on the board; M. JOURNET, as *The King of Egypt* (name and dynasty not mentioned), strongly represented the Monarch with, evidently, an excellent constitution; while M. PLANÇON, as *Ramphis*, gave us his richest, deepest, basso-profundissimo notes, showing how low a High Priest could descend if he liked. The March of the Trumpets, in Act II., seems to pervade the melodies of Act III. After every Act enthusiastic applause, and the six principals, tired of the recurring recalls, varied the monotony of the proceedings by lugging in the Merry MANONELLI, highly delighted, and merrier than ever. A grand night of a Grand Opera. *Vive Verdi!*

WE TAKE OUR PLEASURES SADLY.

"IRON ACTON Parish Council have resolved to purchase, out of the rates, a wheeled bier to commemorate the Coronation."
—*Western Daily Press*.



A LET DOWN.

Professor Blinkers. "I HOPE YOU DID NOT FIND MY LECTURE TOO TECHNICAL, MISS BAYNES?"

Miss Baynes (with pride). "OH NO, PROFESSOR. I WAS ABLE TO FOLLOW IT ALL."

Professor B. "I AM GLAD OF THAT, AS I TRIED TO MAKE IT INTELLIGIBLE TO THE MEANEST COMPREHENSION."

"WHERE COMMERCE LONG PREVAILS."

["To ARTISTS.—Workman's cottage to let."—*Advt. in "Country Life."*]

HERE where the woods are pleasant
With greenery above,
Here where the gay cock-pheasant
Crows to his lady love,
Where oak trees old and knotted
Spread wide their welcome shade,
Behold them round you dotted—
The stately homes of Trade.

This mansion where a Tudor
Was wont of old to bring
His royal court—*proh pudor!*
Here reigns the Sausage King.
That heavy pile half hidden
Amid its wooded hills,
Whence Norman knights have ridden—
Is owned by Purple Pills.

That castle with the banner
Is kept on tea and hams,
This noble moated manor
On marmalade and jams.
The prince of corset makers
Is lord of these domains,
And over those fair acres
A Bond Street tailor reigns.

But in this workman's cottage
What rustic STREPHON shares
The frugal mess of pottage
That PHYLLIDA prepares?
Here, in the *res angusta*
That breaks the stoutest heart,
Lives on his simple crust a
Poor devotee of Art.

A SERENADE.

O Cook divine, at Number Nine,
The stars upon your ROBERT shine,
But fairer still, amid his tramp,
The radiance of your area-lamp;
For now the precious hour is near
When he may share your goodly cheer.
Ah, LIZA, give his soul relief!
Say, is it rabbit-pie or beef?

O Cook divine, at Number Nine,
Behold your ROBERT peak and pine!
The heart that beats beneath the blue
Is empty (and the stomach, too).
Then hasten with your bounteous fare,
And love and hunger both repair.
Ah, LIZA, solve his anxious doubt—
Say, is it bottled-ale or stout?

DEAR MR. PUNCH, — You may be interested to hear the lamentable result of a recent act of generosity on my part. Sir, I have an aunt. She is not young, is in fact verging on old age, and has no family save cats, and after all one can't leave one's property to cats. Accordingly I sent her by post a copy of last week's *Punch*, carefully marking the page which contained certain rules

Cheeky Gallery Boy (to Manager of small Provincial Theatre where the business has been uncommonly bad). "I SAY, GUV'NOR, YOU AIN'T RUNNIN' A PIECE AS IS IN IT WITH THIS 'ERE!"

for treating cats. Unfortunately just above this article appeared a sketch by "L. R. H." of a very inferior Highland private, in whom a subaltern detected a resemblance to an aunt of his. I am now in disgrace. Yours, NEPOS.

AN EASY ONE.—"Twixt my house and thy house what word can there be?" asks RUDYARD. Without going very deeply into the matter, one would suggest the word "and" as a possible solution of the conundrum.

**THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE.**

Minor Poet (disturbed in contemplation by convivial enthusiasts "pacifick-ing" under his window). Ah! When will this Peace be over?

From a report of the first Test Match in the *Birmingham Daily Post* we gather the following gem of classic erudition:—"LEONIDAS certainly fought no harder for XERXES than TYLDESLEY did for MACLAREN and the old country." This is, of course, perfectly true; but is it not somewhat faint praise for TYLDESLEY?

A MUSICAL MATINÉE.

To those lucky individuals who, on most afternoons, find themselves with a stock of spare time on hand, and would spend it to the best advantage, that is, for their own benefit and *pour encourager les auteurs* [*et les compositeurs*], a visit to one of Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN's Recitals at Steinway Hall is hereby strongly recommended, with, however, the proviso that the entertainment must be at least up to the high concert-pitch of excellence attained by the Concert Recital given on Monday, June 2, whereat this deponent assisted, to his great delectation, shared, without diminution of his own enjoyment, by a crowded and alertly appreciative audience.

Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN sang two songs with breezy titles, evidently intended to be accompanied by wind instruments, namely, "*The Windmill*," and "*The Rose will blow*," both, as the programme stated, "*by Desire*"—a composer whose name is new to me, but perhaps he wrote the words, as the composers appear as "*TEMPERLY*" (good Temper-ly) and "*KING*," whose name is, to the music publisher, at once suggestive of "*Royalties*."

Then, later on, Mr. HAYDEN (why drag in the Coffin on so lively an occasion?) sang to perfection "*A Land of Roses*" (still, like Love, "*among the roses*"), then "*Life*," and "*A Song of Gladness*," all by TERESA DEL RIEGO, who, already a charming composer, proved herself likewise so sympathetic an accompanist, that no one could complain that her thus coming forward in *propria persona* was Ri-ego-tistical. On the contrary, how delightful to be always so harmoniously accompanied by TERESA through "*Life*," in "*A Land of Roses*," ending, like a swan, with "*A Song of Gladness*!"

MAURICE FARKOA was at his best in "*Brune ou Blonde*," and "*C'est mon ami*." Mr. HERBERT STANDING, who walked on to the platform in a casual sort of way, as if he had quite by chance heard that something was going on at Steinway Hall, and so, being in the neighbourhood, had just looked in, told some capital stories. As the audience took every one of them most readily, Mr. STANDING, becoming more and more astonished at the receptivity of the audience as he added to the number of his humorous anecdotes, at last, amid loud and prolonged applause, quitted the platform, "*leaving his tales behind him*."

Among other selections, all first-class, including romance and serenade by that excellent artiste M. HOLLMAN, passionately straining his violoncello close to his heart, and affectionately inclining his left ear to catch its lightest tones (thus dramatically conveying the idea to the very life of a serenade on this instrument under his lady's window—delightful idea!—with a porter to carry the instrument when the "*serenade*" should be finished!), was a skilled performance on the violin by a youthful artist, ARTURO TIRALDI, followed by a lively scene entitled "*A Musical Monologue*," capably given by Miss LILIAN ELDER, who collaborated with LIZA LEBMANN in its composition; three telling songs, effectively sung by Miss EDITH JEFFERIES; and then appeared Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR with his marvellously life-like imitations of our popular comedian CHARLES WYNDHAM, of WEDON GROSSMITH, an excellent, though a little too accentuated one of BEERBOHM TREE, and a superbly absurd reproduction of the style, manner, and peculiarities of Mr. WILSON BARRETT. Quite a triumph. But why doesn't Mr. PLAYFAIR bring them all together playing in one short piece? Finally, Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN, with somewhat chastened humour, in consequence of the song being better suited for stage rendering by a *bas comique*, and requiring more action than could properly be thrown into it on the platform, sang the *buffo* ditty, "*From rock to rock*," which was first in *Il Contrabbandista* and then in *The Chieftain* at the Savoy. This, as a "*Hayden's Surprise*," "*went*" capitably, and completed an excellent entertainment.

ALL ABOUT THE CORONATION.

(To Miss Isabella Smith Schuyler, Fifth Avenue, New York City.)

MY DEAR MISS SCHUYLER,—This letter will, I hope, catch you before you embark on one of your new combination ships for this country. That you should desire to see the Coronation Festivities is natural, for you represent what we now, I suppose, consider to be the two greatest branches of the Anglo-Saxon tree. The SMITHS are, of course, an ancient British family. Many of them, indeed, are actually domiciled in this little Island up to the present day, and you should have but little difficulty in finding amongst them those long-lost relatives of whom you spoke with so fine a family feeling in your last letter. As to the SCHUYLERS, do we not all know that they are Dutch to the backbone—that part of them, at least, which is not British to the core in virtue of being SMITH,—and are we not all of opinion at this moment that the Dutch are bound to us for ever by ties of blood and love and friendship, to say nothing of the three millions of solid British sovereigns to be granted to them in South Africa? It is plain, therefore, that as a SMITH SCHUYLER you will have a great welcome when you land on these shores.

You ask for information. Let me proceed to give it. No, it is not *usual*—I will not go further than that—for our peers to wear their state robes either at dinner or when walking or driving in our Hyde Park. I know no special reason for this abstention from ceremony, but I have no doubt that the shape and size of the legs of our peerage have something to do with it. It has been my privilege to gaze upon the bare legs of a Duke while engaged in bestowing on himself the order of the Turkish bath, and I can assure you that they were of exiguous proportions and painfully deficient in that straightness to which the legs of stage Dukes have unfortunately accustomed us. Not to put too fine a point upon it, this particular Duke (whose name not all the fiery mustangs of your rolling prairies shall drag from me) was unquestionably knock-kneed. This physical defect, accentuated as it was by a highly bashful and shrinking disposition—oh, yes, our Dukes do shrink, I assure you—prevented him from taking any pride in the gorgeous hose which tradition assigns to his rank, and, as a matter of fact, he never wore them. You know, for you have studied the matter, how far we carry our insular ideas of caste and social precedence. If a Duke refuses to wear his robes amongst his friends, how can a Marquis, or an Earl, or a Viscount, his inferiors, wear them? I say nothing of mere Barons, for they are, as you are aware, the pariahs of the peerage, and are always compelled to walk backwards in the presence of greater peers. In any case, I am afraid you will not be able to distinguish our peerage by its robes, except perhaps on Coronation Day itself.

You ask me to provide a peer or two, and at least one Poet Laureate for the dinner which you are good enough to allow me to offer you in my humble home. I have already ordered them, and anticipate no difficulty in satisfying you. But I may, of course, fail to get a peer, and I want to know if in that case a Baronet would be any pleasure to you. I have two in stock—one large and round and purple, the other thin and of a yellowish tinge. The first is of a recent creation—something connected with finance and cheques to a political party; the second, however, dates back to JAMES THE FIRST, which is as far as even the best Baronets can go. You are not to believe that, as your *New York Journal* declares, there are Baronets in this country who still preserve in their ancestral halls the blazon of the red hand bestowed upon them by WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR after the Battle of Hastings. Baronets are quite easy and affable

You shall see me slap the purple one on the back and call him TOMMY, and I shall not be committed to the Tower.

As to Poets Laureate, I think I can secure three, one of them being, of course, the chief Court Jester. You have read *Le Roi s'amuse*, and have become acquainted with Triboulet. Well, our Court Jesters are formed on the exact model of Triboulet. The Lord Great Chamberlain has the care of them, and those who like an hour of innocent amusement may watch these little creatures at play in their garden at Buckingham Palace on any fine morning between the hours of 10 and 11—tickets to be procured from the President of the Board of Works.

I note what you say about King EDWARD. He is, indeed, all that your fancy can paint him in the best and brightest colours, but he does not, as a rule, give sittings for Kodak snaps. Your request, however, shall be laid before him.

My regards go with this to your excellent parents. I trust they will enjoy their trip under your care.

Sincerely yours,

ALURED MONTMORENCY.

HOBSON AGAIN.

[MR. KUBELIK, the famous young musician who has lately returned from America, has been giving an account of his adventures in that country. "At no place could he entirely escape the ladies. . . . They crowded round him, seized him by the lapel of his coat, tore sprays out of the wreaths presented to him, and, worst of all, tried to kiss him."]

From the "Daily Male."—"During his visit to America Sir H-NRY IRY-NG was never the subject of such a demonstration as he got at the Lyceum on Friday night. At the conclusion of the performance a dozen fair admirers of the famous actor rushed on the stage and embraced him heartily. At length Sir H-NRY was rescued by his fellow-actors, but the attack had been delivered with such *élan* that little was left him besides his reputation."

From the "Daily Female."—"A unique ovation was awarded the popular G-L-B-R-T J-S-S-P on his return to the Pavilion after compiling a century in 55 minutes. A number of ladies, in the ecstasy of admiration, rushed towards the famous cricketer, and attempted to seize his paraphernalia as souvenirs of the occasion. After losing his gloves, one pad, and his bat, Mr. J-S-S-P succeeded in reaching the Pavilion."

From the same.—"We understand that Mr. J-S-S-P has applied for a warrant for the arrest of three of the ladies concerned, on the charge of assault and first-class battery. We can only once again express our determination to up-



DAVID WILSON.

AT THE ACADEMY.

Maud. "SHALL WE LOOK IN NOW, ETHEL, AND SEE THE BLACK AND WHITE MEN?"
 Charlie (who has not been enjoying himself, delighted with the prospect of something Earl's-Courty). "OH YES, AUNT, LET 'S!"

[Subsequent disappointment when he finds only MORE pictures.

hold at all costs the claims of Woman's Rights."

From the "Morning Monocle."—"The C-L-N-L S-O-R-T-E-Y, on arriving at Birmingham the day before yesterday, was met by a large crowd, the female portion of which could not be restrained. They surrounded the Rt. Hon. Gentleman, and congratulated him violently on the declaration of Peace. They seized his eye-glass and button-hole, and even endeavoured to kiss him. Yesterday Mr. C-H-M-B-R-L-N, who has been suffering from severe shock, was reported to be better."

From the "Daily Dum-dum."—"Lord K-T-C-H-N-R received a tremendous ovation

at Southampton on his return from South Africa. The feminine element was especially to the fore, and gave the General an embarrassing time during the few minutes before he left for Waterloo. The attack was made with great courage and spirit by the Committee of the Ladies' Society for the Propagation of Bridge amongst the Boers, who solicited his patronage, and, incidentally, a subscription. Matters were approaching a crisis when the bugle of a relieving force (i.e., the engine-whistle) was heard, and the train steamed out to the strains of 'Good-bye, BERTIE, must you leave us?'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

UNLIKE the "needy knife grinder," Mr. TOM GALLON has a story to tell, and, "God bless you!" (continuation of adapted quotation) he tells it well. In *The Dead Ingleby* (HUTCHINSON) he breaks fresh ground, quitting familiar haunts in London to visit Paris and do a little brigandage in Italy. But he takes with him his Cockneys of the DICKENS type, who disport themselves after their kind, whether in the Champs Elysées or in the Alps. The plot of the story is a fine theme, the sacrifice of love and fortune by an elder brother for the sake of a younger. It is melodramatic, of course. But of the good old genuine kind, rarely sampled in these days of higher culture. Mr. GALLON's ingenuity and invention are boundless. One dramatic scene follows another in quick succession, till the reader, thinking he will really go to bed now, finds it is already morning and the book finished. "For putting a Gallon of adventure into the Quart pot of a six-shilling novel, I'll back Tom," says my Baronite.

The Westcotes, by A. T. QUILLER-ROUCH (ARROWSMITH), is a simple story of which the first half is told in a manner somewhat too loitering for any one impatient of details, but as it develops, its true pathos and genuine comedy take hold of the reader, who will finish the book with a sigh of sympathy for the sweet woman of whose gentle life and absorbing love this is the seemingly faithful record.

In a paper entitled *Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow*, issued from HATCHARDS, 187, Piccadilly, and edited by ARTHUR PENDENYS, the Baron comes across this paragraph under the heading "Clippin' Pages," purporting to be an original notion occurring in "*An Onlooker's Note-book*."

"THE LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE RICH.—There is an excellent Order of Roman Catholic ladies called 'The Little Sisters of the Poor,' who beg alms and broken meat from door to door. A graceless but amusing youth, a younger son of a great family, used to call himself and his congeners 'The Little Brothers of the Rich,' and declared that their pitiful and destitute condition appealed irresistibly to the kind hearts of Belgravia and Mayfair. —*Ibid.*"

This idea, said to have been "started by a graceless but amusing youth," is to be found in pages 45 to 48 of *Happy Thought Hall*, published some twenty-five years ago by the Proprietors of *Punch*, and illustrated by the author, who certainly, a quarter of a century ago, was not exactly a "youth," while as to "graceless and amusing"—well, all depends whether "The Onlooker," who has made use of the idea in his "Note-book" without any sort of acknowledgment, intended this description of the writer to be complimentary or the reverse. The author of *Happy Thoughts* and *Happy Thought Hall* takes this opportunity, with the Baron's permission, of correcting the statement that "he was a younger son of a great family." He was neither an elder nor a younger son; as a son he was unique. Of *Happy Thought Hall* the copies, in consequence of their rarity, are now within measurable distance of being priceless.

"No. 21, New Series—Old Series 1,103." Such is the note on the first page of "the DICKENS Number" of *Household Words*. And how interesting, not only to "Dickensians" and "Boz Brothers," but to the English-speaking, English-reading public, British, Colonial, and American. The first page gives us a portrait of DICKENS in '58, and on the last is LUKE FILDES' touching picture, entitled "The Empty Chair." That chair no author—be he who he may—and it is such an easy modern affectation to depreciate the great master—has, as yet, filled. There is a notable omission in the list of quotations from those who have written in praise of DICKENS—more than one indeed. It is a task worthy of the Editor of *Household Words* to collect the *litera scripta* of those who are prepared to defend the fame of DICKENS against all comers. That this idea may be carried out to its very last and best expression is the wish of

THE BARON DE B.-W.

LIFE IN THE MOON.

[“It may be believed that, after all, organised life may have found a congenial home in our ‘lamp of night.’”—*Daily Paper*.]

MAN in the moon (if such there be)
Whom have you there for company?
Does new-made peace now gladden you?
Have you a Coronation too?
Has MORGAN bought your land and sea?

Does BACON claim your SHAKESPEARE's due?
Do "flannelled fools" their cult pursue,
And oafs assault the referee,
Man, in the moon?

Have you a ROSEBERRY? a C.-B.?
MARIE CORELLI? BEERBOHM TREE?
A Twopenny Tube?—pray give a clue
To solve such doubts to mortals who
At present know no more than the—
Man in the Moon.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

TO-MORROW, Thursday, a most attractive performance will be given at Her Majesty's for the benefit of Mr. HERMANN MERIVALE, who, when utterly ruined through no fault of his own, and bravely setting to work to retrieve his fortunes, was stricken down by illness and is now incapacitated for all work. The result of this Benefit ought to be of real permanent assistance to him, and if this brief announcement may remind some good-natured but very busy persons of a brother-worker, kind but careless, "fallen among thieves," and should succeed in attracting the attention of those who up to now have been unaware of the intended Benefit, and who would not willingly let slip such an opportunity for doing a real kindness, then will it have served its purpose, and Mr. *Punch*, like the great twin brethren *Boz* and *Cox*, "is satisfied."

THE FRENCH PLAYS.

To the Editor of "*Punch*."

SIR,—I took my little girl to hear one of the French plays the other evening, and she could understand very little of it. Now, the object of producing these plays here is, I take it, mainly educational. Might I therefore suggest that the actors and actresses should (except in certain passages) translate as they go along, thus:—"Moi—As for me—je—I—vous—you—hais—hate—serpent—serpent. Pleasure and instruction might thus be combined.

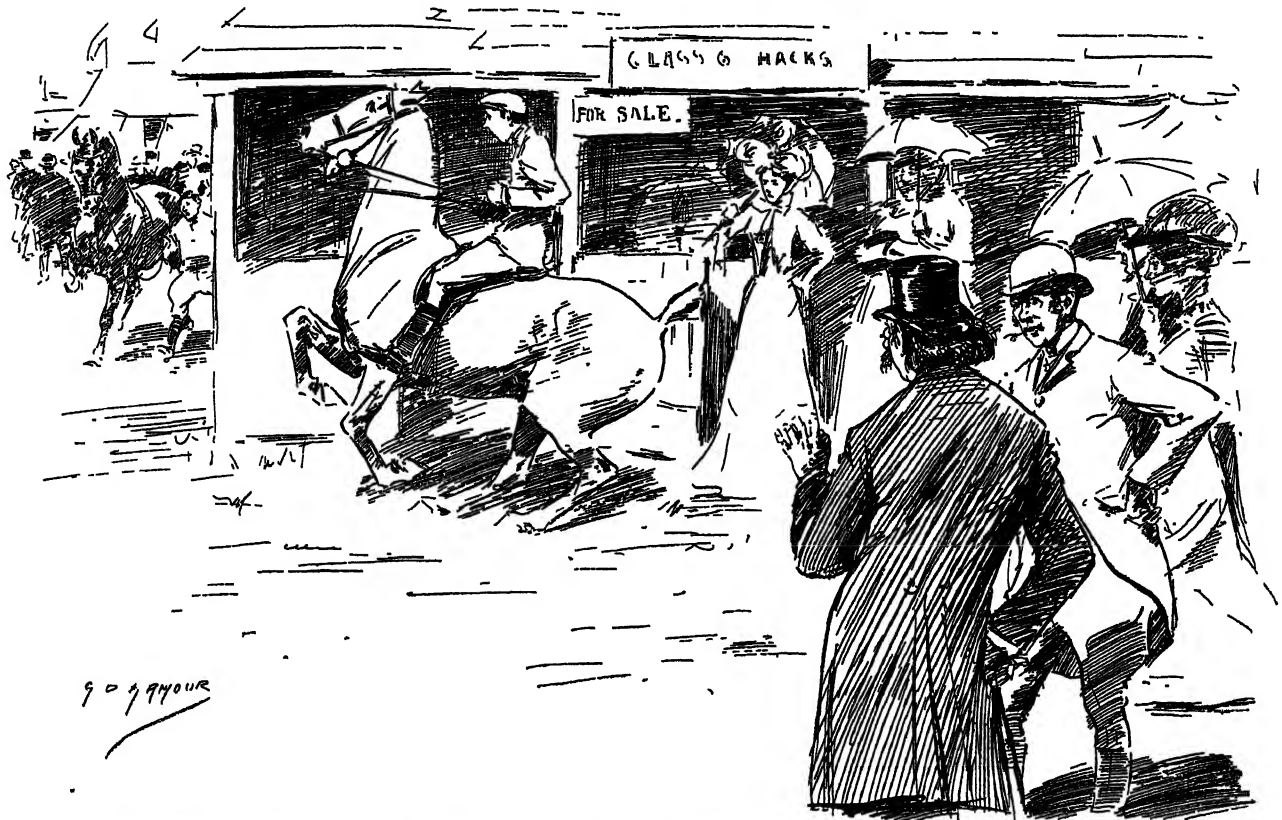
Yours obediently,

A BRITISH MOTHER.

P.S.—I may add that I have also written a sharp letter to the girl's French mistress.

THE AFTERMATH.—Found last week:—60 bonnets, 27 gross Union Jacks, 7 children (of no use to anyone but the owners), 3 lamp-posts, 4 (four) window-sills, 50 bushels bowler hats (damaged), 370 peacocks—full of peacocks' feathers.—Apply Scotland Yard. [Advt.]

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. MUDDLE, "who'd ha' thought of Maccaroni wire ever coming to be used for sending telegraphic messages! And it used to be so good with cheese done in some Irish style and called 'O'Grattan.'"



Dealer (exasperated by questions). "QUIET! WELL BROKE? 'E'LL ANSWER THE DOOR AND WAIT AT TABLE. FACT O' THE MATTER IS I SHOULDN'T SELL 'IM, BUT 'E WON'T MIND THE BABY WHEN MY MISSUS IS OUT."

LA VIE À L'ABERNETHY.

OR, "SIXPENCE A DAY, AND EARN IT."

(By Lt.-Col. Spoon'em-Gravies.)

It was a fine spring morning when I set out in quest of *déjeuner*. I had promised one of our most enterprising editors to instruct his readers in the art of "doing yourself well" on a Liliputian allowance; and I purposed that day gathering materials for my first paper, entitled "Little Meals at Threepence Each." I was bound West, my goal being the *Casa Rotona* at Hammersmith—your untraveller Englishman would call it Rowton House—known to epicures throughout the world for its *cuisine véritablement fine*. As it lies just without the "radius," an hour's tramp brought me to the door. I entered the restaurant, and interviewed the smiling Juno at the counter. What could she let me have for my three deniers? What culinary prodiges would she make at my instance? The Signora was sorry. There was verri leetle 'sta mattina. It was Friday, and la Casa was making *maigre*. Still, she would look . . . Ah! si! Some *potage du jour*; a few potatoes; a little Cheddar . . . Real Cheddar?—*Sicuro! Poi.* . . . "Basta! basta!" I urged; "that will be ample."

Having taken my seat, I had occasion

to examine the company. Hard by sat a *plein-air* artist in chalks, wearing the faded *complet* and the flowing locks of his kind. A table off, were lunching four well-groomed youngsters, brother-officers of the "Brigade," judging by their smart *corps-du-Roi* get-up. My immediate *vis-à-vis* was a pleasant-spoken dockerman, who let fall that he was out of work. That saved me casting about for my *hors-d'œuvre*! The luncheon upheld the credit of the *Casa*. Simplicity being the key-note of health, a cabbage-leaf cut up in warm water made an excellent *potage santé*. True, the potatoes were too cold and called for their jackets. But the Cheddar was the real thing. It were finical to complain that it was nibbled by mice: for the little brutes *will* get at everything. As the lettered founder of the House of Rowton, MONTAGU, Lord of that ilk, prophetically observed at the opening of the *Casa*:—"Parturit 'Monty, nascitur cubicularis mus!" A pull at my friend the dockerman's jug completed the *aristocrate*. I append the *conto* :—

Potage santé	- - - - -	1 d.
Pommes rotone	- - - - -	1
Sel	- - - - -	1
Fromage grignoté	- - - - -	1
Pain	- - - - -	1
		2 1/2

This left me, you notice, one farthing to the good. It procured me a very unique "smoke" at the bar.

For the evening meal, I decided to try what I may call a *petit dîner à Lockarte*. I sought out one of the eponymous "rooms," Pimlico way, and stated my terms. Ever keen on local colour I particularly requested to be given the *plat de la maison*. This I found to consist in a *grillade* of cockroaches, served on toast. The little beggars are kept running about in confinement after the manner of the tanked fish at the *Réserve* at Cannes. You point to your "fancies"; they are killed and cooked while you wait. By way of prelude I chose the "parritch" of Scotland, and, to follow the *plat*, the divine berry whence Arabia drew her old-time felicity. With it, was served the *butterbrod* of colossal proportions which the local *esprit* "*d'escalier*" has christened a "doorstep." My bill was as follows :—

Hôte-mil à l'écoisaise	- - -	1/2 d.
Coq-roche sur canapé	- - -	1 1/2
Dorstépe nature	- - -	1/2
Demi-tasse (café mock-a)	- - -	1/2
		3

An hour's loaf at Victoria and forty winks at a free library brought a pleasant evening to a close.



"YES, COUNT, IN ALL THE PARK THERE IS NO PLACE I LIKE SO WELL AS UNDER THIS OLD, OLD TREE." (*Sighing sentimentally.*)
 "THERE ARE TENDER ASSOCIATIONS, YOU SEE."
 "AHA, I COMPREHEND, MAM'SELLE. YOU HAVE YOURSELF PLANTED THE TREE!"

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have been studying, with great interest, the "Diary of Peace" provided by your engaging contemporary, the *Westminster Gazette*. Its "sequence of events" begins like this:—

"December 16, 1901. The Chesterfield meeting.

"January 25, 1902. Netherland Government despatch to British Government."

And so on. Fascinated by this new mode of historical study, I began to turn up some old diaries of my own, and with the most unlooked-for results. I am, Sir, a remarkably modest man, but it is simply impossible for me, in the light of cold facts, to overlook the truth. And the truth is that, without being in the least aware of it, I have controlled the whole South African War from start to finish, and it is entirely due to me that peace has now been concluded!

You smile incredulously? Very well, then, here is my evidence. And I venture to assert that the connections in my "sequence of events" are quite as

close as those given in the *Westminster's* "Diary of Peace."

Sept. 24, 1899. I sang "*Rule, Britannia*," at a Primrose League gathering.

Oct. 11. The war began.

Nov. 30. I remarked to several men at the Club that our Generals were a pretty poor lot, judging from recent events.

Dec. 17. Announcement made that Lord ROBERTS had been appointed Commander-in-Chief in South Africa.

Feb. 26, 1900. At our tenants' dinner I said that we still trusted the British soldier, and that he would prove worthy of our confidence.

Feb. 27. (The very next day, mark you!) CRONJE surrendered.

June 5. I entered the City. You may say that I do this six days a week for nine months in the year. That, however, is irrelevant. The point you are to notice is that I entered the City on June 5. Now, on that same day, Lord ROBERTS entered Pretoria!

After this you will hardly want further evidence. I might take you through the whole campaign in detail, and show you—by proof which at least one prominent evening paper would

consider sound—that I have been more or less responsible for the "sequence of events" throughout. But I will give you only one further instance.

I am, Sir, a devoted but most unfortunate playgoer. So surely as I start for the theatre I miss my train, or my cab-horse falls down, or the actor whom I want to see falls ill. Now, on May 26 last, I bought a couple of stalls in a certain theatre for the night of June 2. What happened on June 2? You know perfectly well, but for the sake of completeness I will set it down in the style of the *Westminster Gazette*.

May 26. I buy two theatre tickets for June 2.

June 2. News of the terms of peace reach this country, and the streets are impassable.

I need only add, Sir, that as a small reward for my services to the nation, I shall be willing to receive a grant of £100,000 and a Coronation peerage.

Yours truly, A. JONES.

HOW THE COUNTRY RECEIVED THE NEWS.

Farmer. Well, GEORGE! Nice growing morning after the War!



“HANDS UP!”

(NEW STYLE.)

[Lord KITCHENER, in addressing the Boer delegates at Vereeniging, touched their hearts by saying that, if he had been one of them, he would have been proud to have done so well in the field as they had done. His statement was greeted with prolonged applause.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, June 2.—Both Houses densely crowded. In each the state of seething excitement that marks rare epoch. Peace at last—the Peace of Pretoria that passeth (in the sense of preventing) all misunderstanding. PRINCE ARTHUR heralds happy event in Commons, the MARKISS waving white wings in the Lords. Characteristic of the MARKISS that when common people are moved to profoundest depths he sits above, serene in icy atmosphere of cynical indifference. Nothing would have pleased him more than absolutely to ignore topic that fills the minds of men. Partially enjoyed the luxury when he first stood at the Table. Noble Lords on floor of House leaned forward to hear his remarks on the settlement of Peace. Privy Councillors, settled like hive of bees on the railed-in space before the Throne, craned their necks to catch the expected syllables. From the side galleries, garlanded with fair ladies in gayest summer frocks, the light of four hundred bright eyes shone upon him.

When the listening throng mastered the meaning of the mumbled sentences, discovery was made that the PREMIER was not talking about Peace, but about PAUNCEFOTE, late the KING'S Minister at Washington. In absence of warlike Leader of Opposition, on this day of peace out with his commando on active service in the field, TWEEDMOUTH said a few words echoing the lament for the lost diplomatist. ROSEBERRY, anxious to demonstrate the unity of the Liberal Party, said ditto to the deputy of the fighting Red Earl.

Then followed a pause. The MARKISS sat staring straight before him. The Peers looked at each other. The summer frocks in the closely-packed gallery rustled in expectancy. A young thing in white, perched like a dove on the turreted canopy over the Throne, coughed. The MARKISS grudgingly rose, approached the Table, and commenced a fishing excursion in his capacious breast-pocket, from which he brought a printed paper.

"My Lords," he said, glancing round with bored expression, "it might be thought strange if I did not touch upon the question of Peace."

When we come to think of it, it might indeed. One of the drawbacks of high Ministerial condition is that the incumbent must submit to the tyranny of custom, bow to the mandate of conventionality. There was no help for it. Still, the business might be cut short as possible.

"The only information I can give to

your Lordships," said the MARKISS, tugging pettishly at the documents in his pocket, which, like the Boers, were loth to surrender, "is to read the terms of surrender agreed upon and signed."

Here he paused. No one saying, "Never mind," "Don't trouble yourself," "Take them as read," or other polite intimation of desire to fall in with the MARKISS's humour, a gleam of almost spiteful fire shone in his eye. He would frighten them off with hint at the length of the documents, make their flesh creep with apprehension of sitting an hour or so whilst he read. Moreover, if they would go away quietly, they would have printed copies of the docu-



"THE DISTANT, INARTICULATE ROAR OF LONDON."

Not ex-President Kruger, as you might imagine, but the member for East Limerick.

There was an old man of Killeely,
Who spoke so torrentially freely,
With a brogue so absurd
That reporters averred

That they much preferred Flavin or Healy.

A Limerick.

ment in their hands within the next hour, and might study it at their leisure. These thoughts, plainly read on the MARKISS's ingenuous countenance, found expression in his next sentence.

"I do not think your Lordships' patience will resent my attempting to read a document which will probably be in print in a few hours."

Observe the "attempting" to read and the "probably" in print. The MARKISS really could not promise in advance to succeed in reading right through the terms of surrender. If noble Lords were so foolish as to insist, he would make the attempt. The fact that he held in his hand a printed copy

for the ordinary mind disposed of all uncertainty as to the form in which the information would be circulated. But the MARKISS could not be expected to know for certain whether the document would be printed or whether those fellows in the House of Commons were not even now writing out copies with a view to distribution. Anyhow it was, in the aggravated circumstances of the moment, really as far as he could go to assume the probability of print.

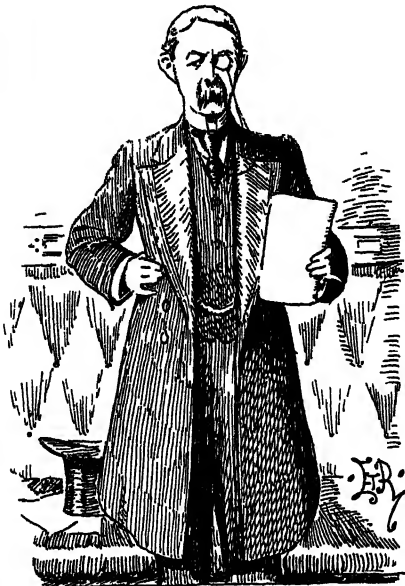
After this little by-play the MARKISS made a dash at the papers and read the terms of surrender in a loud voice that startled an assembly accustomed to his confidential murmuring into the recesses of his bosom. He was bound to take it out of someone. When, reading Clause V., he came upon the stipulation, "The benefits of this Clause will not extend to certain acts contrary to usages of war, which shall be tried by a court-martial immediately after the close of hostilities," there was ominous ring in his voice as he, perhaps unconsciously, glanced across the table at Lord ROSEBERRY on the corner seat below gangway.

Business done.—Peace proclaimed in both Houses.

House of Commons, Tuesday Night.—The sunlight of the Peace of Pretoria falls with chastened glow on the Front Opposition Bench. How good it is to see brethren dwelling together in unity! The more precious if the condition follow upon one of discord. No more shall the captains of the Liberal host dine at each other. As in other times, with other manners, the hatchet was interred, so now have C.B. and ASQUITH buried the knife and fork. Over the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD's expansive countenance broods content. To-night he can sit shoulder to shoulder with C.B. undisturbed by consciousness of the presence of HENRY FOWLER on the other side. Happiness of the hour accentuated by the fact that not only is the chasm in the Liberal ranks closed, but the Bill before the House chances to be one on which the Opposition would, in any circumstances, present a united front. All sound on the Education question. Each all one in their opposition to PRINCE ARTHUR and the Machiavellian machinations of JOHN O'GORST.

And this was the happy hour Fortune, in grim mood, selected for the discomfiture of FRANCIS ALLSTON CHANNING, sometime member of the Hove Board of Commissioners, now representative of East Northamptonshire in an admiring Parliament. Has not sat on the Hove School Board without becoming expert on educational questions. Not indisposed to give Committee on Education Bill advantage of his study and meditation. Would have been all right

only for MATTHEW ARNOLD. It is true there were, apart from that stumbling block, some risky passages. More than



"On the contrary, Mr. Chairman,"
Mr. Channing.

once Chairman recalled him from remote irrelevancy.

"I must point out," said the Chairman on a third breach of order, "that the Hon. Member is straying far from the point."

"On the contrary, Mr. Chairman," said CHANNING briskly, and falling into easy attitude, prepared to argue the matter. Committee interrupted with stormy cries of "Order, order." CHANNING explained that when he said "On the contrary," he meant to indicate full compliance with ruling of Chairman. Explanation politely accepted.

Shortly after MATTHEW ARNOLD popped up and spoiled everything. Occurred to CHANNING that the House in Committee on Education Bill, with fifty-one pages of amendments to be dealt with, would like to hear what MATTHEW ARNOLD said, or wrote, on quite another point, thirty-seven years ago. Chairman, with increased sternness of tone, again called him to order. Warned off dangerous ground, he came back to amendment before Committee. Presently the fateful figure rose again and beckoned him to destruction.

"MATTHEW ARNOLD—" said Mr. CHANNING.

"Order! order!" cried the Chairman. "I have thrice warned the Hon. Member for repeated irrelevancy, and must now ask him to resume his seat."

CHANNING never so surprised in his life. Gasping for breath he slowly

dropped into his seat. Paralysis only momentary. But the temporary weakness fatal. Rising to argue the matter out he found LLOYD-GEORGE on his legs, already in full discourse, to which the Chairman, taking advantage of CHANNING's momentary subsidence, had adroitly bidden him.

Business done.—In Committee on Education Bill.

Thursday night.—Irish row played out; £50,000 voted to KITCHENER, thanks to troops. Throng dispersed, leaving Chamber to solitude and Scotch Members.

LORD ADVOCATE in charge of Bill dealing with Fishing Regulations. There was anxious moment when another scene was imminent. Evil communications corrupt Scotch manners. Ordinarily sedate Members from North of Tweed, of late witness to REDMOND Cadet's histrionic performance, showed tendency to imitation. When BLACK boldly asserted that a trout is a migratory animal there was decided movement on benches opposite. Something like echo of stormy cry of "'Vide, 'vide, 'vide," rustled round the Mace. HERBERT MAXWELL, leaping to his feet with evident intention of moving that BLACK be no longer heard, happily hesitated, reined in his passion, and quite calmly observed, "The Hon. Member is in error."

No direct reference made in this little Parliament of pisciculturists to the incident of the afternoon. Naturally Members don't like to think of it, much



"Little Kitch."

Sings:

"I could do, could do, could do, could do,
Could do with a bit"—more.

less to talk about it. The foolish gudgeon made light of by *Gratiano* would never have been taken by such gross



After trying to "raise the wind" in America, Willie R-dm-nd raises a whirlwind at Westminster.

bait as to-day caught the lordly salmon by Westminster Bridge. A lout, having possessed himself of an old broomstick, a piece of string, and a bit of fat bacon, awkwardly drops the bait in the stream, and lo! the stately fish, despair of the skilful angler, forthwith rises, and is hopelessly landed.

Here was REDMOND Cadet back again after blustering through six weeks in United States with extended hat gaping for stray coppers. "Not being a bird," as a more delightful countryman said, he could not also be at Westminster. In his absence SWIFT MACNEILL and other esteemed colleagues have been filling the bill. Must make up for lost time.

Opportunity presented itself to-day. House assembled to do honour to the gallant army in South Africa, the flower of it, including "Bobs," being Irishmen. Even KITCHENER could not altogether escape the compelling charm of the Island. Though not of Irish parentage he was born in Ireland. House crowded in desire to do honour to the survivors of the Army, to lament the gallant dead.

Here was opening for bold advertisement. REDMOND Cadet seized it with undisguised avidity. Members perceiving the bait—the gross and palpable bacon aforesaid—for awhile looked on amused at the obvious effort. When REDMOND, disconcerted at this contemptuous indifference, proceeded to accuse KITCHENER of making war on women and children, an impressionable Member opposite bubbled up with cry of "Withdraw!" Another cried "Divide!" The flame of wrath spread. In a minute all was lost, and REDMOND Cadet was master of the situation, purchaser, at the expense of a few coarse words, of one of the cheapest, most

booming advertisements that ever fell to the lot even of an Irish Member.

Business done.—£50,000 voted to KITCHENER, and thanks of Parliament to the Army in South Africa.

HOW TO REVIVE THE THAMES TRAFFIC.

(By a thorough Man of Business.)

BUILD steamers *de luxe*, replete with every comfort. Magnificent saloons, first-class restaurants, exquisite smoke rooms. Let every boat have a noted *chef* on board, and recruit the officers and crews from the best material of the Shipping Combine.

Having secured your fleet, look after the musical arrangements. Only the best military bands should be engaged. These orchestras might be supplemented by some of the more famous Hungarian combinations. Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE might be secured at an appropriate honorarium to act as Harmonious Managing Director.

During the summer months the fleet should be illuminated with the finest devices, and the chief of the firework manufacturers should control the *feu d'artifice*, the end of the night's entertainment.

To render the steamboats more attractive, morning and evening performances should be organised with the assistance of Sir HENRY IRVING, Mr. H. BEERBOHM TREE, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, and the other actor-managers of the principal metropolitan theatres.

This scheme might be carried out with the friendly assistance of the L.C.C. and the mayors of the various riverine boroughs, and the direct aid of the Houses of Parliament.

As the expenses would be considerable, perhaps it would be as well to charge somewhat higher rates than were customary in the past. The tariff might be half-a-crown a voyage between pier and pier. There might also be a pass for a couple of months at the cost of five pounds.

A Better and Cheaper Way.—Make a tube under the bed of the Thames and sell the tickets for twopence.

THE SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

[With apologies to the author of "What Famous People Eat" in *Diet v. Drugs*, wherein Mrs. BROWN-POTTER states that, owing to her reliance on milk, three Alderney cows "live principally" for her.]

Mrs. LANGTRY writes: "At the Imperial Theatre I take milk—in fact, no fewer than fifteen Jersey cows are kept in the stalls for my nourishment."

The Marquis of SALISBURY wires: "I prefer Nepenthe to all other mineral waters."

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Secretary replies:



PEACE DAY REJOICING—THE RULING PASSION.

Respectable Elderly Gent (carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment—to stranger).
"EXCUSE ME, SIR, CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN PURCHASE SOME SORT OF A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT?"

"I am instructed by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to say that no diet is so nutritious as one's own words. He further asks me to draw your attention to his recent speech at Birmingham, in which he remarks, 'What I have eaten, I have eaten.'"

Sir JOHN GORST finds, at the close of a hard day's work, that there is nothing so sustaining as a saucer of Devonshire cream.

Miss MARY CHOLMONDELEY is a vegetarian. "I live," she writes, "exclusively on red pottage."

M. SANTOS-DUMONT sends a Marconigram: "S. S. S. Like the chameleon I live on air."

Mr. JOSEPH DARLING, the Australian Captain, writes: "Until recently, Yorkshire pudding used to agree with me. I am now revising my regimen."

Mr. TREE writes: "Paradoxical as it may seem to those who have gazed on my spare proportions, I am never so happy as when placed before a rôle with plenty of fat in it."

SEATED.

Police Constable (in reply to enquirers).
I think, Sir, you will find the National Gallery behind Block A, and I have been told that the Horse Guards is in the rear of Block K, and another constable said as how it was reported that New Scotland Yard was masked by Block 2. But I am a bit of a stranger here myself, and shall know London better when they have taken away the scaffolding!

MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

(To Postumus, on going down to Eton
for the Fourth of June.)

Labuntur anni;
Tell me, how can I
Judge of the cost to my
Joyousness, POSTUME,
To see new faces
In the old places?
Anni fugaces!

Surley, the Brocas,¹
Seem but to mock us.
All's changed, 'tis plain;
All—bar the rain.
So, in our pain,
Clubwards again,
There, with a bottle
Memory to throttle,
Charging its cost to me—
Or to you, POSTUME?

MR. PUNCH'S NOTES AND
QUERIES.

(A Peep into the Future.)

III.

"THE HONEYSUCKLE AND THE BEE"
(30th S. viii. 238).—I have heard my
great-grandfather say that a song of this
name was current about the time of the
Coronation of EDWARD THE SEVENTH, but
no research in musical archives has
revealed anything of the kind. In a
speech of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNER-
MAN, a Radical leader of the day, I find,
however, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN described at
the same period as a bee extracting
vitriol rather than honey from the
flowers on which he browsed. This
may give us the clue. Looking upon the
word "Honeysuckle" as a corruption,
in the manner of THACKERAY's *Jeames's*
"upper circle," and taking into con-
sideration the reception of this speech
of CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN (or C.-B., as he
was called) by the English aristocracy,
we get "The Hupper Suckle and
C.-B."

B. B.

BOUNDER (30th S. viii. 198).—This
term, connoting the attribute of irre-
pressible elasticity, bulks largely in the
literature of the later Victorian epoch.
Dismissing as too obvious the derivation
"one who bounds," i.e. a springy
mover who progresses "by leaps or
bounds," I am disposed to trace the
origin of the word to one or other of
the following sources. (1) My great-
grandmother in a private letter alludes
to a new novel by an author named
DICKENS, in which one of the principal
characters is named *Bounderby*—a large,
aggressive person of a bullying disposi-
tion; (2) "Bounder" may be a con-
densed form of "abounder," i.e. a
person of exuberant and overflowing

spirits, cf. the phrase "full of beans";
(3) Inasmuch as the term conveys a
subtle social disparagement, perhaps it
should be connected with "bound," i.e.
"boundary"—thus signifying one who
was on the fringe of society, in other
words, an "outsider." C. K. S.

May not the word "Bounder" be a
variant of "bounding brothers?" As
to the precise identity of the famous
pair there is a conflict of evidence.
The "Two Macs" perhaps have the
largest number of partisans. For my
own part I have little doubt that one
was a notorious performer named HALL
CAINE; the other may very likely have
been BOBBY ABEL, an illustrious athlete,
whose face was a perfect oval, and who
was famed for a "boundary stroke,"
whatever that may mean. C. H. F.

This is apparently another name for
a heart. At least so I gather from a
perusal of Mr. W. E. H. LECKY's poems,
where the poet addresses that organ in the
phrase

"Down, little bounder, down!"

B. S.

SEDDONISMS (30th S. viii. 93).—A Sed-
donism was the term applied to the
obiter dicta of one SEDDON, a New
Zealand chieftain and fire-eater in the
reign of EDWARD THE SEVENTH. SEDDON
made a tour of the world at the time of
that monarch's coronation, dressed in
native costume, hurling the boomerang
on the slightest provocation, and utter-
ing terrifying battle-cries, the most
intelligible of which were "All for
JOE," "Unconditional Surrender," and
"Maoriland, my Maoriland."

JOHN WINKS.

Surely SEDDON, who gave his name to
these tropical flowers of speech, was the
same satrap who encountered King
LEWANIKA, of Barotseland, in the Green
Park during the Coronation Procession.
The quarrel grew out of a question of
precedence. LEWANIKA was armed with
his trusty Gambella; SEDDON made
vigorous play with the jaw-bone [of a
prime cold-storage Canterbury ram.
During the fifteenth round they were
stopped by Lord HIGHBURY—then Mr.
JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN—and removed in
separate ambulances to the Colonial
Office.

H. P.

TAY PAY (30th S. viii. 314).—Referring
to a previous note on this subject, let
me point out that the O'CONNORS seem
to have intermarried with that family
of Oriental Potentates which produced
the RANJIT to whom, by a rare coinci-
dence, you allude in a neighbouring
note. Certainly, in the early twentieth
century we read of a famous singer who
visited England and called herself the
Princess TE RANGI PAI. One is tempted
to trace collusion here. L. B. W.

EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN.

I WALKED within a garden fair,
Where many a flower did blow,
I saw a little Rosebud there,
The effigy of woe.

Upon its stem its little head
Hung pensively awry;
Its little cheeks were over-red,
A tear stood in its eye.

My heart within me wept to see
That little Rosebud cry;
In tones of tender sympathy
I gently asked it why.

The tears gushed forth, a welling tide;
With sobs its breast was torn;
"Ah, me!" the little Rose replied,
"I've s-s-sat upon my thorn!"

DRAWN FROM ALL QUARTERS.

A GOOSEBERRY is reported from Devon-
shire.

Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN plays the
flute.

Lord SALISBURY has never worn a
"bowler" hat.

There are eighteen policemen in the
London force with no hair.

Mr. HALL CAINE's chest measurement
is 27 inches.

The new Cunard Liner *Mania* is
propelled by steam.

A tramp arrested yesterday at West
Bromwich had two legs.

A Brondesbury rat has eaten the
rind from a piece of bacon.

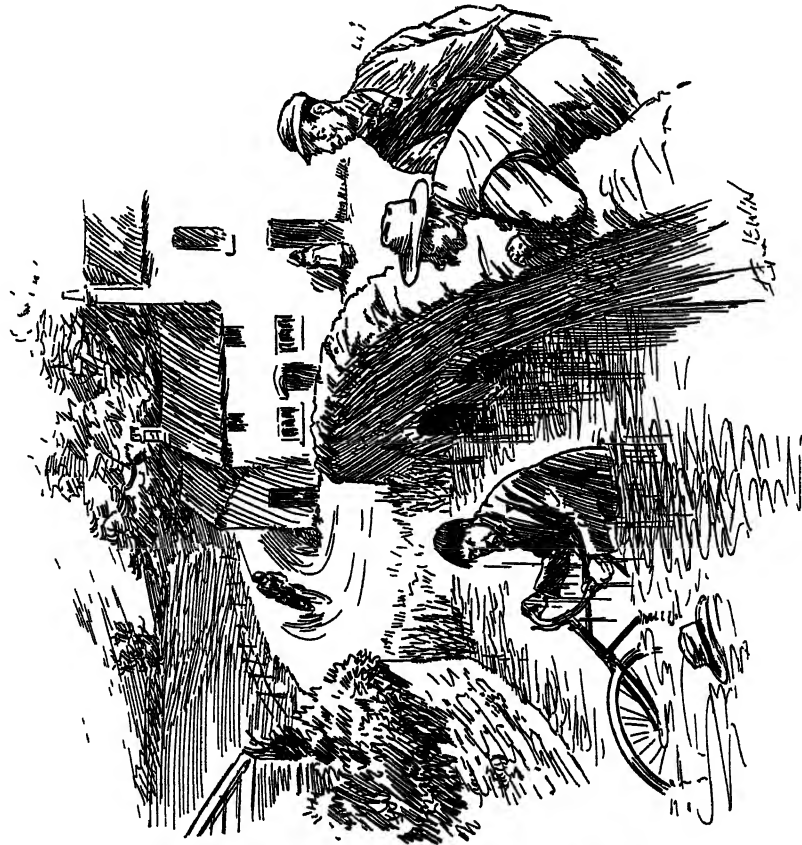
There are 27,413 hairs on Mr.
PADEREWSKI's head. A Californian lady
has counted them through a telescope.

Eight million bricks were used in
building Sir ERNEST CASSELL's new
house and stables at Newmarket.

The inventor of the Argosy Braces
made £250,000 by his patent. He
invested half the proceeds in a marble
mausoleum.

"No, thank you," said a burglar,
asked by the chairman of magistrates
at Ashton-under-Lyne if he would like
a seat in the dock.

OVERWHELMING.—In an article in the
Weekly Graphic giving "glimpses of
Queen VICTORIA's coronation," it is
written: "The Archbishop reverently
placed the crown on her head, upon
which the Peers and Peeresses put on
their coronets, the Bishops their caps,
the Kings of Arms their crowns, amid
the most enthusiastic cheering of all
present. The scene at this time, say
the contemporary accounts, was intensely
exciting." Doubtless. But what about
the hapless girl-QUEEN smothered under
this heap of coronets, caps and crowns?
There must be a mistake somewhere.



HOW NOT TO DO IT.

Bill. "NOW THEN, ETHER, SEE ME MAKE A SPURT ROUND THIS CORNER."

First Villager. "WHAT'S UP, BILL?"

Second Villager. "OH, ONLY A GENT AWASHIN' THE DUST OFF HIS BIKE."

LATTER-DAY FABLES.

I.

The Fable of the Native Chief who had a good time for nothing.

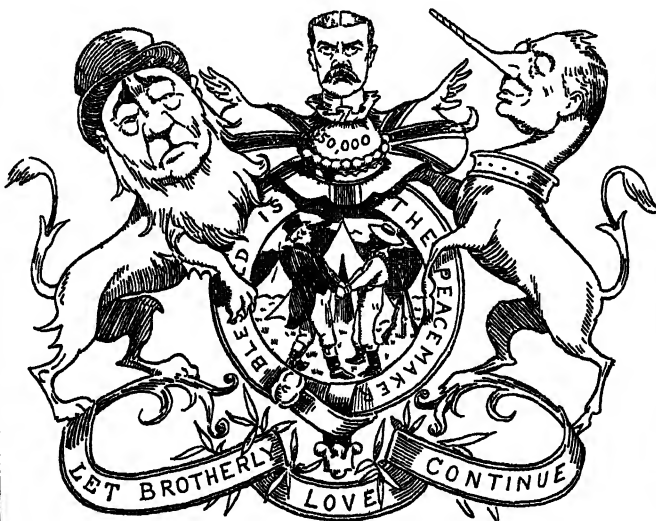
A NATIVE Chief of an Unpronounceable Island came to England on a visit to the Foreign Office, where they made much of him and took him round to see Arsenals and Madame Tussaud's and Gas Works and other Sparkling Sights. When the Foreign Office got tired of him because he wanted to see such a lot of things all day, they handed him over to a Well-known Figure in Society, saying these words, "Please look after this Tinted Gentleman and give him a Good Time, and very likely there will be a C.B. for you at the end of it all."

So the Native Chief was handed round at Garden Parties, Afternoon Concerts, and Late Nights. He was really quite a Success, for he had Beautiful Jewels, and on his Face, according to a well-known Lady Journalist, was that Inscrutable Look of the East which implies so much to the Thoughtful Observer. It is doubtful if she knew what she meant, but Everyone thought it Clever, and stood on Chairs to get a sight of the Inscrutable Look.

This went on until the Well-known Figure in Society asked the Native Chief if he would not like to go to a Bazaar and spend some Money. The Native Chief, who had been doing well at Everyone's Expense, thought he would rather not, until it was explained that the Petty Cash could be put down to the Foreign Office. Thereupon the Native Chief expressed his determination to go and spend Heaps.

It was a nice Bazaar in aid of the Suppression of Indigestion, and All Society was there selling impossible Tea Cosies, useless Chair Backs, and unnegotiable Lamp Shades at Famine Prices. When the Native Chief came along with the Inscrutable Look and the Well-known Figure in Society, everyone was delighted.

"These Dear Natives are positively Gorgeous in their Lavishness. We will sell him Many Things," said High-born Ladies, as they crowded



A NEW HERALDIC "PIECE."

THE ROYAL ARMS "DISARMED" AND ADAPTED TO A VERY SPECIAL OCCASION.

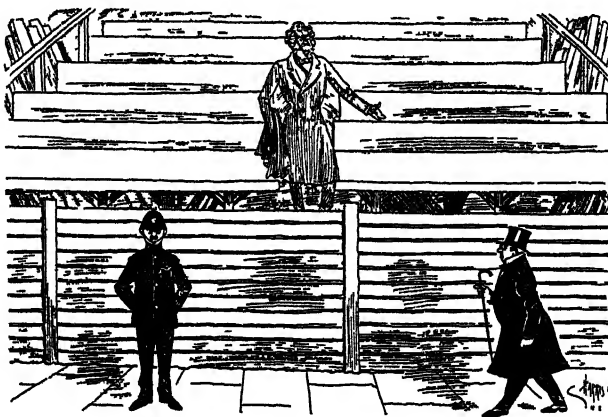
him up with Articles of no Apparent Worth at Large Prices. He bought Everything that was set before him, and one Humorous Person of the Male Persuasion sold him a Sardine Opener from the Refreshment Room for Five Pounds, and told him it was a Cigar Lighter. When anyone asked the Native Chief for vulgar Money he referred them, with that Inscrutable Look, to the Well-known Figure in Society, who was paying out. This went on until the Purse was Empty and there was hardly anything left in the Bazaar. So the Native Chief went away with Loud Cheers, an Antimacassar over his Back, and the Sardine

Opener clutched firmly in his Right Hand. Next morning the Papers were full of his Opulence and Magnificent Generosity, and Statisticians prophesied that the Society for the Suppression of Indigestion would benefit to an Alarming Extent. Meanwhile, the Well-known Figure in Society was at Home adding up how much he had spent on Behalf of the Native Chief, for he wanted to play Bridge that Night and was uncommonly Short of Money. He found it was a Huge Amount, and went round to the Foreign Office for a Settlement. But the Foreign Office collectively laughed at him, and advised him to try the Native Chief, as they were not at all responsible for his Debts. So he hurried round to the Hotel and found that the Native Chief had just sailed for his Home on a Distant Shore, and left a very Large Bill behind for Settlement by the Well-known Figure in Society. Then there was indeed Trouble. The Well-known Figure in Society had to pay Everything and got no Credit for It, while an Eloquent Mention of the Native Chief was met with a volume of cheers at the Annual Meeting of the Society for the Suppression of Indigestion. The Foreign Office even forgot the C.B., and the Well-known Figure in Society walks about Town a Saddened Man, and won't even go near a Nigger Minstrel Show, for he says it reminds him of a most Painful Experience.

MORAL.—Do a good Turn when you can, but if it's going to cost Anything, get the Money in Advance.

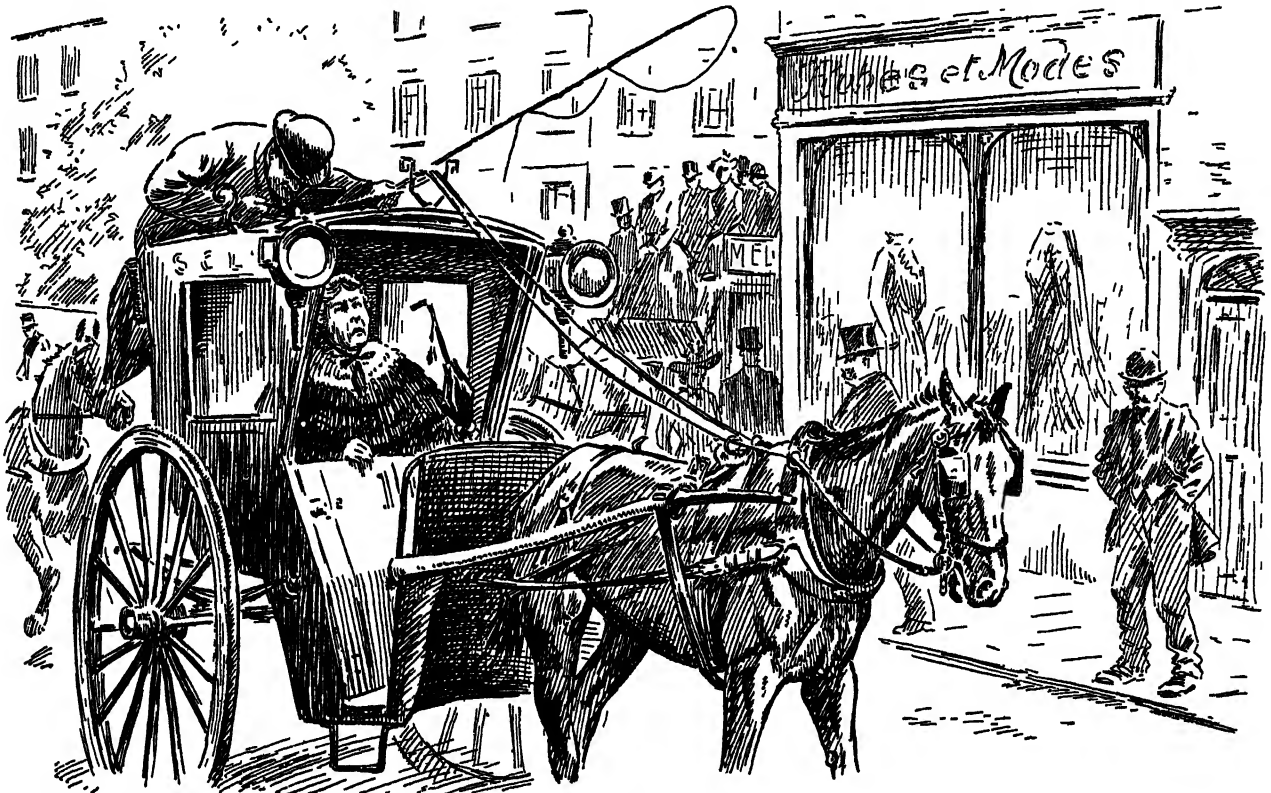
SOME "BIG BIG D'S."—On Friday last, at the Royal Institution, before the Prince and Princess of WALES and a distinguished audience, Sir BENJAMIN BAKER delivered a lecture on "The Nile Dams." Of course Sir BENJAMIN, with true *politesse*, felt compelled to apologise for having so frequently to use a monosyllable that sounded uncommonly like swearing.

PAX AND PYROTECHNICS.—The most popular form of Firework display for the coming Coronation is "A set Piece."



A DISTINGUISHED POLITICIAN ADDRESSING EMPTY BENCHES AT WESTMINSTER.

N.B.—See present aspect of Lord PALMERSTON'S Statue surrounded with Coronation seats.



Fare to Cabby, engaged "by the hour". "DRIVE ON, CABMAN, MAKE HIM TROT!"
Cabby. "DURSTN'T DO IT, MUM. YOU SEE HE'S HENGAGED FOR THE PERCESSION NEXT WEEK, AND WE'RE TRAININ' HIM TO THE REG'ATION PAGE!"

MR. PUNCH'S NOTES AND QUERIES.—IV.

(A Peep into the Future.)

PADEREWSKI (30th S. viii. 127).—According to ordinary accounts this musician, a pianist of extraordinary aptitude in the spot stroke, was a Pole. But that story has been disproved. PADEREWSKI was really of Irish extraction, his home being at Rooskey in County Mayo, six miles from Crossmolina. Hence PADDY ROOSKEY. On making his *début* he used his own name, and naturally was greeted with such a shower of brickbats and obloquy as convinced him that no one was at that period (the time of the REDMOND dynasty) going to the Emerald Isle for harmony. He therefore disappeared for a while in company with the dramatist and sociologist GEORGE R. SIMS (famous for his recipe for growing mustard and cress on bald pates) and returned with a foreign accent, a foreign name, and luxuriant chrysanthemum locks, to take the world by storm. J. A. F. M.

WHAT HO! (30th S. viii. 247).—This phrase, often with an irrelevant suffix bearing upon an unnamed and uncontrollable female, is continually to be found in the literature of the reign of EDWARD THE SEVENTH (see the works of HERBERT SPENCER and PETT RIDGE, and

the *Sporting Times* *passim*). Its origin is shrouded in mystery. Some ascribe it to the Anglicanisation of the name of WATTEAU, the famous French painter of *fêtes champêtres*, and the frequency with which the canvas turned up at Christie's at the time in question: the bumping referring to the fall of the audacious hammer, here called "she," as a ship is, or a cricket ball.

S. W. H.

KUBELIK (30th S. viii. 108).—I have no doubt whatever that this is a case where the origin of a popular phrase is disguised by deliberate and grotesque mis-spelling. Write the word Cubalick and the meaning is self-evident, i.e., the defeat or "licking" of the Spaniards at Cuba in the last years of the nineteenth century. Others have pronounced the word to be a proper name, and endeavoured to establish its identity with KUBELIK KHAN, an obscure potentate mentioned by COLERIDGE as connected with the opium trade in the East. Others again have tried to connect the word with the phrase "an un-licked cub," as though it stood for "(give the) cub a lick." Most far-fetched of all is the theory that KUBELIK was a Bohemian fiddler. For this I cannot discover a particle of evidence.

W. B. S.

SPADEWORK (30th S. viii. 44).—It seems improbable from the frequent use of this phrase in connection with the Earl of ROSEBURY that it is to be interpreted in the literal sense. Lord ROSEBURY, in the classic words of his contemporary the Hon. C. R. SPENCER, was "not an agricultural labourer." He was more associated with Clubs than Spades. And that prompts the suggestion that "Spadework" was probably a technical term for the use of that suit in "Bridge," a game of cards of great popularity at the time, and much affected by the members of the Liberal League. Others regard the association of the phrase with Lord ROSEBURY as an instance of the figure of speech known as oxymoron, or a contradiction in terms. "Spadework," they contend, is equivalent to "calling a spade a spade," which Lord ROSEBURY never did, always preferring to veil his meaning in metaphors, e.g., calling dead Bills "fly-blown phylacteries," and the Radical Caucus a "tabernacle." A third and somewhat more recondite explanation is that which lays emphasis on the word spade. Spadework then is to be differentiated from the excesses of rakes on the one side and the prudery of the wearers of shovel-hats on the other.

H. C. B.

TITLED FOLLY.

[Mr. SWINBURNE has been prayed in aid to justify the title of a story called "*The Fangs of Fate*,"]

As I peruse *The Fangs of Fate*,
Affrightedly I hold my breath,
And wonder if *The Hair of Hate*
Will lead me to *The Jaws of Death*.
When shall I see *The Lips of Love*,
Or contemplate *The Brow of Bliss*?
I wonder, would the thrown-down glove
Reveal *The Nails of Nemesis*?
Now, fighting war-grants "tooth and nail"
Suggests at once *The Teeth of Treason*;
A *Tail of Trouble* could not fail
To run right through a silly season.
I know *The Nose of Naughtiness*
(It went off rather flat, I hear,
Though ornamenting a Princess),
But who will track *The Feet of Fear*?

FLOREAT ARBOR! AND THE WONDERFUL TRIO!

The Merry Wives of Windsor is a triumph for Manager BEERBOHM TREE, the Tree of Windsor Forest! It is a performance absolutely unique! Seldom on any stage has enthusiastic ovation been more thoroughly deserved than that accorded to the two leading actresses ELLEN TERRY and MADGE KENDAL (let us drop the "Missis" for once on this exceptional occasion), who were at their very very best as *Mistress Page* and *Mistress Ford*, the merriest of any Merry Wives within the memory of the oldest playgoer alive to tell the tale to-day.

Never before last Tuesday night had most of us any idea how entertaining this least amusing of WILLIE SHAKESPEARE's Elizabethan farces could be! For be it always remembered this play was writ by WILLIAM "to order," that is, by Royal command, and he was bound to make it just such a rough-and-tumble performance as he could knock together in ten days' time so as to appeal to Bouncing BESS, who, with her own fair hand, could give a sounding whack on the back to friend or favourite, who could swear a good round oath, and dispose of a pottle of sack or a pot of English ale, without being a penny the worse for it. *The Merry Wives* must have all the "spill and pelt" business of pantomime (just as *The Taming of the Shrew* requires it) or it will lack the boisterous spirit the author intentionally put into it.

Queen BESS could be uproarious as well as glorious, and it was not difficult to imagine bewigged Gloriana present in the Royal Box at Her Majesty's Theatre, splitting the stitches of her stomacher with delight at the attempts of the two Merry Wives to tumble the preposterously fat Knight into the buck-basket all among the dirty linen (what fun for BESS!), and thoroughly enjoying the pummelling, thumping, rolling, and clapper-clawing of the two capital drolls, Mr. COURTICE POUNDS and Mr. HENRY KEMBLE, when they finish, with a schoolboy scuffle, what had been commenced as a gentlemanly duel. Well, the audience fairly roared at it all, and for many a night to come it is safe to predict that a crammed and delighted house will, like *Bottom's* Lion, "roar again."

But what a genuine Happy Thought, what a real inspiration, to have hit upon the production of *The Merry Wives* with so perfect a couple of comedians as ELLEN and MADGE! From their very first entrance together (bless 'em!), the success, the unqualified success, of the fruition of this most happy idea was never for a single instant in doubt. Both ladies were charming, and the play seemed endowed with a

vitality and a freshness that will combine to make it the talk of London for a long time to come. A historic occasion.

Mr. TREE's *Falstaff* is vastly improved since he played it at the Haymarket. *Falstaff* is, in this piece at least, a character that might be ordinarily defined as the embodiment of "stuff-and-nonsense," and to make him possible as a humorous monstrosity is a task that must ever tax to the utmost the powers of the very cleverest comedian. He has to be "the cause of wit in others;" he has to be bullied, thwacked, shaken-up, laughed at (never laughed with), and so victimised that, though the hoary, drunken old sensualist thoroughly deserves the very worst he gets, the audience begin to pity him, and really range themselves on his side, and would plead with *Master Ford* not to be too hard on the jolly, fat, unconscionably vain old DON JUAN. So everyone is thoroughly pleased when the irredeemably unprincipled, wicked reprobate is dismissed "with a caution," although we know, that, given similar opportunities, he will avail himself of them, as before, without a twinge of conscience or of well-earned gout.

There is not a character in the cast but it is made interesting by its representative. Mr. GERALD LAURENCE is the fervid and graceful lover of *Mistress Anne Page*, who is shown by Mrs. BEERBOHM TREE as indeed a very sweet *Anne Page*. *Anne*, as a part, is in an ordinary way small to insignificance: but here Mrs. TREE makes it so distinguished that it stands out as a very charmingly graceful and quiet performance, in strong contrast to all the hurly-burly characteristic of this Elizabethan "bear-fight;" indeed she shudders at the very mention of such an entertainment. How poor an opinion must Queen BESS have had of this modest, and somewhat shy, maiden! She and her lover *Master Fenton* are the two "Gentle Lovers" in the midst of this overpowering romp.

Rarely, if ever, has been seen so thoroughly good a *Master Ford* as is Mr. OSCAR ASCHÉ. He is a veritable *Othello*. A jealous husband carried away by the whirlwind of his passion is temporarily insane, and what are to him acts fraught with tremendous consequence, appear to the spectators as utterly absurd. He is terribly in earnest: "that's the humour of it." *Master Page* (Mr. STEVENS) well represents the attitude of the interested but amused spectator. Who could give us a better "living picture" of the chuckling, bibulous old host of the Garter Inn than Mr. LIONEL BROUGH? *Bardolph*, *Nym* and *Pistol*, by Messrs. ALLEN THOMAS, COOKSON and L'ESTRANGE, are as perfect as though they had stepped out of an etching of mediæval Bohemianism by CALLOT.

Miss ZEFFIE TILBURY won an exceptional burst of applause for her long "patter" speech, where her tongue won't stop wagging, in spite of all *Falstaff's* attempts to dam the torrent; and throughout her rendering of this small but important character she is excellent. The *Shallow* of Mr. WHITE is quite in keeping with the *Slender* of Mr. QUARTERMAIN, who is especially good in his scene with "Sweet Mistress ANNE."

It is well to record all this, to note also the beautiful scenery by TELBIN, CRAVEN and JOHNSTON, and the highly artistic costumes by Mr. PERCY ANDERSON, whose designs as carried out for *Master Ford*, *Bardolph*, *Nym* and *Pistol* are notably picturesque.

The orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. NORMAN BATH, played NICOLAI's overture to *The Merry Wives*, the "Gypsy Suite" by EDWARD GERMAN (the name being descriptive of the Bohemian rags of *Falstaff's* men), and selections from SULLIVAN's *Merry Wives*. It is no rudeness on the part of Mr. TREE, when, in answer to any inquiries as to the music in his theatre, he says, "Go to BATH." He has gone there himself, and evidently he couldn't have done better.

Mr. TREE has scored a great success, and "made history."



NOT FORGOTTEN ; OR, THE MODERN CINDERELLA.

The Fairy Queen. "I HOPE TO SEE YOU AT MY FIVE O'CLOCK TEA."

[On the occasion of the Coronation the QUEEN will entertain at tea ten thousand maids of all work, "Generals," who will afterwards be commemoratively decorated by Her Gracious Majesty.]



Gertie "Oh, Mr. BROWN, PAPA SAYS THAT MRS. BROWN LEADS YOU BY THE NOSE. IS THAT WHY IT'S SO LONG!"

"BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND!"

In *The Times* of June 9 is to be found a delightful account from a correspondent of the sentiments of Mr. REITZ, late Transvaal Secretary of State, towards English Statesmen. On being asked, point blank, what he thought of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, he is reported to have replied: "I have nothing to say against Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. He is all right. He is a statesman, and therefore has a policy which he does quite right to carry out to the best of his ability. But the statesmen whom we dislike are Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. LABOUCHERE. They led us to believe that they had a real sympathy for our cause, and we were convinced that they would do their utmost to help us. They fed us with false hopes, and then we found out that, instead of having any sympathy for us, they were simply playing us off for the purpose of getting into power!"

Oh, Mr. REITZ, can I have read aright!
And is it thus our Liberal Chiefs are flouted!
Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is rejected quite,
Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN is scouted,
And, worse than all, I even see you dare
To speak contemptuously of Mr. LABOUCHERE!

Here in the lordly columns of *The Times*,
Where Mr. WALKLEY writes and also BLOWITZ,
Where Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN prints his rhymes,
And other even less distinguished poets,

I find you scandalising English readers
By pouring scorn upon our dauntless Liberal Leaders!

Have you forgot how these devoted men
On your behalf have uniformly pleaded,
And laboured day by day with voice and pen
To give you the encouragement you needed?
Have you forgot the sympathetic bleating
Sir HENRY raised for you at each successive Meeting?

It cannot be! The words set down above
Do not correctly represent your attitude,
Our Party's leaders still retain your love
Unless there's no such thing as human gratitude!
I ask—and ask with confidence—how can a man
Do anything but love Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN!

It cannot be! The words you really used
About these men were glowing with affection,
Nor can the wicked scribbler be excused
Who gave them such a different complexion.
I'm certain you would never be so shabby
As to denounce that amiable trifier, LABBY!

No! when the gentlemen whom I have named
Were mentioned, your encomiums were hearty,
And in impressive accents you proclaimed
Your obligations to the Liberal Party.
While you expressed, again and yet again,
Your horror and contempt for Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN!

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

[The last native King of Fiji, THAKOMBAU, who ceded the group to Lord ROSMAD, was a notorious cannibal before his conversion by the Wesleyan missionaries. He once discussed the question of cannibalism with Admiral ERSKINE. "It is all very well for you to talk in that way," he said; "you have plenty of beef in your country."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

"WHEN mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
Our forefathers called on each cannibal brood,
And told them "long-pig" must be strictly tabooed.
O! the Roast Beef of old England,
And O! for old England's Roast Beef!

And now we're informed by a civilised chief
They'd never have toasted their foes in his fief
If Nature had given them plenty of beef!
O! the Roast Beef, &c.

Alas! the supply of roast beef is a thing
Controlled by a greedy American "ring;"
It's getting so scarce, we grow sad when we sing
O! the Roast Beef, &c.

And if what this Islander tells us is true,
When beef is beyond us, why what shall we do?
Won't you look at me, Sir? Won't I look at you?
O! the Roast Beef of old England,
And O! for old England's Roast Beef!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Margaret Vincent is, as Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD says, heroine of her story, *Woodside Farm* (DUCKWORTH). A very charming heroine she is, high-spirited, high-minded, simple-hearted. But the strongest character in the book is the unlovable step-sister, *Hannah Barton*. It is a little difficult to understand how a person of her disposition and attainments could dominate a household. She succeeds, even to the extent of keeping *Margaret Vincent* from the deathbed of a loved and loving mother. This serves as the scene of the most powerful episode in the story. *Margaret*, having obtained admittance to the house through the agency of an old servant, having greeted and taken farewell of her mother, flees at the approach of the fearsome *Hannah* to the shelter of a cupboard, where she listens while her mother dies. Later, discovered by the Gorgon, somewhat softened in the presence of death, she gathers herself for a while into the acid bosom of the loveless one, and the old servant looking in finds the step-sisters sleeping in each other's arms. A fine passage, powerfully written. *Mr. Garratt*, the vulgar tradesman, who calls to court *Hannah* and remains to fall in love with *Margaret*, is amusing. But my Baronite does not care for *Mrs. Lakeman* and her daughter *Lena*, whom Mrs. CLIFFORD, with parental prejudice, rather fancies.

The Baron begs to acknowledge the receipt of a perfectly delightful book, entitled *The New Opera Glass* (Leipzig: FEODOR REINBOTH) which, judging from this sample of its "fourth edition, revised and augmented," deserves to have that number multiplied by a thousand. It is by "FR. CHARLEY," and, as it is two years old, the Baron, much regretting that he has not met with it before, will simply limit himself to giving an extract as a sample of its delightful English, "as she writ" in Leipzig by "FR. CHARLEY," for the benefit of the Baron's readers. Here is the plot of NIKOLAI's opera, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, peculiarly appropriate to the present time:—

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Text after Shakespeare.

"Sir John has written two love-letters to Mrs. Pluth and Mrs. Reich. They resolved to take revenge to him. After leaving the stage their husband appears attended by Messrs. Spärlich und Cajus. The Stage is changed: Mrs. Pluth awaits Mr. Falstaff; Mrs. Reich entered too and now the wonderful scene: Mr. Falstaff in the clothes-baskets.

"Second act: The same play: Falstaff appears at the second time. Now he is putted in the cloths of an old aunt, whom is forbidden the house of Mr. Reich. After some merrily scenes he leaves the house as an old woman, attended by the strike of Mr. Reich's stick.

"Third Act: Room in Reich's house. The married couples are in the best humour, the wives have confessed and now they have the intention the old Falstaff to punish the third time.

"Change of the stage: Midnight, in the forest with a hunting house; all persons appears; at least Falstaff too. The two wives are greeting him; singing a Terzett. Suddenly ghosts are appearing, amusing herself to strike Falstaff in the best manner. Cajus and Spärlich the lovers from Anna are also at present; but Anna loves Mr. Fenton, with whom she is band at last for ever."

THE BARON DE B.-W.

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

I.—THE POET LAUREATE.

I FOUND Mr. AUSTIN at work in his study at Swinford Old Manor—a charming snug apartment with *Walker's Rhyming Dictionary* on the shelves. He extended a welcoming hand.

"Yes," he said, "I do most of my work here. *England's Darling* was written in that arm-chair: the holes in the leather were made while I was thinking of the next line. Ah, the next line—that is at once the poet's triumph and his tragedy! I would not have it re-upholstered for worlds, although several Ashford firms have tendered very reasonably. By the way, when I wrote *England's Darling* I wore woad, and the cook had orders to be continually burning cakes—it seemed to give the atmosphere.

"*The Garden that I Love* was composed in the window seat commanding a view of the geraniums. Ah! sweet Nature—what an influence! what an inspiration! She is the best padding.

"I wrote *The Conversion of Winkelmann* at Herne Bay—not indeed that winkles are too plentiful there, but I found that one could worry along on shrimps. After all, what is a poet if not adaptive?"

"Your study is charming," I said.

"Yes," he said, "I have many treasures. The waste-paper basket came from Farringford, TENNYSON's place. That Dutch clock was Doctor Jm's. The paper-weight was ALFRED THE GREAT'S. The goose-quill I have been using was the Laureate PYE'S."

"Let me repeat you something," he said; and so saying, the poet, lifting his hand to enforce a silence that I should never have thought of breaking, delivered with admirable emphasis his charming poem beginning "The lark went up"—a little masterpiece fraught with open-air gladness and redolent of the dewy Spring.

"Now," he said, "let me show you the grounds," and he led the way to the chicken run. "I give them all names," he said; "that is MUDFORD, that is CURTIS; over there you see GORDON SPRIGG; in the corner is LIONEL PHILLIPS, and so on. Sometimes I address them in impromptu verse. I am often very happy in impromptu verse in the chicken run."

"And now," said Mr. AUSTIN, as we returned to the house, "if you must go" (although I had still plenty of time before me and had made no movement), "allow me to offer you a stirrup-cup of Malmsey."

He produced a beaker and filled it to the brim.

"Notice," he said, in that incorrigibly poetic way of his, "how the beaded bubbles wink."

Thus fortified, I tore myself away, feeling that I, too, had dwelt in Arcadia.

THE MEET. OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.—Mr. Punch could not attend the meet of the Coaching Club, the weather not warranting his bringing out his four strawberry creams. Mr. Punch takes this opportunity of declining with thanks the chestnuts so kindly placed at his disposal by the Joseph Miller Co. Unlimited.



"ENGLAND'S DARLING WAS
WRITTEN IN THAT ARM CHAIR."



"BY THE WAY WHEN I WROTE
ENGLAND'S DARLING I WORE
WOAD."

"THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET
CAME FROM FARINGFORD,
TENNYSON'S PLACE."



"NOW, HE SAID, LET ME
SHOW YOU THE POULTRY."



"SOMETIMES I JOIN THEM IN
THEIR GAMBOLES, ON A BANTAM."



"ALLOW ME TO OFFER YOU
A STIRRUP CUP OF MALMSEY."

OUR "SKETCHY" INTERVIEWS.—I. THE POET LAUREATE (see p. 438).

FAIRIES ON THE LAWN.

(A Child's Recollection.)

ONE night I peeped through the window just after I went to bed;
I ought to have been in my cot, I know, my pillow beneath my head;
But somebody seemed to whisper "Come!" and so I made up my mind,
Climbed out and tiptoed across the floor, and lifted the old red blind.

It wasn't as dark as some nights are, for up in the purple sky

The round moon showed me her battered face: it didn't seem very high.

And all the trees that I know so well looked funny and far and white;

And all of them murmured, "Hush! hush! hush! we can't make a noise to-night."

I wasn't afraid, not quite afraid, but I wasn't as bold as brass,

When I looked and I saw a shining sight out there on the silver grass.

And oh, I think I shall never see such a beautiful sight again,

As the wonderful shining sight I saw when I looked through the window pane.

In the place of the garden arbour with its walls and its seats of wood,

And its thatched roof covered with creepers a marvellous palace stood:

I seemed to have known it always (though it couldn't be ages old),

With its pillars of rainbow crystal and its towers of polished gold.

Then a voice said, "Look at the Fairies!" and out in a troop they came;

I had seen them by dozens in picture-books, and these were the very same.

The same, only much, much better, for these were alive, alive;

And the sound of their little voices was the buzz of a big bee-hive.

For oh, they shouted and tumbled and frisked and fluttered and played:

A jolly delightful romp they had, and nobody seemed afraid;

And I, who had held my breath so, just didn't I want to go And join in the games they played at out there on the lawn below!

I have seen my Mamma wear jewels, and these were like jewels bright,

Like opals alive and leaping all over the grass at night—

When clear from the golden palace came sounding a trumpet's call,

And they fell into lines like a regiment and stood at attention all.

And wasn't there lovely music, the music that makes you cry,
The music Mamma sings softly—she calls it a lullaby.

And riding a mouse-sized charger, the tiniest ever seen,
Out pranced to her faithful Fairies the beautiful Fairy Queen.

To think I should see her really—to think I should see her there,

As I peeped through the bedroom window, perched up on a bedroom chair!

I was only a little girl, you know, and I think it was very kind
To let me look at the Fairy Queen when I lifted the old red blind.

But just as I said, "I'll ask her up to come to my room and play;

And won't we have romps at night-time, and won't we have fun by day!"

A black cloud covered the moon's face, and I—I was back in bed

(But I never knew how I got there) with my pillow beneath my head.

R. C. L.

A WAY WE HAVE.

DURING the last week *Mr. Punch's* office has been besieged by a small army of indignant versifiers, all up in arms because of the recent revelations of the ways we have in the army. Most of them run to parodies of writers rather better known than themselves, as will be seen from a few specimens hastily selected from the least depressing of these sorry productions.

Here is a verse, with chorus attached, taken from a song which bewails the young soldier's inattention to the study of foreign languages:

"JULIUS CÆSAR the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Said, 'I'll teach him the Latin for *My* land':
And the French *parlez-vous'd* and the Germans *Ach, Du'd*,
But we stuck to the tongue of our island.

Chorus.

Oh, what a dense little island,
A wrong little, loose little island:
All the globe round there's none to be found
So English as our little island."

The next is similar in effect, though more general in its application. The young soldier is here represented as JOHN BULL:

"JOHN BULL's colleges are nothing but a sham:
JOHN BULL's knowledge is a silly sort of cram:
JOHN BULL knows it, but he doesn't care a hang,
And he still goes marching along."

With the exception of the faulty rhyme in the third line, which we have not ventured to correct, this quatrain may be said to hit off the situation not unhappily.

Several of our poetasters treat with some severity of the delinquencies of one particular institution. The following, supposed to be spoken by a Sandhurst cadet, is typical of the rest:

"We don't want to work, for although we've not much sense,

At least we have enough to know it makes no difference.

We don't want to shoot, but, by Jingo, if we did,
We could learn it (as an extra) by the payment of a quid."

Then we have a long effusion signed "Infantry," doubtless intended for a masterpiece of satire. We can only quote one verse:

"When I walk down Piccadilly, though I may look rather silli-

-er than SMITH or BROWN or JONES,

I am very good at polo, and can vamp you out a solo
On the banjo or the bones;

Can indulge in *far niente*, for I've sovereigns in plenty,
And relations by the score,

And mere learning doesn't matter, for I know the social patter
Which the Cavalry adore:

And the Infantry will say, as I swagger on my way,

'If this young MIDAS messes each night at a mess too dear for me,

Why what a very singularly rich old man his rich old Pa must be!'"

The last effusion which we shall place before our readers is dated R. M. C., Sandhurst, and signed "Ingenuus puer." It differs from the rest in being a mere bald statement of fact, couched in simple prose, and without any attempt at satire. "Dear Mr. Punch," he begins. "I see there is a lot of jaw going on in the papers about our not doing any work here. Of course I need not tell you that that's all rot. We do a jolly sight too much. But what I want to know is why the Dickens should we if we didn't. Look at the instructors. I'm sure they never did any, and they get on all right, and they can't drill us themselves. So why should we, I'd like to know, when you know jolly well that when you are in the army sapping doesn't do you any good, not for promotion. But what I say is, you don't come here to be a book-worm and learn a beastly lot of tactics, and I won't either. It isn't the thing. What's the good of tactics and history when you're fighting a chap like DE WET, or a lot of French and German either? All a chap wants is to be able to write a decent letter in his own language, which I flatter myself I can do. But isn't it sickening rot?" Well, yes, it is.

"WHAT'S THE ODDS AS LONG AS YOU'RE ABBEY?"

Most appropriately the Coronation scene in the Abbey is to be painted by the ABBEY (R.A.). Let us sing to the tune of "Sally in our Alley"—

"Of all the painters we like best,
There's none like EDWIN ABBEY;
To Co-ro-nation he, full dressed,
Will go, and nothing shabby.
He'll look so neat, and smile so sweet,
As guileless as a baby.
Oh, won't the picture be a treat
When painted by our ABBEY!"

Probably some French correspondents, who are always "in the know," will record the fact that the task of representing the ceremony on canvas was entrusted to one of the *clergé du Cathédral, M. l'Abbé de Westminster*.

A COMPLAINT.

(To Mr. Punch.)

SIR,—As soon as the war broke out I was fired by patriotic enthusiasm, and bought three hundred shares in the Bunkum Mine, at 2½. During those weary years I received no interest whatever on the money thus invested, through confidence in the ability of the present Government to end the war speedily.

Last Christmas the shares were quoted at 4½. I resolved to sell them when they reached 5, but they never did so



Q. L. STAMPA. ———

Son of the House. "AREN'T YOU DANCING THIS? MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE? I'M TRYING TO DO MY DUTY ALL ROUND TO-NIGHT!"

Finally, the present incapable Government prevented the Peace boom by announcing the end of the war on a Sunday. I should have thought that even ARTHUR BALFOUR, in spite of his childlike ignorance of all business matters, would have known that the Stock Exchange is closed on that day. But, not content with this mean deceit, the present contemptible Government has imposed an outrageous tax on the humble profits of the South African mines.

My shares have now sunk to 4½. Crushed in this manner by unjust and repressive legislation, they are never likely to rise to 5. I need not say for

which party I shall vote at the next General Election. In fact, I am so disgusted and annoyed that I feel no interest whatever in the Coronation festivities, or anything with which the present Government is even remotely connected. I am going abroad for a month to try and diminish my losses by staying at some place like Paris, or Monte Carlo, or Aix-les-Bains, where one can live economically for about three pounds a day.

Yours obediently,
A POOR SPECULATOR.

THE TEST MATCHES.—Q. What did Mr. C. B. FRY? A. Two duck's eggs.



Rustic. "COME NOW, JACK, TELL US 'OW YOU DID FEEL AT THAT THER' PLACE WHERE YOU WAS ALL SO BADLY CUT UP!"
Tommy. "WELL, I'D A GIVEN SUMMAT TO A-KNOWN THE SHORTEST CUT TO WOODBOROUGH!"

ARCADY, LIMITED.

["After seeing the Coronation and London life, some of our American guests intend to explore our villages. Our towns must seem to them but poor affairs. . . . The old-world simplicity of rural life is unique, and has an unfailing charm for our trans-Atlantic cousins."—*A Weekly Review.*]

THE Arcady Syndicate, Limited, beg to announce that their arrangements are now complete for supplying American visitors with rural bliss of the very highest quality. For this purpose they have secured exclusive control over a remote village, fifteen miles from a railway station, in the most picturesque part of England. A genuine stage-coach will bring their clients to their destination.

They will be lodged in charming old farm-houses, some of which have been brought from distant parts and re-erected at great cost in the Syndicate's village. Each will be supplied with latticed windows, honeysuckle over the porch, and bees in the garden. A slight extra charge will be made for the rooms which are redolent of lavender. Four-poster feather-beds, specially supplied by Messrs. FAKER & Co., of Birmingham, will be found in each sleeping-apartment. The dear old chimes of the ancient Norman church will be distinctly audible every hour.

A complete round of amusements has been arranged; the following will be some items of the daily "program":—

4.30 A.M. Chanticleer will awake the smiling morn, and also the visitors. (N.B.—All Chanticleers shot by visitors will have to be replaced at their expense.)

5 A.M. MARY, the sweet English dairy-maid, will take her stool, trip across the dewy grass, and milk the cows.

6 A.M. Breakfast. (Home-made bread, eggs, and bacon.) During this meal, visitors will have an opportunity of watching the early bird giving his well-known performance on the lawn.

7 A.M. The pigs will be fed. Visitors will be allowed to assist, provided that they bring their own pig-buckets with them.

8—12. Harvesting. At 8 o'clock the band of rustic labourers will appear, and will sing a hearty chorus, led by Messrs. GILES and HODGE. After this a procession will be formed to the fields, where the remainder of the morning will be spent. Reaping-hooks and smock-frocks can be hired by our clients.

12 noon. Dinner. (Eggs, bacon, home-made bread.)

12.30—1 P.M. Humorous recitation by the Oldest Inhabitant. (Copyright reserved.)

2—5 P.M. A rustic cricket-match will take place. The traditional comic umpires will be in attendance, and coveys of partridges will be flushed between the wickets.

5.30. MARY will call the cattle home. (N.B.—Autographed photos of MARY on sale, price 10s.)

6 P.M. Supper. (Bacon, home-made bread, eggs.) Afterwards guests will be permitted to wander in the gloaming for versifying purposes (Poetic licences, 5s. per week) until 9 P.M. (Curfew Bell), when they must retire to bed.

9 P.M. till 4.30 A.M. Grand concert by the Syndicate's nightingales, which have been specially trained to sing throughout the summer.

As our farms are sure to be crowded, intending visitors should apply for rooms at once.

THE UNKNOWN TONGS!—A lady who, after a brief stay in Boulogne, is very fond of airing her French—entirely hers—in Bloomsbury, was describing the appearance of a certain composer. "*Il avait*," she said, "*l'air très distingué, avec la pincette au nez.*" She wasn't very far off "pince-nez."



“HARD LINES.”

PATIENT BRITISH ASS (to himself). “BLEST IF I CAN FEEL A PENN’ORTH O’ DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN THIS OLD GAL AND THE ONE THAT’S JUST GOT OFF!”

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 9.

—The blameless DON JOSÉ plays towards His Majesty's Opposition the part filled

hints, or is understood to hint, at the proceeds of the Corn Tax being used to further a scheme of Colonial Zollverein. That sufficient to change the situation. Opposition see it all in a glance. ST. MICHAEL a mere puppet in hands of

WILFRED LAURIER's knuckles, told him to mind his own business, which he probably understood better than other people's.

JOHN O'GORST, looking on from favourite retirement on Cross Bench, came to conclusion that he did not enjoy monopoly of privileges of the whipping-boy. Here was the Canadian Minister publicly sharing them. Crowded House greatly relished incident. Meanwhile, as at the foot of the guillotine MADAME DEFARGE went on knitting, so DON JOSÉ, in the solitude of his room, went on reading the Blue Book that on its paper cover bore the name of that eminent publicist, FLAUBERT.

Business done.—Budget in Committee.

Tuesday night.—Next to seeing BOBBY SPENCER personally conduct the head of his noble house to the Peers' Gallery, point out to him the celebrities and explain points of procedure, there is nothing so delightful as to hear AUSTIN CHAMBERLAIN allude in debate to his father as "my right hon. friend." Had occasion to use the phrase several times to-day. Explained that when at Birmingham his "right hon. friend" made the reference to fiscal relations with the Colonies that has proved fruitful text for debate on the Budget, he did not mean what the words seemed to imply.



"LOOK HERE, WHAT THE DEVIL DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MY FINANCE?!"
(Sir M-ch-l H-cks B-ch and Sir W-lfr-d L-r-r.)

by the head of CHARLES I. in Mr. DICK'S memorial. He is always popping in, under circumstances howsoever diverse. To-night Budget in Committee. This exclusively business of CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Situation indicated by fact that of Cabinet Ministers he sits alone on Treasury Bench; others having withdrawn to attend to business of their several Departments. But behind ST. MICHAEL, filling the Treasury Bench, nay peopling the Chamber, is DON JOSÉ—at the moment actually in his room smoking a big cigar and reading a volume that may be a Blue Book, but looks like a French novel.

ST. MICHAEL, in the latest edition of his versatile Budget, has decided to retain not only the new tax on corn but the penny added to the burden of that Issachar among taxpayers, the income-taxed. It is true these were proposed in time of actual war with the avowed prospect of its continuance for another year. Peace having suddenly dawned, it seemed logical conclusion that war-taxes should be abandoned. But, as SARK says, you may by rare chance get a bone out of a dog's mouth; re-capture money voted to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, never.

"Leave it to me," says ST. MICHAEL blandly, "I'll see it spent. Don't you worry on that account."

This would have been all very well only for DON JOSÉ. He goes down to Birmingham, and in family confidence

the Bold, Bad Man of Birmingham. Beneath his muffler SQUIRE OF MALWOOD spies the beard of Protection. HENRY FOWLER moves to postpone first clause of Budget Bill. C-B. looking through a hole in the ladder discovers DON JOSÉ plotting wicked ends. Even CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES smells a rat, and EDGAR VINCENT sees it moving in the air.

"This money," said the CAP'EN, making a movement of his mailed fist as if raking the coin in, "is not needed for the war. It must be designed for some ulterior purpose."

If ST. MICHAEL has a human weakness, it lies in the direction of supposing himself an implacable person. The idea that DON JOSÉ or anyone else leads him by the nose peculiarly unpalatable. It is true that, occasionally, having sworn he would ne'er consent to certain financial heresies, he has consented. But the change was entirely due to personal conviction; had no connection with strings pulled by other hands in the Cabinet. Got up now and warmly, indignantly, deprecated intention of tampering with principles of free trade. Studiously refrained from allusion, direct or indirect, to an esteemed colleague. But got in a kick at Sir WILFRED LAURIER that greatly delighted Opposition. In the Dominion House of Commons Canadian Premier been saying things that formed logical conclusion of DON JOSÉ'S remarks at Birmingham. ST. MICHAEL rapped Sir



"All fads and crotchets would have to take a very prominent back-seat."
(Mr. J-mmy L-wth-r.)

AUSTEN put up to reply to SQUIRE OF MALWOOD; marked distinction for a young Minister Justified it by able speech delivered amid difficulty of constant interruption. Like his right hon. friend, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury is rather encouraged than embarrassed by interpolated remarks.

On the whole a young Members' day. Two other speeches—one a maiden effort—commanded attention of full House. TOULMIN, the elect of Bury, spoke with a clearness, felicity, and modesty that instantly obtained a footing for him in the critical Assembly. CROMBIE by no means a new Member; but so rarely interposes in debate that, as Mr. FLAVIN says, his face is caviare to the general. His speech this afternoon proved to be one of the best in the debate. Full of matter and of point, admirably expressed in a pleasant voice, it was delivered with action suited to word and word to action in fashion that would have pleased *Hamlet* in his critical mood.

This coming to the front of young men, noted in debate on the second reading of the Education Bill and on the earlier stages of the Budget, is one of the workings of the new Rules. Formerly young Members, elbowed aside by right hon. gentlemen on two front benches, were shoved into the dinner hour, left to speak to empty benches. Now in the long uninterrupted sitting



A (TOO) RARE DEBATER.
(Mr. J. W. Crombie.)

between half-past two and half-past seven, when practically all the work is done and benches are kept full, the young Member gets his chance, and shows that there is still excellent material in the most modern House of Commons.

Business done.—Corn Tax carried through Committee by 279 votes against 193.

Thursday night.—The House of Commons does not know a milder mannered man than JAMES FRANCIS XAVIER O'BRIEN. An honoured Member these seventeen years. Kind of heart, gentle of speech, modest in demeanour, "formerly tea and wine merchant in Dublin," angry passion is foreign to his breast. Yet there are some things the gentlest among us cannot stand. For many initialed O'BRIEN such an one befell this afternoon when he heard SWIFT McNEILL babbling o' high treason, and with erudition conveyed from ERSKINE MAY's portly volume instructing the SPEAKER on points of procedure following upon arrest of a Member of the House.

Why, JAMES FRANCIS, not to mention XAVIER, was actually tried for high-treason: was, moreover, sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and his four quarters impartially dispersed!

As we are happy to see, the sentence was not carried into effect, though when J. F. X. cranes forward his neck to catch the pearls of wisdom dropped from JEMMY LOWTHER's lips, SARK, noticing its curious length, fancies the process of being "drawn" must have actually commenced before royal clemency was extended.

That is a detail. The point is that on this threshold of the twentieth century we have among us a man who was actually sentenced to suffer a barbarous punishment, once common enough in Merrie England. The little incident befell Mr. O'BRIEN in 1867, at which time he was ostensibly engaged in the tea and wine trade, record of which is still preserved in the unimaginative pages of *Dod*. It was an awkward thing, even with the commutation thrown in. But it naturally led to his election at the first opening as Member for South Mayo, and to the privilege of to-day listening to the SPEAKER lucidly and learnedly differing from ERSKINE MAY on a nice point of procedure.

For *nous autres* the incident has an academic, historical, interest. For J. F. X. what tender memories crowd his mind—the rope, the gallows, the cart, the butcher's knife, and the tardy messenger with the respite.

Through rest of sitting the House prosaic enough; pottering round pence in Civil Service Estimates. This torch-light glare suddenly flashed back on the



A CANADIAN EXPORT.
A Pencil-Kodak from the Press Gallery of
Mr. Bl-ke.

life of one seated among us revealed the boundless possibilities of the Assembly.

Business done.—In Committee on Civil Service Estimates.

SUB ROSA.

["Majuba" and "Boer Courage" are the names given to new roses recently exhibited in Paris.]

A ROSE by any other name
Will doubtless smell as sweet;
Call hash "ragoût," but all the same
Its essence is of meat.

So, with whatever titles decked
French roses may be born,
We shall not in their sound detect
The presence of a thorn.

But steadfastly refuse to find
'Neath the "Majuba" bud
The canker of an envious mind,
Or malady of blood.

"Boer Courage" need be never loth
To blossom and to shoot
When grafted on the sturdy growth
Of a good English root.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

FAIREST CHIEF, though I fain
All the day on you would gaze,
Seeking ever, not in vain,
Some fresh charm in you to praise;

Yet, while loving you no less,
Now my truant glance would stray
For a moment, I confess,
To the KING and QUEEN to-day.

So I candidly admit
Some slight disappointment, that
Just behind you I must sit,
With no view—beyond your hat.



Mother. "OH, MILDRED! YOU NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL! YOU KNOW YOU OUGHTN'T TO SLAP ELSIE'S FACE!"
Mildred. "WHERE OUGHT I TO SLAP HER THEN, MUMMY?"

ENCORE L'AFFAIRE PAOLO-FRANCESCA.

HAVING before my eyes the fear of the Quarterly-Athenæum-Saturday-One-Man-Combine, I naturally hesitate to make a comparison, in favour of Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, between his *Paolo and Francesca*, and the *Francesca da Rimini* of Mr. MARION CRAWFORD, as played, in M. MARCEL SCHWOB's version, by Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT's Company at the Garrick. Yet, whatever Mr. PHILLIPS may or may not have achieved, there can be no manner of doubt that the design of his play is greatly superior to that of Mr. CRAWFORD's. Mr. CRAWFORD has chosen to found his drama on history. He has not only observed times and seasons, but he claims to have discovered (in the castle, not of Rimini, but of Verruchio) the room that was the scene of the tragedy; likewise the veritable trap-door in which PAOLO was slain pendent; though he has failed to retrieve any actual fragments of the fatal *justaucorps*. As, however, he has not elected to reproduce the most salient of these details, and indeed makes no pretence to an accurate historical study, it seems a pity that he should have modified a great dramatic theme for the sake of a few incomplete facts. The result is neither good drama nor good history.

But the real distinction between the two plays lies in the difference between the use and the abuse of the element of Fate. In Mr. PHILLIPS' play we are allowed to watch the gradual working-out of Destiny, ultimately victorious over sincere human opposition. In Mr. CRAWFORD's, from that moment of the Prologue when *Francesca*, outside her *chambre de nocces*, catches first sight of her grotesque husband, mistaking him for something between a black-beetle and a bogey, Fate's work is already accomplished, and the rest is superfluity. Mr. CRAWFORD's *Paolo* has no need to be "Il Bello," any more than he actually is on the stage; "*der erste beste Mann*" (not, of course, in the accepted hymeneal sense) would have served just as well for the purposes of a tragedy that is grossly inevitable from the outset.

And, to do the author justice, he seems to recognise that resistance would have been merely farcical; and so adopts the device of omitting altogether the period during which it might, under less tyrannous circumstances, have been expected to occur. But, to make safety seven times more sure, he places between his Prologue and his First Act an interval of no fewer than fifteen years. *Paolo*, a stoutish married man with a growing family of his own (ignored, save allusively, by the author) has by now accomplished some fourteen years of steady intrigue with *Francesca*; that being also the age of her own daughter, who enjoys the singularly infelicitous name of *Concordia*. It will be seen that here there is no promise of any further struggle between honour and passion, of any fresh war between human effort and the progress of Destiny.

Whether there ever has been a contest at all, we cannot definitely say. *Francesca's* reminiscences leave us in doubt. In one passage she says, "Je ne me souviens pas d'avoir jamais hésité ou lutté, ou de t'avoir résisté"; in another, "Mon intention était innocente," whatever that should mean. In any case the relations of these lovers are by now established almost to the point of respectability. Interest, therefore, is limited to a mere vulgar curiosity as to just when and where and how flagrantly they will be caught; though to this may perhaps be added a kind of dull wonder that they have not been caught before. The author is by consequence compelled to introduce extraneous issues, such as the intervention of another woman, suspected by *Francesca* of being a *femme du peuple* who has supplanted her in *Paolo's* affections, but turning out to be nothing worse than his poor old demented wife, for whose "removal" he is prompt to make the necessary arrangements. It is a curious

comment on the main construction of Mr. CRAWFORD's drama that the incidental *divertissement* arising out of this highly Parisian conceit of an imaginary rival ("*Paolo me tromper au bout de quatorze ans!*") makes the Second Act the most notable of the play.

Another novelty is seen in the part played by the child *Concordia*. The dramatic purpose which she is made to serve is obvious and disagreeable. But while it is bad enough that she should be constantly dragged in, by the charming head and hair of her, to be made the innocent medium for the conveyance and confirmation of suspicion among this elderly *ménage à trois*, it is still more scandalous that she should be required, at the immature age of fourteen, to take part in this portentous kind of dialogue:—

Giovanni. Il y a une autre mort que celle du corps, une mort pire, une mort vive qui tue en l'homme l'espérance, et qui peint le mond entier d'une noirceur pestilentielle . . .

Concordia. Oh! père, comme tu parles avec amertume!

Then there is the book of *Lancelot*. To compensate for the fact that its tragic service was finished some fourteen years before the opening of Act I, it is mercilessly exploited at every spare moment in the play. One comes to regard it as a permanent property of the stage, unmoved amid the revolution of scenery. Finally, in the last Act, *Paolo* reads aloud this thrilling passage: "Advint que LANCELOT trouva la Reine, dans l'instant qu'elle était seule. Car c'était l'après-dinée, et la journée était moult chaude, et toutes gens dormaient." I find that this expression, *l'après-dinée*—excellent French, no doubt, for the hour of siesta—does not err in excess of poetic suggestion. One conceives, on these lines, a rendering, say, of *Romeo's*—

"It was the lark, the herald of the morn,"

which should read as follows:—

"C'était l'alouette, qui annonce le premier déjeuner."

To speak briefly of the players, Madame BERNHARDT, as the innocent *Francesca* of the Prologue, had in her voice a touch of falsetto: but, for the rest, played with admirable sincerity and artistic restraint until the last Act, where she let herself go in a rather tawdry tirade (obviously written for her) in which the names of CAIN and JUDAS figured prominently. As *Giovanni* ("*Jan le Stropiat*") M. DE MAX, who gave a needlessly painful display of physical contortion, showed at times a certain reserve of strength, but was generally quite arbitrary in his methods. Mlle. DUC was a delightful *Concordia*; but M. MAGUIRE, in the rôle of *Paolo*, never from the first a sympathetic lover, went through his part with the air of an operatic heavy-weight.

I may add that the intervals were a marked feature of the first-night performance, and helped greatly to emphasise the danger of tampering with the Unities. For, while a paltry quarter-of-an-hour may suffice to symbolise the lapse of fifteen years, it was too long to give *Giovanni* for his passage from the lower portion of the ladder (negotiated as the curtain fell on Act III.) to the topmost rung achieved slightly after the commencement of Act IV. O. S.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

Wife. Why, dear, do you object to having our baby christened ADELAIDE?

Husband. Simply, dear, because I am sure neither of us would like to spoil her chances in life with a name suggestive of her being "a bad egg."

Wife (expostulating). A bad egg! My dear!!

Husband. Well, what else can be suggested by "addle-laid?"

A CASE OF SIMONY?

BEST Pannelled Curate, fully silver mounted, rubber tyres, best make, for Sale.—*Newcastle Evening Chronicle*.

WANTED!

(On or before the Twenty-sixth.)

A POPULAR Song with more rational and appropriate Words than those at present in vogue.—By the Man in the Street.

A Fresh Coat of Paint of a less Bilious Colour than now worn.—By the Piccadilly Lamp-posts.

A sense of the Ridiculous, and a Proper Estimate of their own Insignificance.—By the Battersea Borough Council.

The Cat.—By the Somers Town Hooligans.

An Invitation to the Queen's Tea for General Servants.—By Twenty Times the Lucky Ten Thousand.

An Overflow Meal without the Trouble of Ordering.—By their Respective Mistresses.

A Consolation Feed of Some Kind or Other.—By All the Nurses and their Babies.

Some Hints on Manners and Deportment.—By the Irish Nationalists and the Dublin Corporation.

A Leg to Stand upon.—By Adventurers who claim to be Boer Burghers and M.P.'s simultaneously.

A Union Jack full-sized, for the front Gate at Oranjestad.—By ex-President KRUGER.

The Sack.—By Dr. LEYDS.

Ditto.—By the Clerk of the Weather.

A Glass Roof over the whole Procession Route.—By Half a Million Spectators.

Swimming Belts.—By the few Cricketers Undrowned.

A Naval Review, Regatta or Boat-race off the Terrace, Westminster, or at any rate some Indication of Life.—By Father Thames.

A Fine Night.—By the Illuminations.

And Suppression with a firm hand.—By the Patrons of "Ticklers," Squirts, and Card-board Trumpets.

PEACE MEAL.

MR. KRUGER has now imparted to a representative of the *Petty Journal* that he thinks Peace is not altogether improbable.

Dr. LEYDS is said to be bringing an action against the British Government for loss of employment owing to the stoppage of the war.

There was a huge demand on the auspicious Sunday evening for artists who could draw Angels of Peace. Many newspapers had to employ those who couldn't.

Lord SALISBURY, according to a Liberal paper, on being told that the



ANOTHER "COMBINE." (?)

London (among the debris after a great fire). "OH, DEAR! WHAT AM I TO DO? IF I COULD ONLY GET MY COUNTY COUNCIL—"

Uncle Sam. "DARN YOUR COUNTY COUNCIL, MA'AM! SAY—SHALL I AND MY LADS TAKE OVER YOUR OLD FIRE-BRIGADE BUSINESS? WE 'LL SHOW YOU!"

"It is, we believe, the general opinion of experts that London is worse protected against fire than any great city either in Europe or in America The responsibility for such a state of things clearly rests with the controlling authority, in this case the County Council."—*Times*, June 12.]

War was at an end, asked, "What war?" and, on being reminded, said, "Oh, yes."

Mrs. R. SMITH, of Balham, wishes us to state that the reason why she did not hang out her flag was that it was away at the wash.

Mrs. JONES, of Tooting, did not light up her fairy lamp, as she wishes to keep it as a surprise for Coronation Day.

A provincial Mayor, on being asked how he considered the memorable event should be celebrated, said he

thought something extraordinary ought to be done. He hoped everyone would keep sober.

A usually well-informed French newspaper prognosticates that Lord KITCHENER will be knighted.

Lord KITCHENER's success is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that Lord ROBERTS, throughout his command, had the benefit of the advice given by our Military Experts in the daily papers, while this ceased as soon as Lord ROBERTS returned. This fact is usually lost sight of.

AFTER THE RACES.



DELAY OF DE LAST MINSTREL.

(Study in Black and White.)

OPERATIC NOTES.

THE attention of Mr. Punch's Own Operatic Observer ("O. O. O.") has been drawn to an error in spelling the name of Miss (Mlle. or Signora) REGINA PACINI, in which "O. O. O." inserted another "c." As a matter of fact it was not his fault nor even his mistake, and, even if it had been, might it not have been clear to any thoughtful individual that the introduction of the second "c" was only, as it were a letter of credit, figuratively indicating the boundless sea, or immense capacity of a register which could reach from the first C up to the last, diving as a *diva* into the depths, or rising like Venus "*orta mari?*" *Si si Signora! et vivat Regina PACINI!*

Tuesday.—*Die Meistersinger*. Fair house, specially on "the spindle side." Orchestra under LOHSE or rather a little above LOHSE, and more than "all there." The KING present, after a pretty tiring day at Ranelagh. *Die Meistersinger* not perhaps the lightest and most refreshing opera to hear when tired, though VAN ROOY very fine as *Sachs*,—as a North Briton might say, "Quite equal to any sax of 'em"—BISPHAM as *Beckmesser* distinctly good, and the rest anywhere. *Tenor* PENNARINI—a combination that sounds uncommonly like "*Ten-a-penny-rini*"—as *Walther von Stolzing* not by any means all our fancy could paint him, and Frau LOHSE's *Eva* decidedly weak; hope she'll be going stronger another night. Calls mainly for VAN ROOY, an easy first, with DAVID BISPHAM a good second. Personally, wish *Die Meistersinger* could be judiciously lightened of some few hundred bars, and then the bearers of the burdens, and the

hearers of the same, would both be happier. But to meddle with WAGNER is, as it were, to make a radical attack on a time-honoured constitution. Thank goodness there is another and a better opera, and lots of 'em.

Thursday.—*Tannhäuser*. On dit in some quarters that WAGNER isn't quite so popular as he was once upon a time with our opera goers. But teste *Tannhäuser* to-night. A brimming house. Boxes a bit shy, but every other part pretty well crammed. Nothing particular to be recorded except that as *La belle Venus* ("*O belle Venus, quel plaisir trouves tu!*" *comme chantait autrefois SCHNEIDER*, and pity it cannot be introduced, transposed, for the amorous Knight), SUSAN is going fairly strong, that Frau LOHSE does not gain upon us as *Elisabeth*, that as *Tannhäuser* our Penny-rini-in-the-slot does not come up to even a Penny-ha'p'ny-rini standard of excellence; that Herr MUELMANN is good as *Biterolf*, that Madame SOBRINO in shepherd's dress makes her "piping" quite ornamental, while her singing of that refreshing *morceau* of melody is delightful, and to keep the best to the last, as *Wolfram*, Herr VAN ROOY is superb.

Friday.—*SALEZA, Monsieur Faust* (in French), with MELBA as "*his Daisy*," *c'est à dire sa Marguerite*, more sweet-voiced than ever, and *Monsieur Mefisto Plançon*, deep-toned and diabolically humorous, with Madame *Marthe Bauermeister encore dans sa première jeunesse*.

Saturday.—To-night *Love's Elixir!* Hope to enjoy the potion. Report to be drafted in our next. *L'Elisir d'Amore*, old delightful story, *Signorina Adina cara, e Dottore Dulcamara! noi saremo là, la la, la!*

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

(Modern Version.)

Southampton Dockyard. Return of a popular General from the Front.

Inquisitive Stranger (to Dock Official). Who is that little man that the reporters are flocking round?

Dock Official. That is the War Correspondent of the *Bomb-bomb*. He's the man who will publish a book denouncing the General.

I.S. Dear me! Then who is that literary-looking gentleman walking with the General?

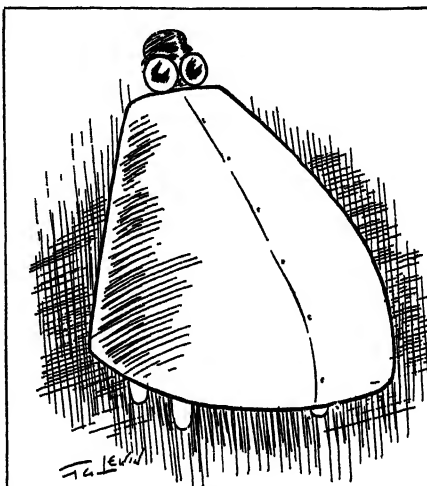
D.O. Oh that is the man who will write the General's defence; he has been out with him to gather material.

I.S. Who is that reporter standing apart from the others?

D.O. He is attached to the *Daily Manager*, which will call for the official despatches, and then equally condemn all parties, and incidentally congratulate the country on possessing a paper that makes all things clear.

I.S. Ah, I see, but who is that loutish-looking fellow, with a copy of *Tippy Snips* sticking out of his pocket?

D.O. Why, my dear Sir, he is the "Man in the Street" for whose edification the whole thing is got up.



GOLLY WOG?

NOT A BIT OF IT. WHY, IT'S BROWN'S NEW MOTOR, WITH ITS SPEED SHIELD ON AND HIMSELF BEHIND IT.

Mr. Punch's Coronation Number.



Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd.
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LONG LIVE THE KING !



An Overflow Fête

(Designed by His Majesty's most Loyal Servant
Mr. PUNCH.)



*Extract of June 1st, 1902.**



WE have it on the highest authority, nothing lower in fact than that of Our Own Special Court Eavesdropper and Keyhole Correspondent, that the KING has found himself unable to cope single-handed with the heavy duties involved in the entertainment of His MAJESTY'S Coronation Guests. Accordingly, it became necessary for him to call in the services of a deputy. It was obvious that the choice of such a representative would have to fall upon one who not only possessed an untarnished reputation for the highest loyalty, but already enjoyed a position so far removed by its inherent dignity above the dreams or avarice, that he would have no difficulty in executing the duties of his high office without fear or favour. Nobody, therefore, who had ever been permitted to share the KING's confidence, or was at all familiar with His MAJESTY'S tastes and predilections, expressed either surprise or envy when the choice fell upon *Mr. Punch*.

On receipt of the Royal Command our esteemed contemporary presented himself at Buckingham Palace, where he was invited to a private audience. We understand, from the authority above mentioned, that His Majesty KING EDWARD, who was alone and unarmed, informed *Mr. Punch*, confidentially, of the enormous access of guests which His MAJESTY anticipated in view of the forthcoming Coronation. The KING further expressed a desire (tantamount to a command) that *Mr. Punch* would take upon his own loyal hump some of the burden which might otherwise prove an inconvenience to His MAJESTY'S shoulders. It was the KING's idea that *Mr. Punch* should institute proceedings of the nature of an Overflow Ceremony for the more complete entertainment of His MAJESTY'S visitors and loyal lieges. The KING's suggestion (which has the force of a Royal order) was that this orgie should contain features which it had been found impossible to embrace in the official programme; such as, for example, a River Pageant and a glorified Lord Mayor's Show, the latter to cover ground, if any, not



* For the extracts cited in the following pages, we are indebted in each case to the *Lion's Daily Meal*, to which we tender our best obligations.

Bouverie King of Arms.

Punch, or the London Charivari, June 25, 1902.

included in the Royal Progress by land or sea; the whole to conclude with a Gala Performance on the established lines of a Benefit at the National Opera House.

All details should be left to *Mr. Punch's* known discretion, the only limitation being that the various features of the entertainment should be in some way characteristic of British habits as well as of British taste in decorative Art. And lest the public should remain unaware of His MAJESTY's intentions, it was arranged that *Mr. Punch* should be allowed to issue, at convenient spots, a proclamation bearing the Royal Warrant, and explaining that it was the KING's pleasure to appoint *Mr. Punch* his deputy for the purposes therein set forth.

At the close of this unique audience *Mr. Punch*, tactfully restraining a tendency to swell with pride, executed a loyal genuflection, kissed the Royal hand, and gave expression to his obedient homage in the following simple phrases:—

"Sire, I am wholly at Your MAJESTY's service. It shall be my pride and joy to faithfully execute Your MAJESTY's behests." (The split infinitive must be ascribed to stress of emotion.) So saying, and preceded by his dorsal excrescence, he bowed himself out of the Audience Chamber.

Extract of June 8th.

To-morrow, by the KING's pleasure, the announcement to which on the strength of exclusive information we were enabled a week ago to refer, a proclamation will be heralded by *Mr. Punch*, Bouverie King of Arms, attended by TOBY, F.S.A., Chat Noir Poursuivant. The proclamation will be read consecutively from the summit of each of the Seven Hills on which the Metropolis is based; namely, Constitution Hill, Notting Hill, Primrose Hill, High Holborn, Ludgate Hill, Tulse Hill, and Brixton Rise.



Mr. Punch holding a Court of Overflow Claims.

We herewith give an outline of its purport, for which our authority is a menial whose incognito we rightly respect. On a day (not yet fixed) in the week following the Coronation an Overflow Fête will be organised under the direction of *Mr. Punch*, acting as His MAJESTY's deputy. This will assume the form of

(1) A Procession of Emblematic Motor Cars, which will traverse those portions of London that lie outside the route selected for the Official Progresses. The actual direction to be chosen will not be divulged till you see it. Much will depend not only on the weather and the state of the ground, but also on the arbitrary behaviour of the vehicles that take part in the spectacle. Some of these, it is anticipated, may break off at any time into subsidiary groups of one or more units.

(2) A River Pageant, starting from the Temple steps (in the vicinity of the *Punch* Office), and eventually proceeding to the Terrace of the House of Commons, where a pause will be made to admit of a Regatta, and then back again to the Temple steps. It is not contemplated that this Pageant should be historically allusive, apart from the presence of the Convict Ship, manned by spectators. The constituent vessels will simply serve to exhibit for the benefit of illustrious guests the everyday resources of our noble river and the justly celebrated fleet that helps to distinguish it from other rivers. Details of the Regatta, which is to include a race between submarine clinkers representing the Government and the Opposition, will be shortly forthcoming.

(3) A Gala Performance, embracing Burlesques, extracts from favourite Operas, original adaptations from the French and other languages, *A Masque of Poets in Hades*, Special Poems to be composed and recited by

well-known public men, and a Prologue and Epilogue by the Master of the Ceremonies, with encores as occasion may arise.

In view of the probability that many Persons of Merit will desire to fulfil some public function in these Celebrations, a Court of Overflow Claims will be held. Candidates, however, will be invited to apply by letter, and not in person. This decree, it is thought, will obviate any exhibition of false modesty, and will also serve to temper the chagrin of disappointed applicants. The decision of the Master of the Ceremonies will, in all cases, be final.



Extract of June 15th.

Court of Overflow Claims.

WE learn, on the authority of the official whose assistance we have previously acknowledged, that the following Overflow Claims have been considered and decided by *Mr. Punch*, President of the Round Table Council:—

MR. GIBSON BOWLES, Manager and General Liquidator of the Hotel Cecilia, claimed leave to supply and face the music. (Declined.)

SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN claimed the right to erect booths and tabernacles along the line of route. (Declined.)

LORD HALSBURY claimed, on behalf of his friends and relations, any salaried post that might be going. (Declined.)

SIR J. BLUNDELL MAPLE claimed, along with the multi-millionaire Mr. CROCKSELLER, to furnish the River Pageant with Marine remounts. (Declined.)

MR. SEDDON claimed to act as Regent in the event of the KING's absence from any part of the proceedings. (Declined.)

MR. BROCK, R.A., claimed the entire area of the Horse Guards Parade for a colossal effigy of RANJITSINGHI, the Black Prince. (Declined.)

SIR HOWARD VINCENT claimed leave to dance on a greasy Pole or any other Alien Immigrant who might be available. (Allowed.)



Mr. Gibson Bowles claimed leave to supply and face the Music.



Sir Howard Vincent negotiates the Greasy Pole.

Punch, or the London Charivari, June 25, 1902.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, tracing back his lineage to the *Sun* (which at one time never set on Irish grievances), and proving collateral relationship with WALTER M.A.P., humorous cleric of the Twelfth Century, claimed professional acquaintance with the households (above or below stairs) of everybody either on or off the line of route. (Admitted.)

Sir CHARLES WARREN claimed, as ex-Chief of Police, to keep the route with his Spion Coppers, but admitted that he could not supply them with guns, water, or instructions, and that his heart was not in the job. (Declined.)

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN (Poet Laureate) claimed to write a poem to Australia's Darling. (Referred for permission to Australian Team.)

BRER FUCHS, Stamper and Die-Sinker by Royal appointment, claimed leave to strike any Coronation medallions that came his way, and in the event of suffering any obverses to apply for indoor bas-relief. (Declined.)



Mr. Dillon as a good judge of taters.

Mr. DILLON, claiming to purvey hot spuds on the line of route, put in a testimonial in which the Colonial Secretary had pronounced him to be a good judge of taters. (Allowed.)

Sir HENRY IRVING, writing from The Cauldrons, Brockenhurst, and describing himself as an Anglo-American, through his connection with the Washington branch of the Irving family on the one hand and with Wellington Street on the other, claimed to play The Bells on the occasion of *Mr. Punch's* Ceremonies. (Declined on the grounds (1) that there were too many bells in London for a one-man performance, and (2) that a passion for this form of Church Music was inconsistent with the avowed tenets of Mephistopheles.)

Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW, representing the Society for the Reform of Printers' Customs (though he repudiated any desire to italicise the proofs of his authority), claimed permission to hang in Jaeger costume from Waterloo Bridge in a state of inverted coma, and address obsolete apostrophes to the Pageant as it passed beneath. (Declined.)

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE begged leave not to be asked to play the part of the GORST in *Hamlet*. (Allowed.)



His Grace prefers to be an understudy.

Mr. F. CARRUTHERS GOULD claimed to represent the Colonial Secretary any day of the week in black and white, black for choice. (Allowed.)

Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, who pleaded that he had suffered shipwreck with total loss of his wardrobe, claimed, for this occasion only, the loan of a complete suit of shining armour, suitable for wearing in the Underground. (Allowed, but with a warning that the limelight on the Metropolitan Railway was defective.)

The Editor of the *Lion's Daily Meal* claimed to play Napoleon in the *Corsican Brothers*. (Declined.)

Mr. WALTER LONG claimed, with the assistance of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE and Constables from the K 9 Division, to keep the course clear of dogs. (Allowed.)



Mr. Walter Long and Constables of the K 9 Division.

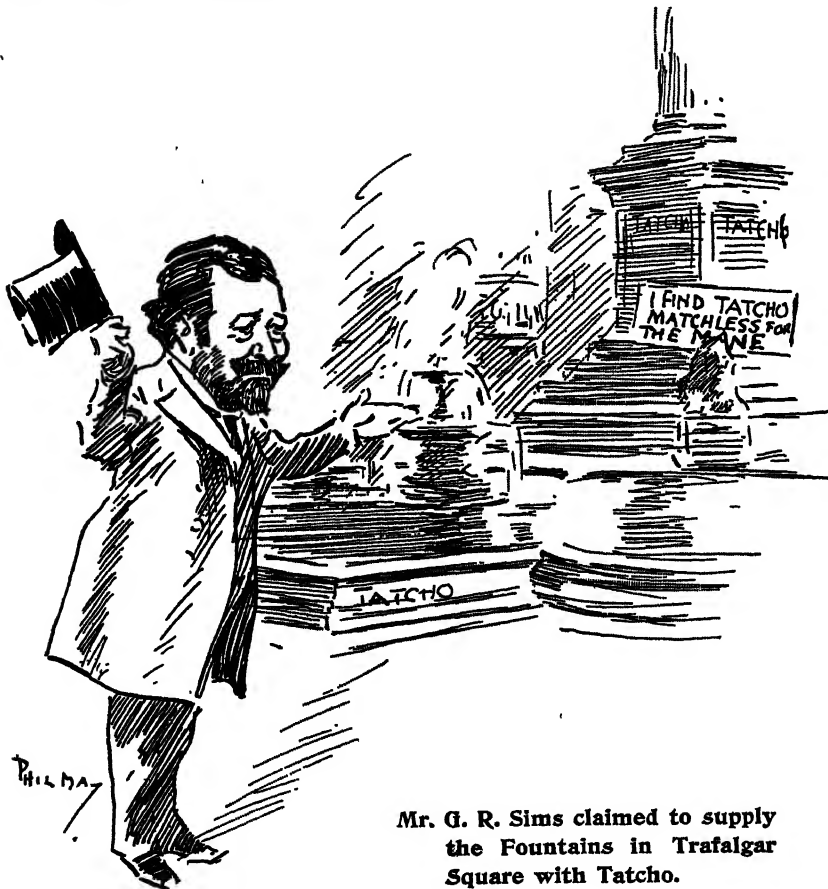
Sir THOMAS LIPTON claimed to enter Shamrock XV. for the Lambeth Cup in the Coronation Regatta. (Declined.)

Miss MARIE CORELLI, cygnet-writer to the Conservators of the River Avon, insisted on being allowed to shrink from self-advertisement, alleging that she did not care a Mighty Atom for publicity. She was prepared, however, to appear in Hades if any use could be found for her special and peculiar knowledge of the methods of Satan. (First claim allowed; second declined for reason given to Sir LEWIS MORRIS, *vide inf.*)

Mr. G. R. SIMS claimed to supply the fountains in Trafalgar Square with "Tatcho." (Allowed.) Also, in the event of the performance of the last Act of *Paolo and Francesca*, to play the rôle of the long-locked lover; but only on condition that a certain famous line of the original text, namely:—

"I did not know the dead could have such hair!"

should be embodied in the acting edition. (Declined.)



Mr. G. R. Sims claimed to supply the Fountains in Trafalgar Square with Tatcho.

Punch, or the London Charivari, June 25, 1902.

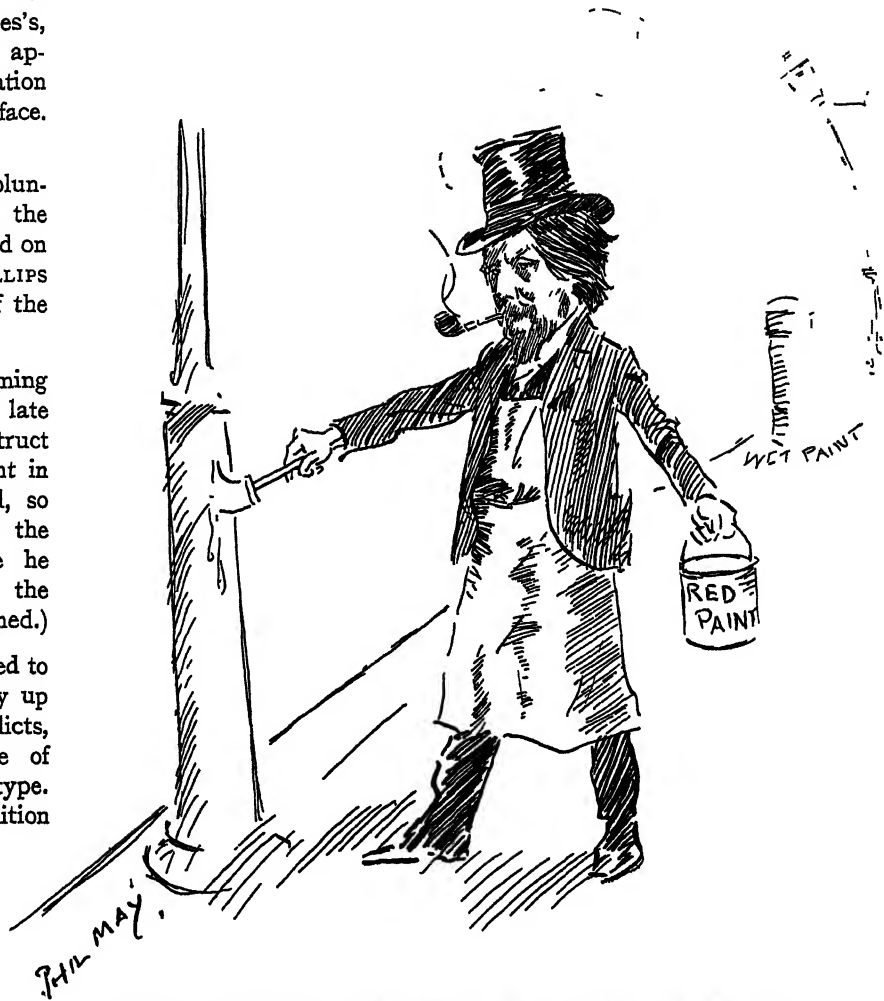
Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, of Macedonia and King Street, St. James's, claimed permission to make an appearance wearing a fixed Coronation smile on the left half of his face. (Declined.)

Sir LEWIS MORRIS, Knight, volunteered to appear by request in the *Masque of Poets in Hades*. (Refused on the ground that Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS was just now in sole possession of the right to exploit these regions.)

Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, claiming apostolic succession from the late AUGUSTUS HARRIS, offered to construct an illusory revolving wood pavement in the widened portion of the Strand, so as to concentrate the labours of the Procession. At the same time he admitted that his experience of the treadmill was only indirect. (Declined.)

Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN claimed to form an All-fired Combine to buy up and burn the Thames Penny Derelicts, and run in their place a service of steamers of the Erie Canal type. (Gladly accepted, on the condition that he should not set the Thames on fire.)

Sir W. B. RICHMOND, R.A., claiming mosaic precedent, asked leave to paint the City red, or any other colour that occurred to him. (Allowed.)



Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., asked leave to paint the City red.

The Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, who boasted to have the blood of martyrs in his veins, claimed, by right of his Nonconformist conscience, to go to the beefstake in Smithfield Market (if the Procession should pass that way) rather than pay the new duty on imported food stuffs. (Allowed.) Also to MARK, GUY, PIERCE, and generally disable anybody who had a conscience of his own differing from his (HUGH PRICE HUGHES's). (Declined.)

Mr. YERKES, who enclosed a cutting of a tuberose, claimed the Perks. (Allowed.)



Extract of June 23rd.

Procession of Emblematic Motor-Cars.

We think that *Mr. Punch* has been well advised in declining to make any definite pronouncement as to the line of route of the Overflow Procession. Much, as he rightly points out, must depend on the initiative of the motor-cars themselves. The object which he has at heart is to supplement the KING's two limited progresses by bringing his own Procession, so to speak, to everybody's door. *Nihil*, as he so happily puts it, *nihil Metropolitanum a me alienum puto*. But it is possible that some of the constituent elements of his Pageant may be permanently injured in the attempt to climb obstacles, such as houses or monumental pedestals, or, by a sudden revulsion of motor-power, retrace the course which they have covered. In any case he has recommended the population to keep at home and wait till the cars roll by. For ourselves, we can only say that every reader of the *Lion's Daily Meal* is entitled to a free seat on the curbstone almost anywhere.

For the guidance of those who find difficulty in translating allegories, we append a selection from the various emblematic motor-cars which will take part in the Procession.

Punch, or the London Chariyari, June 25, 1902.

Car emblematic of Loyalty (250,000 horse and foot power).—Surmounted by a large Union Jack made in England, and secured (right way up) on *Mr. Punch's* permanent staff. Chauffeur, *Mr. Punch*.

Car emblematic of British Art.—Surmounted by a corps of Kodak Sharp-shooters. Motto: "Actuality; or We press the button, Nature does the rest." Chauffeur, *Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER*, who will conduct it in camera.

Emblematic Restaurant Car (Frying-Panhard type).—Central figure, the Chef of the Carlton, surrounded by Primrose Peeresses who have the privilege of the entrée.

Car emblematic of British Drama.—This will be modelled on the lines of the victorious chariot in *Ben Hur*.

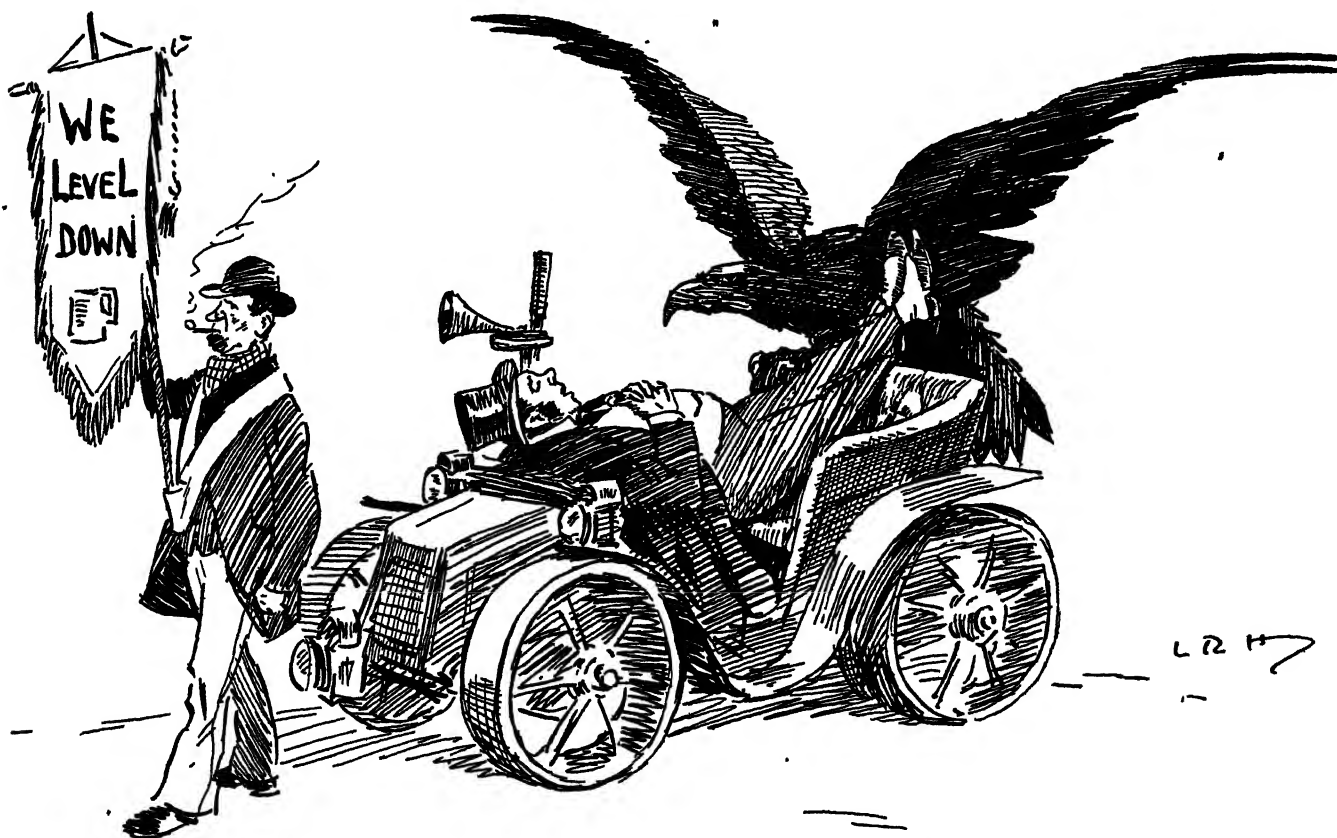
Car emblematic of Popular Literature.—*Mr. HALL CAINE* will sit on a model of the Dome of St. Peter's, wearing a scarf embroidered with the observation: "Rome has no secrets from me." Chauffeur, *Mr. A. P. WATT*, Literary Agent; but *Mr. CAINE* will work the hooter.

Car emblematic of British Self-control.—Surmounted by a Hooligan (inebriated) and his lady, out on the Peace-path, assaulting the Police with olive-tiddlers, and shouting "Good old BULLER!" "What price KITCH?" etc. Motto on one side of flag: *Æquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem*; on the other side: *Non secus in bonis ab insolenti temperatam lætitia*.

International Car emblematic of Music (Götter-Daimler pattern).—Made in Germany and surmounted by patrons of the "Ring." The hooter will be worked by the popular author of *The Honeysuckle and the Bee*, representing British music.

Ambulance Car (one remount-power).—Containing War Office officials.

There will be other cars emblematic of Flannelled Folly, Marconigraphy, the Power of the Press, and similar signs of the times. The rear will be brought up by a car which might otherwise retard the pace of the Procession. It will be a Sleeping Car, emblematic of British Enterprise and fitted with a powerful Trade Union Brake. In front of it will walk a British workman, bearing a flag with the motto, "We level down."



Sleeping Car, emblematic of British Enterprise.



The River Pageant.

WE understand that it is the intention of the organizer of the Water Procession merely to exhibit the every-day resources of that mighty river on which stands the capital of the greatest Naval Power. Just as at Spithead we shall simply expose the superfluous strength of our Fleet in Being, without weakening its protective force as distributed over the seven or more seas which wash the terrestrial globe, so in the Water Pageant no attempt will be made to utilize for the occasion any example either of Beauty or Dignity in the construction of river craft other than those which are connected with Metropolitan traditions, and are, in a word, ever with us. The typical pleasure steamer (temporarily in disuse), the common barge, the dredger, the police-boat, the tug—these alone will figure in the Procession. The route, owing to force of habit on the part of the pleasure-packets, will probably assume a zig-zag course; running from the Temple steps to the Tower Bridge and thence to the House of Commons Terrace, where there will be an interval for refreshments and a Regatta.

The programme will include the following events:—

1. A Race between Submarine Clinker-built Eights, representing the Government and the Opposition. The names of the crews, taken from recent numbers of *Punch*, are appended:—

Unionists.				
Lord HALSBURY (bow)	6	1
2. Mr. BRODRICK	11	6
3. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH	10	12
4. Mr. BALFOUR	11	9
5. Duke of DEVONSHIRE	14	13
6. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN	12	7
7. Lord LANSDOWNE	10	11
Lord SALISBURY (str.)	16	5½
Mr. GRANT LAWSON (cox.)	12	9

Liberals.				
Lord ROSEBURY (bow)	12	7
2. Mr. BRYCE	9	9
3. Sir E. GREY	11	5
4. Mr. MORLEY	10	1
5. Sir H. FOWLER...	12	3
6. Sir W. HARCOURT	17	12½
7. Mr. ASQUITH	12	5
Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN (str.)	14	2
Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE (cox.)	4	10

2. An exhibition of Systematic Punting by the Earl of ROSSLYN.

3. A Duke hunt by the Belles of New York.

4. Mr. TOMMY BOWLES will give an exhibition of his famous Gib-boom.

5. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, who will occupy all three thwarts and do the steering, proposes to walk over in the race for Randy-dans.

6. Mr. WHITAKER WRIGHT will float one or two Companies, and give a subsequent demonstration of his well-known watering cure.

7. Pierrot Music will be supplied by Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, who, as the son of his father, will be expected to play the *Ben Joe*.

The seating and feeding arrangements have been largely left in the hands of Dr. SALLY LUNN, who has chartered at enormous expense the historic Convict Ship which has lately created so powerful a sensation on Waterloo Bridge. Masthead seats and rigging accommodation will be let at twenty-five guineas; the paddle-boxes and bowsprit will be the same price; portholes for two will be £15 apiece, and sitting room in the coal-bunks below the water-line proportionately less.



The Gala Performance.

By the courtesy of the Management we are enabled to present our readers with a Programme of the Gala Performance to take place the same evening at the National Opera House. Permission has been further accorded us to publish the words of some of the proposed recitations; also the text of the *Masque of Poets in Hades*. The following is a complete list of the various turns, though their number and variety is so generous that it is anticipated that some selection will be found necessary on the actual night if our guests are to reach home before the break of the next day but one.



1. *Mr. Punch*, after presenting a bouquet to Her Majesty the QUEEN, will deliver the following

Prologue.

Kings, Presidents, and various Powers of Earth,
Assembled here to share our harmless mirth!
And ye that at considerable pains
Have followed in your Masters' special trains,
Swarming from all the Continents that be,
And islands in, or else beyond, the Sea!

First, to my Royal Liege, if he'll
allow me,
In low obeisance I should like to
bow me.

[Turns towards Royal
Box and does so.

Next, to our noble Coronation
guests
(Distinguished by the orders on
their chests),
Who have so kindly crossed the
sundering foam,
I give this greeting—*Make your-
selves at home!*
Praying that every blessing may
be shed on
Each one of you, including Mr.
SEDDON.

Already ye have seen with just
surprise
What England's Art can compass
when she tries;

Punch, or the London Charivari, June 25, 1902.

Ye have beheld our country's leading stars
Mounted on emblematic motor-cars,
And have enjoyed that unexampled treat,
The splendid pageant of our River Fleet.
And now, to crown the long delirious day,

Nor will I go, in vulgar phrase, the whole hog,
As is the common custom in a Prologue,
And ask for your applause; of that I'm certain;
And so proceed to elevate the curtain.



And send you more than satisfied away,
With your polite consent we here engage
To illustrate upon the British stage
Those gifts that cause our fame to stream
afar,
And go, in fact, to make us what we are.
Nor do we merely purpose in the Bill
To prove our dramatists' adaptive skill,
By samples showing how our native pen
Assimilates the work of alien men,
But we intend profusely to supply
The genuine products of our genii;
We have secured our champion poet's aid; he's
Promised to figure in *A Masque of Hades*,
And demonstrate, if there is still a doubt of it,
That, matched with PHILLIPS, SOPHOCLES is out
of it.

But most we mean to have your ears in thrall
With the pure magic of the Music Hall,
And through this highest form of local Art
Put you in touch with England's throbbing
heart.

AUSTIN, who made his name with *Jameson's
Ride*,

Once more shall swell the pit with loyal pride;
And RUDYARD rake the gallery with his rhymes,
Having secured permission from the *Times*.

But, not to hold you longer in suspense,
The Show I adumbrate shall now commence;

2. Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and Company in the
New Coronation Extravaganza, *A Thousand and One
Knights, or, Honours Easy*, by the author of *Burton's
Beerage* (Mr. Anthony Hop).

3. Mr. DUKE and the full Ogden Company, assisted
by the author of *The Cigarette-Maker's Romance*, in the
famous dark scene from *Sheer Lecoqmes, or, The American
Nasal Manœuvres*.



4. Mr. DAN LENO in his Popular Sketch, entitled
A Trip to Sandringham.

5. The Avenue Company in the Combine-Apart-
ment Scene of *The Little American Millioner*.

6. A Masque of Poets in Hades.

(Loosely adapted from the "Frogs" of Aristophanes.)

Dramatis Personæ.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS ... Author up, by permission of Messrs TREE and ALEXANDER
SOPHOCLES... ... Sir RICHARD JEBB, disguised as the famous statue in the Lateran Museum
HERMES (the Messenger Boy) ... Mr EDMUND PAYNE.

Chorus of Shades provided by Covent Garden Elders



CHORUS OF SHADES.

To that day of the past
My memories rove
When the battle waxed fast
In this shadowy grove,
As EURIPIDES, straw-splitting quibbler,
And thundering ÆSCHYLUS strove.

For SOPHOCLES hoar,
So gentle of old,
Who never before
Would wrangle or scold,
Is bent on another great contest—
Oh! may I be there to behold!

They say that the light
Of his genius fails,
And even the bright
Star of ÆSCHYLUS pales
When the glorious sun of young PHILLIPS
At noonday resplendently sails.

So HERMES has sped
To Her Majesty's, far
From the realms of the dead,
With the speed of a star,
If haply the poet's at leisure,
To bring him—but lo! here they are!

Enter HERMES, supporting STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

Hermes. Buck up! The worst of it is past, my lad!
O Chorus, what a time of it I've had!
Scarce could I lure his lagging limbs along;
He blenched and shuddered when he saw the throng
Of suicidal gentlemen and ladies
Who hover in his Virgil-Homer Hades;
He shrieked aloud when CHARON hove in sight,
And clung to me, and all but died of fright,
And at "the woe of TANTALUS and the fruit"
Each hair stood upright, rigid from the root.

Cho. Lo! his teeth still rattle and his eyes dilate!
How shall he do battle in his present state?

Punch, or the London Charivari, June 25, 1902.

Let us all befriend him! Bathe his pallid brow!
Carefully we tend him! See! He's better now!

Her. And in good time, for lo! upon the stage
Once gentle SOPHOCLES, now black with rage!

Cho. You remember that contest of yore
To which I've alluded before?—
When ÆSCHYLUS warmed to his work, how he stormed!
And oh! how EURIPIDES swore!

But to-day let me hope that these twain
From vulgar abuse will refrain,
Whate'er the temptation to recrimination,
From Billingsgate sternly abstain.

Enter SOPHOCLES.

Sophocles. I will not yield my throne, that will I not,
To any plagiarist—

S. P. To any what?

Soph. To any plagiarist, I say again.

S. P. The word is ugly. Prithee, Sir, explain.

Soph. Explain? Thou knowest in thy secret heart
That all thy play is HOMER'S—

S. P. Save the art
Which made a drama—

Soph. Which an epic marred.
O STEPHEN, know that it is not more hard
To mingle oil and water than to say
To elemental epic, "Be a play!"

Cho. Yes, I know; that is so; and I really must say
What is fit for an epic ain't fit for a play.

Soph. I showed thy play to HOMER. In the crowd
Of corpses, one had smuggled in his shroud
A copy of your latest. "Who," quoth he,
"Is this *Ulysses*?" "Read," said I, "and see."
He read a little. "Zeus! why so misnamed?
It is my own *Odysseus*!" he exclaimed;
"But why, O why *Ulysses*?" "Nay, my friend,
That's something more than I can comprehend."

Cho. Now you call our attention to that which you
mention, it certainly strikes us as queer O,
When the rest are all Greek, that the poet should seek
a name that's not Greek for his hero.

Soph. HOMER read on. "The minstrel too," said he,
"And, as he sings, enter PENELOPE—
The exits and the entrances are mine:
Then, prithee, STEPHEN PHILLIPS, what is thine?
Next tell me, STEPHEN, how you dared defile
The solitude of lone CALYPSO's isle
With ballet-girls in scantiest of trousseaus,
And half-a-dozen Drury-Lane-like Crusoes?"

Cho. It certainly seems like the maddest of dreams that
a lonely Ogygian valley
Should be rudely disturbed by the oglings uncurbed of
an airily clad *corps de ballet*.

Soph. 'Twas ever held, in highest tragic art
Mere farce and melodrama have no part:
Then how defend CRÆSIPPUS' vulgar gambols
And your concluding sanguinary shambles?

Hermes. Hold, SOPHOCLES! Your water-clock is done.
'Tis STEPHEN'S turn. Attention, every one!

S. P. Although the situation bids me blow
My braggart trumpet, Modesty says no!
Let others speak. Behold my friends! A host!
News, Standard, Chronicle and Morning Post!

Cho. Oh, how did you contrive to ferry
Across the Styx this heavy freight?
Old CHARON always swears his wherry
Will sink beneath the slightest weight.
He makes men leave their pride and vapours
Before he takes them in his charge—
Then how did you bring all these papers,
And never sink the crazy barge?

S. P. At first he asked what had I to declare.
"Oh, daily papers—trifles light as air."
Peruse them; you will see, my latest play
Out-Herods Herod.

Cho. So, no doubt, they say.

S. P. Did SOPHOCLES, or any of the Greeks
Secure so many good first-night critiques?

Cho. We are bound to confess the Athenian Press has
never at any time shown us
Such a chorus in praise of our very best plays, like the
Edipus, say, at *Colonus*.

S. P. (*aside*.) That trick is mine. I win. Yet, I
believe,
My trump-card still is lurking up my sleeve.
I'll play it. SOPHOCLES, when first the bays,
Bound on thy laureate brow, proclaimed thy
plays
Unconquered, and the prize awarded thee,
Even then, i' thy palmiest days, didst ever see
Thy drawing, shaded by no mortal hand,
Adorn a window in the wondering Strand?

Cho. Behold! He is dumb! He is quite overcome
At this symptom of genius true.
Will he storm? Will he rage? Will he rush off the
stage?
Oh, what will he—what will he do?

Soph. STEPHEN, no more! The throne that has been
mine
Since ÆSCHYLUS did leave it me, is thine.

Cho. Hail, poet of poets! Come, sing,
Ye Nine from Pieria's spring,
The praises of STEPHEN, whom SOPHOCLES even
Admits as our Tragedy King.

Punch, or the London Charivari, June 25, 1902.

7. Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE (by permission of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN) in the Carnival Scene of *Paris in London*, adapted from the remains of the extinct Daudet-bird, and thoroughly cleaned and renovated by the Sapholio process.

8. Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON and Lyric Company in an Original South African Melodrama, entitled *Mausers and Men*.

9. Miss CISSIE LOFTUS (by permission of Sir HENRY IRVING and the Alhambra Directorate) will give an imitation of Fräulein CECILIA LOFTUS as *Marguerite*.

10. Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, of the Queen's Bays, will give a forecast of his

Official Coronation Ode.

WELCOME, thrice happy morning ! None too soon
Certain preliminary days are past ;
The veritable Twenty-sixth of June
Is here at last !

O lift your voices in united strain
To welcome Him—and eke to welcome Her
Who take their place within the ancient fane
Of Westminster.

First listen to the immemorial vows
Phrased with befitting dignity of speech ;
Next, place Two Crowns upon Two Royal Brows,
(One upon each).

And then keep silence, while in roundelays
Which, I opine, "may soothe some sufferer's lot"
When "new and noisier notes" (namely R.K.'s)
Are clean forgot

I bid the Lion of the Land arise,
Grasping that Flag of Freedom in his paw,
Which in such various localities
The *Ophir* saw.

Dread Destiny withal I charge to fill
With devastating draught her cruel cup,
Which having drunk, our envious rivals will
Simply curl up.

I bid the Lion-cubs to gather fast,
Flying, as swallows fly, across the waves,
Adding that Britons never will be classed
Withal as slaves.

I sing of Realms imperishably set
Above the sands of time, of Empires fixed
Upon "the wave-wide track ;" in fact, I get
A trifle mixed.

And, as I warble to each hemisphere,
Comes the responsive cry from West and East :—
"Oh make the Bard, if possible, a Peer—
A Knight, at least."



The soaring Poet spurns the
common ground

11. Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, in his universal athletic costume, will recite a New and Original Epochmaker, entitled,

The Chantey of the Nations.

GREAT BRITAIN

Sons of the Blood, which is twice as thick as water is,
Lock, stock and barrel of the Race that rules the Sea!
Ye have left your occupation
At the Mother's invitation,
Left the ice-floe, and the swamp and the jungly
mango-tree!

I am the Bard, it is I that make the Catalogues,
I that give the Oracles that otherwise were dumb;
I am KIPLING, I'm the Voice,
I'm the Chosen People's Choice,
I'm the Words and Music also, I'm the Drummer
and the Drum.

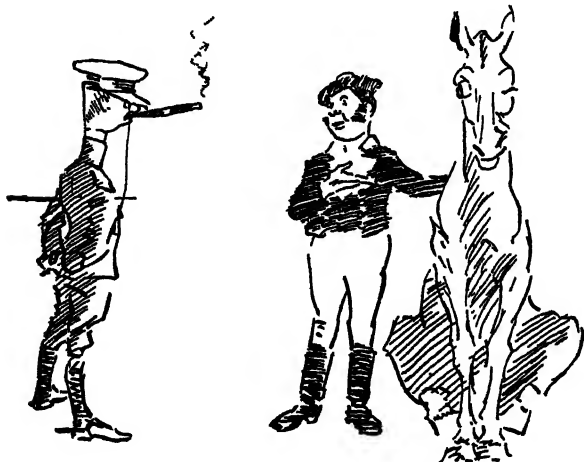
What I have said I have said, and pretty often too,
Hinting of the heritage that goes with British birth;
But to-night it might be pleasant
To address the Nations present
Who are not as yet embodied in the Lordliest Thing
on Earth.

FRANCE.

Thus saith the Voice to the genial Boulevardiers:
"Welcome, gallant neighbours, I've a word to say to
you:
Could ye get your gutter Press
Just to lie a little less,
Ye might soon forget Fashoda, and the shock of
Waterloo."

AUSTRIA.

Thus saith the Voice to the braves of Francis-
Joseph Land,
Dwellers by the Danube in the home of cakes and
bock;
"Ye have shown us what to waltz to,
But ye have your little faults too,
And ye sold us Hungary chargers, five-and-forty
pounds a crock."



The Hungary Charger.

ITALY.

Thus saith the Voice to the men of V. EMMANUEL:
"Ye are not fair-weather friends, ye stick through
storm and rain;
Ye have lent our land the DUSE,
And we could not well refuse a
Debt of honour, so we sent you our CORELLI and
our CAINE."



Our Corelli and our Caine.

GERMANY

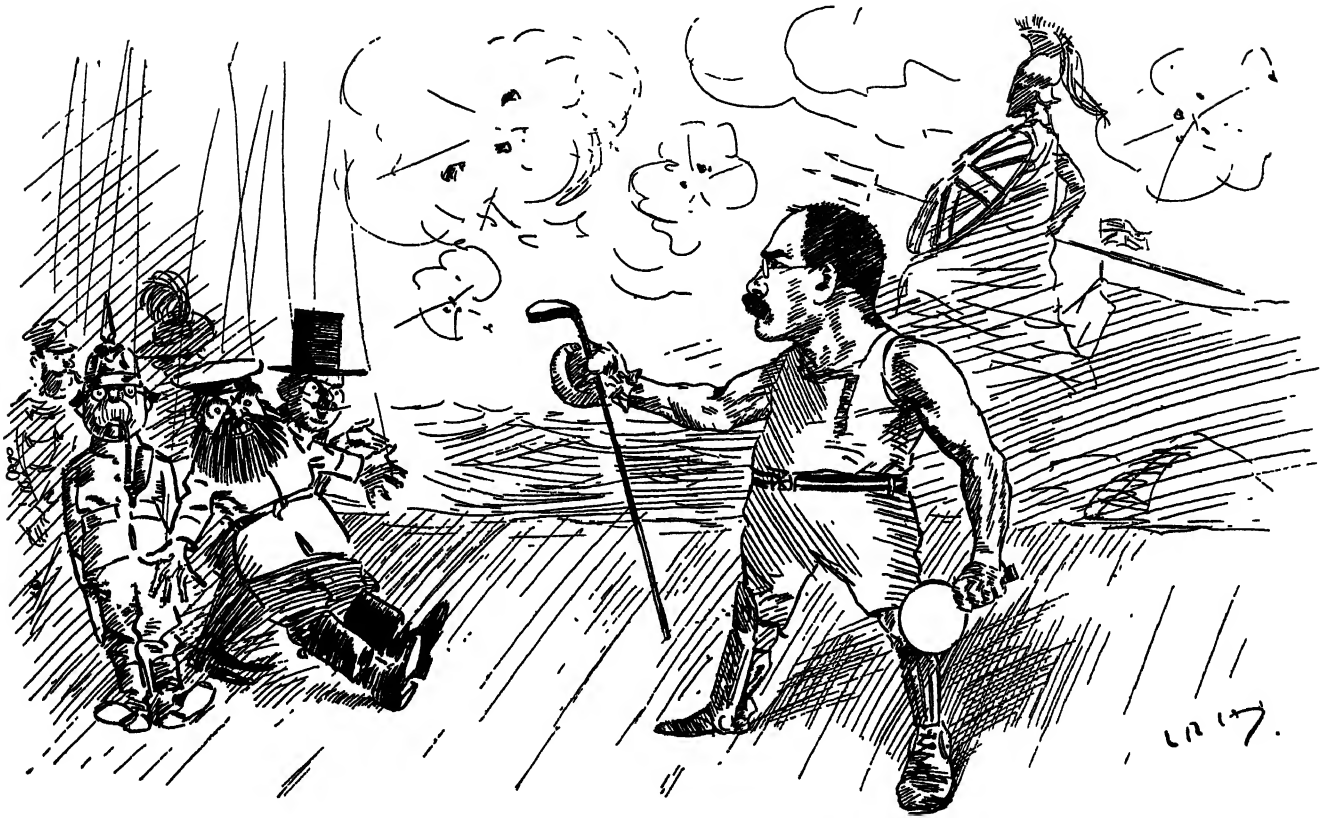
Thus saith the Voice to the Teutons of the Fatherland,
"Hail! KAISER's men, out of Berlin on the Spree;
If your students thirst for knowledge
By a course at Oxford College
They might learn to know us better and behave more
cousinly."

RUSSIA.

Thus saith the Voice, "Ye have seen us, O ye
Muscovites,
Seen our Thameski Prospect and the City paved
with Tin:
Ye have marked the friendly air
We adopt towards the Bear,
Will ye veil in turn the Tartar underneath your
velvet skin?"

JAPAN.

Thus saith the Voice to the wearers of Chrysanthemums:
"East is West and West is East, for now the twain
are one;
We are white and ye are yellow,
Ye are young and we are mellow,
Yet we'll hold the Seas together for the Lion and
the Sun."



11. Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING recites *The Chantey of the Nations*.



12. Ballet Divertissement. *The South African Colonies at Peace*.

13. Epilogue.

(Composed and delivered by *Mr. Punch.*)

Now my charms are all o'erthrown
(This remark is SHAKESPEARE'S OWN),
But before you take your rest
I've a something on my breast,
Which, when I have let it go,
Absolutely ends the show.

We have done the best we could,
And we think you found it good,
Judging by the genial tone
You have very kindly shown.
Some have laughed and some have wept,
Some, I noticed, frankly slept,

But not one was heard to scoff,
Or to let revolvers off.
And especially we thank
Any here of royal rank
Who have travelled countless miles
From the Less Pacific isles,
And to-night so calmly bore
Things they never faced before—
Did not once attempt to rise
And spit us on their assegais,
But in courteous silence sat :
We are much obliged for that.

And now, good gentles, we shall not be long,
If you will please to join me in a song.
The language, I admit, is not sublime,
And only here and there achieves a rhyme ;
But, barring portions of the second verse,
The meaning's good, or might at least be worse,
And I am confident it will—in parts—
Awake a loyal echo in your hearts.
Come, then, and let us uniformly sing,
Upstanding, if you please, *God Save the King.*

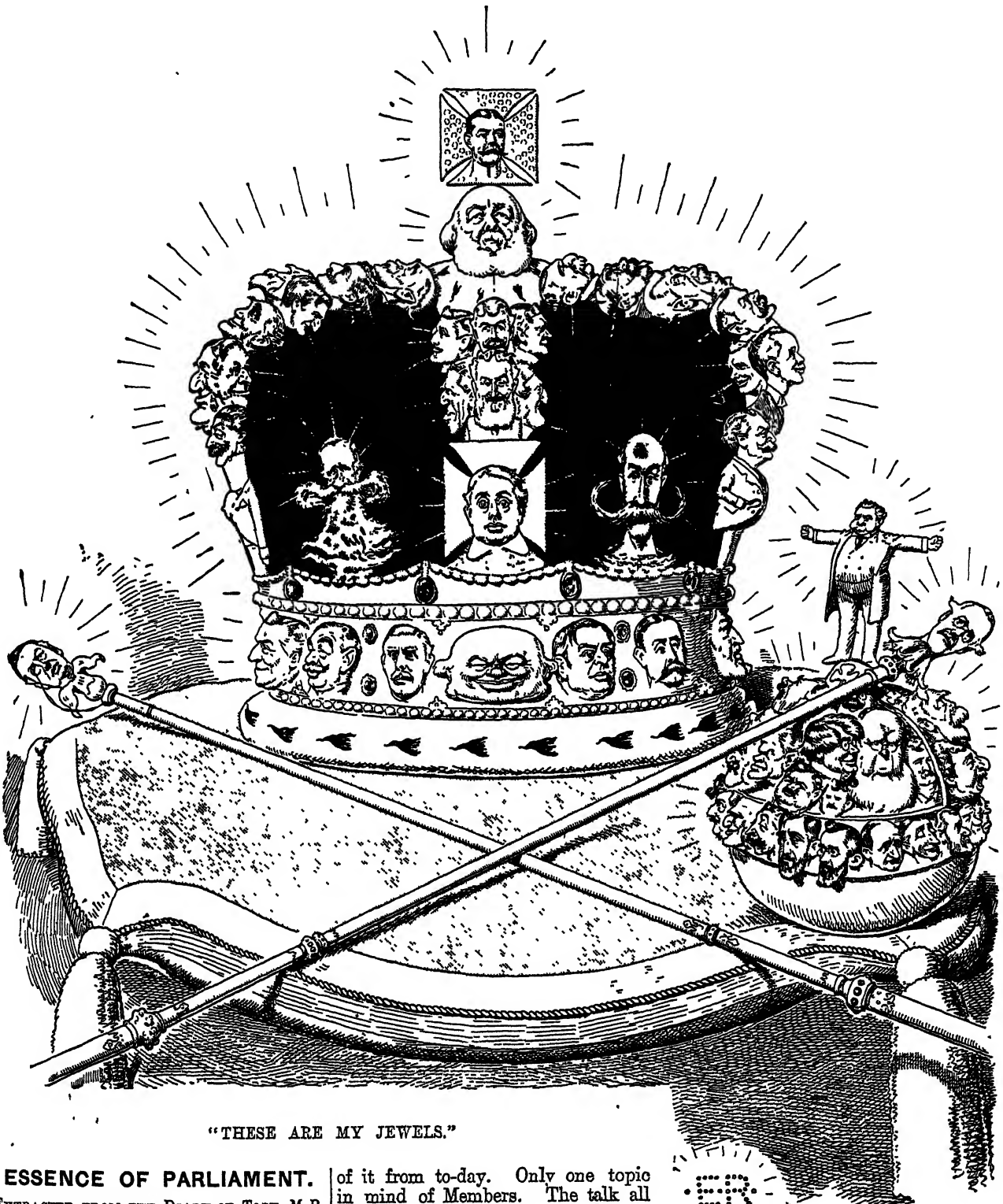
God Save the King.





SALVE REX ET IMPERATOR

THE REAL "CROWN JEWELS."



"THESE ARE MY JEWELS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 23.—House not adjourned yet for Coronation. Will do so on Wednesday. Might as well have made a clear week

of it from to-day. Only one topic in mind of Members. The talk all about the Coronation, no use trying to do business. SARK has already anticipated events. Gone off to prepare for the happy day. Shall follow his example. Write up over Kennel, Barks,

following inscription: "Gone to the Coronation. Back d'reckley."
Business done.—Preparing for Coronation.



Small Boy. "PLEASE, GRANDDAD, EFFIE AND I WANT TO MAKE A CORONATION ILLUMINATION. DADDY SAYS WE MUSTN'T BURN THE PACKING CASES, SO WILL YOU PLEASE LET US HAVE YOUR WOODEN LEG?"

A REMONSTRANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—During the past week or two I have had a dim feeling that my life was not going on in the orderly and decorous fashion in which it has proceeded for the past seventy years. I have at last been forced to the conclusion that the disturbance is in some way connected with the coming Coronation. I go down to my Club in Piccadilly this morning to find the front door barricaded, and an intimation posted upon it that members can only enter through the Mews at the back. After devious wanderings I make my way into the building. The rooms are wrapped in gloom, caused by huge wooden structures erected in front of the windows. I go to my favourite corner, where my special arm-chair has stood for years. It is not there! In fact the whole condition of the place reminds me of the worst excesses of the Diamond Jubilee.

Now, Sir, I feel that this kind of thing is a subject for legitimate complaint. No one has less objection to his MAJESTY'S being crowned than I have, but I think it should be done in such a way as to interfere as little as possible with my comfort.

Yours fretfully,

AN OLD BUFFER.

Snooks's Club, June 25.

THE QUEEN'S LOOK.

LUMMY, BILLY, I seed 'er! Yuss,
That wos the QUEEN! You seed 'er too.
Crikey, but aint it lucky for us
We wos nippers, BILLY, and got squeezed through.

Father 'e 'adn't a chance, not 'e.
'E was stuck at the back of all them rows
With three gals bustin' theirselves to see
Right in 'is front and over 'is toes.

'Ark to 'im cussin'! Yer 'll always tell
When they 've bested father—'e just lets fly.
But you and me, why we seed her well;
And aint she beautiful—oh my eye!

We wos 'ip-'urrayin'—she seed us plain,
For she give us a look—like a cup o' tea
When you 're shiverin' cold with the wind and rain:
That's just 'ow 'er look went into me.

And I feel that 'appy I'll take my 'ook;
I don't want to see no more o' their fuss.
But I 'm goin' 'ome to think o' the look
Wich the QUEEN, God bless 'er, she give to us.

CORONATION GOSSIP.—It having come to the ears of Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN that the Lord of the Manor of Worksop has the right to support the KING's right arm at the Coronation ceremony, Mr. MORGAN has purchased the Manor on behalf of an American Syndicate. The members of the Syndicate will take turns in supporting His MAJESTY'S arm.

A BALLAD OF THE LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN.

THREE noble lords claimed all in vain
The office of Lord Great Chamberlain.
The Earl of ANCASTER was one,
Another the good Earl CARRINGTON,
The third (whose name is pronounced so rolmondeley)
Was the most noble Marquess of CHOLMONDELEY!

The Court of Claims they tried and tried
To settle the case, but couldn't decide,
So finally they left the thing
In the hands of our Gracious Lord the KING.
And the KING selected that wise and colmondeley
Nobleman, the Marquess of CHOLMONDELEY!

The Lord Great Chamberlain takes his stand
To-morrow at the KING's right hand,
He wears gold lace all over the place,
A star on his breast, and a smile on his face,
He doesn't perform his duties glolmondeley,
That high official, the Marquess of CHOLMONDELEY!

When the KING is crowned all eyes remain
Fixed on the Lord Great Chamberlain;
If there's a hitch he's never in doubt,
He even orders the Bishops about,
And Peer and Prelate obey quite dolmondeley
The stern commands of the Marquess of CHOLMONDELEY!

SONG OF THE CORONATION CHIMES.

"FAIR Bells, to our city bode joy and increase!
And, oh, may thy first sound be hallow'd to Peace."
Schiller's Song of the Bell.



A ROMAN CORONATION FRAGMENT.

TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

My Liege and Sovereign Lord,
 First of your line whose legend marks the might
 Of Britain's Ocean-wide domain!
 Ere yet to-morrow's light
 Beholds you leave her high memorial fane,
 By that irrevocable rite
 Of solemn oath and lifted sword,
 Of holy oil and sacramental cup,
 Crowned and anointed King;—
 Before the dazing splendour blinds our sight,
 And in our ears the gathered shout goes up
 Of homage won from half the world;
 And back from bended skies,
 Flecked with the countless ripple of flags unfurled,
 The shattering echoes ring and ring;—
 While still our suppliant breath may rise
 Like incense on the waiting air,—
 For you what vigil shall we hold to-night!
 With what compelling prayer
 Importune Him, the King of Kings,
 To grant you health and years' increase,
 Wisdom to keep your people's love,
 And, other earthly gifts above,
 The long-desired, the gift of Peace,
 Always to shield you with her shadowing wings!

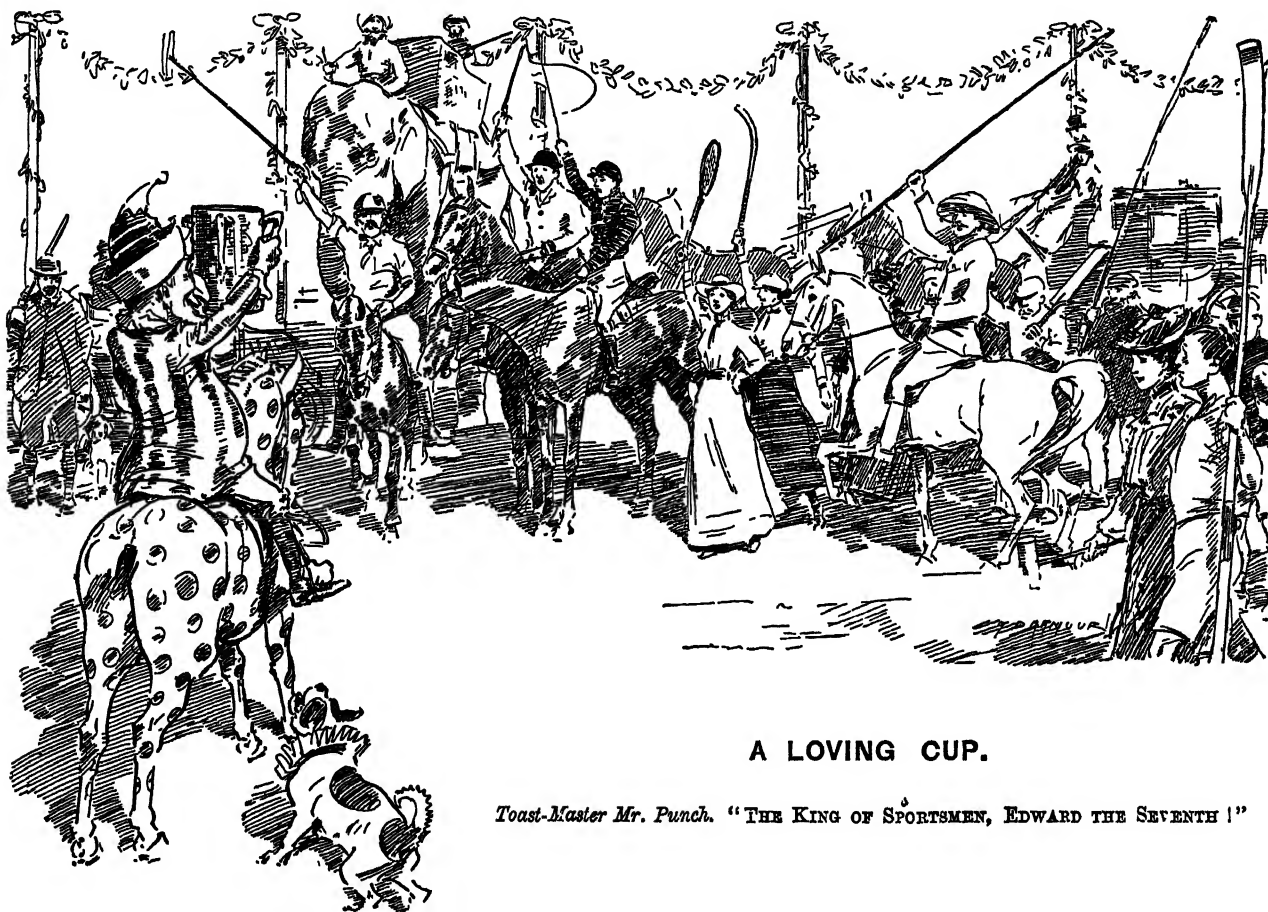
Little he dreamed, the last who bore your name,
 Our boy-King EDWARD, dying ere the prime
 Of that adventurous age
 That fixed his royal sister's fame—
 Little he dreamed how fair a heritage
 Should fall to England's crown in after time.
 Beyond the seas that ringed his island realm
 Scarce any owned him Lord;
 Great kingdoms stood that yet should reel
 Beneath the clash of English steel,
 Instant to overwhelm;
 Far lands were yet to win from out the waste
 By patient courage strong to tame
 Wild natures, earth's and man's, and make
 On rude inhospitable shores
 New English homes for the old England's sake.

And of their toil who lightly faced
 Danger and death for this their best reward
 To-day the garnered fruit is hers and yours.

So stands your Empire: over such a race,
 Fearless and proud and free,
 Whose hands have laid your Kingdom's base
 Upon the outmost edges of the sea,—
 Loyal all times and now
 Fresh-proven in the fierce assay of war,
 You take the seal of lordship on your brow.

Small seems the labour, light the task
 Of empery over lands that crave no more
 The meed of conquering arms, but only ask
 For silent annals after storm and strain.
 And yet not easy is the weight to bear
 That claims your kingly care.
 To guard, unsullied still, that dear renown
 Our fathers handed down;
 To help us hold, through peace, our warrior-rights
 Won in a thousand fights,
 And sacred by our blood and tears;
 To see we use, against the coming years,
 Before its memory fade,
 The lessons of the past, and draw
 Knowledge from failure, and from loss a gain;
 To humble arrogance, the curse of ease;
 To make their consciences afraid
 Who bid your England fold her hands in sleep;
 To be of Truth the mirror, and a law
 Of Honour unto men of all degrees;
 To champion the Faith and keep
 The fear of God before your people's eyes;—
 Such royal service we, who gladly bring
 Our own to greet you on your festal way—
 We ask in turn of England's King!
 And, so your heart be set on this,
 Then let whatever need arise,
 And come what perils may,
 Be well assured you cannot miss
 God's and your Country's love to be your stay!

O. S.



A LOVING CUP.

Toast-Master Mr. Punch. "THE KING OF SPORTSMEN, EDWARD THE SEVENTH!"

THE QUEEN, GOD BLESS 'ER.

Me go to the Coronashun? Yus! In my golden carriage and pair.

With my grandmuvvor's pearls, and the dooks and earls, and a crown on the top of my 'air!

You going? Ner yet don't want ter? I know your style! 'Ere, come!

If I gave yer a seat—not to see the QUEEN? Well, strike me blind, that's rum.

Me? Why I'd give my fevver, wot missis won't let me wear—

Ain't got nuffin else, or I'd give it too, to 'ave a good ole stare.

Your juggins, I can't; I've got to work. I'd go if I could, you bet.

But it's allus them as 'as don't want, an' them as wants can't get.

I seed 'er once, and she bowed to me—bli' me, of course it's true—

Over by Buckinam Pallis gates, as close as I am to you.

I made my bob and I waved my 'aud, and I cheered, an' I tell you wot,

She looked at me strite, with a smile on 'er fice. My! wot a fice she's got.

I never seed nuffin so pile an' sweet, an' it made me feel that queer,

To see 'er a-settin' as strite as a dart, and 'ear the people cheer;

But I 'ad to stop, for it seemed to me she 'd a kind of a look in 'er eyes,

A sort of a kind of a tired look, like a biby when it cries.

An' I said to myself, "Yus, SUSAN JINE, yer pities yerself a deal,

An' yer works all day, an' yer goes to bed, one ache from 'ead to 'eel:

But wot about 'er? When *she* 'as worked, all day an' 'arf the night,

She's got to go on till kingdom come, an' smile an' look perlite."

I'm only a gen'ral servant, but parson 'e comes to-day, With 'is long black coat, an' 'is squashy 'at, an' 'is collar as white as whey—

An' ses 'e, "My gurl, 'ere's a card for you, from the QUEEN." "From the QUEEN?" I said.

"Wot me," I said, and 'e says, "Yus, *you*," and I said "Lor, strike me dead."

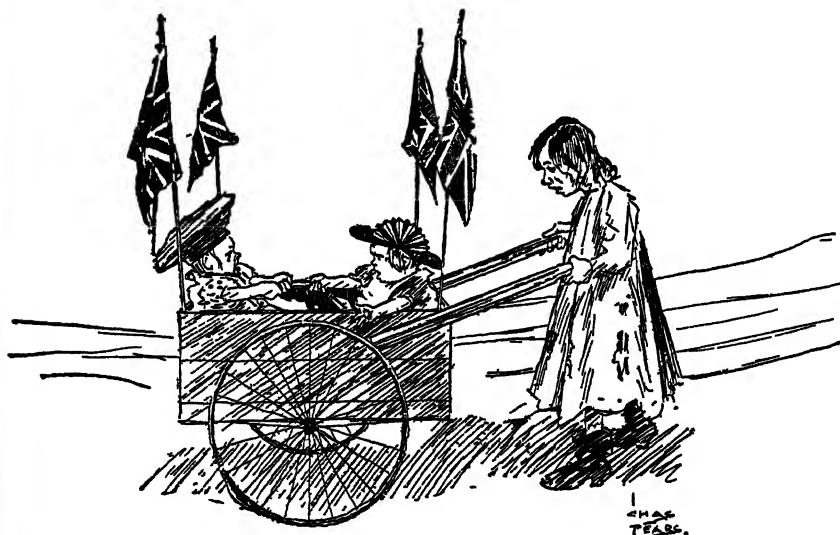
But s' 'elp me, yus, it's true as true. She's arst me, bless her grice—

Me—SUSAN JINE—to a meal with 'er, with my 'ands and my smutty fice.

I don't want no processions now. I'm 'appy as 'appy can be; An' 'ere's to the QUEEN, Gawd bless 'er, the QUEEN! The QUEEN as remembered *me*.

"SORTES SHAKSPEARIAN.E."

"God and his angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it!"—*Henry V.*, Act I. Sc. 2.



PEACE CELEBRATIONS.

CONSOLATION PRIZES.

Available for those who, through various causes, will be unable to witness the Ceremony, the Processions, or the General Festivities in London.

For Parties who measure more than sixteen inches in width:—A slack time on a sofa, in a deck-chair or a hammock, solaced by the contrast with the close quarters allowed to the pees and peeresses in the Abbey.

For Individuals who can't afford to buy a seat:—The possibility of having a much nearer view of the Show from the pavement, if you only get there early enough.

For Persons who dislike being jammed for hours in a crowd:—The opportunity of unlimited elbow-room in the rest of London.

For People who are shut out by the barriers:—The knowledge that they have been saved, by the thoughtfulness of the authorities, from a lot of squeezing and pushing.

For Nervous Householders who daren't leave their homes:—The satisfaction of remaining on guard all the time against burglars and tramps.

For Burglars and Tramps:—The prospect of a busy, profitable day in the suburbs, undisturbed by owners or police.

For General Servants and others left in charge:—A long and happy day without the Missus, and a chance of meeting the QUEEN at tea later.

For Wage-earners generally during the two days' holiday:—Two days' holiday.

For Press-men and Photographers:—Two hard days' work.

For the Army in South Africa:—A

good time coming, and it has been a good time coming!

For Lord KITCHENER:—£50,000 and a Viscounty.

For Lord MILNER:—?

For the Boers:—A hundred pounds a head and a Coronation medal.

And for the rest of the Empire:—A view of the Processions on the biograph, and a copy of *Mr. Punch's* Coronation Number all round.

A MINOR BARD'S LAMENT.

WHILE others with a joyful heart
At the KING's Crowning all rejoice,
And in its pæans play their part
With jubilant and cheerful voice:

I only go as if in pain;

For, while the world around is gay,
I rack an irresponsible brain—

In search of something fresh to say.

SOLD!

NOT THE SEATS, BUT THE SPECULATORS.

(Placards on any Stand at Various Dates.)

JUNE 2ND. From five to fifteen guineas. Book early to secure the best!

5TH. From four to twelve guineas. Book quickly!

9TH. From three to ten guineas. Book at once!

12TH. From two to seven guineas. Lunch included, without wine or other drinks.

16TH. From one to five guineas. Lunch included, with tea and coffee, but without wine. Do not miss this opportunity!

18TH. From fifteen shillings to three guineas. Lunch included, with claret cup. Finest position on route! Inspection invited!

21ST. From half-a-guinea to two guineas. Breakfast included. Also lunch, with claret cup. None as good! Do not pass without inspecting!

23RD. From seven shillings to one guinea, breakfast included. Also lunch, with claret cup. Also light refreshments. Unequalled anywhere! Step inside and look at superb seats!

24TH. From five to fifteen shillings. Breakfast, champagne lunch, and light refreshments included. Absolutely the best in every respect! We implore you to inspect personally!

25TH. From three shillings to half-a-guinea. Breakfast, champagne lunch, and light refreshments all day, included. Velvet-covered seats. Gramophone performances until Procession passes. In your own interests step inside and inspect!

26TH. From one shilling to half-a-crown. Breakfast, champagne lunch, with liqueurs, and light refreshments all day, included. Gramophone and string band performances until Procession passes. We implore you for your own sake not to fail to inspect superb velvet-covered seats! Great reduction on taking a quantity!

27TH (early morning). All seats sixpence. Breakfast, lunch with liqueurs, light refreshments, and champagne all day, included. Gramophone, string band, and glee singers until Procession passes. No reasonable offer refused!



THE ELIGIBLE WINDOW THE AGENT ADVISED JONES TO LOOK AT, OVER THE WATER.



THE CORONATION OF OBERON AND TITANIA.



THE GREAT FEATURE OF OUR LOCAL CORONATION FESTIVITIES WAS THE PROCESSION OF EMBLEMATIC CARS. THE EFFECT OF THE PAGEANT WAS, HOWEVER, SOMEWHAT MARRED THROUGH THE BEHAVIOUR OF FOUR STURDY BULLOCKS, HARNESSSED (WITHOUT PREVIOUS TRAINING) TO THE CAR OF CERES AND FLORA.

A PROCLAMATION.

To all and sundry—Gentlewomen, Misses, Ladies, Girls, Débutantes, Dowagers, Spinsters, Chaperons, Dames, 'Arriets, and Women in the crowd, Greeting:

Whereas it is expected that Royal and Imperial Processions of Unprecedented Interest and Splendour will traverse, progress, perambulate, pass through, and be conveyed along certain of the Streets and Thoroughfares of the Metropolis on the Occasion of the State Coronation of Their Majesties King EDWARD THE SEVENTH and Queen ALEXANDRA on the Twenty-sixth of June, Nineteen Hundred and Two, and on the Day following;

And whereas it is anticipated that the said Royal and Imperial Processions will be witnessed from Galleries, Balconies, Stands, Windows, Parapets, Kerbstones, Cornices, and other Coigns of Vantage by a Vast Concourse of Sightseers and Spectators, of whom it is estimated that fully One Half will be of the Female Sex;

And whereas it may be confidently presumed that the said members of the Female Sex, to wit, Gentlewomen, Misses, and all Others specified in Preamble, will be moved to decorate, adorn, beautify, and generally distinguish themselves with their finest and largest Toques, Gainsboroughs, Bergères, Tricornes, Plateaux, Lady Blessingtons, Rustic, Picture, and Matinée Hats, and Divers other Feminine and Fashionable Headgear;

And whereas such obstructive and opaque Head-Coverings will undoubtedly cause Annoyance, Heart-burning, Vexation, Exasperation, Desperation, and much Sup-

pressed Profanity among the Lieges, Seat-holders, Amateur Photographers, and Others in their Immediate Rear;

And whereas a Jester may be permitted to step in where the First Commissioner of Works, the London County Council, the Cabinet, and the Whole Body of Theatre Managers fear to tread:

Now therefore be it ordained that during the Time that the before-named Royal and Imperial Processions are in Sight the respective Gentlewomen, Misses, Ladies, and Other Wearers of Toques, Gainsboroughs, and all and every kind, sort, shape, type, or mode of Dress for the Head SHALL BE ALLOWED to adopt the Loyal and Masculine Custom and Privilege of REMAINING UNCOVERED for the Time Being, or, if the Weather be Unpropitious, to attire Themselves in a Simple Cap or Coif, and thereby to earn the Undying Gratitude of the Public.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

By order,

P. N. B.

Given at Our Alley,
This Twenty-fifth Day of June, 1902.

CORONATION ITEMS.—The weather forecast for the Coronation is unfavourable. We are to have a Coronation March in June.

The decorations in the main thoroughfares have for a long time been well advanced. His MAJESTY, whose thoughtfulness is proverbial, realising that they are intended by his subjects to come as a surprise to him on Coronation Day, pretends not to see them when he drives out.

HINC ILLÆ LACRYMÆ!

I AM not one
Of those who shun
The poor rewards of Fame.
I'd like to be
A Knight and see
"Kt." after my name.
But no one seems
To think my dreams
Will be fulfilled this year,
And I'm afraid
I shan't be made
A Coronation Peer!

If I could set
A coronet
Upon my loyal brows,
I should not hide
My honest pride
—Nor would my loving spouse!
Some men pretend
That titles lend
No added dignity.
It may be so
With them. I know
It is not so with me!

And this is why
I sit and cry,
And why my breast is throbbing,
Till people wonder what I've done,
And why on earth I'm sobbing.
I can't conceal
The pain I feel,
I'm weeping with vexation,
I shall not be
A K.C.B.
Despite the Coronation!



WHY NOT?

SUGGESTED COSTUME FOR THE SISTERS, COUSINS, AND AUNTS OF NAVAL OFFICERS, WHEN ON BOARD THE FLEET AT THE REVIEW; BY WEARING THE ABOVE THEY CAN EASILY AVOID GOING "DOWN BELOW," DURING THE PASSAGE OF THE ROYAL YACHT.

OUR KING AND QUEEN!

EDWARD, our King! God save him! That is he
Dight in the symbols of his Royalty.
With that majestic bearing all his own
And the high air that fits him for a throne,
Right regally, the people's chief, he comes,
Drawn through the thunder of the rolling drums
And the wild roar of voices that acclaim
Not idly, but with proud assent, his name.
Defend him, Heaven! and, oh, defend her too,
A Queen, in beauty bursting on our view!
Lit with delight, through all the crowded aisle,
Each eye takes fire at her entrancing smile.
Xanthus or Tiber never caught such grace
As our old Thames may mirror from her face.
Needless the steel that girds their presence round;
Deep in their people's hearts their thrones are found.
Royal we own them, and our love affords
A guard more mighty than a myriad swords.

"TWAS MERRY IN HALL."

MONSIGNOR MERRY DU VAL, it is announced, is accredited to St. James's as representative of LEO XIII. to congratulate our KING upon his Coronation. Felicitous title! "Monsignor MERRY!" with chorus, "For to-night we'll Merry be!"

Never mind to-morrow. There should not be a jovial Coronation (a banquet not served *à la mode Duval comme à Paris*) without his Monsignorship's presence. As our SHAKESPEARE hath it, "Let's be Merry, good my Lord Cardinal!" Monsignor, "Rest you Merry."

A FORECAST.

I WONDER whether, on the day
When London wears apparel gay,
And close together
The Empire loyalty shall bind,
You will deign also to be kind—
I wonder, weather!

CORONATION OPERATIC NOTE.

WHERE is that gem of AUER's, *The Crown Diamonds*? It ought to have been given as the Coronation opera. It may yet be decided upon as a Crowning Act for the Gala night, when boxes will be priced at the value of a monarch's ransom. *L'Elisir d'Amore* must remain, unnoticed, until "our next." But it is permitted to hint that, if given again with the same cast as it had on Saturday, June 14, no one who loves music coupled with the name of dear old DONIZETTI ought to miss the chance of seeing and hearing this delightful opera so exceptionally well performed. But we have other matters in hand, and just now "everything gives place, when there's a coronation in the case."



TO KEEP THE CROWD OFF. A HINT.

CAN'T AFFORD TO STAND SEATS FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY, AND CAN'T STAND A CRUSH? WELL, WELL WHY NOT FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE OF OLD QUIVERFULL, AS ABOVE? COMPARATIVELY CHEAP, AND KEEPS OFF ALL PRESSURE FROM THE CROWD, HOWEVER DENSE, AND NO ONE NEED BE DISAPPOINTED!

MR. PUNCH'S CORONATION HONOURS.

LORD ROSEBERRY to be raised to the level of C B

Mr PERKS to be Knight Commander of the Primrose

Sir J CRIGHTON BROWNE to be canonised as St. PRATREEK

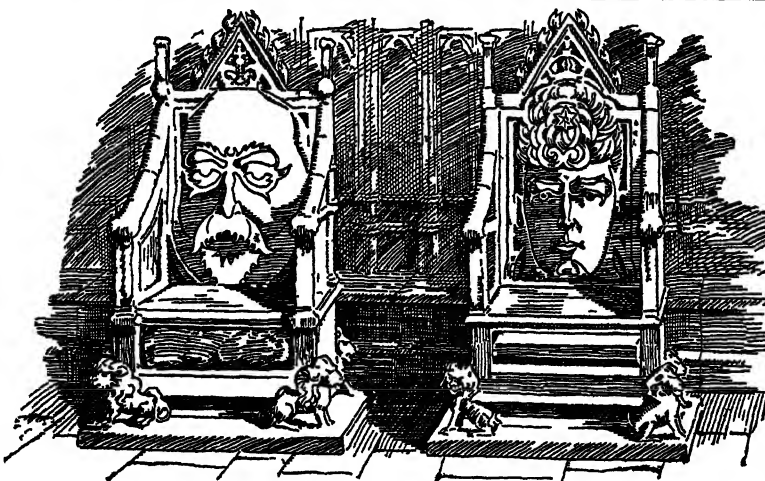
Mr WINSTON CHURCHILL (by consent of the last-named) to be made a J C B

Mr JOSEPH DARLING, Clerk of the Weather

Mr J S SARGENT, the Order of the Jerusalem Artichoke.

M PADEREWSKI, President of the House of Keys

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., Baron Blainey.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.

THE CORONATION CHAIRS.

THESE CHAIRS, OF HOMELY, YET PRICELESS DESIGN, ARE MADE OF STOUT BRITISH OAK AND STAND TO DAY—TO THE ENVY OF THE WORLD—UPON THE SURE FOUNDATION OF A NATION'S LOVE AND REVERENCE. [THE PROPERTY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE]

Mr. T. GIBSON BOWLES, M.P., Keeper of the Hatfield preserves.

Mr. IMRE KIRALTY, Worshipful Master of the Company of Spectacle-Makers.

Colonel NEWNHAM-DAVIES, Count of the wholly Romano Empire.

PAN JAN KUBELIK, Grand Panjandrum to the Duke of Fife.

Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, Minister Penny-potentiary to the young Czechs

Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT, Talebearer to the Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

Mr. J. M. BARRIE, Royal Pipe-bearer.

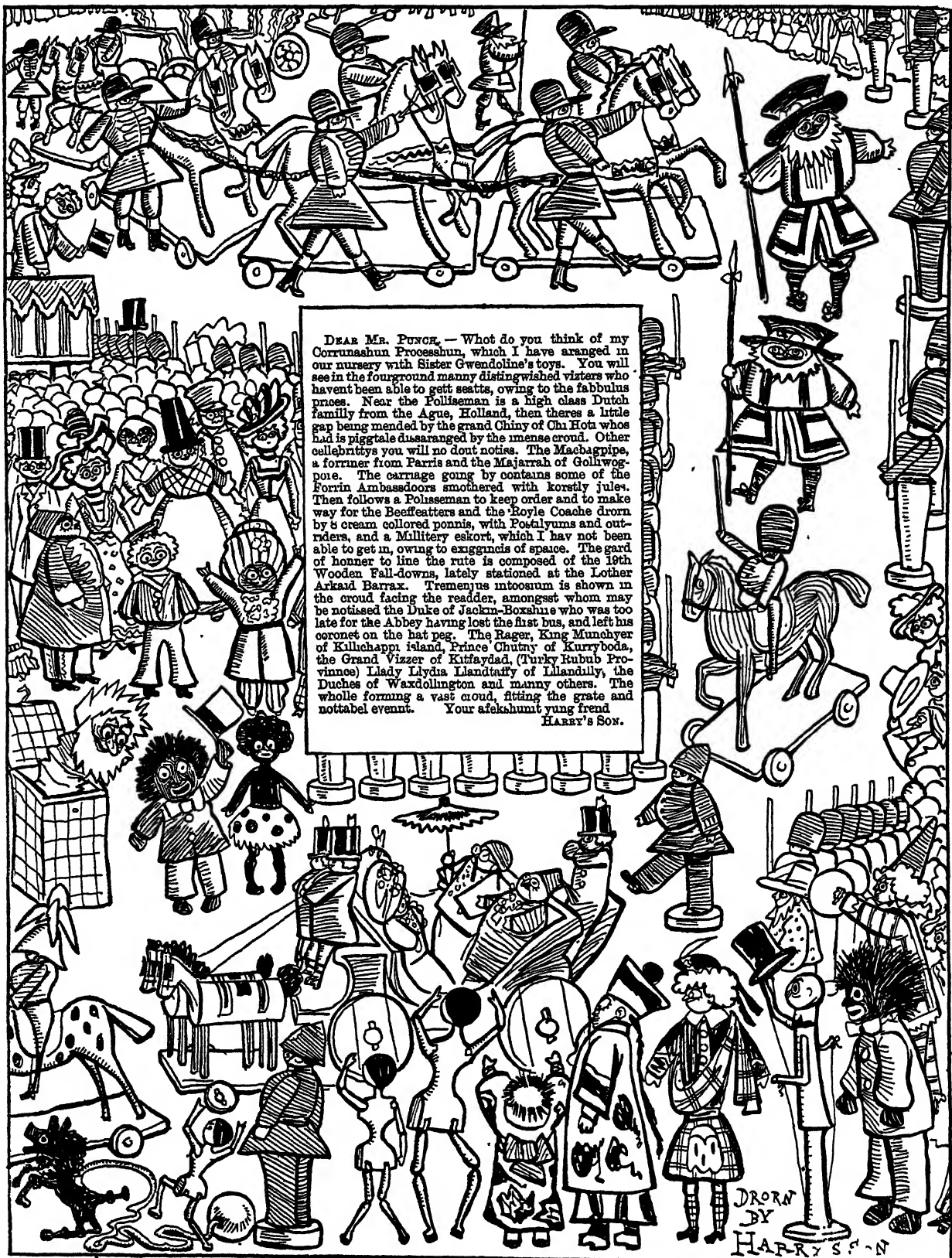
Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, Order of the White Star and Garter.



LOCAL CELEBRATIONS.



ARRIVAL AT THE MANSION HOUSE OF DISTINGUISHED FOREIGN GUESTS WHO ARE EXPECTED TO TAKE PART IN THE CORONATION FESTIVITIES.



THE STAND-STILL CORRUNASHUN PROCESSHUN.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

["The Government have sanctioned the teaching of swimming in Board Schools, provided the instruction is given on dry land."—*Daily Paper*.]

"MOTHER, may I go out to swim?"

"Oh, yes, my darling daughter;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water."

She doffed in haste her silken gown,
And tied her tresses wavy;
She donned her shoes of canvas brown,
And bathing dress of navy.

They stretched her on the floor at length,
As though it were the ocean;

They showed her how to strike with strength
And set her limbs in motion.

And then she lay upon her back,
And carefully they taught her
The simple but effective knack
Of floating on the water.

She learnt to dive beneath the wave,
And, as a triumph crowning,
Could (theoretically) save
A person who was drowning.

In short she rescued every day
A sister or a cousin,
And at the annual display
Won medals by the dozen.

But still ambition stirred her heart;
An eager longing caught her;
She needs must try her favourite art
For once within the water.

Alone she sought the willowy bank,
She gave one little shiver,
Then plunged upon the wave and sank
Deep, deep, into the river.

Then had she drowned without a doubt
Had not a passing stranger
With handy boat-hook fished her out
Beyond the reach of danger.

He chafed her fingers cold and blue
With admirable patience,
And finally restored her to
Her friends and her relations.

They heard her tale with grief and pain,
And eagerly besought her,
If ever she would swim again,
To shun, like fire, the water.

AU GRAND SÉRIEUX.

Mr. PUNCH's readers will recall that among his recent "Reprints" was an imaginary extract from the *Daily News* of June 21, 1815, throwing doubts on the victory of Waterloo and contumely upon the Iron Duke. It is with a pained surprise that we find that this passage has been taken *au pied de la lettre* by our esteemed and naive contemporary *L'Indépendance Belge*. From an article of June 20, describing a



G. L. SKETCH.

SOMETHING WRONG.

He (musical—to hostess). "I HOPE YOU WILL EXCUSE MY GIVING A HUMOROUS SKETCH TO-NIGHT. I'M SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BUT I—I FEEL SO—SO FUNNY!"

pilgrimage to the field of Waterloo on the anniversary of the battle, we take the liberty of citing the following exquisite passage:—

"Silencieusement, nous prenons le chemin du Lion. Tout en marchant, l'éternelle question des Belges à Waterloo est soulevée une fois de plus par certains excursionnistes. Que de controverses! Que d'avis divers! Et pour mettre tout le monde d'accord, nous tirons de notre portefeuille une coupure de journal anglais, que nous traduisons et dont voici le texte, reproduit récemment par un grand quotidien (sic) de Londres:"

Here follows a portion of *Mr. Punch's* "Reprint," translated *literatim*:—

"*Daily News* du 21 juin 1815.—Quoique les rapports officiels annoncent une grande victoire des forces alliées à Waterloo, il saute aux yeux de qui sait lire entre les lignes que l'action a été indécise et coûteuse. Comme nous avons constam-

ment eu l'occasion de le faire remarquer lors de la guerre de la Péninsule, le duc de WELLINGTON n'est pas un stratège; et si ce n'est été l'héroïque bravoure des Belges, l'armée anglaise aurait été annihilée par les Français.

"Ce passage paraît convaincre tout le monde.

"Mais celui-ci, emprunté au même journal, même date, même article, soulève des exclamations. On verra, en effet, que le *Military-Critic* du *Daily News* était un bonapartiste non dissimulé:"

Here follows another portion of *Mr. Punch's* "Reprint":—

"Puisque nous estimons que la campagne actuelle est un crime, et que la soumission temporaire à Napoléon aurait sauvé le pays d'une incalculable misère, nous ne cachons pas notre chagrin d'apprendre que notre commandant en chef a échappé à un désastre bien mérité. Quant à la défaite de la vieille garde—surtout! nous refusons catégoriquement d'y croire."

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

IV.—THE INDIA-RUBBER MAN.

THE rubicund man in the open-work boots in the opposite corner is in a confidential mood. He has just joined us at Reading—hitherto we have had the compartment to ourselves—and, having deposited a greasy parcel on the seat beside him, lights a clay pipe and looks towards us with an ominous geniality. I bury myself in an evening paper. FERGUSON glares sternly at the opposite wall; he is in a bad temper, for he has just seen St. Valentine's caught in the Gut, after giving me two to one this morning on the way up in the train that they would make their bump.

"Come from Oxford, gen'lemen?"

FERGUSON says nothing. I give a curt assent without looking up from my paper. "I'm an Oxford man myself, gen'lemen."

We make no response.

"Don't misunderstand me, Sir," explains the rubicund man, "I don't mean that I was at any of the gents' colleges. You mustn't think that." (We had made no such mistake.) "I mean I was born in Oxford, gen'lemen."

There is a pause.

"I'm livin' in London nar," he continues—"dahn the 'Arrer Road; been in London since I was a nipper. I've just been to Readin' to see my ole mother."

I am weak enough to say "Indeed."

"Yuss," he holds on cheerfully, "she's been porely. Very nearly lost 'er last week. She's all right nar, though—right as rain. Don't you fret."

I murmur a brief congratulation. The rubicund man seems piqued at the silence of FERGUSON. He now addresses him pointedly.

"Lose yer mother," he remarks with a beaming smile, "an' yer lose yer right arm."

FERGUSON is not to be moved. The rubicund man turns to me.

"True, ain't it?" he queries.

I nod and become absorbed in my paper. I feel that our fellow-passenger must not be given further encouragement.

He now tries another tack.

"Test Match 'll be orl right, won't it?"

This time I take no notice at all.

Silence ensues. It is a long time before I dare look up over the corner of my paper. The rubicund man has removed his hat and is dozing in his corner. I venture to enter into conversation with FERGUSON. There is no change in the situation till the train stops at Ealing. Then the rubicund man wakes up, produces a bottle from his breast-pocket and offers it to FERGUSON, then to me.

We decline, and the train moves on

again. The rubicund man refreshes himself and relights his pipe. FERGUSON and I continue our conversation. FERGUSON's remarks upon the subject of the St. Valentine's cox getting the rudder lines crossed at the start are such that I will not sully my lips by repeating them. I venture to suggest that the crew themselves were a poor lot. A heated argument follows.

"Gen'lemen."

It is the rubicund man again. We continue our argument.

"Gen'lemen! Would yer like ter see the injer-rubber man?"

FERGUSON darts a stern glance at him, and continues to demonstrate that, bar the cox, St. Valentine's are the best crew on the river this year.

The rubicund man leans towards us and addresses himself to FERGUSON in a louder tone.

"Sirs! Do yer wanter see the injer-rubber man?"

FERGUSON breaks off his argument abruptly.

"No," he replies coldly, "we don't."

The discomfiture of the rubicund man is pathetic. He sinks back into his corner again and broods. It seems that his trump card has been played in vain. FERGUSON turns to me and continues his argument. I watch the rubicund man. His feelings have been so obviously hurt, I cannot help being sorry for him. Suddenly his melancholy is dispelled, and a smile of enlightenment breaks over his face. He rises, and making his way over to our corner stands over FERGUSON, steadying himself with a hand on the rack.

"Train's makin' sich a noise," he explains, "yer couldn't 'ear what I said. I said—do yer wanter see the injer-rubber man?"

FERGUSON turns, and looks him full in the face.

"No," he replies in tones that are painfully distinct, "we don't."

This is really a pitiless blow. The rubicund man gropes his way back to his corner and sits down again. The dumb misery of his expression cuts me to the heart. I find myself ashamed at the inhumanity of FERGUSON. I strive to direct, undetected by FERGUSON, a look of sympathetic interest towards the other corner. The rubicund man sits gazing despondently before him, a broken man. The train begins to slow down before entering Westbourne Park. Suddenly he revives again. He looks across at us, then rises to his feet and begins to take off his coat.

"Doesn't matter," he remarks cheerfully, "I'll show 'im to yer all the sime. The 'Uman Pincushin."

"I tell you we don't want to see," says FERGUSON.

The rubicund man disregards this,

and rolls up his shirt-sleeve. The train has drawn up at the platform.

"Narthen," he observes, moving over to our corner and holding out a not very clean arm, "you can stick as many pins or needles as yer like inter thet."

"Oh, go away!" cries FERGUSON roughly. "I've seen that millions of times. Anybody can do it."

The rubicund man regards him sadly, then offers him a pin.

"Stick one in, Sir," he pleads, "anywhere yer like. I'm not chargin' yer any money fer it."

FERGUSON harshly declines the invitation. I cannot bring myself to accept.

"Any plice yer like," repeats the rubicund man seductively, "tenderest spots in the body." And then suddenly sits down.

"Sole o' the foot," he observes joyfully, and hastily begins to remove a fragmentary boot.

"Look here, confound you—" begins FERGUSON loudly, when he is interrupted by the entrance of the ticket collector. He takes our tickets and waits impassively while the rubicund man, coatless, and with his boot half off, fumbles in his pocket. Eventually the ticket is found and handed up.

"Westbourne Park?" queries the conductor. "Here you are—train's just going on."

The collector leaves the compartment briskly. The rubicund man rises slowly and picks up his coat and the greasy parcel. The engine whistles, and the rubicund man limps hastily out on to the platform. The train moves on, and the last I see of him is on a seat, with his coat and the greasy parcel on the ground in front of him, sadly pulling on his boot again.

"EVERYMAN" IN HIS HUMOURS."

It may be that the Morality Play called *Everyman* will have been withdrawn from the boards of the Imperial Theatre before this brief notice of it sees the light of a matinée. Mr. BEN GREET deserves well of all who have at heart the best interests of the Drama in having unearthed this quaintly-devised and truly touching piece (from which illiterate JOHN BUNYAN, two centuries or more—for the date of *Everyman* is uncertain—later, must surely have taken some hints for his *Pilgrim's Progress*) and boldly placed it on the stage. How fortunate is Mr. BEN GREET in having found so good a company to play the old-world characters, and to have obtained so conscientious an artiste, and one so peculiarly suited to this same part of *Everyman*, as is Miss WYNNE



AT THE ZOO.

Little Girl (after seeing many queer beasts). "BUT THERE AREN'T REALLY SUCH ANIMALS, NURSE, ARE THERE?"

MATHESON, whose name is absent from the programme, which indeed makes no mention of any of the actors or actresses. Nor does it give the names of the two Beefeaters or Yeomen of the Guard who, standing left and right of the proscenium, halbert in hand, do motionless sentry-duty during the hour-and-a-half's performance. Their presence is distracting, especially to those among the audience who have a keen appreciation of humour, and to whose memory is forcibly recalled that scene in *The Critic* where the Halberdier, throwing off his disguise, appears as somebody else, exclaiming,—

"Am I a Beefeater now?"

But as this pair never do anything except keep awake, in which they triumph over nature, surely they might be dismissed within the first quarter of an hour of the play, to return when the *Doctor* pronounces the epilogue; or, in their temporary absence, their places might be taken by two wax-work figures, who would come to "relieve guard." So with Hearty Ben-Greeting we sincerely commend this performance of *Everyman* to Everyman and Everywoman too.

A HINT FROM THE SULTAN.

["Henceforth no more books are to be published in Turkey, the SULTAN having so decreed by special Iradé. This, at least, is the report which has reached Vienna from Constantinople.

It is further stated that the men formerly employed in the publishing business are now engaged as detectives in the political police force." *Daily Paper.*]

SINCE ABDUL the Tremendous has issued his command That no new books shall see the sun in his Delightful Land,

It's surely quite permissible for us to follow suit,
And extirpate *our* publishers and authors, branch and root.

Just think of the sensation—"our Fathers of the Row"
Compelled by absolute decrees to shut up shop and go;
Think of the pain of PINKER, of A. P. WATT the pique,
The speechlessness of SHORTER, his subjects all to seek!

And yet on calm reflection it's very plain to see
The country need not suffer, but should the better be,
If all this mass of talent, of enterprise and force
Could merely be diverted into a nobler course.

For HOPE would take to politics, in which he's sure to shine,

And BARRIE pioneer a new tobacconist Combine,
WELLS would succeed his namesake in the London Fire Brigade,

And SIDNEY LEE pursue with glee the Bacon-curing trade.

HALL CAINE would deal in butter, for never yet was seen
So talented a ladler-out of moral margarine,
And HARMSWORTH run a private school for reigning monarchs' heirs

With autocars for autocrats (no extra for repairs).

The care of Scotland Yard of course to CONAN DOYLE would go,

And LANG would take his cleek in hand and flourish as a "pro,"

KIRLING would play the banjo at Henley and at Cowes,
And AUSTIN peddle one by one the laurels from his brows.

SAXON GRACE.

["It is a question whether the suggested abolition of Greek as an obligatory subject for Responsions will be a convenience even to the scientific man, for whom an elementary knowledge of the classical tongues is almost necessary. We are reminded of Mr. HERBERT SPENCER's admission that 'stick-togetherness' and 'allalikeness' are but clumsy substitutes for their classical equivalents."—*Daily Paper*.]

O SCIENTIFIC Britain,
How long wilt weakly cast
Thine eye o'er tomes half written
In language of the past?
How long wilt sadly hammer
At Greek and Latin grammar
That thou may'st learn to stammer
These six-foot words at last?

Down, down with Greek and Latin,
And in the honoured throne
Which they so long have sat in
Let Saxon reign alone—
The tongue wherein one traces
No blemish that debases
Those literary graces
She only calls her own.

Abolish barbarisms,
Nor struggle to express
In clumsy classicisms
A meaning few can guess.
Instead of "integration"
Say "sticktogetherness,"
Instead of "granulation"
Say "powdermakingness!"

What! Must we dig in fusty
Dead tongues long past away,
To find a worn-out, musty
Old word like "atom," eh?
Let's say, with glib facility,
An "uncutupability,"
And talk of "volatility"
As "powertofyaway."

A PAPER GOVERNMENT.

"PARDON me, Sir," he said, breathlessly, "pardon this liberty on the part of a perfect stranger—you may be surprised—"

I was surprised, and I said so. For when on a railway journey you offer a newspaper to a fellow passenger, he does not, generally speaking, give a piercing yell, tear the paper in half, and fling it out of the window. Besides, the *Powder-Puff*—I had bought it to take home to my wife—is a journal of almost ostentatious refinement, written by ladies for ladies. I asked—with a hand close to the alarm button—for explanations.

"Sir," he replied, "that accursed print you offered me has ruined my life. Some months ago I chanced to open a number of the *Powder-Puff* at a book-stall. My eye fell on an article headed 'How to Dress like a Duchess on £10 a year.' It seemed just the thing for my wife, who, between ourselves, is a bit extravagant over her millinery. She

was delighted with it; in fact, I had to call next morning at the office, and pay a year's subscription in advance. If you do that, besides the paper itself, they give you six votes for an Asylum for Imbecile Orphans, which, of course, is an immense advantage. Next Thursday the *Powder-Puff* arrived—it's done so once a week ever since—and I'm a ruined man!" I made some remark about exaggeration.

"Exaggeration?" he shouted, "exaggeration? How would you like it yourself? Who do you suppose rules my household—rules it with a rod of iron? No, not I, nor my wife, nor even her relations, but a blatant, loathsome, anonymous journalist, skulking in the *Powder-Puff* Office! It began with the food. Instead of the decent dinners my wife used to give me, we have nothing but abominable recipes taken from the 'Succulent Suppers' column. Then it went on to the library-list. My wife won't have anything except what 'Cultivated Critic' recommends. So the only novels I see nowadays are those published at the *Powder-Puff* Office, and written, apparently, by the editor's relations. Next came the garden. The *Powder-Puff* remarked one day that the fashionable flower this year is *Deinosophorus* Major, or some such name. If you'll believe me, my wife promptly dug up all our roses and geraniums, and planted *Deinosophorus* everywhere. Afterwards we found out that it must be grown in tropical hothouses. Then my choice was given me between some vile stuff called 'Miggs' Magnificent Mixture' and no tobacco at all. *Powder-Puff* again, of course! So I'm a non-smoker nowadays. The children have joined the 'Little Heroes' League' run in connection with the paper, and are advised by its conductor—through the correspondence column, with names and addresses printed in full—to put up with their brutal and uncultivated father as patiently as they can. Now I've got a brief holiday. I had hoped to spend it in Scotland. But the *Powder-Puff* recommends a certain set of lodgings at Sloppington-on-Sea, so I'm on my way to engage them—at a fancy price. Before long—"

At this moment the train stopped, and I hastily changed carriages.

"THEY MANAGE THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE."—The River Steamboat service. Compare Parisian boats on the Seine with . . . but the comparison is impossible, there being no steam-boat service at all on the Thames. And what a chance has been lost this year, which would have been just the very time for making a number of new piers!

LETTING IT DOWN GENTLY.

["A Mother's Congress has declared against cradles on hygienic grounds."—*Evening Paper*.]

ONCE mothers babes with "hush-a-by"
To cradled sleep would woo;
But now in the maternal eye
The cradle is taboo.

Yet while this Congress ruthlessly
Its ill effects expounds,
The cradle's fall at least will be
On hygienic grounds.

ADVICE TO THE MISSUS.

DEAR MADAM, — Your own general servant, together with 9,999 members of her profession, has been invited to partake of a banquet provided by her QUEEN, who will at the same time decorate her with a medal struck in honour of the event.

I would strongly recommend you, Madam, to ask yourself the following questions:—

1. Is my conduct with regard to MARY such as is likely to be discussed with approval by ten thousand general servants?

2. Do I sufficiently realise that MARY's mind, owing to the blessed spread of education, is doubtless stored with information concerning the most recent discoveries in physics, botany, medicine, astronomy, &c.?

3. Am I competent to converse intelligently with MARY on these topics?

4. Do I acknowledge that it must be a hindrance to her higher mental culture to be continually harping on such subjects as broken china, burnt porridge, and getting up in the morning?

5. Do I know the meaning of G.F.S., M.A.B.Y.S., S.P.C.S.?

6. When visited by delegates of the above Societies, do I welcome them with fervour, and see to it afterwards that MARY punctually attends all the classes and meetings to which those ladies invite her?

7. Do I confidently believe that, however healthy in appearance, MARY is suffering from anæmia and is under strict orders from her doctor to take plenty of nourishing food—to abstain from the slightest exertion indoors, but to have daily exercise in the open air?

8. Do I loyally help MARY to obey these orders, even furnishing the kitchen with an armchair, in case she should feel inclined for repose after the "nourishing food?"

9. Am I a firm believer in MARY's soldier cousin?

I am, Madam,

Your sincere well-wisher,

PUNCH.

MR. PUNCH'S NOTES AND
QUERIES.

(A Peep into the Future.)

v.

SLOE GIN (30th S. viii. 377).—I find no attempt in *Skeat* to explain this curious phrase, which constantly occurs in connection with the hebdomadal recreations of Parliamentary representatives at the close of the nineteenth century. The *locus classicus* is to be found in a contemporary print, which states that "Mr. BALFOUR was in excellent form during his visit to Littlestone." On being asked by an interviewer to what he attributed his success he laughingly replied, "Abstinence from sloe gin!" Mr. BALFOUR, a distinguished athlete, seems to have been in the habit of frequenting Littlestone for the purpose of indulging in some occult species of ball game, presumably of Scottish origin, as Mr. BALFOUR was from beyond the Border. "Sloe Gin," then, is probably a Southern corruption of "Slogan," i.e., the war-cry or shout raised by excited players. Others identify the phrase with some implement used in the game, the word "gin" being used in the sense of "trap" (cf. *trap*, bat and ball), while Professor DEWAR, of Perth, holds that the phrase should be written "Slow Gin," i.e., a spirit the effects of which were subtle and lingering (cf. "Forty rod whiskey").

H. CRAIK.

HASKELL BALL (30th S. viii. 551).—The ordinary explanation of "Haskell Ball" is, I know, that it is a proper name, and that HASKELL BALL was a brother of a fire-eating Yeomanry officer named JOHNNY BALL, of Hoylake, who was frequently prosecuted for assaulting a harmless and helpless old veteran named Colonel BOGEY. Plausible as this theory undoubtedly is, I cannot help feeling it to be insufficiently supported by contemporary evidence. For my own part I feel convinced that "Haskell" is merely a corruption of "Ask-all," and that the "Ask-all Ball" was a species of entertainment organised on an extremely democratic basis. I am confirmed in this view by the fact that a certain writer named HORACE HUTCHINSON speaks of a Haskell Ball as being "difficult to control," and "uncommonly lively." The Haskell Ball was apparently first started in America—(cf. "Bradley-Martin Ball").

A. F. MACF.

LIKE AS WE LIE (30th S. viii. 66).—The clue to this enigmatical phrase, which attained a wide currency at the beginning of the twentieth century, is probably to be found in that economy which is so characteristic a trait of the people amongst whom it had its birth.



PA. MA.
1902

"WHAT D'YER CALL THE NEW BABY, AURELIA?"
"PEACE!"

It is, I feel convinced, an elliptical expression to be completed in some such form as "(Nobody can lie) like as we lie," and seems to have been adopted as a sort of watchword by a Guild or Company which had its headquarters at St. Andrews. The falsification of their accounts was so common a practice that no discredit seems to have attached to it, the phrase "a good lie"

conveying no discredit, but rather the reverse, to the perpetrator.

W. A. KNIGHT.

THE LANDOR LANDED?—Reflections on a certain in-and-out runner by the ghost of W. S. L. (quoting himself):—
"Ah! what avails the Sceptred race?
Ah! what the form divine?"

THE PLAINT OF THE LOYAL BARD.

[SIR DONALD MACKENZIE WALLACE, in his record of the cruise of the *Ophir*, describes the frequency with which, in political tributes to the Royal visitors, "Prince" was made to rhyme with "evince."]

THE premium on a princely rank is patent to the eye;
You're envied in your lifetime, and belauded when you die;
But it has its disadvantages, and none of them is worse
Than the scanty scope it offers to practitioners in verse.

There are rhymes in great profusion for the troubadour to
slang

If he's called upon to celebrate the virtues of a King
(I own it's hard to find a word to fraternise with Duke
Excepting the uncompromising term of Mameluke);

But the worst of all the problems that confronts the rhyming
crew

Is the one MACKENZIE WALLACE has unfolded to our view;
Viz., you never can appropriately eulogise a Prince
Without at last resorting to the awful verb "evince."

The available alternatives are little better, since
You can't express your loyalty by lugging in a quince;
And thus, although the operation causes you to wince,
You're ultimately driven your devotion to evince.

The moral of this story is approximately clear;
Don't reject a decoration, don't refuse to be a peer;
But in fixing on a title pray exhibit some regard
For the metrical requirements of the patriotic bard.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. IWAN-MÜLLER confesses that the bulky volume he entitles *Lord Milner in South Africa* (HEINEMANN) contains only about two-thirds of what he has actually written. For this my Baronite offers thanks, and is disposed to hint that further compression would not have decreased the value of the book. A peculiarity of it is that, whilst it is entitled *Lord Milner in South Africa*, we do not approach Lord MILNER till page 429 is reached. Even then the author goes off at a tangent, leaving Lord MILNER waiting to be called for later in the course of the remaining 300 pages. Mr. IWAN-MÜLLER's industry is colossal, his accumulation of detail overwhelming. He has apparently read every Blue Book and despatch connected with South Africa since, in 1815, the affair of Slagter's Nek. From these, and even from newspapers, he quotes liberally, amassing a wealth of information for the patient reader. Nowhere else will the student of the history of South Africa find in fuller or more convenient form the raw material upon which opinion may be formed or history written.

The Mechanism of War (BLACKWOOD), the latest contribution of "LINESMAN" to the illumination of the campaign in South Africa now really over, is not the least valuable of the series. Having, as Lord ROSEBERRY puts it, muddled through somehow, we find a painful interest in looking back, and, guided by an expert, discovering why we were so long about it, and why more than once we escaped final disaster. "Never," writes "LINESMAN," "was greater military talent in conjunction with greater military ignorance, never were the potentialities of genius more trammelled by the clinging wheels of professional ineptitude than in the early days of the conflict." He applauds the British officer, whom he has seen in the field, and grows almost ecstatic over the patience, the courage, and the endurance of the private soldier. He restrains himself when he comes to allude to gentlemen highly placed in Pall Mall. The moral of the campaign is set forth in a sentence. "We had no troops, no tactics, no

Mounted Infantry, no Staff, no sense, at the beginning of the war; we had them all in serviceable quantities before the war was half-way over An officer who has survived two years in South Africa is the most accomplished and resourceful leader of men in existence, for upon the foundation of his own unrivalled natural capacity for war has been imposed a course of instruction as perfect as its pupil." That is encouraging. But a terrible price has been paid for the lesson. As "LINESMAN" says, it is wasteful, expensive work, trusting to the day of the race to train the horse.

The other day the Baron had the pleasure of giving to his readers an extract from the *New Opera Glass*, by FR. CHARLEY, describing the plot of *The Merry Wives*. Here is another from the same amusing and interesting work. It is a concise account of the plot of *Turandot*, by THEOBALD REHBAUM:—

"Kalaf, Prince of Assam has leaved his fatherland; after the death of his father, a relative has taken possession of the throne. He intended to enter in service of the prince of Kaschmir. Coming to the castle, he is recognised from the gardener, but he doesn't like to be known him. He has saved the prince his life justly, but is gone away not awaiting the thanks."

"Both leaves the stage."

"Now Turandot, daughter of the prince of Kaschmir, is carry on the stage; also the parrot is brought, which Kalaf had catched. Turandot and Kalaf falling in love together. Kalaf does choose a favor; he begs to can loose the riddle Turandot. All are astonished, Turandot herself, who may save the live of the stranger; but Kalaf remains on his desire."

"Second act: Turandot is happy: Kalaf has loosed all her riddle and she hopes now to get him als bridegroom but Kalaf gives non himself such a riddle, which had to loose Turandot, to tell him his name and his native. But she is sorry, she can not find out the right name and so she is loosing all hopes; all troubles are vainless. Till, at last, she heard the name: Achmed of Samarkand. But this is not the right name: Great meeting. Turandot is greeting as Prince Achmed of Samarkand, but must hear from him, that this is not the right name. In a humble manner she say, that Kalaf must be her Master and commander and that a hearth that deeply loves, much better is, than humour and mind."

"Turandot and Kalaf have found to another and enjoyment is everywhere."

And certainly enjoyment is here for all the readers to whom this excerpt is presented by the considerate

BARON DE B.-W.

A PRETTY PLAY.

THE most originally schemed-out and wittily written pieces will "gang aglee" as well as do *Mice and Men*, unless they have the most skilful interpreters. Now this piece of MADELEINE LUOTTE RYLEY's, possessing little pretension to being either "most original" in its design or particularly brilliant in its dialogue, has achieved success entirely through the skill of the interpretation given to it by Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT as *Peggy* and Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON as *Mark Embury*. On these two mainly depends its success; and the greater responsibility falls to Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT, whose *Peggy* is a delicious impersonation. There is not any great tax on Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON's dramatic force in the character he has elected to portray, but he plays it most artistically, with great reserve, and, despite the meagreness of plot, the self-sacrifice involved in his part wins for it the entire sympathy of the audience.

Mr. WILLIAM FARREN, Junior, as *Peter Embury's* crabbed old man-servant, gives a capital character sketch; and Mr. BEN WEBSTER is the light and airy gallant, whose conversion to the moral proprieties of life is partly due to his love at first sight for *Peggy*, and partly to his being evidently a "good fellow at heart."

Miss MARY RORKE makes the most of the excellent though over-fond and foolish *Mrs. Deborah*, and Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE, in spite of his Italian name ever associated with song and opera, gives us, in his rendering of *Roger Goodlake*, an amusing variant of the *Dolly Spanker* order of country squire (a squire of Dames with the second vowel omitted), period 1786—when it seems pure Scotch as a language was in considerable vogue in the regions about "Old Hampstead."



COMMON OBJECTS OF THE SEA SHORE.

First Seaside Saddle Polisher. "WOT CHEER, 'ARRY! 'OW ARE YER GETTIN' ON?"
'Arry. "FIRST-RATE, OLD PAL. ONLY THIS—BEGGAR ALWAYS—BUMPS—AT THE WRONG—TIME!"

"BOUDICCA."

[The Highways Committee of the London County Council report that the placing in position on the Victoria Embankment of the Boadicea statuary group, by the late Mr. THOMAS THORNYCROFT, and presented to the Council by his son, Mr. J. L. THORNYCROFT, is nearly completed. One of the three inscriptions recommended by the Committee, which are to be placed on the pedestal, is as follows: "BOADICEA (BOUDICCA), Queen of the Iceni, who died A.D. 61, after leading her people against the Roman invader."]

HAPLESS, heroic Queen of the Iceni,
 Welcome again to what you knew as "Llyndin,"
 Where we shall meet you (better late than never!)
 On the Embankment!

Long have we known and handed on your story,
 How for revenge each Roman camp you harried,
 Camalodunum, Verulam, Augusta,
 Briefly victorious.

Down through the ages schoolboy after schoolboy,
 Following blindly pedagogue and poet,
 (So we are learning) carefully miscalled you
 "BOADICEA."

Now they know better in the County Council
 On the Committee of the London Highways;
 See how they try to rehabilitate you
 Centuries after!

'Tis as "BOUDICCA" Cockneys are to know you,
 Wife of PRASÚTAGUS, who eighteen hundred
 Years (and some over) have unduly waited
 Since your last advent.

Probably, when your MAJESTY was brought up
 'Mid the primeval fastnesses of Suffolk,
 Writing, among the various arts you practised,
 Wasn't included.

But the precise and learned City Fathers
 Haven't yet floored all subtleties of spelling;
 How to pronounce "BOUDICCA," they've omitted
 Footnote or something.

Is it Boodicca, or, instead, *Boughdicca*?
 Westminster pauses for some further brackets
 'Neath her new statue—meanwhile, we're content with
 "BOADICEA!"

FALSTAFFIAN.

In Our Representative's recent notice of *The Merry Wives* at the Haymarket there is one notable point omitted. Mr. TREE as *Falstaff* makes his first entrance on the scene, mounted. *Falstaff* must have weighed considerably over twenty stone. Good. You can't give such a rider a "serviceable cob, up to weight." No; only a strong, Normandy dray-horse could have been up to his weight; and the "bearer of the burden" is not such a quadruped.

Now, when writing this Postscriptum, Our Representative does not for one moment think it will have the slightest weight with the already over-burdened Manager, who, what with his padding and his nightly receipts, must have very sufficient reasons for "leaving well alone," but "*liberavit animam suam*," and so with quieted conscience he hopes yet again to behold the two merriest of *Merry Wives*, with the spreading TREE and the ever mountin' ASCHF.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, June 14.—Production of DONIZETTI's delightful comic opera, *L'Elisir d'Amore*. Should it be given again this season Mr. Punch's Operatic Representative strongly advises everyone, be their musical proclivities what they may, not to miss the chance of enjoying this sweetly-melodious and, in its simple action, ticklingly-humorous light opera.

Some there are still "here below," in the Covent Garden stalls, who may have heard RONCONI in the character of the universal drug-provider, but few, if any, are there now, in any part of the house, who can remember having seen this opera with the cast as I have it before me in an old copy—"Price Two Shillings. Entered at Stationers' Hall. Printed and Sold by G. Stuart, 15, Archer Street, Haymarket"—but alas! undated, wherein appear Madame PERSIANI as *Adina*, Signor MARIO as *Nemorino*, Signor TAMBURINI as *Belcore*, and the part of *Dulcamara*, "a Medical Mountebank," played, as I have always heard it said, inimitably, by the great Signor LABLACHE, one of the very few who, had NICOLAI's *Merry Wives* been written in his time, could have played *Sir John Falstaff* without padding.

Of course, its style in form and finals of duets and concerted pieces is undeniably "old-fashioned;" but to simple folk this opera is a real rural treat. It is now represented in three Acts, of which the first ends with the familiar duet "*Obbligato! Obbligato!*" capitably sung and acted by Signor CARUSO as *Nemorino*, and PINI CORSI as *Dulcamara*. The second Act, finishing with the quintette and full chorus, raised the enthusiasm of the audience to the very highest operatic pitch.

Mlle. REGINA PACINI sang perfectly as the heroine, and acted charmingly. In her final song Mlle. REGINA introduced some vocal pyrotechnic displays from *Puritani* which took the house by storm. Honours easy to Mlle. REGINA (once more "Queen of our hearts to-night!") and to sweet-voiced tenor (occasionally *robusto*) Signor CARUSO, whose *Nemorino* is in every respect excellent. He sings perfectly; and plays the part seriously. He has only one bottle of Elixir, he ought to have half-a-dozen. Signor SCOTTI was well up to the required military operatic standard as "The dashing white Sergeant," who, though an impulsive and ardent lover, yet means to deal honestly with the girl. Encores "taken and offered." MANCINELLI "called" and heartily greeted.

It is a very pretty rustic scene in which the entire action takes place. *Dr. Dulcamara's* one-horse car has possibly been modelled by the ingenious property-man on a certain well-known gorgeous chariot which flashes about the streets of London as an advertisement for something or other; just the very brilliant equipage that *Dr. Dulcamara* himself would have selected. Signor PINI CORSI, playing the "Medical Mountebank" with considerable sly humour, misses the assumption of dignity absolutely essential to this imposing character. His very gaiety with the *paysannes* should be patronising. *Dulcamara's* professional manner (and except in confidential asides to the audience he never loses it) should always be that of a superior person who says, as did Mr. WHISTLER on a celebrated occasion, "I am not arguing, I'm telling you."

And the chorus! Sure such unanimity was never seen in any village! How sweet a thing it is to consider these gossiping ladies of all ages, sizes, and varied attractions living together in such perfect harmony under the ruling bâton of one Man-cinelli.

Tuesday, June 17.—Full house (of course) to hear MELBA as *Juliette*. Mme. MELBA shared the honours (taking the Lioness's share) with SWEZZA as *Romeo*. M. SEVEILHAC

excellent as *Mercutio*, and M. PLANÇON impressive as ever as the philosophic, herbalistic *Friar*, who considers all flesh as grass, himself remaining as fresh and as green as ever. A better *Stephano* than Mlle. MAUBOURG it is quite possible to imagine, but she was not without her admirers in a house where everyone is entitled to express freely individual opinion by a show of hands. Chorus good throughout.

Wednesday, June 18, Carmen.—CALVÉ as *Carmen*! Let that suffice as a big big attraction whenever the *affiche* is made. Who knows not CALVÉ's *Carmen* does not *Carmen* know!

Not another *Carmen* to equal her, in acting at least. Such abandonment, such diabolical coquetry, such grace of action, such superb defiance, and in her death scene, O what a fall is there! Not absolutely perfect in singing, it may be, but with such a splendidly capricious *Carmen*, even *Maitre BIZET lui-même* would be "kind to a fault." M. MARÉCHAL was the novelty in *Don José*, singing well, but over-acting. SUZANNE ADAMS delightful as the innocent *Micaëla*, and everyone more than "contento" with Signor SCOTTI as the "*Toréador*."

Saturday, June 21.—Show me, on the lyric stage, a finer actor than PLANÇON. And with his deep, rich notes and perfect mastery of his *métier*, how excellent a singer! In his hands *Mephisto* is *un très bon diable* up to a certain point, but when he does assert his authority, *gardez-vous!*

The *Marguerite* of SUZANNE ADAMS is "one of the best," and "regrettable incident" as is the indisposition of Mme. CALVÉ, yet this is not by any means one of the parts by which she herself would be remembered. M. MARÉCHAL, quite a "*Tiny Tim*" of a *Faust* by the side of *Plançon-Mephisto*, is, like a liqueur that ladies love, not strong but sweet. Mlle. MAUBOURG as *Siebel*, in the garden scene, rose pluckily to the occasion; and M. SEVEILHAC was powerful as *Valentine*.

Signor MANCINELLI conducted himself and orchestra admirably.

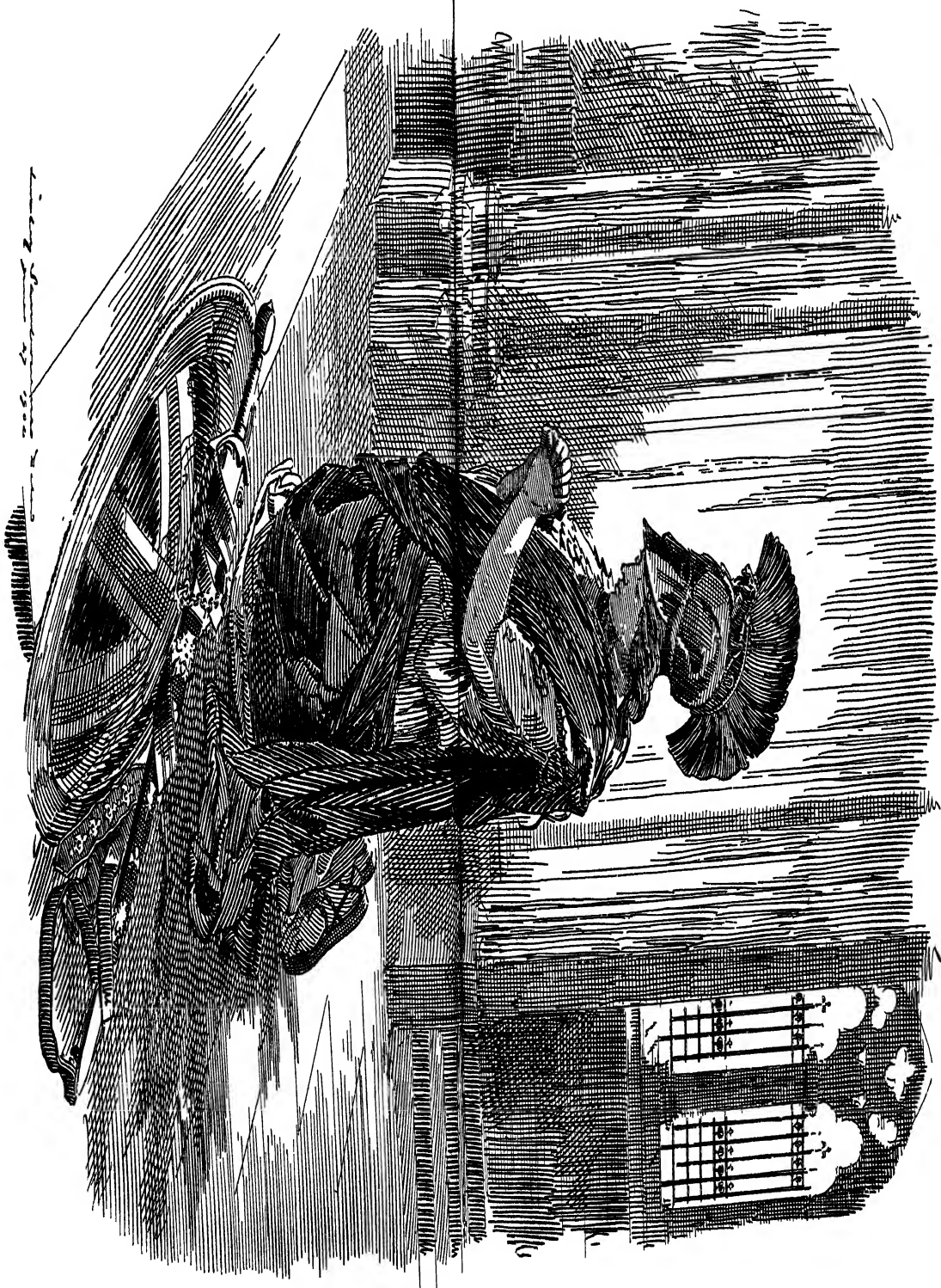
June 26.—In consequence of change of arrangements unfortunately made compulsory by His MAJESTY's grievous illness, Covent Garden open to-night, but no one on stage at anything like their best in *Lohengrin*. Audience depressed. Madame NORDICA singing sweetly and looking charming, dividing "musical honours" with Miss KIRKBY LUNN. "Music hath charms," but the Opera to-night is a mere temporary distraction from the all-absorbing topic of the KING's suffering.

HORSES "STILL RUNNING."—At Drury Lane, this week sees the hundredth performance of *Ben-Hur*, which is to continue its course as long as the horses in the chariot race have any "go" left in them. Such a success as this of *Ben* is something un-Hurd of in recent years at Old Drury. Like GRACE at his best, *Ben-Hur* with one hit has "scored a century" of representations. How AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS Imperator would have rejoiced!

A CORRESPONDENT from Ahmedabad sends us the following local information taken from an Indian journal:—

"After 114 degrees of heat a dustorm (*sic*), accompanied by thunder, occurred here at 12.30 P.M., and it rained for fifteen minutes. Several trees were uprooted. This has lowered the temperature greatly."

Mr. Punch sincerely hopes that, should this meet the eye of the ruthless Rt. Hon. ARETAS AKERS-DOUGLAS, First Commissioner of Works, he will not, in the event of a heat-wave, make cooling experiments in this direction on such remnants of the Green Park as are left over from the widening of Piccadilly.



THE VIGIL.

JUNE 26TH.

SURET it stands, the shrine within whose walls
He went to give his kingly stage to-day;
And silent on our hearts the sorrow falls
Which only faith may stay.

Not for ourselves we mourn the moment's loss,
Our pleasure darkened and our sun gone down;
All thoughts are turned to where he bears the cross
Who should have worn the crown.

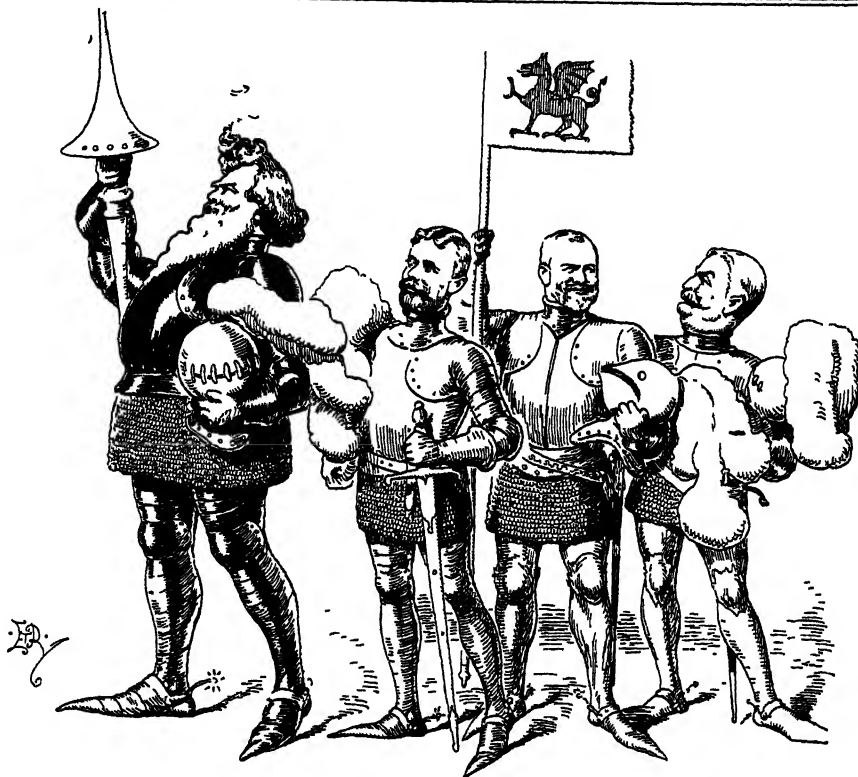
So keep we vigil: so a Nation's prayer
Humbly before the Eternal Heart we bring,
That of His grace and pity God may spare
And give us back our king!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 23.
—With C.B.'s kind permission I've been week-ending in Belgium. Just back from Bruges, where in the Market Place stands the belfry old and brown. Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o'er the town. Went to see Exhibition of the works of early Flamand painters. A rare collection, in number unique. In all there are some three hundred pictures, dating from the time of MELCHIOR BROEDERLAM, in 1398, up to PIERRE BRUEGEL le Vieux, who flourished about 1568. Here are nearly all the famous specimens of the early schools of painting of Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Louvain and Antwerp. Never before were so many of the masterpieces of HANS MEMLING sheltered under one roof. Among them is the "*Chasse de Sainte Ursule*," precious beyond its weight in gold. Of paintings large and small, portraits and pious pictures, there are from the Master's hand no fewer than sixty-five.

A spectacle not to be missed. Has, moreover, advantage of being close at hand. Leave Victoria at 9.30 in the morning; cross to Ostend by the fine steamers of the Belgian State Railway and Mail Packet Service; whisked in



A MIDSUMMER-KNIGHTS' DREAM.

(Some Parliamentary recipients of Coronation Honours)

SIR W. ALL-N, SIR G-LE-RT P-RK-E, SIR ALFR-D TH-M-S, SIR J-S-PH L-WB-NCE.

twenty-five minutes along the lowlands that lie between Ostend and Bruges. You may take a turn round the Hôtel du Conseil Provincial, see the pictures before dinner, return to spend a morning amongst them, back in London for dinner if you please.

Had the honour of meeting the King of the BELGIANS, and the privilege of being personally conducted by His MAJESTY through the second section of the Exhibition, shown in the old Grunthuuse. Here are tapestries rich and rare, vestments of priests which make one almost in love with long sermons, as promising opportunity of fuller study of exquisite designs, infinite beauty of softened tints.

"And how's the MEMBER FOR SARK?" asked His MAJESTY; "why didn't he come with you?"

Explained that this is his day for duty at the House at 2.30.

"Ah," said the KING, a shade of disappointment crossing his kindly countenance, "that is unfortunate. I read my *Punch* every week; have done so for more years than I like to recall. Would like to have had a little conversation with Monsieur SARK. He is like your song. How does it go? 'But though I hear thee in my dreams, Thy face I never see.' Yes, I like *Punch*; it has *l'esprit*, and you know you have not in English a word that translates that."

Pleasant to hear His MAJESTY talk

about England. Lives and works among his own people; goes out and about almost as an ordinary burgher; a kind smile for all, a friendly word to any who come in contact with him. But for the little island across the sea that tumbles on the magnificent barrier of Ostend His MAJESTY cherishes deep affection, profound admiration.

Pleasant to watch his tall figure, head and shoulders above the crowd packed in the Exhibition, and see face lighting up with kindly smile as his regard falls upon an acquaintance. Been some talk of late of trouble in Belgium. No trace of it in Bruges, where the people throng the streets to see the KING come and go, welcoming and speeding His MAJESTY with hearty cheer. *Business done.*—Education Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—Principal business appointed for to-day Motion for adjournment over Coronation festivities. The morning sun broke over London, gay with bunting, later filled with a jubilant crowd hurrying on to wind up work in order to make holiday for the crowning of the KING. At noontide the darkness of night suddenly fell, and the rejoicing city was, at a stroke, transformed into a multitude of mourners.

At two o'clock on ordinary days the Chaplain has a sparse congregation at prayer-time. To-day all the benches filled. A murmur of sad-toned conversa-



"And how's the Member for Sark?"

(Toby, M.P. and H.M. the King of the Belgians.)

tion floated through the Chamber; a hush fell upon it when PRINCE ARTHUR was seen standing at the table, a paper in his hand. With one accord Members uncovered and bent forward eagerly

night, PRINCE ARTHUR read the latest bulletin from Buckingham Palace.

Business done.—News of the KING's sudden illness breaks in on the din of busy hammers closing rivets up, giving

their insalubrity. Uganda has the broadest tableland and the widest marsh, the loftiest snow-peak, the largest lake, the biggest extinct volcano, the highest average heat in Africa and 100 square miles of perpetual snow, not to mention an earth-worm as large as a snake, in colour a brilliant blue. Thunderstorms of high quality are another natural growth. Sir HARRY, with the pardonable pride of an explorer, jubilantly mentions that "the thunderstorm presents to you four possible ways of dying." SARK says one is enough for him.

For some years we have heard a good deal in Committee of Supply about the Uganda Railway. Here is Sir HARRY's testimony: "It will prove one of the mightiest factors yet introduced into Central Africa for the transformation of a land of complete barbarism into one at any rate attaining the civilisation of settled India."

Not quite certain which is the more phenomenal work of creation—Uganda or Sir HARRY JOHNSTON. Concatenation of circumstance makes a fascinating book. Nearly every page illustrated with black-and-white pictures of man and beast, or reproductions of paintings from the author's brush.

Business done.—Licensing Bill in Committee.



"ONE OF THE MIGHTIEST FACTORS YET INTRODUCED INTO CENTRAL AFRICA."

(Sir Harry Johnston, K.C.B.)

listening for the confirmation of the news that had fallen like a blight on bustling London.

After pluckily fighting against agonising disease, insistent at any personal cost on keeping his tryst with his people in the streets of London and at Westminster Abbey, the KING has fallen by the way. Already a surgical operation has been performed.

This was PRINCE ARTHUR's news, the silence broken by a cheer when he added that the surgeons had done their work successfully, "His MAJESTY going on as well as possible." Not much this, but it might have been worse. Nothing more to be said nor anything to be done, but to get on with the work of the nation. Accordingly, in wholly altered circumstances, under a cloud of unspeakable sorrow, the indomitable Britisher in Parliament assembled took up the Education Bill, and for the rest of the sitting discussed it as methodically and thoroughly as if nothing particular had happened.

All the same under this stoical nature, incomprehensible to some of our visitors from foreign parts, there lay sharp abiding anxiety, leaping to the front when on the suspension of the sitting, and again on the adjournment at mid-

note of final preparation for the pageant of the Coronation.

Friday.—As usual on Friday small attendance: close study of *Bradshaw* by week-enders. *Quant à moi*, I settle down in Library to read HARRY JOHNSTON's *Uganda Protectorate*, just published by HUTCHINSON in two massive handsome volumes. The erudition would be appalling but for its lucidity. Meteorology, geology, anthropology, mineralogy, botany, all come easy to the author. In addition he is a linguist, and, as the walls of the Royal Academy have from time to time testified, a painter of high merit. These gifts are concentrated upon production of one of the most comprehensive and important works of modern times.

Three years ago Sir HARRY (the diminutive seems frivolous in presence of his monumental work) went out to Uganda as Special Commissioner. Succeeded in ratifying a Protectorate that practically adds to the British Empire a trifle of 150,000 square miles. Within that border are found nearly all the wonders, most of the extremes, the most signal beauties, and some of the horrors of the Dark Continent. Portions of the land enjoy the healthiest climate in tropical Africa. Others are deadly in

SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

["No doubt the unstarred question is useful for members who simply want to extract information of no immediate public interest from the departments."—*Daily Paper*.]

Lo! we are those who, day by day,
Make it our laudable ambition,
By countless questions to display
Our energy and erudition.

To us whose aim it is to search
For methods of self-advertising,
The war, the parish-pump, the church
Avail alike for catechising.

Though printed answers haply are
Sufficient for the servile Tory,
We scornfully our questions star
To add fresh lustre to our glory.

And harassed Ministers in vain
Strive in official dust to smother
Our points, for up we pop again,
Since one good question breeds an
other.

Thus, thrusting modesty aside,
With notes of loud interrogation,
Those harmless idiots we deride
Who only ask for information.

Alix (aged five, to parent who has been trying to inspire her with loyal sentiments). And was the QUEEN weall named after me?



BERNARD PARTRIDGE

“BUT how do they propose to run the Government without your services?” asked the War-and-Peace-Maker, after a hearty exchange of military salutes with the Bouverie King of Arms.

“They do not,” replied Mr. PUNCH. “The bird-like ubiquity which was ever one of my most salient features has been greatly enhanced by the purchase of the most recent type of Auto-Marconibile. Only yesterday I was myself arranging the details of my Overflow Fête in London; and here I am to-day, come to join you on the eve of your departure for England. There were enthusiasts, my Lord, who clamoured for your appearance in the KING’s Procession when we were still anticipating that event. But I was never one of those who imagined that you were likely, for the sake of immediate applause, to spoil the results of your splendid labours, just when you were most needed to give them the finishing touches. And the few silly people, chiefly makers of headlines, who thought you likely to hurry home for this purpose, must have understood your value and the nature of your work pretty poorly. Besides, I wanted you, when you come, to have a Procession all to yourself.

“How good a turn of Peace-making you did, and how well your time has been occupied in the interval since that operation, is plain to the rudest intelligence in the readiness with which our late enemies have accepted your magnanimous conditions. You have by now practically shepherd all the outlying flock within the lion’s fold. I see that a rough reckoning of the forces that at one time or another have been engaged against you brings their numbers up to some seventy or eighty thousand. These are what the Continental Press has agreed to describe as the mere “handful of farmers” that has had to withstand the full shock of the British Empire. In point of fact, they amount to at least half as many again as our original fifty thousand absent-minded horse and foot going to Table Bay. I say this with no desire to under-rate their prodigious pluck and cleverness, but rather in recognition of the greatness of the task that you have brought to so happy a conclusion. But Peace, or the making of Peace—for we have yet to prove it, though for myself I entertain no apprehensions as to its complete success—Peace, in your case, has had its victories no less renowned than War. Just as we recognise the astonishing patience which your sapper instinct has shown in the steady chaining off of so vast a tract of territory—a patience which is no less genius because it does not contain the showy elements that appeal to the popular imagination—so we recognise also the high qualities you have exhibited in that diplomacy for which your energy in the field was the necessary preparation. Those of us who remembered your part in the affair of Fashoda were never doubtful of the issue of a conference in which your tact should have full play. We understand, too, that you displayed in the Peace discussion a pretty turn for humour, a quality most desirable even in the highest ranks of the service.

"Well, my Lord, we are very conscious of our obligations to you; and I, for one, while fully appreciating the services rendered by the Earl Boss at a crucial point in the campaign, would be inclined to place yours, rendered, as they mainly were, after the war "was practically finished," at as high a value as his, so far as the Nation's testimonial can represent such service. But you are still young, and your work but just begun. India has need of you: though we rather grudge her those gifts for organisation which are so badly needed in Pall Mall.

"Meanwhile, do not imagine that we have been idle at home. Reform is in the air. By our new system of military education, the cadet is to be taught to place the practice of War above even that of Polo: and the cavalry-officer to hold the correct art of letter-writing in higher regard than the more obvious claims of the regimental drag. Further, we have already adopted a new Teutonic service-cap something like a depressed soufflé. We have devised a new Infantry Drill. We stand at ease now on two legs instead of one. We turn right, left and about by pirouetting on one heel and one toe, without moving the foot back. There is a gain here in point of picturesqueness as well as instability. We have abandoned the practice of shouldering arms, and now do everything at or from the slope. Under the new scheme, when carrying arms, our sole method of saluting is to stare in the direction of the object of our veneration. Thus, when a nicely-bred private of the Inns of Court Volunteers (for example) is introduced, under arms, to a Peeress, let us say, of civilian instincts, this method of salute is apt to be misunderstood. How far the new practice has been derived from the methods of recognition employed in the case of Kaffir women I can only conjecture, but I have said enough to show that the lessons of the War are not going to be wasted if the Authorities at home can help it.

"And now, my Lord, for I have not come all this way merely to boast of the advances we are making in military reform, let me once more sincerely compliment you on the success which has attended your work both in the field and the debating-hall; and in view, particularly, of the reputation you have established for humour in your treatment of delegate questions, permit me to present you with a masterpiece of my own in this kind; a work, moreover, in which you will find the phases of the last chapter of your exploits presented with unfailing discernment, appreciation, and *bonne camaraderie*; I refer, shortly, to that fund of good fellowship and acumen, my

"One Hundred and Twenty-Second Volume."





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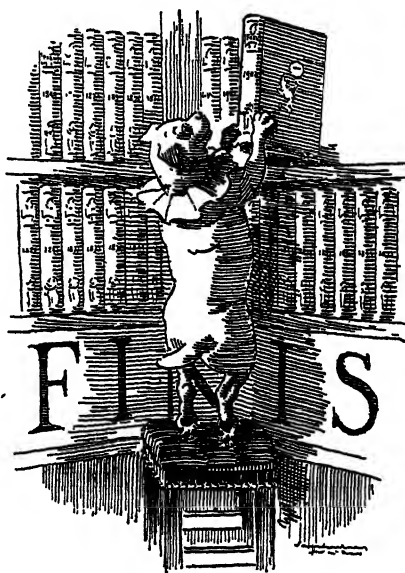
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